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# STREET & SMITH'S PICTURE PLAY

JANUARY 1933

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TALLULAH  
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CRAZY?

SCENE  
STEALING  
DEBUNKED



TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE SCREEN!

ETHEL

JOHN



LIONEL

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The Royal Family of the American Show World



Madman, saint or devil?  
Was he one or all  
of these?

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M-G-M, the money, the talent, the genius of the most celebrated producing  
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**RASPUTIN**

with RALPH MORGAN • DIANA WYNWARD

Directed by Richard Boleslavsky • Screen Play by Charles MacArthur



Heir to the throne of all Russia  
—yet only a boy in his  
mother's arms!

**A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TRIUMPH!**





I was so lonely and friendless, a new-comer to town. Neighbors had made their polite calls, but I noticed they never came again.



The nights were so long and dull. My husband hid behind his paper, bored and unhappy. I was almost desperate myself.



One day I read how a lonely woman became popular by learning to play through the U. S. School Home Study Course. I sent for details.



When I found how simple this short-cut to music was I sent for the course. It was fun to learn and before I knew it I was playing real tunes. I didn't tell Bob.



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STREET & SMITH'S

# PICTURE PLAY

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## NEXT MONTH'S PICTURE PLAY

Some of the strong items you will find in February Picture Play include the life story of

### BORIS KARLOFF

the man every fan knows, but who is known to few in Hollywood, where he worked as an extra for years before capturing fame and favor in "Frankenstein." Now he is freely spoken of as the successor of Lon Chaney.

## LITTLE FEUDS OF THE STARS

How misunderstandings, rivalries, or the chance remark of a friend may start a "brabblement" which nothing can smooth away before it becomes a fully developed enmity, a feud among players which often conceals bitter hate.

## MORE ABOUT SCENE STEALING

The other side of the question which occupies our pages this month is fully discussed with intelligence and informativeness, all tending to prove that Hollywood prefers to insist that certain players are not to be trusted where the credit of a picture can be snatched from a star.

## WHO WILL BE QUEEN IN 1933?

A careful estimate of past performances and future plans of a number of leading stars is thoughtfully discussed in an effort to determine next year's biggest favorite.

# A DRAMA OF HUMAN LOVE

Phillip Barry's sensational stage play that was the outstanding hit on Broadway last season now comes to the screen.



## *The* ANIMAL KINGDOM

with

### ANN HARDING

It was in Mr. Barry's "Holiday" that Ann Harding scored her first great screen success. Now, the same dramatist gives her a play of unmatched power.

and

### LESLIE HOWARD

One of the great actors of our day, with an unbroken record of resounding hits on stage and screen. His pictures: "Devotion" . . . "Outward Bound" . . . "Five and Ten" . . . "A Free Soul".

NEIL HAMILTON • MYRNA LOY • ILKA CHASE  
AN RKO RADIO PICTURE

—of course! Directed by Edward H. Griffith

WATCH FOR THESE  
RKO RADIO HITS  
Richard Dix and Ann  
Harding in "The Con-  
querors"; Constance  
Bennett in "Rockabye";  
Irene Dunne, Gwili  
Andre, Charles Bick-  
ford in "Just a Woman"  
and the Great  
"KING KONG"

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# What the FANS Think

## Joan's Galloping Eyebrows.

**W**HAT has happened to Joan Crawford? She has changed so terribly! I first saw her in "Dancing Daughters" and "Our Blushing Brides." She was such a natural, human, vivid girl then. So lovely, too, with her eyebrows where they were really meant to be, instead of halfway up her forehead. Her mouth was softly curved, not the thick, heavily painted, crooked mouth she has to-day. She is homely to-day. Of course she's a good actress—she always was. But her cold, wooden manner is not human, and her brittle, artificial exterior is anything but lovable.



Oh, Joan, please be gay and fascinating as you were before! And please pull down those utterly absurd brows of yours! Your mouth, too—can't you make it up more naturally? Please don't wear that horrid big blob of color for a mouth!

Even your manner has changed, Joan. You are artificial, affected—a poser. You have a high-hat, grand-lady manner that is too exaggerated. Even your acting lacks the dash and sincerity it once had.

No, I'm afraid I no longer love or admire the new Joan. Until she gets wise to herself, I shall go to see Barbara Stanwyck's pictures instead.

BERTHA DEL ROTH.

Buffalo, New York.

## Damita Has a Figure.

**R**ECENTLY I read an article about Jean Harlow's figure. She's not so hot; her hips are large and she is short-waisted.



Lily Damita has a figure that will outshine Jean Harlow's any time. She also is an actress, and that Jean will never be. Her acting in "Red-headed Woman" was as cheap as she is.

Producers, please remember that the public demands at least halfway respectable pictures.

DALE PEARSON.

6318 N. Springfield Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

## Gaynor Should Be Jealous.

**W**YM FAUX'S letter in October Picture Play was the last straw. Even if I did not like Jean Harlow—and I surely do—I'd never be guilty of writing such absurd and childish remarks about Jean or any other star. Instead of convincing any one how terrible Jean is, they show how terrible the writers are! I'm disgusted—and here are answers to some of your inane ideas, Miss Faux.



You say her "cheap display of feminine wiles" passes for acting; she is a "star ham"; she's an "artificial would-be actress with a dying-cat look." Really, my dears, am I laughing? I wonder if you know that stars have little choice of rôles and wardrobes. Jean has been given vindictive, mean characters to portray, and has played them convincingly, without injecting a particle of her own sincere, kind, and sweet personality into them. So, if she's convinced you that she's hard, bad, and hateful, congratulate her, she's an actress!

She is the direct opposite of the type she has played on the screen. As you remember, Jean was given her first real chance in pictures in "Hell's Angels," and, since producers have refused to consider putting her in sweeter rôles, she's played their vamp rôles too well. Now, however, I believe they will give her a chance to be the real star she is.

LOIS CARLSON.

Chamberlain, South Dakota.

## So "Phil Fan" Is Shocked!

**O**NE of the most amusing remarks of the month was that of "Philadelphia Fan" regarding the bad manners of "that ruffian," James Cagney. It seems that the inhabitants of the City of Brotherly Love are horrified at Mr. Cagney's pugnacious tendencies on the screen. Therefore, he is to be ostracized from polite society and branded "an unpleasant little rowdy." When, oh when, will the majority of the movie-going public learn to discriminate between the screen and real life of the stars?



C'mon, Phil Fan, follow up your line of reasoning. By the same token, Norma Shearer is a gay modern of decidedly loose morals; Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, and the great Garbo are shady ladies with lurid pasts; Edward G. Robinson bumps off a gangster every night after dinner; Boris Karloff frightens all the kids on the block with his bogymen tactics, while Jean Harlow helps make this world unsafe for wives, bagging at least one unsuspecting husband every day. *Reductio ad absurdum!*

Why not a little "uncommon sense" applied to this high-voltage enthusiasm for a group of human beings, who off the screen are not very different from your next-door neighbor. Wait a minute! Maybe I'm all wrong! Perhaps Cagney violates every "don't" of Emily Post; maybe he does swing a wicked right toward every feminine acquaintance, but I sadly doubt it. If so, how has he escaped jail for assault and battery?

Let's give a few discreet cheers for the rugged little redhead, who manages to inject a naturalness and salty flavor into every rôle he has attempted. His humanness can be appreciated by Park Avenue as well as the East Side. No, I'm not his press agent, but I still trust that his screen life may be long and hearty.

"A TORONTO FAN."

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

## Neil Against the World.

**N**EIL HAMILTON certainly stole all the scenes in "Two Against the World." Don't they know an actor when they see one? I haven't missed a picture of his in seven years, and this is the first time he got a break with the reviewers. I hope some producer will get wise and give him the chances he deserves. He has never given a poor performance, and as for sincerity, well, "Beau Geste," "Strangers May Kiss," "Mother Machree," "What Price Hollywood," and "Two Against the World" speak for themselves.



"AN ERIE FAN."

Erie, Pennsylvania.

Continued on page 10



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# Information, PLEASE

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

## By The Oracle

**MARGE.**—It isn't surprising that the fans are asking about Preston Foster, who gave such striking performances in four films—"Two Seconds," "Doctor X," "Life Begins," and "The Last Mile." Formerly a stage player and singer, it was while playing the lead in "Two Seconds" on Broadway that he was spotted by Warners and given a part in the screen version with Edward G. Robinson. You'll recall him as *Doctor Wells* in "Doctor X," *Killer John Mears* in "The Last Mile," and *Doctor Brett* in "Life Begins." Born October 24, 1902, in Ocean City, New Jersey; six feet two, weighs 200, and has dark-brown hair and blue eyes. He is married, and his recreation is boating.

**ROBERT.**—You really like Robert Montgomery, do you? His latest is "Faithless," and the final scenes in which you see him in bed were taken while he was recovering from an appendicitis operation. While attending school in Pawling, New York, his father died. His first job was a railroad mechanic's helper. Soon he sought a stage career, and after being cast for good parts in several Broadway productions, he spent seventy-two weeks in stock and then went to the Coast to appear in "So This Is College." Born in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904; six feet one, weighs 160; brown hair, blue eyes. Married to Elizabeth Allen in 1928. It is just about a year ago since they lost their child. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

**WILLARD COOK.**—Wynne Gibson is a native New Yorker. John Arledge will be twenty-six on March 12th. May McAvoy celebrates her birthday on September 8th. The Tiffany Studios are at 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.

**MARY VOTAIRE.**—If you enjoyed "The Doomed Battalion" with Luis Trenker in the leading rôle, you will be glad to know that he is making another picture in the Tyrolean Alps, with Vilma Banky and Victor Varconi. Mr. Trenker is an Austrian and doesn't speak much English. Maureen O'Sullivan was born on May 17, 1911; five feet four, weighs 114; Kay Francis, January 13, 1906; five feet five, weighs 112; Janet Gaynor, October 6, 1907; five feet, weighs 96.

**BERNICE OLSON.**—That was "Danube Wave" which Marlene Dietrich played with such fervor in "Dishonored."

**RUTH WALL.**—Sorry, but our space is too limited for contests of any kind. Donald Cook is from the stage and entered pictures in 1930. Born in Portland, Oregon, September 26, 1901; five feet eleven and a half, weighs 147, and has dark hair and eyes. It looks as though Evalyn Knapp will be the second Mrs. Cook. William Austin was educated at Reading College in England, but he was born in Georgetown, British Guiana, June 12, 1891. He is six feet one, weighs 170, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Dora May Howe.

**OLIVE H.**—Address Ricardo Cortez at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. His real name is Jacob Kranz, and he is thirty-two years old; black hair and brown eyes.

**JEANETTE MC.**—Fredric March played opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "My Sin." No doubt Ann Dvorak and Warners will come to an agreement about salary. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, August 10, 1904; Karen Morley, December 12th; Lionel Barrymore, April 28, 1878; Lee Tracy, June 25, 1903.

**A DIZZY DAME.**—And all because you heard that Bela Lugosi might be forty-

Fans who wish personal replies to their questions will be answered by letter if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is inclosed. Full name and address must accompany each query to The Oracle whether the answer is to be mailed or printed in these columns.

nine! Well, cheer up, little one, because he was only forty-four on October 20th.

**DIANA.**—You will be sorry to learn that the Claire Eames about whom you inquire is dead. I just wouldn't do anything about the fan who obviously copied a letter of yours and had it printed in another publication. Perhaps you should feel flattered.

**ATHOS, PORTIOS, ARAMIS.**—Buddy Rogers attended the University of Kansas; John Wayne the University of Southern California; Joel McCrea, Pomona College, California. Never heard to what fraternities they belonged.

**BETTY BRIM.**—Leo Carrillo is so busy free-lancing these days that it is almost impossible to keep track of his activities. You might watch for his "Cauliflower Alley," "Parachute," and "Men Are Such Fools." He was born August 6th in Los Angeles, where he now owns a theater. Yes, he is married. Address him at the Universal Studio, Universal City. Wynne Gibson is under contract to Paramount and may be reached at their studio in Hollywood. Born in New York City, July 3rd; five feet two, weighs 103, red hair, gray-green eyes. Divorced. "Night After Night" is her latest. Leslie Fenton comes from England, where he was born May 12, 1903; five feet nine, weighs 150; brown hair, gray eyes. Mrs. Fenton is Ann Dvorak, you know.

**P. J.**—If you have been reading this department regularly, you must have seen that I have listed Ramon Novarro's pictures, with leading lady in each, on several occasions. I regret that space doesn't permit me to repeat. His latest is "Man

of the Nile," which should be released shortly.

**B. KOLASH.**—Yes, "Fraternity House" was released under the title of "The Age of Consent." Eric Linden is a New York boy, born there on July 12, 1912. He lives with his mother at Las Tunis Beach, near Malibu, California. Richard Cromwell's real name is Roy Radabaugh; unmarried. "That's My Boy," with Dorothy Jordan and Mae Marsh, his next.

**MISS EVELYN.**—Buddy Rogers has succumbed again to the Hollywood lure, to the delight of his many fans. That is his right name. Perhaps the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, will supply his photo upon request. "This Reckless Age" was his last film for Paramount.

**B. N.**—Jill Esmond played the part of the supposed murderess in "Ladies of the Jury." Don Novis was the singer in the orchestra of "One Hour With You." He also sang in the picture, "This Is the Night." He is of medium height, blond, blue eyes, and married to a gal who adores his singing. Do not find any silent picture listed under the title "Two Little Vagabonds."

**JANICE FROM MONTREAL.**—Sorry, but I am unable to identify that Russian picture for you. See if you can't think of an easier one for next time.

**M. J. DARROW.**—In "The First Year," Elda Vokel played the rôle of *Helen*, neighbor of Janet Gaynor's. Joan Crawford's maid in "Letty Lynton" was Louise Closser Hale, who also played in "Daddy Long Legs," "Rebound," "Devotion," "Platinum Blonde," "Shanghai Express," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Movie Crazy."

**JUST A QUESTIONER FROM S. C.**—Bing Crosby's real name is Harry Lillis Crosby, but he's been Bing since he was four. He was born in Tacoma, Washington, May 2, 1904; Barbara Stanwyck, in Brooklyn, New York, July 16, 1907; Eddie Cantor, New York City, January 31, 1893; Tom Tyler, Port Henry, New York, 1903. Betty Jane Graham's first film was "Fires of Youth," with Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin.

**M. A. C.**—John Arledge was *Pidge* in "Huddle." Write him in care of the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills. Lilian Bond comes from England, where she was born on a certain January 18th. Although a free-lance player, write to her at the Universal Studio, Universal City. Marion Shilling hails from Denver, Colorado.

**BILLIE MAY ROGERS.**—I think you can give David Manners credit for the singing in "Crooner." No one else claims the honors. David was born in Canada on April 30, 1905. His latest is "They Call It Sin," to be followed by "Imhotep," with Boris Karloff and Zita Johann. His recent



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17

well as Miss C.



Continued from page 6

**A Sourdough Speaks.**

**STEELING** my heart against an honest admiration, heeding not that I feel keen disappointment in concluding that my star idol will never emanate the brilliance I once fondly hoped would dazzle our picture planet, thrusting aside all discriminations and judging her in the cold, clear light of merciless reason, I say that Sylvia Sidney—bless her heart—is not and never will be a great actress. All the art in the world will not counterbalance her physical defects.

But an old Alaskan sourdough will ever have a warm spot in his innermost heart, as he has a prominent place on his cabin wall for her picture, for an exceedingly charming wee lassie.

How provocative life so often is. After seeing Dick Cromwell in "To-Table David," I expected great things of him; but, alas! His later work declares him a type.

But, say, Picture Play, hasn't Frances Dee a skin you'd love to touch!

WILLIAM N. CRAIGIE.

Fairbanks, Alaska.

**Stanwyck's Tender Love.**

**THERE'S** been enough said about Clark Gable's ears, Joan Crawford's eyes, and now—help!—even Jean Harlow's dimple is condemned. How silly!



As long as these players give good performances—and they do—what does looks matter? I think Joan is lovely. Her eyes are the most expressive on the screen. The only thing that is not nice

about her is her lower lip. It's too thick. But that's a small thing.

We've heard enough about the wonderful Stanwyck-Fay marriage. Every time you see the Stanwyck name mentioned you go on to read about beloved Frank. I think "Babs" should copy Garbo a little—not so much about her private life. Not so long ago we read oodles about the wonderful Harding-Bannister marriage, you know.

BEN NICHOLSON, JR.

R. R. 1, Matsqui,

British Columbia, Canada.

**Honor "Gadgets" for Sherman.**

**ADVANCE** reports led us to expect a mere carbon copy of Gable when George Brent was first called to our attention. Disliking copy cats, I almost passed him up. How glad I am I didn't! Brent impressed me as being quite the opposite of Gable—polished instead of primitive, suave rather than rough and ready, and possessor of a very charming drawing-room manner. He's the nicest male discovery in a long while, I think. The nicest, in fact, since Gable himself.

As for outstanding performances, when the Academy awards are distributed this year I hope Lowell Sherman is given the honor gadget for his fine portrayal in "What Price Hollywood." What an actor he is! Whether handling comedy, farce, or heavy drama, he is equally capable—quite in the Lionel Barrymore class. May he soon receive a star role worthy of his great talents.

DUE CHAPMAN.

1337 Slatto Street,

Los Angeles, California.

**Genius, Beauty, Goodness.**

**PEGGY** SHANNON and Jean Harlow—grab a pen. Ready? Write names for Peggy and Jean to magazines,

**What the Fans Think**

newspapers, and the studios. No less than six fan clubs are starting a crusade to get more publicity for Peggy and more sympathetic rôles for Jean. The editors and studios are waiting to see what the fans want. Let's tell them. Nothing is too good for Jean and Peggy—both adorable paragons of genius, beauty, and goodness. Both love their fans. Let's be worthy and make them proud of us.

Some months ago, the press sagely declared that Clara Bow was through. We organized fans started a crusade to prove that Clara was not through, unless she herself chose to be. Now she commands her own salary, selects her own plays, and gets practically anything she wants. We can do the same for Peggy and Jean. Peggy's undoubted genius is not rewarded with half what she deserves. Jean deserves good-girl rôles, like her true self. And how appreciative both are!

But how about Clara? Strange and sad but true, not one word of thanks has Clara written to any of us, although many of us have written often to her. Why, Clara, don't you really appreciate the splendid loyalty of your fans? We hope you do, but why leave us in doubt?

MIKE BUTLER.

Box 154, Taft, California.

**Vive la Joan!**

**HERE** is a personal answer to Jacqueline Laurence, Isabel Burnap, and Terry Colter, and a few more who are unconscious of the fact that there is really one great actress on the screen to-day. And she is the one and only Joan Crawford.

Who was the great star that stood out above the glamorous Garbo, the hit-you-in-the-eye personality of Beery, and the illustrious Barrymore brothers in "Grand Hotel"? Who is the most natural star that played opposite Clark Gable in "Possessed," and opposite Robert Montgomery in "Letty Lynton," and gave the most perfect performance of her career in "Rain"? What actress dares to play the same rôle that the late Jeanne Eagels and Gloria Swanson made famous at the height of their careers? What other great dramatic actress do you know who really worked her way up to the top by playing everything from cowboy pictures and with actors like Harry Langdon? None except Miss Joan Crawford.

Did you ever see Garbo actually cry in one of her films, or make an attempt to show emotion? It is not that I dislike Greta; no, in fact, I think she is a close runner-up to Crawford.

So you see, there isn't a doubt that Joan leads them all in Europe, Asia, Australia, Africa, or any other place in the world; she shines above them all, making them appear as worshipers at her shrine. Crawford is magnificent!

Here's to Joan Crawford! May she adorn the American screen forever with her amazing portrayals, pleasant habits, and beautiful voice.

GERTRUDE BARBARA PERKEL.

973 Fox Street,

Bronx, New York.

**Cinema Gods and Head Waiters.**

**THE** race is generally to the swift and the battle to the strong, so I am venturing to say that ten years of honorable success entitle Ramon Novarro to a high place in the cinema sun no matter what any "Adult Mind" might think. As for this particular adult bracketing Mr. Novarro with a head waiter, what is the matter with being a head waiter? My experience in many parts of the world tells me that to be a successful head waiter means much. Surely it calls for "a

a man hath of delicacy and fortitude," as Robert Louis Stevenson puts it.

There are none so blind as those who will not see, but I dare say there is satisfaction to many of us that for ten years one man has carried intact, despite frequent miscastings, the standard of charm, distinction, good manners, color, warmth, and gayety, with radiance and always with intelligence. Mr. Novarro is not responsible for his physical beauty, but he is to be credited with his admirable balancing of it. The incomparable Valentino—to my way of thinking the greatest of them all, living or dead—and the glittering Novarro are secure in cinema immortality, if there is such a thing.

It seems to me that the men, good-looking or otherwise, are running away with the honors these days, possibly because fairly strong stories are given them. But one good woman star is worth more than five equally good men stars. And, speaking of the women of the cinema, I should like to bow to Marlene Dietrich and to Genevieve Tobin. These women apparently are able to think. I find much delight in watching them and in listening to them, which is more than I can say for most of the others.

The Lycaonians cried of Paul and Barnabas, "The gods have come to earth in the guise of men!" What would they have cried had Ramon Novarro walked among them!

HENRY KIRK.

856 Brooklyn Avenue,  
Oakland, California.**Tropic Storm Predicted.**

**YES,** I agree that Joan Crawford is striving to impress the public more and more with the fact that she is an actress. Too bad! I think Joan can act without much effort and all of this extra force and energy she seems to be using in her recent pictures is detracting from her appeal. She used to do her acting as Joan Crawford would do it. Now she seems to be imitating somebody. Who?

In each of her recent pictures, besides too much force, she has had too much poise, too much lips, too many eyelashes—in fact, too much everything. Oh! For the old Crawford acting.

She makes me nervous; in fact, so nervous that I'm afraid to see "Rain." There may be too much rain!

DOROTHY KEENE.

223 Second Street, S. E.,  
Washington, D. C.**The Way of Screen Reformers.**

**PARENTS** complain of the bad effects of movies on children, yet show no discrimination as to what they let them see. They know that all Garbo, Shearer, Crawford, Dietrich, and Harlow films are not for children. And if they feel the films are unmoral, why don't they do something about it?

After all, the theme song of the movies is "You've got me in the palm of your hand"—"you" meaning the public. What the public wants it gets. If it wanted to exert its power, it could have done so.

It had its chance to put the ban on the most obnoxious film ever to come out of Hollywood. Every one of us knew, had discussed it for months—"Red-headed Woman." Knew that the main character was a bold, shameless hussy without a moral in her pretty head. But did we ignore it? Refuse to see it? We did not! We put on our best bibs and tuckers and left early for the show. We wriggled expectantly until the film came on. Then we gasped, giggled delightedly, laughed uproariously, and were

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Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

## "HOT SATURDAY"

WHEN Nancy Carroll is a worker in a small-town bank and Cary Grant a rich young man with free and easy inclinations, the certain Saturday afternoon that brings them together is bound to have consequences. In the picture "Hot Saturday" you will see what happens, as well as Miss Carroll and Mr. Grant at their best.



Continued from page 10

pleasantly shocked. And every one had a wide grin on his face upon leaving the theater.

And the following week we were again muttering about the morals of our films! Yet there was the opportunity to protest against such films, and we neglected it because it was such grand entertainment.

ELEANOR STEWART.

327 Commercial Street,  
East Braintree, Massachusetts.

### Novarro—a Back-fence View.

HERE is your chance to prove to your favorite and mine that he is still the one and only Novarro. All of you please write in and make the attempt to wipe out the evil thought in some people's mind that Ramon Novarro's popularity is waning. Prove to the directors they are wrong in assuming that his public doesn't care what kind of rôles they give him. We do care—a lot. We want him to sing and act as befits one of his great ability. You who love him—and we love him, don't we, girls?—write for all you are worth and through "What the Fans Think" convince the studio big shots that we demand our rights!

Here is something that will prove interesting to you, and helpful to those that have the hope of some day meeting Ramon. I was his neighbor for a few years and I admire him in real life as he really is. Of course, I also greatly admire him on the screen, but if it is possible, he is even nicer off the screen than he is on it.

No, I can't tell you my name, but will give you some information about him that is on the level. He is handsome. He is charming, and he is religious. He is a great pal if you take him as such, but if you continually gush over him you will surely gain his disfavor. Remember that, you who plan to see him some lucky day, just act natural in your admiration for him and you will get by.

Another thing that not many of you know is that, although he is for the most part serious, he will surprise you with a fit once in a while. By that I mean that he will play all kinds of jokes on you and if you take it sourly, he will not think much of you as a good sport. Oh, yes, and he will say some of the most ridiculously funny things that make you roar when you think of them years after. That's Ramon, a person of moods. He never broods, though, so you don't mind it.

None of you fans would ever have suspected him of being a fiend. Yes, a fiend—a regular swimming fiend. If he would get half an hour of swimming besides his regular daily splash, he'd leave a brand-new contract unsigned. It's as bad as that! I guess there's not much more to tell you except that, as you already know, Ramon Novarro is one grand person!

"DESCONOCIDA."

Rutherford, New Jersey.

### The Perfect Film.

AS I have had a great deal to say in previous letters as to the popularity of American films in England, I feel I should like to draw the fans' attention to the fact that the English cinema exhibitors are forced to show a large percentage of British films.

This is a quota system which no doubt you are acquainted with. However, what I wanted to point out is that the unfortunate audiences have to sit through the muzzling of some ghastly English production before seeing the American feature. Of course, if you are lucky enough to enter the theater in time for the feature film, then you are lucky, and can leave when the "time and money waster" is about to begin. Don't you see how this foisting

## What the Fans Think

system of bad British films is enough to prejudice even an honest critic? There are some really good British films, but the percentage is low, say one per cent. I would prefer a bad American talkie to a mediocre English film any day.

And now as regards D. Hollands's letter in the September issue. You remember he disagrees with me in the matter of what the British fans want.

I have no fault to find with British players; it's the plays, my dear ones. The plays, and the technique, the photography, direction—the whole works. That's what's wrong with English films.

Mr. Hollands also adds, "What the English film-goer wants is good films from anywhere." Once again, I must say Mr. Hollands is right. Of course we do. We have enjoyed American films and we shall always enjoy them. And now let me tell you something else. The perfect film is now being shown in London, and perhaps in America. No, it isn't American or English; it is the German film, "Der Hauptmann von Koepenick," and in my opinion it is the most natural and sincere film of all times. Perfect photography, perfect acting, perfect technique. Take care, American producers, the Germans have art and something which is human and convincing. Also, look out for "Maedchen in Uniform" and "Kamaradchaft."

L. J. CUSHEN.

508 Downham Way,  
Bromley, Kent, England.



Marlene Dietrich always inspires the artist's fanciest curves.

### General Complaints.

A NOO YORK SCHOOL GAL—see October Picture Play—is real mad because "S. C." and I dared to say we did not swoon when handsome-brute Gable lumbers into a picture. I am sure we are sorry to have hurt her feelings. She must remember that having reached the senile age of twenty-two, one is naturally not up to date. I thought cave-man stuff went out of fashion before she was born, in pre-War days, but very young people are the same now as then, rather susceptible to crude fads.

So H. Leslie thinks it would be nice of Norma Shearer to stay at home and mind the baby, so that other actresses might get a break!

Probably the players he has in mind will learn more by studying Miss Shearer, and if they ever acquire half her good looks and air of smart sophistication, a quarter of her wit and a mere smattering of her acting ability, it is possible that we may be able to remember their names.

I am an admirer of Ruth Chatterton, but not when she trails about shedding buckets of tears, wringing her hands and wailing and moaning. She overacts and makes herself ridiculous in such rôles. Let Ann Harding undertake heavy drama. She has learned the art of restrained acting and convinces one of her sincerity.

MARY ANN.

Kelowna, British Columbia, Canada.

### Fed Up on "Exotic Scarecrows."

IF they don't get some girls on the screen pretty soon who look and act like normal human beings, I shall stop going to the movies. I'm sick and tired of looking at scarecrows and freaks.

Nowadays it seems that any girl with up-side-down eyebrows and half-closed eyes who can look doxy enough is immediately hailed as a star.

Maybe there's something wrong with me. Maybe I'm too blind or too stupid to see the greatness of these so-called glamorous, exotic creatures. But still, no matter how hard I try, I just can't admire anything about these half-dead, half-baked, sickly-looking dames who slink across the screen. They're repulsive—enough to disgust any one. They look as though they belong in the T. B. ward of a hospital.

Oh, well, thank goodness for healthy-looking actresses like Barbara Stanwyck, Clara Bow, and Sylvia Sydney. I'm glad there's a few left who still resemble members of the human race.

FED-UP-ON-EXOTICS.

Buffalo, New York.

### If Producers Have Ears—

IF the M.-G.-M. executives who persistently ignore our demands that Ramon Novarro be given scope for his really beautiful singing voice could have been present during a recent showing of "Huddle," I feel confident that our grievance would be promptly redressed, unless their casting director is stone blind to their interests! Just as Novarro was about to sing his one tantalizing snatch of song—which invariably leaves us gasping for more—a hush of anticipation fell over the audience. Every one sat in silent absorption until Madge Evans all too quickly broke the spell. Even the young lady behind me refrained from munching her chocolates while it lasted. I can think of no greater tribute to a singer's art. CHARLES BANNERMAN.

Aberdeen, Scotland.

### With a Sweeping Bow—

AFTER reading Jacqueline Laurence's letter in October Picture Play I can't help but wonder where this decidedly clever lady has been hiding. Only a genius could write such a splendid letter of constructive(?) criticism. She, dear people, is absolutely right and the world is wrong. The Crawford fans are all morons. Only a master mind like Jacqueline's can recognize talent. Will Hays should resign at once and place the future of the screen in her capable hands. Perhaps this ravishing beauty would even appear in a film or two and show us how it should be done, and then we would all get a good laugh. With a sweeping bow I salute Miss Laurence and give both her and her letter a lusty Bronx cheer.

ROY F. FRAZIER.

204 East Tenth Street,  
Topeka, Kansas.

### Old Meanies, Just Wait!

HELEN KUROPATSKY is right. Barbara Stanwyck is inspiringly natural offstage, as is hubby Frank Fay. And while on the subject of Fay, will some one



please explain why interviewers *must* take a dig at him in every Stanwyck interview? This certainly wins no favor with Barbara. One of these days when Frank Fay turns the lucky corner to success, a mob of Hollywood scribblers will have to form a mutual consolation society because Fay will refuse them interviews. And I hope he does, too. They deserve it.

FRANCES M. RICE,

433 Edgar Road,  
Webster Groves, Missouri.

### Jean, Joan, and Venus.

A TEXAS high-school girl wishes to defend two of her favorites who were so cattily slammed in "What the Fans Think."

There is something seriously wrong with any one who says that cute little devil, James Cagney, is an unpleasant rowdy. And one who says that the glamorous Jean Harlow is a would-be actress is merely a would-be normal person. As for the question whether or not Jean has large hips, feature such a break with every one starving and exercising to mold herself along the Harlow lines.

I've seen many pictures of her taken from the front and she has a figure—including hips—that would make Venus want to hide. As for the "dying-cat" look which Wym Faux so absurdly complained of, it is very becoming. Should she look as if she were actually face to face with the horrible monster in "Frankenstein" or were caught helpless in a burning building?

And why does every one pick on Joan Crawford? Who could help but admire any one with such ability and patience to rise from the awkward, uncultured Lucille LaSueur to the present unforgettable Joan Crawford? And what beautiful large eyes she has! Don't squint, Joan, just because some foolish, jealous person says your eyes are too big.

A BASTROP FAN,

Bastrop, Texas.

### Here's Looking at Them!

HAVING lived in Los Angeles the greater part of my life, I've naturally had opportunity to see many of the stars in the flesh. Perhaps the fans would be interested in my impressions of some of them:

Jean Harlow, very beautiful and unaffected. In real life she is a far cry from the hard and brittle creature she appears to be on the screen.



Edmund Lowe is caught riddling one of Lilyan's ultra-sophisticated wisecracks.

Edmund Lowe, distinguished for his sartorial perfection and perfect grooming, looks exactly the same on and off the screen.

Norma Shearer, very plain and drab-looking. She has hundreds of prototypes

all over the country. Hasn't even one redeeming feature.

Betty Compson, one of the most beautiful and friendly girls in Hollywood. Always has a smile for every one.

Charles Morton, by far the handsomest man in Hollywood or anywhere else. With a few decent breaks he could show Gable, Montgomery, and Novarro a few things about acting.

Lilyan Tashman, beautiful but cold and glittering. Hers is the beauty of artificiality.

Constance Bennett, the most overrated actress in Hollywood. Not the least bit good-looking and at times she appears actually dowdy. Some one should teach her how to dress.

Ramon Novarro, short, dark, *tout à fait* Mexican—nothing against him, you understand. There are hundreds of barbers and tamale sellers who have *it* all over him for looks.

Blanche Sweet, utterly charming, beautiful voice. Not in the least affected.

Barry Norton, striking in appearance, but only when carefully groomed.

GEORGE FERRIS.

12 O'Dell Square,  
Salem, Massachusetts.

### As to Valentino's Spirit—

ALL this saint stuff about Valentino, Novarro, or any one else, makes me tired.

We fans who still remember and like Valentino know perfectly well that he was a human being with plenty of human faults—thank goodness! He also had some equally human virtues. But I hardly dare mention this lest I be accused of making a saint of him!

Just what do we know of the real Valentino, especially in the spirit world, if there is such a thing? There are some people who claim that he has spoken to them comfortably and tenderly. Goofy? Perhaps. But, after all, what do we really know about it?

No spirit of any kind has ever spoken or appeared to me, but because it has never happened to me does not prove that it cannot happen to another person. Though, frankly, I do not believe in it.

There is entirely too much of this cocksure intolerance on the part of smart-Alecks who think that those who do not agree with them must, of course, be altogether wrong. More sympathetic understanding and kindly tolerance would help a lot to make life easier and more pleasant in the movies and elsewhere.

VIOLET RAND.

Wissahickon Heights,  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

### Has Hollywood An Accent?

THANK Heaven I am neither Southerner nor Northerner, that I can by right claim no special intonation; no drawl so cruelly maligned and overemphasized by the North, no clipped precision wrongly called "biting" by the South. Being neutral, I try to be impartial.

I liked "Kentucky's" reply in the July issue. I think "Mississippi" in the September number makes herself ridiculous. There's no resemblance between a mad honey bee and a Yankee voice.

It seems to me that instead of being a discussion of movies and stars "What the Fans Think" is turning into a debate on "Resolved that Southern voices are preferable to Northern."

Really, when you come down to it, the screen never gives you either Southern or Northern accents. Even in its best efforts it is a language separate and apart. So why not accept it as that and forget this prolonged bickering?

The Northern accent is perfect in the North. The Southern should stay South. Each is the keynote of certain traits. So if you don't like them leave them alone. Speech in Hollywood is mellowed in sunshine and sharpened by instruction until it is not representative of any accent.

"STANDISH."

Honolulu, T. H.

### An Old Fan Game.

WELL, well, if Agatha is supposed to be an old maid just because she happens to get a thrill out of Clark Gable, then all the other adoring female Gable fans must be old maids, too.

But, honestly, the ones I saw attending the theater where one of Gable's pictures was playing certainly didn't look it. I'd swear that most of 'em were between sixteen and twenty-five. How do you account for that, Henrietta and Abigail?



The menacing Gable grin has no real rival yet.

So you prefer pretty little boys to heman! Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Anyway, it doesn't take much to thrill you. You sound like a couple of old grandmothers to me.

Well, keep on knitting. I'll go take a look at Gable and get thrilled.

SEVENTEEN.

— Buffalo, New York.

### Smile, Joan, Smile!

I HAVE been a reader of "What the Fans Think" for years, and am at last moved to shove my opinion in front of the readers even at the risk of being panned by those who will doubtless disagree with me. Perhaps as many will agree with me.

I want to know why a star will work years to build up a set of ideas about herself, and then, having achieved popularity, deliberately set about discarding all that which has won the public's interest.

Take Joan Crawford, for instance. She came into our hearts as a whoopee girl, a regular fellow, one of the gang. Her dancing feet, her pranks, and her laughter won us. And now her tragic eyes gaze at us from our movie magazines. I haven't seen a smiling picture for ages. She doesn't seem to dance or laugh or to be one of us any more. She has gone high-brow, has become too tragic for comfort.

I realize that she can't be a gay child all her life, but isn't this sudden change a little abrupt? We liked her in gay, laughing, dancing pictures. We would still like her in those pictures—if we had a chance.

Joan Crawford was my favorite star—and she still is. I'll probably go on liking her no matter what she does.

N. ROUSE.

Box 264, Salem, Missouri.

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## Information, Please

films include "Beauty and the Boss," "Man Wanted," "Lady With a Past," "Stranger In Town," "A Bill of Divorcement."

**JUNE B. AND STANLEY K.**—You fans do have your arguments, don't you? Since the coin which George Raft kept flipping in "Scarface" was so visible, it couldn't have been anything less than a fifty-cent piece.

**BETTIE.**—Robert Frazer was very good in "White Zombie," wasn't he? Born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1895; six feet, weighs about 170; dark-brown hair and eyes. He has been in pictures for about twenty years, and before that was a stage actor. Address Lee Tracy in care of the Columbia Studio, 1438 North Gower Street, Hollywood.

**DETROITER.**—Fans tell me that some of the players supply photos without sending the customary twenty-five cents, but that, of course, depends on the individual star. Most of the stars have secretaries who attend to their fan mail. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, New York, on January 1, 1898. She isn't married. South Pasadena, California, is Joel McCrea's birthplace, and the date, November 5, 1905.

**F. A. P.**—I haven't Chic Sale's exact age, but he is a young man, all right, and dons that make-up only for his character parts. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are playing together again in "Tess of the Storm Country."

**JOAN HARLOWE.**—Miriam Hopkins is now playing in "Trouble in Paradise," and will next be seen in "No Man of Her Own," opposite Clark Gable. Karen Morley's films are "Never the Twain Shall Meet," "Inspiration," "Daybreak," "High Stakes," "Politics," "Cuban Love Song," "Sin of Madelon Claudet," "Mata Hari," "Scarface," "Arsene Lupin," "Are You Listening?" "Man About Town," "Washington Masquerade," "Phantom of Crestwood."

**BEE.**—Charles Bickford is six feet one, and celebrates his birthday on New Year's Day. Pat O'Brien is exactly six feet, and is thirty-three years old. He is married to Eloise Taylor, actress. In "Thunder Below," Scotty was played by James Finlayson. Spencer Tracy has never appeared in British films.

**R. VAL.**—Rudolph Valentino was about five feet eight and weighed about 154.

**SHIRLEY HEALY.**—You'll find Picture Play on the stands the 1st of each month. Dwight Frye comes from the stage. His first film was "Man to Man," followed by "Dracula," "Frankenstein," "By Whose Hand?" and "Attorney for the Defense." He has dark eyes and blond hair. I doubt if he is married.

**MICKEY.**—If you wish a complete list of fan clubs, send me a self-addressed stamped envelope and I'll be glad to mail you one. Fredric March is six feet tall; born in Racine, Wisconsin, August 31, 1898. Greta Garbo is five feet six, Claudette Colbert, five feet five. Maurice Chevalier's films include "Innocents of Paris," "The Big Pond," "Paramount on Parade," "Love Parade," "Playboy of Paris," "The Smiling Lieutenant," "One Hour with You," "Love Me To-night," to be followed by "The Way to Love."

**BARREL.**—If that isn't your name, then I just guessed wrong. The red ink was probably too much for my green eyes. You

know, of course, that Renée Adorée plans to return to the screen. September 1, 1900, is her birthdate. She is divorced. Sorry, but I haven't the musical scores from her various pictures. Here is a list of her films: "The Big Parade," "Black Bird," "La Bohème," "Blarney," "Tin Gods," "Flaming Forest," "That Certain Young Man," "The Show," "Mr. Wu," "Heaven on Earth," "On Ze Boulevard," "Back to God's Country," "Cossacks," "Forbidden Hours," "Michigan Kid," "Tide of Empire," "Mating Call," "The Spieler," "The Pagan," "Redemption," "Call of the Flesh."

**E. McE.**—No doubt you have seen "Blond Venus" by this time. Was the ending to your satisfaction? The cast of the British film, "The Ringer," included Patric Curwen, Franklin Dyll, Carol Goodner, Gordon Harker, Esmond Knight, Arthur Stratton, Henry Hallett, Dorothy Bartlam, Kathleen Joyce, John Longden, Eric Stanley.

**G. M. D.**—Fredric March was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1920. He won his letter at football and track, and his favorite recreations are horseback riding, tennis, and swimming. His real name is Frederick McIntyre Bickel; married to Florence Eldridge, stage and screen actress. For his photo, write to the Paramount Studio, Hollywood. Oh, yes, his hair and eyes are brown. Clark Gable was christened William Gable. He will be thirty-two on February 1st. Six feet one, weighs 190, has brown hair and gray eyes. Married. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. Boris Karloff was born in London, November 23, 1887; six feet, weighs 175; brown hair and eyes; married. A letter to the Universal Studio, Universal City, will reach him. El Brendel was born in Philadelphia, March 25, 1891; five feet nine, weighs 165; light-brown hair, blue eyes; married. Address Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

**E. P. Q.**—"The Prisoner of Zenda" was released in 1922, with Ramon Novarro playing the rôle of *Rupert of Hentzau*, and Alice Terry, *Princess Flavia*; "The Arab" in 1924, Novarro, *Jamil Abdullah Azam*, Miss Terry, *Mary Hilbert*; "Where the Pavement Ends," 1923, Novarro as *Motawari*, Miss Terry, *Miss Matilda*; "Trifling Women," 1922, Novarro as *Henri*, Barbara La Marr playing a double rôle, the daughter, *Jacqueline*, and the fortune teller, *Zareda*.

**ARLEY.**—Yes, Fredric March is a star player. His latest pictures are "Smilin' Through" and "Sign of the Cross." Up to the present he has appeared in "The Dummy," "Wild Party," "Studio Murder Mystery," "Paris Bound," "Jealousy," "Footlights and Fools," "Marriage Playground," "Sarah and Son," "Ladies Love Brutes," "Paramount on Parade," "True to the Navy," "Manslaughter," "Laughter," "Royal Family of Broadway," "Honor Among Lovers," "Night Angel," "My Sin," "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Strangers in Love," "Merrily We Go To Hell." It isn't likely that he visits his home in Racine, Wisconsin, very often or he wouldn't have found time to make all those films. It was Enid Bennett who played Jackie Cooper's mother in "Skippy." Bela Lugosi in "White Zombie." Sari Maritza was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1910. The cast of "Broken Lullaby," ("The Man I Killed"), included Lionel Barrymore, Nancy Carroll, Phillips Holmes, Tom Douglas, Zasu Pitts, Lucien Littlefield, Louise Carter, Frank Sheridan, George Bickel, Emma Dunn, Tully Marshall, Lil-

lian Elliott, Marvin Stephens, Reginald Pasch, Joan Standing, Rodney McLennon. Irene Rich was recently divorced from David Blankenhorn.

**B. KOLASH.**—New Jersey may well be proud of the players it claims its own—Joan Bennett, Preston Foster, Lila Lee, Alice White, Betty Bronson, Sally O'Neil, Bert Wheeler.

**WHEATFIELDER.**—Is that what they call South Australians? Well, well! I'm learning every day. Ruth Chatterton's talkies to date include "The Doctor's Secret," "The Dummy," "Madame X," "Charming Sinners," "The Laughing Lady," "Sarah and Son," "A Lady of Scandal," "Anybody's Woman," "The Right to Love," "Unfaithful," "Magnificent Lie," "Once a Lady," "To-morrow and To-morrow," "The Rich Are Always With Us," "Pages from Life." The players in "Madame X" were Lewis Stone, Raymond Hackett, Holmes Herbert, Eugene Besserer, John P. Edington, Mitchell Lewis, Ulric Haupt, Sidney Toler, Richard Carle, Carroll Nye, Claud King, Chappell Dossett. In "Sarah and Son," Fredric March, Fuller Mellish, Jr., Gilbert Emery, Doris Lloyd, William Stock, Philippe de Lacy. Of course, Miss Chatterton headed both these casts. Russell Hopton was *Sankey*, the milkman, in "Street Scene." Sorry, but the department called "Pick a Pen Pal" was discontinued several months ago.

**J. M. D.**—After appearing in "Show of Shows," "Sally," "No, No, Nanette," "Song of the Flame," and "Viennese Nights," Alexander Gray has decided to give radio audiences the benefit of his rich baritone voice. Tune in on station WABC at 10:00 p. m., New York time, and I think you will find that he is on the air about twice a week. Lillian Gish, since her retirement from the screen, has been devoting most of her time to the stage. This summer she played "Camille" in Denver, with Raymond Hackett opposite.

**BETTY CAVAGMARO.**—That was Leni Stengel who played the part of *Anna, Countess Vonesse*, in "Man About Town." Ann Dvorak is playing in "Crooner" and "Three On a Match." She was twenty last August. Fredric March and Leslie Howard with Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through." Ramon Novarro will be thirty-three next February 6th. No, he has never been reported engaged to any one.

**LITTLE FOREIGN GIRL.**—So you are strong for Hardie Albright, are you? Then I hope you didn't miss the interview with him in the October number, for it told much more about him than I could give you here. I might add that he was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, December 16, 1903; five feet eleven; weighs 165; light-brown hair and blue eyes.

**A CAGNEY FAN.**—It did look as though Jimmy and Warners are through. His films were "Sinner's Holiday," "Doorway to Hell," "Steel Highway," "The Millionaire," "Public Enemy," "Smart Money," "Other Men's Women," "Larceny Lane," "Blonde Crazy," "Taxi!" "The Crowd Roars," "Winner Take All." Cagney is a native New Yorker, his birthdate being July 17, 1904; five feet nine; weighs 155; red hair and brown eyes. Married to Frances Vernon.

**HOWARD FOREMAN.**—John Arledge was borrowed by M.-G.-M. for "Huddle." He is under contract to the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills.  
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# CRAZY?

By Judith Field

flippancy their attention. Then the fans would nudge each other and say, "Oh! that's Lilyan Tashman. She's one of the best-dressed in Hollywood. Hm-m-m—she's good, isn't she?"

That's the way it started. They would tell the exhibitors, who would tell the producers, who began giving you better and bigger parts. So you won the title and the rôles, too.

Not such bad management at all, at all. Though now that you have got it—and we all give you the credit—why don't you take it easy for a while? Give your mind a rest from thinking about clothes all the time. You know people have gone balmy for less reason.

Take a look at the ways of your predecessor and ex-rivals. They all played at the game to get ahead, too—but they stopped it in time. There's Gloria Swanson. What a clotheshorse! There were those who swore until they were blue in the face that she was born to be nothing else. Of course, she can still wear clothes, but even her critics now consider her acting ability first. And that, after all, is what you are supposed to do out there in Hollywood, isn't it—be actresses?

And Kay Francis, too! When she first came to Hollywood, every one raved

about her style and clothes sense. A most important contender—or so it seemed—for the title, "Hollywood's Best-dressed Woman." You must have breathed a sigh of relief, Lilyan, old dear, when Kay announced, "I am not now and never have been a candidate for the post of Hollywood's best-dressed woman."

Why, I've bought only one new evening gown in four months. In fact, I've been too busy to shop."

Clever girl, Kay! Now it's her histrionic ability that's discussed.

Not least among the modish contestants was the Bennett lass. Connie came from Europe three years ago to join the fashion fray. And what a vogue she set! But she is keen about other things now—stories, and salaries, and son Peter, and husband Hank. So are her fans. Clothes play the least part, though they were the means to the end.

So, Lilyan, how about taking a tip from the technique of these fellow players? You can't go wrong; they're all smart girls, you know.

To be frank, I think the sooner you take decisive action about this clothes business the better it will be for all of us. The fans and I want to know whether you'd rather be considered an actress or a manikin.

Speaking of the fans, I think they have been mighty nice to you. Not many players could have got away with the tremendous line you have been passing out in your interviews. Remember the droll one in which you were alleged to have said, "You may tell my fans that I plan to have a baby next year"?

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Photo by Underwood

In the early days of Lilyan's stage career she did not concentrate on clothes and colors, but on how to get along. And she made the grade.

Take it easy for a while, Lil. Do you want to be considered an actress or a manikin?

Oh, Lil, stop! When fans pay to see you on the screen and your hat is not a hat, they feel cheated.



Photo by Culver



Photo by Culver





"That ain't Clara Bow—she kicked off and that's her double!" This was once a pet rumor among the nonfans.

WHO is this *Gabble* person?" asks an intelligent woman of affairs.

"Jeanne Eagels—that's wrong. It's Jeanne Angle or something like that," a man connected with New York's biggest department store tells a film reviewer.

How often have you heard people say *Jean* Gaynor or *Warren* Baxter?

"Garbo and Novarro had a love affair during the making of *'Mata Hari'*," a young lady announces with an air of absolute certainty that cuts off all argument before one has a chance to object.

And of course you know about the old myths that Clara Bow was not Clara Bow—that the original "It" girl had passed to her rewards above and the current redhead was a substitute palmed off on the public.

Not so long ago a man out West claimed that he himself was Harold Lloyd, and that the comedian of the screen was an impostor. No doubt thousands of people actually believed there was something to this, for it is just the sort of thing lots of people are looking for.

They even rumored that Rin-Tin-Tin was not Rin-Tin-Tin a few years ago—as if it mattered a great deal.

My object in bringing up these matters is to show that the casual moviegoer cherishes all sorts of illusions far more fantastic than the dyed-in-the-wool fan has about the sophistication of Constance Bennett, for instance. And to show that the army of real fans constitute a free-mason group whose movie chatter is an alien lingo to their parents, who may still think Mary Pickford is the queen of Hollywood. And their bosses, who no doubt think Charlie Chaplin is a genius and Douglas Fairbanks a bouncing hero, and Al Jolson a leading screen light.

A few months ago the head of a chapter of the Sons of the Revolution—or was it the Whisky Rebel-

# LAST

Have you been razzed because you must know all about Gable and Garbo? Here's siding with you fans and showing up those who just think they know.

lion?—wrote to me, saying that he was publishing a book and wanted to include patriotic statements from several of the screen great, and would I tell him how to get in touch with certain leading players? The list included one or two who were dead, and others who hadn't played a good rôle since the "Sparrows" and "Snowbird" era of silents. The Fairbankses, of course, and Al Jolson, and Rudy Vallée were included as the greatest living screen artists. Not one player was mentioned in whom modern fans are particularly interested.

The wide-awake fan, a real member of the fan fraternity, knows how to pronounce he-man Clark's last name. He—especially she—knows how tall he is, the color of his eyes and hair, and knows even further details she tries to forget, such as the fact that he has been twice married.

These fans could on a moment's notice name the ten, twenty, or thirty outstanding actors of to-day and could tell why they are outstanding, and could point out their virtues and shortcomings. They would also know that anything the stars have to say on patriotism would be written for them by their respective publicity departments and, therefore, not worth bothering about.

They know that the rumor of a great love between Novarro and Garbo started from the merely courteous gesture of the ever-courteous Ramon in sending flowers to Garbo's dressing room when they started working together, only that and nothing more.

What would your papa say if you adopted some of his lodge carryings-on and gave Joan Crawford a highfalutin' title?



But try to tell the nonfan that this was the whole truth and you'll be immediately talked down. This is the sign of the casual dropper-in at the picture shows—what he hears he *knows*, and that's that!

I'm sure every real fan who makes it his business to know about the players has had my experience. I'd remain discreetly silent if my friends not in the know announced that Jimmy Durante is really Polly Moran doing an impersonation. Of course, no one has gone that far yet, but I wouldn't be surprised to hear it any day. Actually, I once heard a man rave about having worked for D. W. Griffith,



# LAUGH

By James Roy Fuller

Illustrated by Rawls

and, turning upon an unsuspecting editor of a fan magazine, accused him of being Mr. Griffith in disguise! And he said it with all the seriousness that one can develop over a glass of wine.

The nonfan has set notions, whereas a genuine fan worth the paper used in writing to "What the Fans Think" is open to new impressions and new faces every time he sees a movie.

No doubt the fathers of many fans still think of Marion Davies as the leading screen ingénue, that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are the only decently married people in Hollywood, that Billie Dove is the reigning beauty, boast that they never recognize any face on the screen except Dorothy Gish's, and claim that "Pudd'n'-head Wilson" was the one bright spot in screen history. Nothing against papa, of course, but he just is not a fan and is as proud of it as you are of being one. Still it must be admitted even by the most devoted fan-daughters that if father hears at the Rotary luncheon that Rin-Tin-Tin in his last pictures was really another police dog named Bevo, then Bevo it is to him. The nonfan knows his movies only when he *doesn't* know them.

Some of the stand-patters who annoy the enthusiastic new fans with their quaint film aberrations will assure you that they read an occasional article about movies, thank you, and are decidedly "up" on their cinema news. In case you fans have wondered how this can be, here's why. Too often articles in magazines for the general public publish material written by people who have exactly the same views as those old-time casual moviegoers you know. Or else the writer is a clever one who writes what the old-timers want to read.

I've seen articles written by a man whose chief interest is in finding out where the best goose-liver sandwiches are to be found, judging by his writings, and yet he solemnly tells all about the film capital on the other side of the continent. His name is considered an attraction on the contents page, but what he tells about movies is only a rehash of what the average nonfan tells noisily

If a casual dropper-in at the movies says Jimmy Durante is really Polly Moran, there's no use arguing. He knows.



"And you, Mr. Editor, are nobody but D.W. Griffith in disguise," insisted a man who had been in Hollywood and "met all the people."

you every time he gets started on films. That is, that Charlie Chaplin is the greatest film artist of all; that Mary Pickford is America's Sweetheart, and the first lady of Hollywood, and so on. The Pickford tradition is so well-fixed in the public mind that even some of the fans and fan-magazine writers fall for it and keep the ball rolling.

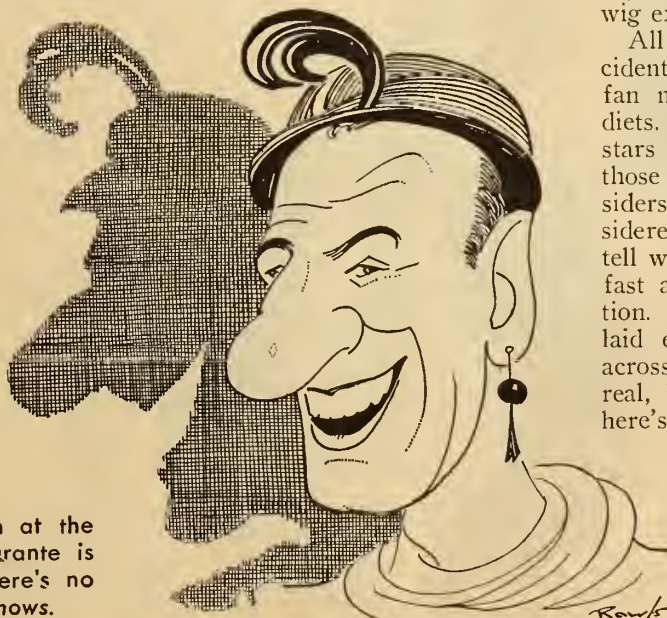
Naturally, our elders and the elderly-minded scoff at the enthusiastic quest for details concerning the private lives of our favorite players. They say, "Oh, who gives a tinker's dam what Norma Shearer eats for breakfast!" Or, "Why the fuss about Garbo's personality?" And then they turn to an article by Emil Ludwig which says that Charlie Chaplin is a master mind with an I. Q. equal to Einstein's, and, by way of proving it, relates an incident in a Continental restaurant. A tired singer goes through her song and dance, although the customers in the café have gone home except Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Ludwig. The singer goes right ahead. "Touching," says Mr. Chaplin. Thus Mr. Ludwig exposes the Chaplin soul.

All right, to every man his meat, but incidentally, you know that articles in your fan magazines are *not* recitals of stars' diets. This crack about not caring what stars eat for breakfast is just another of those traditions that earmark the outsiders. As for that, in 1928 it was considered an item of great human interest to tell what President Hoover ate for breakfast at the Waldorf just before his election. Each course was photographed, and, laid end to end, the pictures ran clear across a full-size newspaper. Melon, cereal, lamb chops, potatoes, muffins—well, here's your material for a snappy come-

back when somebody razzes you about wanting to know what the stars eat.

So the honest-to-goodness fans form almost a secret society, you see, whether organized into clubs

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Peggy Shannon's presence contributed to the fall pepping up of Broadway.

Aline MacMahon's contract allows her to spend half her time in New York with her architect husband.

# They Say in

Stars flocking to Manhattan for vacations add glamour to the opening of the theatrical season.

**T**HE busy theatrical season on Broadway coincides with the early shut-down season in Hollywood, so suddenly Manhattan got all cluttered up with celebrities. The paying guests at theaters had, for a few weeks, a gambler's chance at sitting next to their favorite stars.

Among those present are, or rather were, for they sailed for a belated honeymoon in Europe, John Gilbert and his new wife, Virginia Bruce. Here to stay for a while are Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Aline MacMahon, Dorothy Jordan, Irene Rich, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Miriam Hopkins, Helen Chandler, Constance Cummings, Marguerite Churchill, Peggy Shannon, Ina Claire, Rose Hobart, Genevieve Tobin—oh, I could go on and on like this just remembering whom I had bumped into at the hospital where Lilyan Tashman is recovering from an operation for appendicitis, who was violently applauding Herbert Rawlinson's performance at the opening of "When Ladies Meet," who were doing their bit toward helping to feed hungry actors by patronizing the Actors' Dinner Club, and who were leaning up against the bar at Tony's.

**Delayed Glory.**—Lady Luck has been less than generous up to now to Marguerite Churchill, who went to Hollywood with considerable prestige won on the Broadway stage. She has never given an uninteresting performance in a picture, but she just hasn't been assigned to outstanding pictures. Finding work in Hollywood a vicious circle that landed her approximately where she started her career, she returned to New York. She had heard that times were bad in the theater, but she called up a manager in the course of looking up old friends, and you can imagine her surprise when he told her to hop in a taxi and come right over. She started rehearsals at once in "Dinner at Eight." As it was written by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber, every one expects it to be a knock-out.

**Theme Song.**—As this is written, a good word has yet to be said for Joan Crawford's performance in "Rain." Nevertheless, crowds are pouring into the theaters to see it. On Broadway William Gargan would bring them in; can it be that every one else has heard about him? Anyway, theater managers competing against those where "Rain" is being shown are singing "Rain, rain, go away, don't come again some other day," et cetera.

**First Nighters.**—Audiences at play openings nowadays watch the actors on the stage with one eye and those in the audience with the other.

"Ol' Man Satan," a pretty dull play performed by Negroes, had little chance of distracting attention from Irene Rich out front. She was looking spectacularly young and radiant, muffled in white fox. She is on one of her between-pictures vaudeville tours, gay and vivacious as ever, and simply blooming with health. Irene won't sign for work for more than six weeks. She likes to feel free to give in to a sudden whim to go gallivanting off to Europe or somewhere. She has her whims under excellent control, though. They are all for keeping her where work and profits are.





# New York—

By Karen Hollis

She was guest of honor at a luncheon given by film advertising men when she first arrived. She confided to them that it was her birthday, but cautioned them not to tell the soap people who proclaim her age from billboards.

**Always the Star.**—A bumper crop of cauliflower ears was present at the opening of "Madison Square Garden," but wherever Jack Dempsey is, the crowd have eyes for no one else. They joined him in giving a great big hand to Mike Donlin; they chuckled with him at Zasu Pitts. Throughout the maudlin scenes that bellowed about keeping the sport clean at old Madison Square, Jack looked quite unmoved, if not a little skeptical.

Now that the vivid Estelle is lost to Jack, he escorts one girl after another, each one seeming a little more pallid and limp than the last. "Who is that with Jack to-night?" is an inevitable question. "Just another Zombie," is the equally inevitable answer.

**Scouting for Screen Stories.**—Constance Cummings and Norma Shearer were present when "I Loved You Wednesday" opened, and Rose Hobart did nicely in the leading rôle. Miss Hobart married a social registerite just after the play opened and Broadwayites have not had time to decide yet whether they are being elegantly patronized or whether she is in one of those romantic dazes.

In case the title of that play bothers you, we hasten to inform you that it comes from Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem:

And if I loved you Wednesday,  
Well, what is that to you?  
I do not love you Thursday—  
So much is true.

And why you come complaining  
Is more than I can see.  
I loved you Wednesday, yes, but what  
Is that to me?

Norma would not mind playing that casual heroine, nor would Constance Cummings, when the play is brought to the screen.

Norma is in one of those straining-at-the-leash and not-knowing-which-way-she-should-jump moods. With varying success she has tried being gay and dashing, as in "Private Lives"; one of those figure-waving sirens in "A Free Soul"; tragic in "Strange Interlude," and poignantly sentimental in "Smilin' Through." Somewhat to her dismay, the sophisticates greatly pre-

Constance Cummings  
cast a longing eye  
upon "I Loved You  
Wednesday"—and so  
did Norma Shearer.

Irene Rich looks so young  
she doesn't mind having an-  
other birthday, but she hasn't  
told the soap ad men.



fer the latter to her essays in smartness. It is no fun trying to be versatile if people prefer you to be sweet and beautiful.

The day she went to see "Another Language" the cast was in almost as much of a panic as they were when Mary Pickford considered buying it. They love their play, as well they might, and they can see only Helen Hayes in the leading rôle. If they must accept some one else, Claudette Colbert is the leading candidate. But Norma has a way of getting what she wants. If she decides that she wants to do this play, she will undoubtedly get it.

**New Commuter.**—Aline MacMahon likes later performances better than first nights. She doesn't suffer so then for those poor actors on trial and there is less bustle and craning of necks in the audience.

Her outstanding work in "One Way Passage" and "Silver Dollar" has brought her an unusual contract with Warners. She will spend alternate three-month periods in New York and Hollywood for the next few years. Not only her desire to do occasional stage plays forced that stipulation; she is married to a nice young architect whose work is in New York.

**Endurance Test.**—All the stars in town and all Sardi's waiters who could get off duty gave Herbert Rawlinson a rousing send-off when

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If Marie Dressler had actually stolen "Anna Christie" from Greta Garbo, why should Garbo have sent her roses? Is that the way to treat a thief?



Charles Ruggles says that he has never known of a bit of business that wasn't sanctioned by the director.

# NOT GUILTY!

Certain notorious scene stealers are brought to trial and the legend of their thievery is stripped and debunked.

By George Kay

AMONG the many phrases that the film world has had occasion to coin none is catchier than "scene stealing." None is more useful. None is more misleading.

"Scene stealing" is the usual charge brought against any member of the supporting cast who succeeds in having the audience look at him rather than at the star. The star, who receives first consideration in everything—best lighting, best camera angles, and best position with reference to the microphone—generally holds the center of attention. If in spite of the odds, a rank-and-file player manages to become the focal point of interest, Hollywood takes cognizance of the fact by calling him a scene stealer—a picture thief.

Classic examples of scene stealing are: Marie Dressler from Greta Garbo, in "Anna Christie"; Lionel Barrymore from Norma Shearer, in "Free Soul"; Helen Hayes from Ronald Colman, in "Arrowsmith."

Zasu Pitts says that scene stealing is like cradle snatching—just a phrase to intrigue the imagination.

A list of the incorrigible kleptomaniacs includes Zasu Pitts, Roscoe Ates, Edward Everett Horton, Mitzi Green, Roland Young, and Jackie Cooper.

That there is such a thing as a scene's falling into some strange lap might just as well be admitted. The spectacle is met with too frequently to admit of any denial. But to account for it in a word insinuating slippery-fingered work—that's something else again.

Stealing implies secrecy, furtiveness, evil motivation. If Marie Dressler had actually *stolen* "Anna Christie" from Greta Garbo, why should Garbo after the première have sent roses to Miss Dressler? Is that the way to treat a thief?

And why should Norma Shearer, after Robert Montgomery, according to all the *critics*, had *stolen* "Strangers May Kiss" from her, insist on being costarred with him in "Private Lives"? Hadn't she learned her lesson?



And as to the notion of secrecy and furtiveness, how can an actor be furtive on the set? Dorothy Parker's much quoted goldfish in the bowl could sooner get away with a surreptitious romance than an actor on the set with a single stealthy movement.

A hundred spotlights turned on him, how is he to sneak into the camera something that will get past the director's eye, trained to detect every detail? More, something that will get past the director's trained eye unnoticed and yet be perfectly obvious to the untrained eye of the public? He has to do some tall sneaking. But even suppose he does; aren't there yet the rushes? And isn't there the cutting room?

Says Charles Ruggles, "In all my years before the camera I've never heard of any one attempting a bit of business that wasn't fully sanctioned by the director and known to every one concerned."

Clinching the matter and even adding an ironic twist, Edward Everett Horton avers: "Many of the tricks for which I have been labeled 'thief' curiously enough haven't been suggested by me at all, but by some one else—even by the very person from whom I was supposed to have stolen the scene. I'm thinking in particular of an incident in 'Reaching For The Moon.'

"Douglas Fairbanks is in his apartment, ready to receive Bebe Daniels. I am instructing him in the way a gentleman receives a lady who comes unchaperoned to his apartment. To show how unsuited to the occasion his own peculiarly abrupt manner is, I burlesque it.

"When the picture was released, several critics pointed to that sequence as an example of scene stealing in the well-known Horton manner. Yet it had been Mr. Fairbanks himself who proposed the imitating, and who took time out to show me the most effective way of burlesquing him."

If that is the way things are, it will be readily seen that there can be no talk of theft. Or, capitulating to the demands for vividness and the present vogue for gangster terms, that the stealing in scene stealing evidently must be taken in a very special sense.

Zasu Pitts sums up the matter nicely.

"I know they talk about scene stealing, but that's just a saying like—oh, like cradle snatching, when the boy you're out with is old enough to have to shave every day. It's something people have made up to give that angle of the picture game an interesting flavor. The way every little detail is supervised and watched, nobody can steal a scene without the consent and knowledge of the whole studio—and that isn't *stealing*, is it?"

Looking at the matter in this light, one might go Miss Pitts one better and even liken scene stealing to heart stealing. There, too, the thief and his victim coöperate.

Messrs. Fairbanks and Horton coöperated. Sporting, reckless Doug personally showed eager Eddie how to filch from him.

Not all Hollywood dares quite so bravely. Many actors, realizing that they are fighting for their very existence,



Stealing implies secrecy, furtiveness, and evil motivation, yet legend says that Genevieve Tobin stole "One Hour With You" from Chevalier.

express the spirit of rivalry much less gallantly.

Miss Pitts tells the story of a star who insisted at all times on the best camera angle.

"He always wanted to be in the center of things, regardless of whether he belonged there or not. So what did the director do? He put up two cameras, one to pacify the star, and the other to shoot the scene. When the picture was previewed, the star gazed at a side of himself that he had never seen before, and was he sore? Oh my, yes."

That was one time when that which had to be said was not said with flowers *à la* Garbo.

Disagreements arising from the question of scene stealing don't always wait until preview time to break out in the open. A rumpus will often start much sooner.

Maurice Chevalier's "One Hour With You" set out under the direction of George Cukor. After a few weeks of shooting, Mr. Cukor was relieved of the megaphone. The reason for the change was not made public, but the report trickled through that there had been too much scene stealing going on. Ernst Lubitsch, up to that point merely supervising, took over the direction himself.

The picture was finished without further complica-

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Do you think that Helen Hayes pilfered the credit for "Arrowsmith" from Ronald Colman? Hollywood insists that she did.





# ON WITH THE

By Elza Schallert



Photo by Bull

Miss Harlow has already lived through more drama, joy, glory, and tragedy than most women experience in a lifetime.

**I** AM not afraid of anything! I never have been afraid at any time in my life. One of the very first things my mother taught me was to have no fear. Mother has always been right in advising me, and in the greatest trial I have ever endured I have once again found out how sound she is.

"We must have no fear. The best any of us can do is to try to build a strong foundation on which to stand, and then meet life as it comes, as courageously and honestly as possible. If we fail, well, it is fate—destiny!"

With these words Jean Harlow broke her long silence after the mysterious suicide of Paul Bern, Metro-Goldwyn executive, in the home which Jean occupied as Bern's bride for less than two months.

They were the first words she uttered to any one concerning the tragedy. She made no comment to me upon

the event itself, and I am sure no statement will ever be forthcoming from her. Whatever sorrow she has suffered has been in quietude, in the innermost recesses of her heart. If she had any explanation for Bern's act, which shocked the film colony as no other event in many years, or even had any understanding of the motive, the world will never know.

"I simply cannot talk about what has happened," she said, with frank conviction. "It is something inexplicable, something unutterably sad. I went back to the studio to work just as quickly as possible to get my mind on other things. Work has been my salvation, believe me. It has kept me from going mad."

Jean Harlow is one of the first voluptuously beautiful girls since the days of Barbara La Marr to write colorful drama in the annals of filmdom.

She is of the genus Cleopatra, as Barbara was, picked by the gods the day she was born for a spectacular, dramatic, intense life.

Jean is only twenty-one years old, the age when most girls are just knocking at the door of life. And yet she already has lived through more drama, joy, glory, and tragedy than most women experience in a lifetime. And knowing this gorgeous child-woman, you can't help feeling that the experiences which have crowded her young life so fully are but the first chapters in a book that will be filled to overflowing by the time she is thirty.

Jean is like a flashing meteor that tears through the night sky in its plunge to des-



Although "put on the spot" after Paul Bern's suicide, Miss Harlow soon won Hollywood's sympathy and admiration.

Photo by Bull



# SHOW

Jean Harlow hides her sorrow in hard work and quietly plunges into a new chapter of her swift-moving life.

tiny. You behold it in all its radiance and wonder where it will go. She is of the strange type of physical beauty that is menacing to women and challenging to men. She just can't help it. She was born that way. As soon as she enters a room, whether it be a drawing-room, a restaurant, a hotel lobby, a country club, or a ballroom, the danger signal flashes to the men, and the ladies of the ensemble unconsciously reach for their powder puffs and lipsticks.

And yet she has nothing deliberately to do with the excitement she causes. She is in many ways unconscious of the particular kind of magnetism she radiates, potent as it is. Barbara La Marr was ever conscious of her beauteous appeal. It became a highly cultivated quality—orchidaceous, polished. She put forth effort to make it alluring to both women and men. Jean, coming from a different generation, a less artificial one, perhaps knows that she has a distinguishing magnetic force, and her attitude is less submissive than Barbara La Marr's was.

Barbara's type of voluptuous beauty pleaded, "Please like me—I want it more than anything." Jean's modern voluptuousness challenges, "Like me if you wish to. It would please me exceedingly. But I can't make you if you don't want to, and, furthermore, I won't try. It would be hypocrisy."

Paul Bern was very much in love with Jean for a long time before they married. He used to point out to me her thoroughly modern qualities of honesty and courage. He felt she had immense potentialities as a personality and an actress, too.

Paul Bern was undoubtedly filmdom's kindest and most generous friend, and it was he who aided greatly in Jean's sensational leap to virtual stardom in "Red-headed Woman."

All through the years he had been the escort, the devoted, true, thoughtful friend, to the cinema's most glamorous stars. Once it was Mabel Normand, then Barbara, again Nita Naldi, or Estelle Taylor or Joan Crawford or Mary Duncan. He had also been benefactor to many who were in trouble or need. The test of Bern's friendship was always during the hours of sickness, stress, or adversity.

Many of Hollywood's wise heads who have been watching marriages come and go in fast tempo predicted that, because of the difference in the ages of Bern and Jean—Paul was twice her age—and owing to the variation in their temperaments, the union could never last. Of course, no one ever surmised it would end quickly and in the dark, disheartening shadow of suicide.

I saw Jean on her wedding day. She was as gay and exuberant as a humming bird on a honeysuckle vine. I realized for the first time how very young she was. Her pictures, the type of rôles she played, made her appear much older than twenty-one. I saw her two months later at her husband's funeral. She was like a swallow with broken wings.

There is no question that Jean was "put on the spot" by Hollywood immediately following Bern's death. Publicity was focused directly upon her. Suicide and murder have a way of casting sinister shadows. The sensational murder of William Desmond Taylor, director, about nine years ago involved many persons who were later adjudged innocent, and virtually ruined the careers of Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter.

Hollywood, however, is sympathetic toward Jean Harlow. Filmdom does not feel that she is in any way

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Photo by Hurrell

Miss Harlow is of the strange type of beauty that is menacing to women and challenging to men.



Jean has been going her way, asking for nothing but hard work at the studio in making "Red Dust," with Clark Gable.



# UNSHACKLED

David Manners is free of a contract he didn't like and other worries are off his mind, so make way for a rising star.

SO you see it was a very tragic story," said David Manners, doubling with laughter. It was indeed a tragic story, yet its undertone of macabre comedy was so pronounced as to incite Mr. Manners and his listeners, William H. McKegg and myself, to laughter.

"I am seldom affected by obvious tragedy," said Mr. McKegg, alias "Barney." "Take your first picture, 'Journey's End.' It didn't move me—"

"It moved *me*," said David emphatically. "I suffered terribly from camera fright while making it."

"Have another cup of coffee," I offered sympathetically. "And another sandwich. No? Then try this cake."

David tried the cake, and finding that the icing stuck to his fingers, he promptly remedied the misadventure by the well-known expedient of applying said fingers to his tongue.

Never have I seen him in such high good humor, so carefree and amusing, so unlike the young man who two years ago was driven to the contemplation of suicide by various tribulations. Since coming to Hollywood, David seems to have undergone a subtle change and, oddly enough in a town of continual strife, to have achieved a large degree of mental peace.

When I first met him, soon after his arrival, I got the impression that he was aloof and condescending. This impression was gained by other writers, also. When we learned of his connection with English nobility, we agreed that David was not likely to become chummy with any one whose social rank was beneath that of the peerage.

Realizing now that it was in direct defiance of his family's social position and traditions that he chose to become an actor, I wonder that we could have suspected him of snobbishness. Considering the circumstances, however, the explanation may not be hard to find.

David was born with a desire to act. When this desire began to assert itself, his aristocratic parents set about to quash it by placing a taboo on the profession and educating him along other lines. But in spite of restrictions, he played in college theatricals and eventually went on the New York stage, playing a couple of years without world-shaking success.

Despairing of ever becoming a Booth, he renounced the boards and was taken back into the family fold. Two or three years later, while on his way to Hawaii to a job he had accepted, he was snatched up at Los Angeles and given a fine part in "Journey's End."

This splendid opportunity, coming long after he had abandoned his histrionic ambitions, was as confusing as the return of a

By Madeline Glass

supposedly dead lover after his sweetheart had resigned herself to his loss and married another. David seemed to have become

somewhat skeptical of the topsy-turvy business of acting. When writers called he was cordial but seldom enthusiastic.

I remember with misgivings my first attempt to interview him. As he volunteered very little information, I was forced to ask many questions, and not being an inquisitive person, my interrogations soon fizzled out. In desperation I inquired, "If you were an interviewer what sort of questions would you ask?"

"I'd ask very personal ones," said he blandly.

I thought I detected sarcasm in his tone and I burned and burned.

Lately I learned that he was then in the midst of matrimonial troubles, and that family opposition to his return to acting was in full sway. Naturally he had no heart for the business of talking for publication. Yet this unfortunate experience has colored my written references to him ever since.

One reason for his light-heartedness now is the termination of his First National contract.

"I feel as if I had stepped out from under a heavy load," he explained. "I have been trying for a year to get a release from my contract and then it came about. Often while with First National they lent me to other studios at twice the salary I received from them. I don't think I'm particularly mercenary, but if I'm worth twice what I've been getting I may as well collect the money myself.

"It seems like a good omen that the very day I left First National I signed to play in 'A Bill of Divorcement.'

"At present the only fly in the ointment is the attitude of my people toward acting. When I dropped the name of Akrom I felt a great relief, as if I had cut loose from a burden of restricting traditions, yet I can't hope to win my family over to my point of view. But I've learned to accept their silent disapproval with such philosophical calm as I can muster and let it go at that. My other personal affairs are running smoothly enough and I have cleared the decks for action."

He has, indeed. Make way for David Manners!

Although he did not tell me, I heard from other sources that his comparatively serene outlook on life dates from the time, perhaps two years ago, when he began the study of an ancient occult philosophy. (Please do not associate the word "occult" with table rappings, darkened rooms, and kindred tomfoolery.) His interest in spiritual matters

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Who could help but recognize David Manners in this young lad?







Photo by Preston Duncan

**ALL** players undergo changes in Hollywood. It seems impossible for any one to remain as he was. Now it's David Manners who has developed a "new" personality, according to Madeline Glass, who tells the truth with her usual forthrightness, opposite.



Photo by Freulich

GLORIA STUART is Universal's particular pride, joy, and blond hope because she has beauty, refinement, distinction, and can act—what an overflowing combination *that is!* She was recruited from the Pasadena Community Theater, which has quite a name for sheltering talent in California.





Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

**THOUGH** it has been said that Rochelle Hudson gives more of her time to posing for magazine photographs than to appearing on the screen, you can't blame her for that, can you? Especially when you look at this picture.



DIANA WYNYARD'S patrician, natural beauty is matched by a voice that befits a favorite of the London stage, and that's saying all that can be said of vocal perfection. First you will see her in the Barrymores' "Rasputin" and then in "Cavalcade."

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull





Photo by Freeman

ANOTHER actress from the stage is Zito Johann, who did wonders with a conventional rôle in "Tiger Shark." She is to play the Indian heroine of "Laughing Boy" as well as the girl who is menaced by Boris Karloff, in "Im-Ho-Tep."



Photo by George Hurrell

THE unwavering loyalty of fans has always been Charles Forrell's good fortune, and his acting in "The First Year" brought grudging critics to his side, too. Now he's due to please both factions in "Wild Girl" and "Tess of the Storm Country."





Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

TALLULAH BANKHEAD is forsaking the movies and Hollywood! Without any fanfare of publicity or gesture of retirement, she is reading plays with the intention of giving Broadway a taste of that quality which made her acting a seven-year furor in London.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

DOROTHY JORDAN returns to the Broadway she left a few years ago, an obscure actress destined to make a name for herself in Hollywood's pageant, with all that that means in fame and fair fortune. Her first New York interview is opposite.



# LITTLE REBEL

You'd never think of sweet Dorothy Jordan being up in arms—except a man's arms—but she's a Southerner and she reckons she *has* to fight.

By Frances Fink

**S**HE hasn't the slightest objection to being the heart interest in the life of a real character, but Dorothy Jordan has plenty of objections to being "the insipid heroine." "Playing the sweetly sweet ingénue," says Dorothy, "is the dulllest task in the world. I don't get any kick out of it, and I don't see how an audience can be expected to work up any interest in a girl who's just nice, and nothing more."

"I like to play girls with 'get up and go' to them. I don't care if I look pretty. I don't care whether I wear gorgeous clothes or rags. But I want to be interesting."

Even as she was saying that, and meaning it, she looked exactly like the sweet heroine she doesn't want to be. She can't help it if she has the small round face, the childish parted lips, the wide smile, and the fluttery ways of an unsophisticated sub-deb. Even if she weren't Southern, she couldn't help beckoning with her small hands for the word "sweet" to hop out of the dictionary and set itself down beside her.

Dorothy hasn't any wild notions of playing a dangerous woman. She realizes that she isn't one of those gaudy personalities whose pulse-quickenning allure sways the destiny of men. But she realizes that if she's to be an actress who improves with age she can't let herself be satisfied with a succession of the rôles that Mary Brian played so well and so fatefully.

"I know," she went on, "that I'm not the vamp type. I couldn't be. What I want most is to be no particular type. They're making me a symbol of girlish sweetness. Why, in 'Min and Bill' I wore horrible clothes and practically no make-up, but I enjoyed every minute of it. The girl I was playing had something *to* her."

Dorothy is serious about her work. She admits that she more or less drifted westward from Broadway, but now that she's spent four years in California, she thinks she was very lucky to get the chance she did. And though she deplores a large part of Hollywood routine, she isn't taking it lightly. In spite of the fact that she sighs as she recalls the seasons when she was one of the girls who dance through eight shows a week and gad the rest of the time, she doesn't wish, except when she's mad at some super-sweet part, that she were back in the chorus.

"The year when I was in musical shows in New York," she said, "I had the grandest time I've ever had in my life. Hollywood is fun, but only when you're not working too hard."

**Playing the sweetly sweet ingénue is the dulllest task, says Dorothy Jordan, who has made a success of it.**



Photo by Bull

"If you could have seen me when I was making my first pictures, you would have wondered why they kept me around. I was terrible. I giggled when I was supposed to be tragic. And in my second picture I was reading 'The Power of Darkness' on the set and was so impressed with the awful parts of it that I couldn't smile when I had to. They'd go over and over the scene, but my face wouldn't unfreeze. Since then I've learned never to read when I'm working unless the book is in the spirit of my part."

That was one of the first things she learned. She learned how shallow and empty a girl's life can be, even a girl in pictures, with its work and sleep and worrying about how not to let worry show on an unlined face.

Five years ago, when Dorothy had just come to New York, she hadn't an idea in her head of going into pictures. She studied for the stage and took dancing lessons as part of her course. And she just happened to be rooming with a girl who was in Chester Hale's group of dancing girls. And the roommate just happened to hurt her knee and asked Dorothy to take her place with the girls who were preparing for a show at the Capitol Theater.

One of thirty-two Chester Hale girls. That was Dorothy's first job and she loved it. For a time she forgot about her dramatic aspirations. She was working in a real theater, before a real audience, and using real grease paint on her face. True, she was just one pair of tights and a pair of ballet slippers in the line, but it wasn't a long step to musical comedy.

In her first show she met Ona Munson, who liked the curly-haired little Southerner who giggled and wrinkled her nose when she talked in animated spasms. Miss Munson sent her to an agent.

He wasn't excited over her. He just took her on because Miss Munson had sent her. He didn't tell her he'd make her a star. He had no suspicion that any one would make her a star. He got her a screen test, the test got her a contract with Fox, and she found herself far from her friends, far from that gay, careless "It's after the show, where shall we go?" world she loved.

She was a little homesick for New York, but there was so much to learn. There were few people she really liked—or who liked her. But of course, she kept telling herself, she was lucky to be in pictures at all.

"When I was a chorus girl in New York," Dorothy sighed, "I didn't know how happy I was. I had no responsibilities. I didn't have to think about audiences getting tired

Continued on page 62

# A MAN MAY



Photo by Harold

Alexander Kirkland's moods in Hollywood are sometimes up and sometimes down, but since "Strange Interlude" he knows what he's about.

I FIRST met Alexander Kirkland—Bill to you—about a year and a half ago, just after he had arrived in Hollywood. I wrote his first interview and Bill still stands out in my mind as having the most buoyant disposition of any one I've ever met. His faith in promises—a studio's promises to a newcomer—and his belief in people were touching.

I wondered then what he would be like in a year when the bloom had been rubbed off, for Hollywood is the best rubber-off of bloom in the wide, wide world. Well, the year is past and Bill has changed as others before him have changed. Oh, his enthusiasms are still as fresh. He still believes in people, but it's only his close friends now in whom he believes. And he still has faith in promises, only now it's the promises he makes himself that seem sacred to him, not those made by other people.

He has more charm than any man I've ever met. Not the least of this charm lies in the variableness of his moods and views, which are as changeable as a chameleon's colors.

Not long ago he said, "Success is the only thing I care about. And by 'success' I don't mean the adulation of the public, nor even the money you get. My salary now is no more than I could get on the stage, but I want the wider success that comes in pictures. I mean in pictures you're known all over the world. I'd like to become such a fine actor that when my name was put up outside a theater, whether it was in New York or Hongkong, it would *mean* something to people. I'd like to be such a fine actor that people wouldn't care what they saw me in. That's the only kind of success that counts."

Two or three weeks later we sat on the porch of his beach house and looked out over the Pacific. A hundred yards behind us the Roosevelt Highway wound along the base of the mountains. Automobiles screeched, heavy gas tanks lumbered by. Service stations, grocery stores, road houses were all within a stone's throw. We might as well have been in Los Angeles for all the difference there was in the atmosphere. But in front of us, as we lounged on a couple of deck chairs drenched in sunshine, there was only the beach, the gulls, the sky, the ocean.

"I hate to think of ever leaving this," Bill murmured, "it's so lovely."

"Then why think about it?" I asked.

"This is probably the last summer I'll be out here," he returned. "I've *got* to be conscious of all this every minute of every day. Most likely I'll be back in New York in another year and I want to steep myself in it so I'll never forget it."

"Two weeks ago," I exclaimed, "you were carefully explaining that the only thing in life that mattered was great success on the screen. Well, you can't achieve that kind of success in a year. And you certainly can't get screen success anywhere else."

"I've changed my mind," he said calmly. "Two weeks ago that *was* all that mattered. Now, while I'd like that success, it isn't of primary importance. Money is all that matters now. I want to save every nickel I can. Then when I've got enough

that I won't ever have to worry over money any more, I'm going back to New York where I can do worthwhile things.

"I want to get away from here. This place is stifling—spiritually.

"I want the wider success that comes in pictures," said Alexander Kirkland, explaining why he left the stage.



# CHANGE

By  
Samuel Richard Mook

There's too little sincerity. People are afraid to like any one for fear they're liking the 'wrong people,' afraid they'll become intimate with some one the 'right people' don't like.

"If I ever become really successful I shall pull a Garbo. I don't mean that I won't grant interviews. I mean I won't see any one but a few close friends and I won't go anywhere except where I think I'll be amused. In New York I used to be interested in dozens and dozens of people. Out here"—he gestured helplessly—"look at the number of people I've gone through in a little over a year!" He checked them off on his fingers. "It's appalling. In another environment I would probably have been entertained by those same people for years. Hollywood *does* something to you. It's stultifying."

I've never seen Bill more in earnest—more sincere than he was at that moment. Yet his disposition is so volatile that three hours later we were down on the amusement pier at Venice, and Bill was shouting like a seven-year-old at a circus. Another three hours and he was back in the dumps.

He is a gourmet of the emotions. He thinks life has always to be at high-water mark and he can't understand it when nothing is happening. He dramatizes everything in connection with himself and always thinks he is happier or more miserable than he really is. He becomes attracted to a girl and immediately invests himself with a grand passion. When it fizzles or when he realizes the infatuation wasn't love in its finer aspects, he feels cheated.

Variable as his moods are, there is a oneness of purpose about him that is amazing.

He was originally signed by Fox for the lead in "Surrender." On reading the script he found a minor part afforded better acting opportunities, and he gave the studio executives no peace until he was permitted to play that rôle instead of the longer one.

Life pours its favors into Bill's lap and he accepts them without asking why. It seems natural to him to have the things he wants.

The first summer he was in California he sat on the veranda of the Bel Air Beach Club with Francesca Bruening and looked out over the ocean. He hadn't a thought of en-

"Five years hence I'll be living in a little Swiss village with my wife—whom I haven't met—and a flock of kids, writin'g very bad books."



"I've changed my mind," Mr. Kirkland announced two weeks later. "I'm going back to New York where I can do worth-while things."

tering pictures and had already signed for a play in New York the following fall. Said Bill to Francesca, "Next summer I'll have a house of my own out here. It'll be farther up the beach and it will have a red-white-and-blue living room."

He had bought a large car and was driving down Hollywood Boulevard when it stalled. Bill, who knows nothing about automobiles, got out and was fussing under the hood, wondering whether gasoline is kept in the radiator or differential, when an agent saw him. "What you doing out here?" he demanded.

"Vacationing," said Bill.

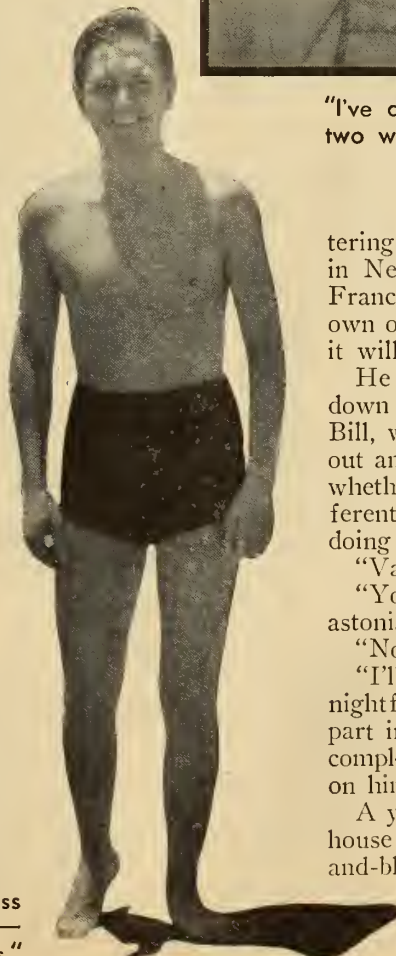
"You mean you ain't in pictures?" said the astonished agent.

"No," Bill smiled.

"I'll get you a job," the agent promised. By nightfall he had Bill signed with Fox for the part in "Surrender" and before the picture was completed the company had exercised its option on him.

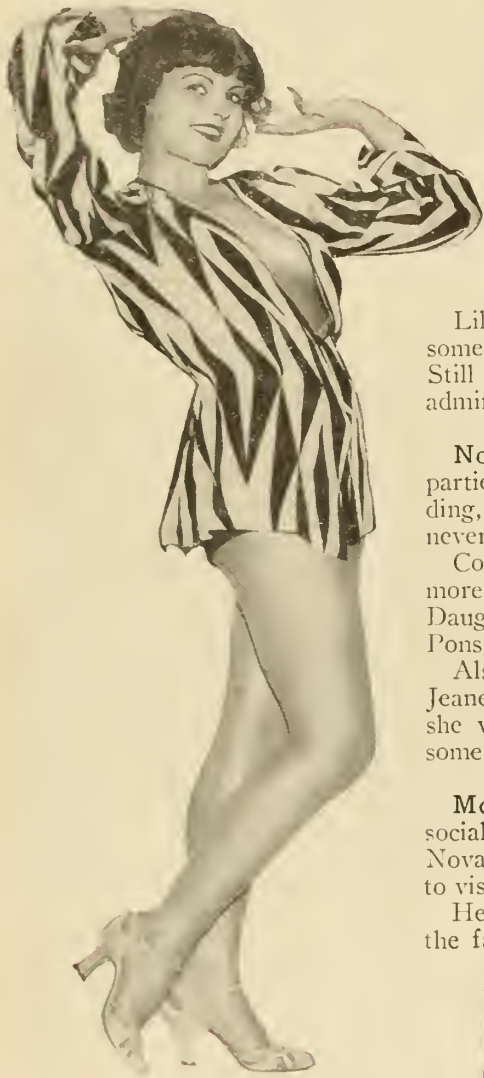
A year later, this story is being written in the house farther up the beach with the red-white-and-blue living room.

Once he was touring with "Cradle Song." As they trekked through  
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# HOLLYWOOD



Lilian Bond can be ornamental or dramatic, as she pleases, and you never have to look twice to see her in any film.

By  
Edwin and Elza  
Schallert

If Julie Hoydon doesn't resemble Ann Harding, then Picture Play isn't the honest magazine of the screen. Both are in "The Conquerors."

The spice of the news and rumors  
of news in the cinema colony.

**T**HE newest celebrity to click with the picture colony is Lily Pons, slender opera star from the New York Metropolitan. Hollywood was crazy about her youth and her vocal talents, most prima donnas being what they are—gigantesque and frequently homely from the film viewpoint.

Lily was so fêted during her stay in southern California that she all but lost some of the famous charm and glisten of her voice in one or two performances. Still she managed to warble exquisitely both in opera and concert, and drew admiring stellar audiences.

**Novarro, the Hypnotist.**—Jeanette MacDonald gave one of the smartest parties in the songbird's honor. She had such distinctive guests as Ann Harding, the recluse Helen Hayes, Ernst Lubitsch, and Wallace Beery, who almost never goes to social affairs.

Colleen Moore, Ramon Novarro, and Claire Windsor headed the group of more active guests. Novarro appeared with his head shaved for "The Son-Daughter," and wearing a Chinese cap. He sang Spanish songs which Miss Pons seemed to approve enthusiastically.

Also Ramon gave a demonstration of a new form of hypnotism. "If I lift Jeanette off her feet and hold her in my arms while some one counts thirteen, she will become unconscious," he boasted. As it didn't work with Jeanette, some one suggested that Ramon try it on Wally Beery.

**Movie Lights Barred Out.**—While film celebrities did nicely by Miss Pons socially, her stage manager failed to return the compliment. In fact, he ordered Novarro from behind the scenes one evening, when Ramon was endeavoring to visit the singer's dressing room during a performance of "Lucia."

He also frustrated an attempt by Miss MacDonald and Ginger Rogers to see the favorite. "Don't let anybody in to see Miss Pons, even if they are stars," he shouted with great emphasis. And went off muttering to himself, "Movie stars! Movie stars!" with various Italian embellishments.



**Will's Punch Fails Him.**—Will Rogers may be the wonder of the world in all his varied activities of writing, speech making, and movie appearances, but there's one spot where Will doesn't go over big at all, and that's at home. Course, he's a hero and all that, but his womenfolks can sure argue him down. Not so long ago Will's daughter wanted to go to Europe. Will wasn't just keen about the idea. He argued and argued. Then he promised and promised, first a car, then a job in pictures. The upshot was that daughter got not only the car and the job, but also the trip. So Will's never going to argue again. No, sir! Except possibly around the studios.



# HIGH LIGHTS

**More Truth Than Poetry?**—Will's snappiest witticism of late was made at the electrical pageant held for the benefit of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, when he referred to Hollywood and Beverly Hills as the Sodom and Gomorrah of the orange-juice belt.

At the same function, Constance Bennett, who usually avoids personal appearances, made a speech, and an exceptionally intelligent one as star speeches go.

Bill Powell and Richard Barthelmess tried a comedy stunt but missed the spotlight. Tom Mix exhibited his circus feats, roping six horseback riders with a lariat, and winning a great hand.

The affair assumed the aspects of a political rally, since Franklin D. Roosevelt was honor guest.

**Child Shall Lead Them.**—Two wild girls of the films are settling down. Both Lupe Velez and Polly Moran have adopted children. Lupe avers that she will have nothing more to do with men. Hah!

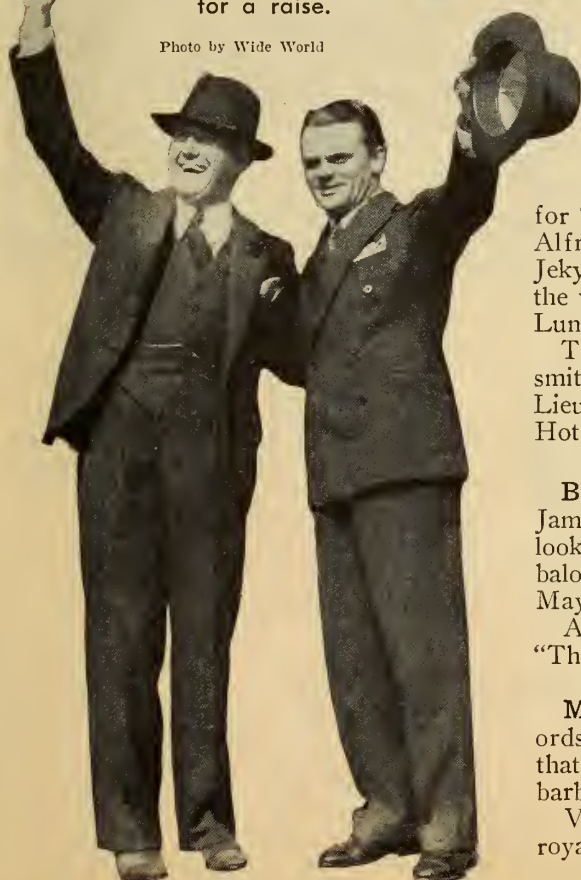
**The Prize Exhibit.**—Maybe you'll agree and maybe you won't. Anyway, here are the actors and actresses nominated for statuette awards this season by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences: Marie Dressler, for "Emma"; Lynn Fontanne, for "The Guardsman"; Helen Hayes,

Jack Warner and James Cagney celebrate their differences, with Jimmy not losing in his fight for a raise.

Photo by Wide World



Warren William goes over the script of "Employees' Entrance" with Alice White, whose nose has been altered by plastic surgery for her return to films.



Ruby Keeler—otherwise Mrs. Al Jolson—makes her screen debut in "42nd Street."



for "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"; Wallace Beery, for "The Champ"; Alfred Lunt, for "The Guardsman"; and Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." We can't at this writing give you the names of the winners, but here's our guess: Helen Hayes, as actress, and Alfred Lunt, as actor, though it will be a close run among the men.

The pictures nominated as best are a long list, including "Arrow-smith," "Bad Girl," "The Champ," "One Hour With You," "Smiling Lieutenant," "Shanghai Express," "Five-star Final," and "Grand Hotel." And in this group "Grand Hotel" is our guess.

**Bonuses for Cagney.**—It may mean much or nothing, but when James Cagney went back to work he bought a new car and started looking at motor boats and yachts. And that following all the hulla-baloo about his salary not being increased more than \$350 a week. Maybe that's the salary all right, but, oh, those bonuses!

And was there irony in Cagney's being chosen to do a film called "The Inside" when he resumed?

**McLaglen Lavish Host.**—Victor McLaglen, no less, broke all records for party giving on his La Canada estate. He staged an affair that started early in the afternoon and lasted all evening, including a barbecue at sundown and an elaborate supper at ten in the evening.

Victor has never before flung wide the gates, but he does things in royal style when he sets about it. The guests numbered three or four

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Photo by MONTY

Five years ago Mae Clarke, Walda Mansfield, and Barbara Stanwyck were all for one and one for all.

# THREE WISE GIRLS

Mae Clarke tells how she, Walda Mansfield, and Barbara Stanwyck scoffed at love—before love broke up the trio.

**N**O matter in what sphere of life you find yourself, you are bound to seek love. If you don't go out of your way to do so, love invariably seeks you.

Five years ago, three girls, Mae Clarke, Barbara Stanwyck, and Walda Mansfield, lived together in New York. They were inseparable. They were seen

By William H. McKegg

every lunch hour at the well-known "Tavern." They were nominated "The Three Musketeers"—one for all, and all

for one. They also referred to themselves as "The Three Wise Girls." They were beginners on the stage.

Five years later, Mae was to make a picture called "Three Wise Girls." I wonder if she saw humor, or



irony, in the comparison? With Mae I imagine it would be a little of both. But of *la* Clarke's odd humor anon.

Mae, Barbara, and Walda were out for artistic careers. They were determined not to let anything stand in their way, least of all love. No soppy sentimentality would spoil their chances of success. Love was ruled out.

Mae scarcely believed in it. Barbara scoffed at the idea. Dear little Walda believed in love a great deal, but had to agree with the other two. Sometimes, feeling romantic and sweetly sad, she'd go into her bedroom and, her big eyes almost buried against the pillow, hum "To a Wild Rose." Mae and Barbara would put up with it until the first high note was reached. Then the deluge came. Their fury broke over poor Walda's head in waves of scoffing laughter, and did not abate until she snapped out of it, flung on her hat and coat and tripped out with her roommates to a movie.

Not one could put over anything on her pals. Each told the other where to get off if the slightest sign of affectation or pose cropped up.

Now don't think they lived like nuns. They went out, and often, with gentlemen escorts. But usually they managed to stick together. And if some young cavalier insisted on seeing one of the girls home, with fantastic ideas in his mind, he was invariably greeted with a cordial but insistent *bon soir* by the other two when the door opened.

By thus keeping together, laughing and joking about life and love and having a jolly time in general, the three girls never found themselves alone for a moment when love reared his head in full power. One wonders if each girl was afraid to be alone with love? Well, it was a grand and glorious existence.

"We never knew where the next meal was coming from sometimes," Mae told me. "What was more, none of us cared a damn. We felt certain that at least one of us would be working, and there were so many opportunities sure to crop up."

Mae, born in Philadelphia, brought up in Atlantic City, had studied dancing at Dawson's Dancing School at the latter place. Earl Lindsay, a musical-comedy producer, admired her work and enabled her to get a job in the chorus of a musical show on Broadway. Mae later danced at the Strand Roof, then obtained an engagement at the Everglades Roof. And it was there she met Barbara and Walda, and where the three wise girls were dancing when they hailed life and defied love.

They refused to work in any show unless they were all engaged. So producers soon came to understand that if one was wanted, three would have to be hired. With the production of "The Moose," Barbara achieved her first step to fame and success. Mae and Walda were also among those present in the cast.

All the same, getting the breaks or no, you just can't go through life year in, year out, scoffing at love—now can you?

Love came along with his little mallet and the two worse scoffers, Mae and Barbara, got each a nice crack on the head. Barbara fell in love with Frank Fay. Mae fell in love with Lew Brice. Big-eyed little Walda, who had rather liked love, got no crack on

the head. Love, you see, had noticed she had always admired him, so he let her alone, not wishing to hurt her.

The trio, as soon as love entered their midst, sprang apart as if a TNT explosion had blown three strong pillars of a Vestal temple asunder. Mae became Mrs. Lew Brice and a vaudeville headliner with her husband. Barbara sprang into fame in "Burlesque" and became Mrs. Frank Fay. *La* Mansfield gave a deep sigh for the pity of things and entered a new production all on her lonely own.

The three wise girls had been separated by the very thing they swore would keep them together—their self-asserted ability to laugh at life and defy love.

A little over three years ago, Mae came to Hollywood. Signed by Fox, she made "Big Time," with Lee Tracy. That was when I first made Mae's acquaintance. She had not long been married. She was a bright girl, a little indifferent to things—such as interviews—but sparkling with humor.

To-day, *la* Clarke is more dashing, more lively, more energetic, more glamorous. But, sad to relate, slightly cynical and maybe a little bitter. For in the past three years many things have occurred.

Walda is now in Hollywood. She and Mae are still the same close friends they always have been—except when Mae's marriage stepped in and separated them. But Barbara is still absent on her love voyage. Though Mae and Walda speak of her with candid admiration, you somehow sense that things are not the same among the old trio, that *la* Stanwyck is lost to them in the maelstrom of married bliss.

Although Miss Clarke still laughs at love, her three superb performances have come when she was a sad victim of the tyrant.



One afternoon Miss Clarke dashed into my place, in a blaze of vivid-blue beach pajamas. The top merged into purplish red, giving her the semblance of a fuchsia. A tight-fitting, white skullcap covered one side of her blond hair, completing the floral metaphor. *La* Mansfield came in, too, all eyes and gurgling laughter, as usual. I could tell that she still regards love kindly and not in defiance.

"So far," Mae declared, when her career was mentioned, "I've done one good part a year—'Big Time,' 1929; 'The Front Page,' 1930; 'Waterloo Bridge,' 1931. This year remains to be seen."

"But," Walda interceded with genuine feeling, "in even the other pictures, you never have given a bad performance. You've stood out in each."

Sky-blue Mae, sitting on the divan with one leg curled up under her, placed an extravagantly curved hand on her chest and bowed like a mechanical doll.

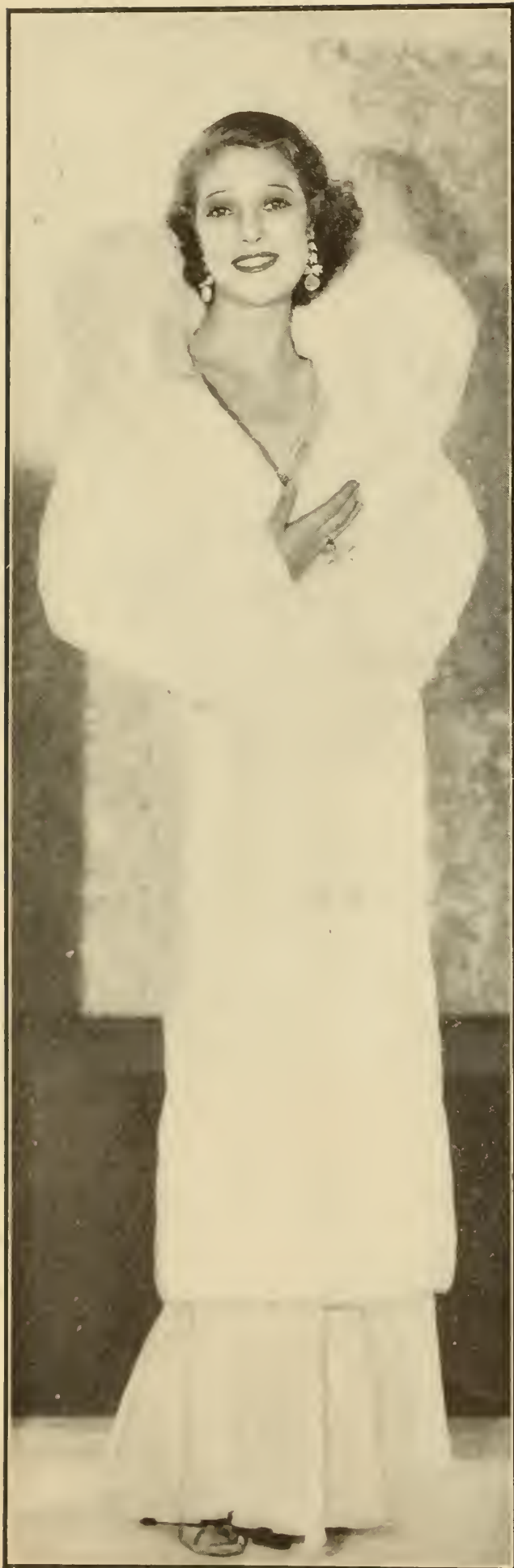
"I really mean it," Walda insisted, and bent forward to light a cigarette. "Isn't that so?" she added, blinking at me through a cloud of smoke.

In the belief of many, Mae Clarke is one of Hollywood's best actresses. To me, she

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# GIFT OF

Our charm expert gives you her secret of a Merry Christmas in spirit and in fact.



EVERY now and then some disgruntled person sets himself the task of trying to destroy Christmas. "The modern Christmas has neither the spirit nor the meaning of the old yuletide. 'Peace on earth, good will to men' no longer means anything," he states, and proceeds to strike Christmas off his private calendar.

Still, most of us believe that Christmas is the greatest day in the year and would as soon think of trying to cut spring from the calendar as to ignore Christmas. We go right on believing in it—yes, and in Santa Claus, too! Not the jolly bewhiskered, fur-robed person of our childhood who came scrambling down the chimney bringing gifts for our stockings, but a Santa Claus of hope, courage, and vision—something to believe in and attain, as the three wise men who saw the Star in the East went forth to meet it.

Christmas, like life, is what we make it. I remember reading a few years ago about outstanding holidays in the lives of certain players. One told of a Christmas in Rome and a midnight mass at St. Peter's where hundreds of voices sang that most glorious of Christmas hymns, "Adeste Fideles." It eased his homesick heart, he said, and the whole week following was overlaid with inspiration.

A popular Hollywood couple, well-known for their hospitality, told of their traveling road-show days: a small town, a stormy Christmas and an impromptu party on a barren stage, between shows, with trifling gifts distributed from a hastily trimmed tree.

A famous star says the outstanding Christmas of her life was the one when she took four small children from an orphans' home to entertain. Another told of traveling all day and night from location for a day at home and her baby's first Christmas tree. A famous English player said the first year he was in Hollywood he couldn't see California lending itself to Christmas, but with a few English friends, a burning yule log, a good dinner topped by a plum pudding, he managed a jolly English Christmas.

Just folks, you see, even as you and I, loving the tinsel and color of the holiday season, the happy memories, the simple things, the *giving* which is the symbol of love given gladly. It will take more than a few disgruntled persons to destroy Christmas!

I remember, too, another earnest person who was impelled to write of the destructiveness of Christmas on woman's beauty and charm.

Well, it is true that we scurry around considerably, doing Christmas shopping, but though our feet grow tired our spirits don't. We spend more of our precious time than we can afford hunting for pretty things, wondering if so-and-so will like them.

There's no need to wear yourself to a frazzle. Look for a happy medium. There are numberless ways of giving and one is to give the best of yourself, a self that is fresh,

Loretta Young will spread Christmas cheer by cultivating the happy side of her personality. Any girl can do this—it doesn't take an ermine wrap, either.

rested, well-groomed, and a disposition that has kept its sweetness, generosity, and sense of humor. Let this be your gift to family and friends.

Perhaps you are one of the married girls and your husband chose you because you were the best-



# BEAUTY

By Lillian Montanye

tempered and prettiest girl in the crowd. You may not have been really beautiful, but you were clever enough to create an illusion of beauty by making the most of what charm you had. Anyway, the intelligence that created the illusion that won him, you should carefully cherish if you want to keep him. I know you're too modern to resent the implication that you must strive to keep said husband!

A rule that should work both ways, you say. Yes, I know. Before you were married, the boy friend looked to you like a demigod riding over Olympus. But then you had not seen him with a twenty-four-hour growth of beard. And to him, you were the sweetest, daintiest person imaginable; but he never had seen you with your hair in curlers and cold cream all over your face. And there you are!

Just because you have a thousand and one things to do is no reason for letting yourself become scraggly-haired and untidy. Treat yourself to a permanent wave. Buy a jar of fragrant cream and a bottle of skin freshener. Go to bed early one night every week to catch up on beauty sleep. And this applies to all girls—married, school, home, and business girls.

In every hidden self there is something no material thing can satisfy and in every human heart there is a desire for beauty. So in our Christmas giving let's make way for beauty. Let us plan simple gifts this year, but let them relate definitely to beauty. There are many sources from which they may come—from the famous salons, from the perfume centers, from the colorful array of toiletries in the shops. And these gifts of beauty may suit every need and every purse.

Perfumes alone are charming gifts. But perfume is no longer limited to the exquisite containers that grace our dressing tables. So complex are toilet needs to-day that we consider also skin tonics, toilet waters, sachet, dusting powders, bath salts, face powders, creams for cleansing and nourishing. In groups or separately, they are charming gifts.

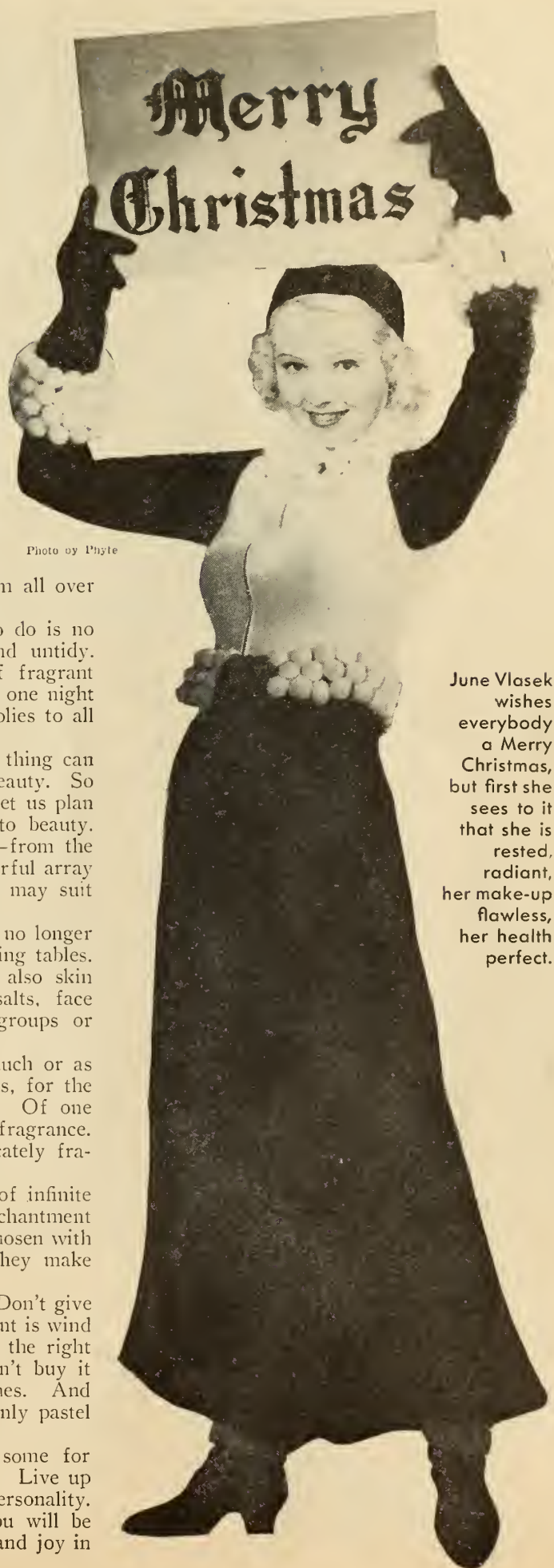
Particularly fascinating are the gift boxes for as much or as little as you want to pay. For the woman who travels, for the desk or dressing table, for week-ends, they are ideal. Of one brand, everything from soap to perfume has a matching fragrance. For men friends there are attractive shaving sets delicately fragranced with a clean scent that men like.

There are lovely make-up boxes, too. Vanities are of infinite variety. Never have they contained such bewitching enchantment and never before have they been so nominal in cost. Chosen with an eye to the type and coloring of their recipient, they make fascinating gifts.

Gifts for beauty, like all gifts, should be individual. Don't give perfume to the relative whose only idea of a pleasing scent is wind over heather. A certain box of powder may add just the right decorative note to your friend's dressing table, but don't buy it unless you know it will harmonize with her skin tones. And don't give a too vivid lipstick to the girl who wears only pastel colors and makes up delicately.

And while planning beauty for your friends save some for yourself. The holiday season is the gayest of the year. Live up to it by cultivating the happy, colorful side of your personality. Resolve that now and all through the coming year you will be really charming to look at, that you will prolong youth and joy in

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June Vasek wishes everybody a Merry Christmas, but first she sees to it that she is rested, radiant, her make-up flawless, her health perfect.



Photo by Bull

Myrna Loy as just herself is not at all like her exotic screen characters.

# AH! THE MAD LOYS!

Anything can happen, and usually does, when Myrna stays home. Here's the inside story, not an interview.

LET us suppose, to begin with, that this is an average interview between star and writer. The writer has called Miss Myrna Loy, our subject, on the phone, and has been informed that, since Miss Loy is not working next Tuesday, she will be pleased to see Mr. Interviewer at eleven o'clock that day.

At the time set, the interviewer arrives at Miss Loy's bungalow in Beverly Hills and is received graciously by the charming Miss Loy. All is order and serenity. They are quite alone, only intermittent muffled noises betraying the presence of others in another part of the house.

Does Miss Loy like the rôle assigned her in her current picture?—asks the visitor. Oh, yes, she does; it is quite interesting. What is her favorite food? Well, perhaps filet mignon. (What about that insatiable hunger for hamburgers, lady?)

From her bodily grace, one would suppose that Miss Loy had once been a dancer. Is it true, Miss Loy? Yes, she studied interpretive dancing for years under Kosloff. But she won't show that snapshot taken a long time ago when she was a freckled, ungraceful nymph swathed in yards of tulle, trying to look like Pavlova, for it puts stitches in the side of any observer. Anyway, after a series of questions pertaining to a number of things, the interviewer departs to write the story.

That's fine. But what about a day when Miss Loy is

By Dudley Early

not to be interviewed? When, released from work, she has nothing to do but be herself and get in the way of the normal routine of the

household? It won't hurt to take a peek.

The immediate household is composed of Myrna, David, and their mother. David is younger than Myrna, and mother is older.

Generally before breakfast, which is served quite late on such mornings, the auxiliary members of the family begin dropping in. These consist of David's friends and Myrna's. They take over the house upon arrival. If they have already eaten, they eat again.

Meals in this house are mad affairs, resembling somewhat the *Mad Hatter's* tea party in "Alice in Wonderland." Seriousness is an error. Should one attempt it, he would discover before long that he was talking to himself—until some one broke in with some such irrelevant question as, "How do you say 'yes' in Chinese?" which even the slowest of wits would recognize as an invitation to get off the subject. The regal Miss Loy is tendered about as much respect as a discarded opinion. Should she attempt to put on airs, David probably would dunk his doughnut in her coffee.

And mother, who is called Della by all and sundry—because it is her name—sounds like a hen clucking at her brood. No one pays any attention to her except to kid her or ask for more food. It is her problem, after breakfast, to rid the house of people so she can clean



it up. But, alas, it is a problem she has never solved.

Over the garage in the rear is a well-turned-out studio in which David, who studies sculptoring, works. Here are books, a radio, a phonograph, easy-chairs, and a divan. Della tries to shoo everybody to the studio so she can get her work done. Ha! They'd rather go into the living room. Myrna wants to play the piano, so she plays the piano. David wants to read the morning paper, and proceeds to do so, scattering parts of it over the living-room floor. Perhaps at the same time some one else is playing the phonograph in Myrna's room while lying down on the unmade bed, arising reluctantly at Della's insistence.

Speaking of Myrna's room, it is a study in contrasts. The bed is a curiosity, with a high headboard on which is painted the Madonna and Child—a fitting couch for a screen vamp. On the floor, in various nooks and crannies, are many dolls. Big dolls and little dolls, angelic dolls and devilish dolls, simple dolls and sophisticated dolls. In the embrace of a leering boulevardier can be found a rustic maiden smiling sweetly, unmindful of her imminent fate. One can only pray for the protection of purity. There are dog dolls, too, but no lamp-posts—a serious oversight.

On the bedside table can be seen a book containing the philosophical utterances of Confucius, or some other ancient sage. But that little book near the ponderous volume is either Ogden Nash or Dorothy Parker, worldlings if ever there were any.

Oh, and perfume! There's enough on the dresser to bathe in. Just bottle after bottle of brand after brand, even unto a concoction blended by an expert in perfumery to fit the exotic Miss Loy's personality.

To get back to the routine (?) of the



Photos by Bull

Myrna presents a queenly appearance to the world, not from a sense of superiority, but from a calm to which she has schooled herself. These three photos contrast strangely with the word pictures in this story.

household and the occupants, real and adoptive thereof, Myrna has to study her lines in the forthcoming picture. She retires to the studio and spends several hours in solitude. This privacy is religiously respected by every one; it is serious business for any one who takes her work seriously, as Myrna does. She often plays appropriate phonograph music in order to arouse her emotional feeling of a scene.

After this bit of concentrated work is over, anything can happen, from a walk to an impulsive automobile ride up the Coast road to Santa Barbara, ninety miles away. Often Myrna, clad only in gay lounging pajamas, has loaded up her car with people and headed up the Coast road, destination unknown. A bit of inviting beach or a hot-dog stand halts progress at some point, else she might continue on to San Francisco.

To those riding with her for the first few times, death seems a scowling apparition astraddle the hood of the car, for Myrna sometimes goes very abstract while at the wheel. But despite the fact that she does strange and unorthodox things with the steering apparatus, she has never had a serious accident.

In many things, Myrna is a scoffer. Particularly is she indifferent to social contacts, and constantly refuses invitations to parties. She never likes them, so why go? At the beginning of her career this was a handicap. But she preferred to stand on her work rather than on social contact, regardless of its admitted Hollywood value.

One afternoon, when all was more or less quiet about the house, a representative of the local social register called to see Della, who received the lady with dignity. To Myrna it was a lot of poppycock, particularly as inclusion in the register was any resident's privilege for the sum of five dollars.

While the confab was going on in the living room, Myrna, David, and two friends sat in

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Joan Crawford's "Rain," even with the help of William Gargan and Walter Huston, is disappointing.

# The SCREEN in REVIEW

Our critic discovers that pictures this month are decidedly on the up and up.

## "Rain."

THE most ambitious of the ambitious Joan Crawford's attempts to qualify as a major artist is disappointing. I hasten to add that it is not entirely Miss Crawford's fault. Her performance is good, entirely competent, and a credit to her perseverance and enterprise, but it is not conspicuous, especially by comparison with Jeanne Eagels in the same rôle on the stage and, on the screen, with a certain Miss Swanson who has the uncanny power of remaining a part of the cinema parade while refraining from participation in it. Comparisons cannot be evaded when an important actress challenges appraisal by assuming a rôle played by her seniors with reverberating success, as Mary Pickford will tell you in recalling the general discovery of her inferiority to Helen Hayes, in "Coquette."

Why "Rain" misses any higher rating than fairly good is because of a seeming lack of inspiration. It is workmanlike, not brilliant—a stock company representation which enunciates all the points without the fire of spontaneous eloquence. This is true of Miss Crawford no less than Walter Huston, as the *Reverend Davidson*, who in this version discards the sable of the cleric to wear the string tie of the reformer whose only creed is meddlesomeness. Something of the force of his encounter with *Sadie Thompson* is lost thereby, Mr. Huston managing to seem argumentative rather than zealous.

William Gargan's screen debut is the brightest spot, histrionically speaking, in the picture. As you know, he plays *Sergeant O'Hara* and is well equipped to play other heroes with a hard-boiled likableness plus good looks and charm. Beulah Bondi is unobtrusively real as *Davidson's* wife, Guy Kibbee is good in a brief rôle, and Miss Crawford's exaggerations of costume and make-up are, as they say, a matter of taste. So I shall say nothing about them.

## By Norbert Lusk

## "Trouble in Paradise."

Praise for Ernst Lubitsch's new picture cannot be too lavishly spread over the entire production from beginning to end. To me it is the sublimation of his talent, better, perhaps, than any of his many other films. It affords perfect enjoyment to the jaded picturegoer because it is refreshing, stimulating, exhilarating, but its appeal is not to the critic alone or to the gourmet of films.

Its gayety is keyed to normal comprehension, its plot conforms to the principles of sound dramatics, and through it all there bubbles surprise and surprise and more surprise without, however, any hint of strain or even effort. Furthermore, it is unmarred by that sticky sexiness, that ogling, sly lubricity which Mr. Lubitsch has used in his pictures with Maurice Chevalier in an effort to foster our acceptance of the shrewd Frenchman as a *Casanova* of the boulevards.

Here there is no such overstressing of bedroom implications, consequently the picture never loses the proportions of good taste, of credibility, and the characters gain in charm and humanness.

Only a hint of the story must come from me. My enjoyment of it was enhanced by unpreparedness and this condition should make for your greater pleasure, too. Enough to say that superbly realized scenes of Venice and Paris form a background for Herbert Marshall, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins, Charles Ruggles, Edward Everett Horton, and C. Aubrey Smith to perform graciously and gracefully.

They are concerned in the affairs, both professional and sentimental, of a drawing-room crook who masquerades as the secretary of a wealthy woman in order to rob her while his female confederate is installed as his secretary. With both women in love with him, he faces a problem more serious than picking the lock of madame's safe. I am happy to tell you that he isn't



reformed by love, either. He loves madame, but relieves her of her pearls just the same, the jewels being lifted in turn from his pocket by his girl.

Just how surpassingly all this is played I leave you to find out. It is, in fact, beyond my telling, and I shall be hurt if you don't see for yourselves a brilliant picture when your reviewer points it out.

#### "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang."

Paul Muni has said he hopes this story of the chain-gang prisons will do something toward ending one of the shameful evils of this country. It should, for such brutality to the under dog as pictured here has had no equal since galley-slave days.

Based upon the actual experiences and observations of a fugitive from the chain gang itself, the author of the story must keep moving, just as the *James Allen* of the screen, and it all rings true in a starkly realistic manner. These medieval prison camps make Sing Sing, what with its football teams and movie halls, seem like a fraternity reunion.

The screen story paints the chain gang no worse than it has been described in the newspapers of the East, North, and West, it should be said. And in the treatment of the picture there is no cheap play on one's emotions, so a fan doesn't necessarily need to be made of the sternest stuff to stand up under it, but I venture the guess that those who live in States which have chain-gang prisons will not have a chance to test their nerves. Mr. Muni's "Scarface" was banned in certain sections, you recall.



Constance Cummings and Lee Tracy put over "Washington Merry-Go-Round" as one of the best pictures of the month.

promises me nothing. He escapes again, but must keep moving on.

Mr. Muni handles his meaty rôle with the reserve of a master craftsman. The keepers of the prison, however, are *Simon Legrees*, bloodhounds and all, who can't hide the thrill old-time troupers had when romping over the boards in hot pursuit of *Uncle Tom*. Miss Farrell is so attractive one wonders why *Allen* ever took a room at her house, unless he really meant to get entangled.



Fredric March and Norma Shearer restore sentimental romance to favor by means of the beautiful "Smilin' Through."

#### "Washington Merry-Go-Round."

An excellent, above-the-ordinary political melodrama has been evolved from the title of the book most of us have read. It is well worth seeing because of its earnestness and it is especially noteworthy because of the vigorous, incisive, and lifelike acting of Lee Tracy in the principal rôle, that of a young congressman who assumes the Gargantuan task of cleaning up the corruption which honeycombs national politics.

The dialogue is timely, courageous, and always believable while the situations are honestly dramatic, even though it must be admitted that the argument set forth is inconclusive and the plot finally centers upon the congressman's unmasking of a moneyed villain as the symbol of governmental evils. The bonus army also contributes to the crusade and the picture hints that it is the ex-service men who can take matters in their own hands and forcibly bring about reforms. All in all, the picture is sharp, revealing, and never trivial, gaining immeasurably by superior acting.

Mr. Tracy is even better than in "Blessed Event" for his rôle is never touched with caricature, and Constance Cummings is a heroine whose good looks never subordinate her intelligence and attractiveness. A newcomer from the stage, Walter Connolly, achieves a striking portrait of a senator and Allan Dinehart impresses as the corrupt ringleader. Perfect casting of minor rôles adds to the effectiveness of the whole.

#### "Smilin' Through."

Norma Shearer, no longer a free soul, a divorcee, or whatever else her liberal heroines may be called, recapitulates a bygone mood and triumphs completely. Her revival of this old-time favorite is entirely satisfying. As the tenderly sentimental *Moonyeen* of the Victorian era and her niece of to-day Miss Shearer is perfect. The love story of both heroines is beautifully and touchingly told with deliberate charm and fine sincerity.

Never does it become maudlin or cloying, not once does either character elude Miss Shearer's perfect understanding and taste, while an exceptional cast heightens



the illusion of reality. With such skilled aids as Fredric March, Leslie Howard, O. P. Heggie, Ralph Forbes, and David Torrence, any star would be lucky. Miss Shearer is doubly fortunate in having Mr. March opposite her, first as the jealous suitor who shoots at the bridegroom and kills her instead; and then as the son of the murderer in love with the niece of the unfortunate *Moonyeen*. Mr. March is earnest, even in the passage of the accidental murder, once more proving himself to be one of the fine leading men.

Leslie Howard I thought somewhat less effective, especially as Miss Shearer's embittered guardian in the later sequences, but I suppose it is heresy even to spot the make-up of age on the face of so admired an actor as Mr. Howard, or to go so far as to declare his acting dry and mechanical. Anyhow, it's Miss Shearer's picture and my indorsement is directed especially at those who are enthusiastic about her. Neither they nor anybody else will be disappointed.

#### "One Way Passage."

Charm, grace, and originality unite to make this one of the unusual pictures of the month, a nocturne in a minor key discreetly played by William Powell, Kay Francis, Warren Hymer, Aline MacMahon, and Frank McHugh, all of whom garner stellar honors by the quiet perfection of their acting.

Here is the kernel of the story—see if you don't recognize something new. At a Hongkong bar Mr. Powell and Miss Francis meet, he as a fugitive from justice, she as a doomed victim of heart disease. Again they encounter each other aboard a ship bound for San Francisco, she hoping to reach home before death and he a prisoner, now, with execution ahead of him. They fall in love and each discovers the other's secret without saying anything about it. Laughingly they pledge a New Year's meeting at Agua Caliente while making the most of their perfect moment of romance. Beneath their gayety and occasional mockery there is poignant realization. The end of the picture is nicely managed for those who insist on a happy ending while satisfying those of us who value the intelligence of Mr. Powell and Miss Francis more.

No less notable, in his way, is Mr. Hymer as Mr. Powell's custodian, a flat-footed detective. With surpassing skill he portrays the angry bafflement of a man bewildered by a superior intelligence. Equally gratifying is Miss MacMahon, a confidence woman masquerading as an accented countess, and Mr. McHugh as her inebriated confeder-



"One Way Passage" is a nocturne in a minor key, a little masterpiece, with Kay Francis and William Powell at their best.

tertaining, but when it is inspected closely it reveals subtlety and slyness that stimulate and enlighten. And it shows up politics as a racket.

The story is well written to drive home this idea and offers George M. Cohan, the stage comedian, one of the best dual rôles ever devised. First he is *Theodore K. Blair*, a prosy presidential nominee whose colorless personality is the despair of his backers. As a woman senator says, "We want sex appeal!" The answer comes in the person of a *Blair's* double, a spiling medicine man with a gift for song and dance. He is persuaded to masquerade as *Blair* and he sweeps everything before him, the political convention, *Blair's* reluctant fiancée, everybody. He triumphs in a landslide of popularity. But there are complications—and they are for you to find out.

Mr. Cohan nicely differentiates the two characters and is, of course, at his best as the victorious song-and-dance man, but it is Jimmy Durante who dominates the picture and carries everything before him with a comic gift which surpasses that of any comedian before the public. It is the best part he has had, and the longest, and he plays it with unflagging gusto. Claudette Colbert makes her conventional part stand out by reason of her striking appearance and unlooked-for vivacity. Search as you may, you won't find a fault in this one or in any one concerned.

#### "The All American."

Another good football picture, this time boasting the presence of more than a score of gridiron celebrities such as Cagle, Orsi, Carideo, and Wickhorst. They serve as authentic background for the acting of Richard Arlen, James Gleason, John Darrow, Preston Foster, Gloria Stuart, June Clyde, and Merna Kennedy. The story which involves them is in-

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George M. Cohan and Claudette Colbert make "The Phantom President" an uproarious triumph of political burlesque.

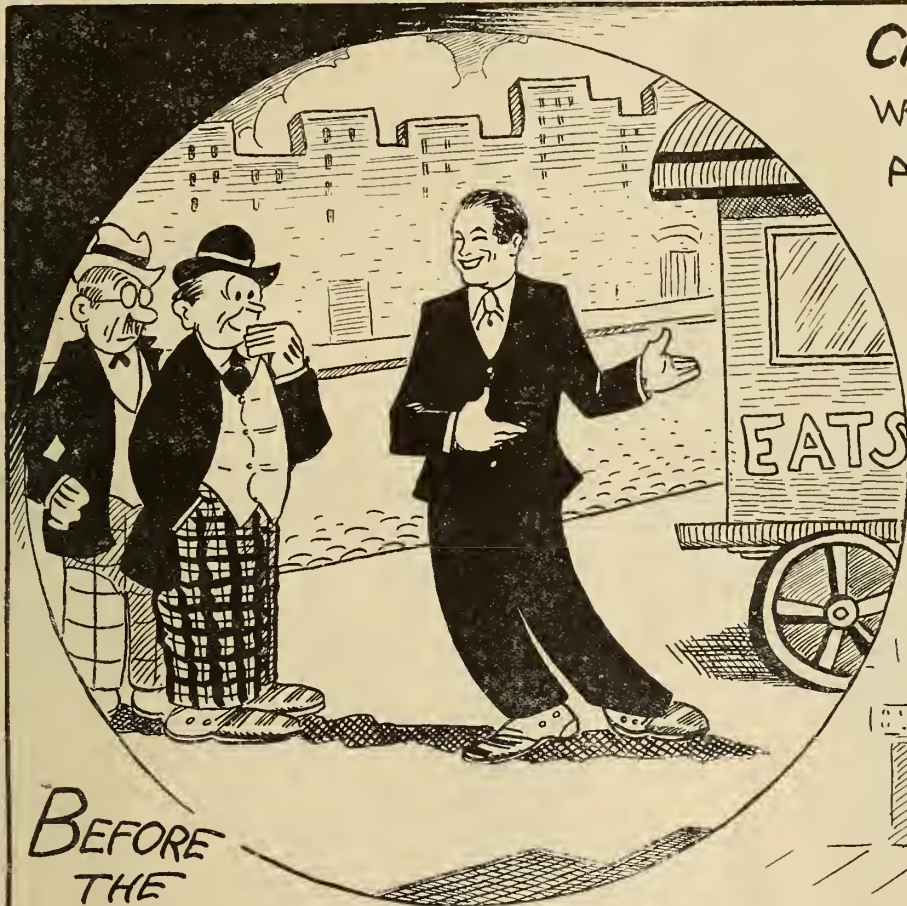
ate. Their comic relief has undertones of warm humanness.

#### "The Phantom President."

Political burlesque could hardly be more entertainingly shown on the screen than occurs here in one of the best pictures of the month, an outstanding hit from any standpoint. It embodies stellar talent in every department—story, dialogue, acting, direction—a happy combination such as we rarely find. It is witty, trenchant, and is uproariously funny at times. Viewed casually it is always en-



# DID YOU KNOW THAT —



BEFORE  
THE

MOVIES ADOPTED HIM, JAMES DUNN  
SOLD LUNCH WAGONS, AT WHICH  
HE WAS QUITE SUCCESSFUL .....

CARY GRANT ONCE  
WORKED FOR \$5<sup>00</sup> A DAY  
AS A STILT-WALKER  
AT CONEY ISLAND !!!



LIONEL BARRYMORE IS ALSO  
AN ILLUSTRATOR, PAINTER,  
A PIANIST AND A COMPOSER  
OF EXQUISITE MUSIC .....



WILLIAM HAINES USED TO BE A  
FLOOR WALKER IN A RICHMOND, VA.  
DEPARTMENT STORE, BEFORE HE  
BECAME THE SCREEN SCREAM .....



# BIG-TIME CHARLEY



Charles Laughton, the English Emil Jannings, has made a sensational leap to the top.

By Ben Maddox

Mr. Laughton—Charley to those who have his confidence—admits that he resembles Jannings in looks and type. However, though the comparison flatters him, he begs that he be allowed to make his own niche on the screen. He is not an imitator.

Brought to Hollywood, as was Jannings, after enacting a remarkable variety of rôles on the stage, he is much younger than the German actor. If he is so finished in his technique, so accomplished now, what will he be at fifty?

I imagine, as another difference, that Mr. Laughton is less impressive, more natural than his predecessor. While Jannings became so engrossed that he frequently lived his rôles all during the production of a picture, Mr. Laughton is a prosaic husband when not actually working.

"My father owns a hotel in a large seaside city in northern England," he related. "No one in our family had ever been theatrically inclined until I boldly admitted I was stage-struck. I think they

Although he plays character rôles which have everything but sex appeal, Mr. Laughton's red-headed actress wife says he's thrilling.

doubted my good taste when I decided to attend a dramatic school in London instead of staying at home and carrying on in the family manner.

"I'd gone to private schools and taken part in the shows put on there. When I graduated I was persuaded that my father's staid business was my surest future. So I started in as a clerk and

shortly was promoted to assisting the cashier.

"Watching our guests and wondering about their peculiarities was fun, but the routine jobs weren't. The World War interfered with my progress. After a time out for army duty, I came back to London, floundered around a bit in various uninteresting positions.

"Finally I enrolled in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. And played my first professional part when I was twenty-six, not long after completing the course."

There were no struggles for him. At least, he recalls none worth mentioning. During his Academy days he appeared in six plays, assuming an entirely different characterization in each. One of London's leading critics discovered it was the same young man who went so convincingly from youthful, red-faced rustics to old men with white whiskers. A eulogy in print gave our Mr. Laughton a nice push upward.

Since his début in 1926 until last year, he had leading parts in nearly twenty important plays. Going from Ibsen to Molnar, from the maniacal title rôle in "The Man with Red Hair" to *Tony Perelli*, the slick, dark-haired Latin gangster in "On the Spot," indicates his range.

He has appeared in pictures, so far, as a heavy. He is equally adept at being funny. In fact, he rather prefers being jolly and has a horrible suspicion that he's being typed as an old bad man.

"Payment Deferred," in which he had been starring in London, was brought to New York last winter. His wife, Elsa Lanchester, a vivaciously pretty red-headed actress, portrayed his daughter—the Maureen O'Sulli-

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CHARLES LAUGHTON, believe it or not, is only thirty-two. He seems a good deal older, probably because he's so—er—chubby.

He hasn't an ounce of sex appeal, this weighty newcomer, but he's suddenly become the actor of the hour. George Arliss, Jean Hersholt, and others who excel in characterizations, find him a potent new rival.

Anything but handsome and absolutely unknown to moviegoers until last summer, he is already worth a couple of crooners at the box office. He stole Tallulah Bankhead's first good picture and carried the burden of M.-G.-M.'s "Payment Deferred." And while you are delighted by the physical charms of the more familiar stars in "The Sign of the Cross," it's Charles Laughton as *Nero* whom you remember.

Unconsciously he steals scenes from the camera veterans. Critics hail him as the Emil Jannings of the talkies. If any one can take the place of the famous German who was beaten by an accent, this talented man will do it.

Being English, and therefore startled by the frankness of the American press, he received me in his secluded, rambling home, which he rents in the Hollywood foothills, with an attitude plainly both friendly and wary.

"Magazine writers are ruthless, aren't they?" he asked me as we settled down in the living room for our talk.

I did my best to assure him that most of us are quite harmless. Missouri-like, he is waiting to be shown. An avid stage and movie fan himself, he is a sensitive person who has no flair for romanticizing himself. He is interested in his fellow performers, and yet fears he may inadvertently say something which will be blatantly quoted.





**ALREADY** Charles Laughton, the English actor whom you saw in "Devil and the Deep," is being compared to Emil Jannings in the remarkable range of his talent. On the opposite page you may read all about the man and on this page study his face.

**AT** the top of the page Mr. Laughton is seen as Nero, in "The Sign of the Cross," and, left, as the humdrum British householder who becomes enmeshed in crime in "Payment Deferred."





BORIS KARLOFF and Myrna Loy, left and right, are father and daughter in this continuation of the Oriental thriller, each achieving a triumph of make-up and costuming. Charles Starrett is the Anglo-Saxon juvenile, Karen Morley his sweetheart.



Again Sax Rohmer's famous character appears on the screen, this



time impersonated by Boris Karloff, in "The Mask of Fu Manchu."

# F U M A N C H U



THIS melodrama promises to be as exciting as the title. That it will be well acted goes without saying, especially with Gregory Ratoff in a picturesque rôle, a sort of master mind who hypnotizes his victims with a mysterious mirror. John Warburton is the young man with Gwili Andre.



# GWILI

Jee-lee Andre, the Swedish exotic, makes a bid for fan favor in "Secrets of the French Police."





# GOLD

"Silver Dollar" gives Edward G. Robinson a magnificent



MR. ROBINSON is Yates Martin, whose sudden wealth gives the actor full play in creating an extravagant, many-sided character. Bebe Daniels is Lily, for whom the half-mad Yates forsakes his plain wife.





# RUSH

ppportunity to depict the rise and fall of a Kansas farmer.



NEVER has Miss Daniels looked more alluring as the siren whose beauty and extravagance tempt Yates to indulge his own taste for wild expenditure until he has lost everything. Aline MacMahon, below, is his wife.





THE siren, below, is Juliette Compton, but it is Lily Domito, seen elsewhere on this page, who is the principal chormer in Kroll's hectic life and who forsakes him when his success begins to crumble.



These scenes from "The Match King" sketch the career of Warren William who, as Paul Kroll, begins as a street cleaner and rises to the heights of international finance.



# HIGH







THIS is easily Mr. William's most important rôle so far. It affords him more moods and greater scope than any of his past successes. Miss Damita's maid is Greta Meyer and the girl with Mr. William is Glenda Farrell.

His genius for organization, his personal charm and utter unscrupulousness make his life a dazzling success until his greed and ambition get beyond his control.



# LIFE







THE immensely capable and likable Lee Tracy reappears in another characteristic rôle in "Phantom Fame," which glorifies the life of a press agent from his humble start as a side-show barker until he becomes indispensable to the great. Lupe Velez is, of course, the platform attraction.



Continued from page 23

tions. It was released and proved to be a great success, but critics paid more attention to the cast than to the star. They were especially enthusiastic over Genevieve Tobin's *Mitzi*.

Coincident with the first showings of the film came Lubitsch's difficulty with Paramount, since amicably settled, and the announcement thatouben Mamoulian would direct Chevalier's next picture, "Love Me Tonight"—all of which seems to point at something or other.

Charles Ruggles, who was in the cast of "One Hour With You," is an experienced troupier both on and off the set. Eighteen years of professional clowning have made him very wary. It's impossible to catch him saying anything that the public isn't supposed to know.

"I had no arguments with any one in the company," declares the comedian. "They let me do my stuff,

and I tried not to muffle anybody else's. Working for the common good, that's what we all did."

Genevieve Tobin, less cagy, more impulsive, more of the unfettered artist, is a much more exciting "interview," particularly if one likes to read between the lines.

She admits guilelessly that Lubitsch discovered that her right side photographs better than her left. But so does Chevalier's. Result—when the two are seen together, *Mitzi*'s left profile is invariably the one shown.

"In the scene where I tie Monsieur Chevalier's necktie," she further confides, "I never could get it done fast enough. 'What do you expect Maurice to do while you're taking all this time?' asked Mr. Lubitsch, urging me to get through in two feet of film."

The strongest confirmation, however, that the subject of scene steal-

ing must have been—well, mentioned during the shooting of "One Hour With You," came from none other than the maestro himself.

Lubitsch, when cornered and confronted with a direct question, suddenly remembered another appointment and left without making a reply. And so abrupt was the change of expression in his face from a beaming smile to a sober mask, and so drooping the angle of his eight-inch cigar, as he quickly hurried off, that one didn't have to be a psychic to realize a sore spot had been touched.

Scene stealing is a catchy phrase, misleading but useful, if rightly understood. In the literal sense it is virtually nonexistent. Taken descriptively, as a saying that gives an interesting flavor, it comes in handy, affording some Garbo occasionally a chance for a gallant gesture, and some Lubitsch an opportunity to remember another appointment.

## A Man May Change

Continued from page 37

Montana from one town to another, Bill addressed himself to Zita Johann, the leading lady. "Next summer," he announced, "I'll have my own theater. It will be in New England because if you give New Englanders worth-while things they won't tire of you as quickly as other audiences."

He hadn't a nickel to his name at the time and Zita laughed at him. But the following summer he had his own company at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Margaret Anglin, James Cagney, Aline MacMahon, Walter Connolly, Katharine Hepburn, Zita Johann, June Walker, O. P. Heggie, and Eva Le Gallienne—all names to conjure with in the theater—were guest stars there.

His impulses and enthusiasms are unquenchable. Recently Zita Johann went to an automobile agency to buy

a car. She saw a frightfully expensive car that had been traded in. It had a long, rakish sport body. She phoned Bill. "There's a car here that was just made for you. You've got to have it."

Two days later the car was standing in Bill's garage.

He knows what he wants and bends every purpose toward getting it, while to all outward appearances he seems nonchalant and utterly unconcerned. When Universal was testing every juvenile in Hollywood for "Laughing Boy," Bill's pride was piqued because he hadn't been invited to make a test. He sent Junior Laemmle a wire: "Have you thought of Alexander Kirkland for 'Laughing Boy'? I have. Signed, Alexander Kirkland."

Laemmle sent for him to make the test but, as usual, Bill was an hour

late arriving and Laemmle had left. The studio manager greeted him. "What makes you think you can play this part?" he inquired. "You don't look like an Indian to me."

"Do I look like a seventy-two-year-old man to you?" Bill demanded.

"No," the manager admitted.

"Well, I played one in 'Strange Interlude'—and got good notices for it, too," Bill retorted.

He has plans now for five years hence. "I'll be living in a little Swiss village with my wife—whom I haven't selected as yet—a flock of kids and a garden, and I'll be writing very bad books."

And if he says he will, believe me, he will. Like Billy, the Kid, he gets whatever he wants and life, love, success, or failure will never sober Bill nor dampen his spirits. He's a boy who won't grow old.

## Cinema Chatter

Elissa Landi pays the English government twenty-five per cent of her annual earnings, for income tax. She is a British subject, owns a large estate near London, and is married to an English barrister. She is also liable to the American tax.

Edmund Lowe sets his alarm clock ten minutes ahead each night before retiring, so that he may enjoy the added luxury of sleeping overtime. Proving that movie stars are human, after all.

Buck Jones has a mania for fresh air. Once at the Hotel Astor in New York, his room was so stuffy that he slept on the eighteen or twenty-inch ledge outside his window, nine stories above Broadway.

Lilyan Tashman pays thirty dollars and more for her shoes. It costs money to maintain the reputation of the screen's best-dressed woman.

Janet Gaynor made her first public appearance on the Pantages vaude-

ville circuit. She was led around the stage with a huge chain about her neck, the slave girl of a leather-lunged tenor, and didn't have a single line to utter.

Jobyna Ralston gave up a promising screen career to be the wife of Richard Arlen. She is still called by studios for jobs, but invariably turns them down, preferring to stay at home and assist her husband. He rehearses his lines before her and she acts as critic.



## The Screen in Review

teresting, human, and believable because it embodies honest psychology and good acting.

The pseudo-hero, played by Mr. Arlen, is a football idol who succumbs to adulation and stumbles into the pitfalls that await the favorite whose head is turned by applause. He indorses commercial articles for a price, overplays his finances, and finally resorts to minor dishonesty. Of course he has a timely awakening and the picture concludes with a rousing game in which he and his brother are opponents. The picture is always intelligent and its development is never naïve. Good performances are the rule, with Mr. Foster giving his new-found fans further opportunity to recognize his ability in any rôle.

**"Six Hours to Live."**

Warner Baxter's new picture has a fine, imaginative idea behind it, but somehow it barely escapes dullness. Neither dialogue nor acting is arresting, although Mr. Baxter plays with admirable restraint—something of a feat when the fantastic story is considered. I might add that the picture has the virtue of splendid direction. In fact, it is the director who claims one's attention because of his resourcefulness, imagination, and brilliant use of pictorial suggestion, but there is a soporific vibration to



the picture and excitement is altogether missing.

Mr. Baxter is a diplomat, the only representative in a conference of all nations who vetoes a commercial treaty, and he is murdered for his stubbornness. There happens to be present a scientist whose invention is able briefly to restore life—six hours to live, you know. Mr. Baxter is brought back to life and every one thinks he will proclaim his assassin. Instead, he devotes his return to earth in performing good deeds, climaxing them by convincing his sweetheart that she should marry his rival and

then expiring with a rose in his hand, this touch of the picturesque being in keeping with his black cape lined with white satin. Just the same his scene with a little girl who questions him about her dead sister is genuinely touching.

John Boles plays the secondary rôle of Mr. Baxter's friendly rival and Miriam Jordan, a newcomer, is the statuesque heroine.

**"Faithless."**

Another girl goes out on the street and, to use the reliable old phrase, sinks to the gutter, but what of it? The husband eagerly takes her into his arms when he hears about it, and with a gentle wisecrack brushes away the twinge of shame that remains, and all is well, proving again the current picture doctrine that it's not what you do that counts, but what you can get away with. In this case the young wife hustles so she can buy food and medicine for her sick husband. One can imagine the makers of "Faithless" asking themselves, "Under what circumstances could a woman take to the streets, and not only be forgiven by her husband, but also win a compliment from him about her nobility of character?" The answer offered is, "When she becomes a streetwalker to get money for pills and the morning oatmeal." What manner of hero are they offering us on the screen to-day?

No more need be said about the story except that a once prosperous young man and very rich girl are ground to these straits by the depression. Tallulah Bankhead and Robert Montgomery contribute their talent with enthusiasm, but cannot skate over the mires of hokum and false situations that clutter the plot. Instead of weeping, you chuckle softly to yourself when Miss Bankhead dashes out of the rooming house, hails the first man she sees and shortly afterward sheepishly returns with an armload of bundles.

In the early part of the film Miss Bankhead wears several striking gowns which should inspire table talk in the best-dressed circles of Hollywood. Maurice Murphy is pleasantly boyish as Mr. Montgomery's kid brother, and Hugh Herbert is amusing as the would-be sugar daddy.

**"The Phantom of Crestwood."**

In this you will find elucidation of the murder mystery which has been absorbing radio fans everywhere. It is presented in agreeable, though undistinguished, form and emerges as a melodrama somewhat above the average usually found in pieces of this kind. It holds espe-

cial interest for those competing in the prize contest for the last chapter which is revealed on the screen. And it is only fair to state, while not betraying any secret of the plot, that the murderer of *Jenny Wren* is the last one you would suspect.

Those who are unfamiliar with the story may be intrigued by its beginning when *Jenny Wren*, an adventuress, spends a week-end with four



of her paramours from each of whom she extracts money as tribute to her decision to reform. Thus each of the men has a motive for her removal and each is suspected of her mysterious murder until a detective on the order of *Sherlock Holmes* fixes the guilt where it belongs.

Really, the story creaks with conventionality, but as it has pleased radio listeners it may also interest film fans. It boasts a long and impressive cast, most of whom do well, especially Pauline Frederick, who is outstanding. Karen Morley is *Jenny*, Ricardo Cortez the sleuth, and others are Anita Louise, Aileen Pringle, H. B. Warner, Sam Hardy, Mary Duncan, Richard Gallagher, Tom Douglas, Gavin Gordon, and Matty Kemp.

**"Cabin in the Cotton."**

Richard Barthelmess's pictures are always thoughtful, earnest, and well acted, even if some of them don't quite come through as clearly and strongly as intended. His current offering has precisely these merits and drawbacks, managing to be interesting, if a bit unsatisfying, and failing to qualify as one of his best.

Ever on the alert for a new locale and characters, this time Mr. Barthelmess inspects the South and finds there considerable to engage his attention. He contemplates what some serious-minded reviewers call "the South's social evil," although the South itself may have something to



say about the prevalence of the wickedness under discussion.

The case in question deals with a rich planter who exploits the poor whites that cultivate his fields of cotton. Ever in debt to him, thanks to his monopoly of the only store in the county, they toil for nothing but bare



subsistence and the picture gets pretty indignant about the injustice of it all, especially as bloodhounds are called upon to assist in a lynching.

Mr. Barthelmess, as an ambitious youth, sees the wrong of both sides and attempts to bring rich and poor together in perfect understanding, but the task is too much for him and he leaves to seek further education elsewhere, refusing to take with him either of the two girls who love him. They are Dorothy Jordan, who is

poor, with a ribbon in her hair, and Bette Davis, who is rich enough to hire a jazz orchestra from Memphis. Miss Davis is vivid, seductive, and arresting in her most attractive performance so far. Others in the long cast are up to Mr. Barthelmess's high standard.

#### "The Big Broadcast."

Setting out to slant a satiric spotlight on the idiosyncrasies of radio entertainers, the intention is soon overlooked in presenting a vaudeville show made up of bona-fide stars of the wireless. They include Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Kate Smith, Mills Brothers, Boswell Sisters, Arthur Tracy, Donald Novis, and Vincent Lopez and Cab Calloway and their orchestras. All these celebrities perform as radio fans expect in a succession of unconnected acts, Mr. Crosby and Burns and Allen alone having rôles in the story which also includes Stuart Erwin, Leila Hyams, Sharon Lynn, and George Barbier.

Properly enough, Mr. Crosby plays a crooner and reveals a pleasing presence and a sense of light comedy, while Mr. Erwin, one of the best comedians, is a bewildered Texan millionaire in love with Leila Hyams as a secretary at the broadcasting station. Miss Hyams falls for the glamour of Mr. Crosby's celebrity, but reconciles herself to the sterling virtues of Mr. Erwin just in time not to interfere with the acts of the radio stars. All this is good entertain-

ment if you are ether-minded, but it certainly isn't if you are not.

#### "Madison Square Garden."

This lively piece centering around sports in New York's famous arena is naturally more appealing to the average male than to his girl friend, although there is enough sentimentality about keeping sports clean to fool the unsuspecting and the view-



point is entirely ingenuous. The result is entertainment of the sort called popular by the optimistic.

It seems that an old trainer played by William Collier is offered the post of matchmaker by the management of the Garden, thereby realizing a life-long ambition. He turns down the offer when told that he must cast off his protégés, a boxer played by

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Whew! You might as well have said, "So I'll have another cup of coffee and another piece of pie."

Of course, that may be misjudgment. But to revert to the garment question again, the situation has reached a crisis. This idea of keeping up your reputation must be a strain in many ways—and you can overdo it. As a matter of fact, it appears to have affected your behavior, or else how could you assume that grand Oracle at Delphi manner while discussing clothes and how to wear them? Where is that sense of humor? It simply isn't right!

And neither is the last carload of effects you have been trying out on a patient public. What won't you do next? There was that latest habit of yours, garbed in a sweater and shorts, parading around Malibu Beach under a hat as large as a circus hoop. Hats were large last summer, but none so large as yours. I suppose it was a great moment for you when the end of your vacation

## Is Lilyan Clothes Crazy?

brought you back to Hollywood with seventeen trunks full of clothes and an overwhelming desire to display them. Shades of the mauve decade! An actress with seventeen trunks!

What an entrance you made at the Brown Derby one noon after your arrival. One may well wonder whether that tailored suit with the 1890 padded-shoulder effect, and that hat that was a hat without seeming to be one, will ever be forgotten. There was a surprise!

The hungry patrons, who stopped eating upon your appearance, had just about decided there was no bonnet to protect your fair, ringleted head from the fierce rays of the noonday sun. And then you turned around! Lunchers gasped. They thought they were dreaming! But no, there amid the curls, on one side, precariously hung a hat. A simple, shallow, soup plate of a hat, it is true. But, nevertheless, a hat. Oh, Lil! Stop!

Still speaking of hats, there was

the other startling one you brought from Paris in which you had your picture taken for all the magazines. You know, the one that looked for all the world like a white make-up band tied around your head to which, for some reason or other, a black nose veil was attached? It was called *chic* and an Agnes model, but one marveled that it could be real. And so did several others who pay their way to the movies. Consider that for a moment.

And there's another question you might explain. Those coy poses we've seen of late in the newspapers and magazines are not at all like our Lilyan. She was vivid, sophisticated, but never coy. Tut! Tut! What can the matter be? Would you fool your great American public?

Well, then, how about coming down to earth? Don't be proud. Give us back our old Lilyan. Forget about clothes and colors and concentrate on histrionics. And then all will be forgiven.



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responsible for Bern's pathetic exit from life. Hollywood feels that she is the innocent victim of unfortunate circumstances.

Tallulah Bankhead sent Jean a box of exquisite roses a few days after the sad event. Many messages from film folk and strangers all over the country were sent to Jean in her crushing hours.

"I never met the girl," Miss Bankhead said to me. "But I thought she behaved admirably under trying circumstances, so I sent her some roses to let her know how I felt about it."

Jean has gone along her way quietly, asking nothing from anybody and working hard every day at the studio on "Red Dust," a story laid in the rubber plantations of Indo-China, starring Clark Gable. Preview reports of the picture are highly favorable for both Gable and Jean. Without loss of time, she will start immediately on an original story by Anita Loos, and featuring herself as a gangster's moll.

It's curious that she is always chosen for the toughest rôles possible. When you know Jean you are

amazed at the softness of her voice and a shyness that shrinks behind an independent air lest it be discovered.

The day I saw Jean she had just come off the set of "Red Dust." We chatted in her dressing room. It was the lunch hour. She sat on a davenport filled with gay cretonne pillows and drank half a glass of buttermilk—her meal. A stuffed cloth doll, with large woolly black eyes and a rather sad facial mien, seemed to look on.

"There is one great truth I have learned recently," Jean said in slow, steady tones. "It is a principle of life or of faith, whichever way you wish to interpret it, and it comes to one in hours of intense difficulty. It is learning to bow to fate."

I have observed Jean Harlow in four stages of her life—each a dramatic milestone in itself—within the short span of a few months. In kaleidoscopic procession there are memories of her as a gay, effervescent girl being escorted to Hollywood premières and parties by the colony's favorite bachelor; as a young, joyous player beaming with

the hot flush of victory over having won her first important rôle, in "Red-headed Woman"; as a happy bride extending hospitality to her husband's and her own friends; and as a slim, trembling widow in black veil falling from her famous blond hair, bending over the casket of her husband of two months.

And the day I talked with her, yet another milestone had been passed. She was a woman standing on a new shore of life—stanch, determined, unbeaten. There was a noticeable change in her. Not physically, especially, except that she looked thinner. There was a new calm within, like the stillness of the sea after a typhoon has taken its toll.

I shall always remember her as I saw her on that day. A young slender girl, yet an experienced woman of the world, a pair of clear, blue-gray eyes looking straight at me, and an earnest, sure voice saying, "I am not afraid of anything! The best any of us can do is to meet life as it comes, courageously and honestly. If we fail, well, it is fate—destiny!"

## Little Rebel

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of seeing me always as a nice girl who does nice things and nothing else. If I had a date I went out and danced half the night—I could always sleep late the next day if there wasn't a matinée. I reckon the real truth is that I didn't have to be serious.

"Now—well, I can't just let them stick me in any picture because it needs a little love interest. And I can't tell executives what to do with me. Now that I'm in the thick of pictures I have to fight for what I could do if they'd let me. I can't let the work I've done count for nothing. I simply must play girls who *do* things."

In California, Dorothy would have you know, she doesn't have half so good a time as she did in New York. She doesn't feel bubbly. She doesn't

enjoy shop talk outside the studio, doesn't smoke, drinks only wine and an occasional mint julep. Not being interested in spending long evenings talking about herself, or listening to others talk about themselves, cuts out a large number of possible Hollywood friends. She has to go to bed early most evenings, so that cuts out going the rounds.

"There are loads of charming people in Hollywood," Dorothy explained, "but you just can't seem to spend much time with them. They're so busy and you're so busy that you hardly ever get together."

"Once I thought I'd be crazy if I ever married any one in pictures. But I must have been mad at some one then. Now I reckon if I fell in love the way I hope to, I'd just go ahead no matter what. Even if my better

judgment told me not to, I'd plunge."

But Dorothy is sure even that thrill, when it comes, won't be as tremendous as the one she got when she went on for her stage appearance at the Capitol recently. She stood in the wings and became entirely sentimental as she thought of her first appearance on the same stage when she was a nervous little dancing girl, tying on her ballet slippers with trembling hands, realizing what was then the extent of her small dreams.

"And I always vowed," she said ruefully, "that if some day my name should be in lights on the marquee of the Capitol, I'd hire a cab and sit in it all morning to watch them put my name there. But I didn't do it at all. I was so busy rehearsing that I didn't have time."

## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

### Applauding Two Newcomers.

WHILE some of these useless controversies continue, such as what is and what is not a Southern drawl, I want to bring to the attention of the public two worthy actors—Johnny Weissmuller and Robert Young.

Mr. Weissmuller's success in "Tarzan" is nothing less than sensational. Mr. Young gives a most poignant portrayal in "The Wet Parade." If I ever were a success, I would want it to be like either one of these boys' success—absolutely no advertising hokum. Any success which Mr. Weissmuller or Mr. Young have

gained, they have so gained through sheer force of acting ability and personality.

Mr. Weissmuller's career is still doubtful unless they keep him making pictures like "Tarzan." He might be just as big a success in other types of pictures, but the fact remains that he has created an illusion. The outcome of breaking that illusion is still questionable. As far as I am concerned—I've seen him in person—I shall see all of his future films.

Mr. Young's career is more assured, I believe. He has passed the test. To me his performance in "The Wet Parade" will always be merorable. He already

made an impression in "Sin of Madelon Claudet," but it took the former film to bring out the full depth of his acting ability.

JEAN HAEHNGEN.

Hoboken, New Jersey.

### Report from "Down Under."

I HAVE seen few letters from this country, but even we from "down under" are always ready to stand up for our favorite stars, and trample the others in the dirt.

Miriam Hopkins is one of my favorites. She does not have to rely on sex appeal as most of the others do, but always man-



ages to put over a first-class performance, although at least two of her films have been ruined by the bad acting of other members of the cast. "24 Hours" would have been excellent if some one else had taken the part Kay Francis played.

Why Kay Francis is on the screen beats me. No doubt her fans will write and let me know. She always looks sulky and slinks through every scene. She managed to ruin "Raffles," which should have been good.

What I said for Miriam goes for Mae Clarke as well. "Waterloo Bridge" was great, and I hear she made a good job of "Frankenstein."

92 Unley Road,  
Unley, South Australia.

#### An Old Meanie Speaks.

**I**N all likelihood I am just an old meanie with a horrifying lack of æsthetic and spiritual understanding, or anything else you choose to call it; but the artistry of Novarro, Barthelmess, and the Barrymores fails to penetrate to my deeply embedded and perverse appreciative sense—don't worry; that's just a new name for an old bromide. People who try being something they certainly are not I do not even try to appreciate. That makes me nasty. And nasty individuals always turn out in the end to be missionaries or Walter Winchell.

My point is this: those financially lucky persons known as stars are usually so absorbed in making themselves into ob-



Is this the face that set a thousand feet dancing?

jects of beautiful devotion from their dear public that they drown their very souls in altruism. Narcissism is a trait plagiarized from peacocks, and should be kept in its place.

Joel McCrea is a serious person who doesn't try to be popular, and for that reason deserves popularity all the more, because, on the other hand, neither does he deliberately try to offend anybody. I like him because he has never, to my knowledge, committed one deed that might stamp him as insincere.

Norman Foster is an irresponsible-looking fellow who has so far outclassed Barthelmess that, if I were the latter gentleman—for Pete's sake, don't let this get around—I should, without the slightest hesitation, go to Monrovia or Reykjavik to escape further embarrassment. He is one actor who can play a weak character without making it detestable.

DAN ROHRIG.

808 West Ninth Street,  
Upland, California.

#### Random Thoughts.

**I** SECRETLY think—with a how to Damon Runyon—that there is too long a wait between Jimmy Cagney pictures—that he teams ideally with luscious Joan Blondell—and that their "Blonde Crazy" was as amusing a piece as I've seen in five years. That Pola Negri, after the atrocious "A Woman Commands," should marry a millionaire and retire to Timbuktu. And Basil Rathbone, the frigid mime, should go to the Sahara to warm up. That Ralph Forbes is the best-looking man in pictures and should be seen much, much oftener. That I look forward to seeing Barry Norton again, deeming him one of the best of the younger crop. That Guy Kibbee, for an everyday-looking guy, can lend real comedy, or a fine touch of tragedy to a picture. That he looks positively human, as so few do. That Charley Chase is advertised under false pretenses when he is called a comedian. That Laurel and Hardy leave me cold. That Ben Lyon, Barthelmess, and H. B. Warner—always referred to as "that fine actor" when all he does is look sad—should retire any day now. That the talkies have improved Ronald Colman more than any other actor I can think of. That Leo Carillo is great in dialect rôles and should not be wasted on such whangdoodle as "Girl of the Rio." That Picture Play gives surprising value for ten cents.

FRANK LITTLEJOHN.  
1374 Eighteenth Avenue,  
San Francisco, California.

#### For Shame, Mr. Schallert!

**H**OW enchantingly funny to read that certain obscure journalists—their name, I think, is Schallert—consider Garbo's privacy mania a bore. Even more delicious is the Schallert prophecy of her "immediate deflation," whatever that may mean, as a popular star. When will that objectionable and ill-mannered person, the American newspaperman, realize that an actress's private life has absolutely nothing to do with her work on stage or screen? Why should Garbo, to please a pack of gossip writers, consent to live like a goldfish in a bowl? Just go right on boring the Schallerts, Greta.

Now let us consider the letters of some of our delightfully frank correspondents. I quite agree that those two emaciated manikins, Mesdames Crawford and Bennett, should be removed forthwith to a sanitarium for six weeks, fed on milk, and then sent to a school of acting for six years. Then we'll take another look at them.

HEDWIG DE HAULLEVILLE.  
11a Berkeley Square,  
London, England.

#### Here's to Warren William.

**W**HAT has Clark Gable done that such a fuss should be made over him? His acting is nothing to rave about and yet he is given the pick of M.-G.-M.'s feature rôles. If beauty has anything to do with it, it is more of a mystery than ever.

When will Warren William receive the attention he so richly deserves? When it comes to acting he is far superior to Gable and several other so-called stars. His performance in "Beauty and the Boss" was simply superb! He never overacts and after seeing one of his pictures you realize that here is a *real* actor. Let us see more of Warren William and less of Clark Gable.

MRS. WALTER R. HURST.  
1125 1-2 Huffman Street,  
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

#### Chaplin's "Genius" Challenged.

**O**FTEN I wonder why Charlie Chaplin is so frequently referred to as possessing genius.

Only those who remember his earlier films with clarity—and that includes especially the film critics—uphold him as such. Certainly his more recent efforts have provided only mild entertainment, and, too, are dated in their appeal.

I kept away from "City Lights" because I knew just what to expect, the film scribes having reported little that seemed even slightly original. To judge by their reports, most of the situations were hoary with age.

Charlie's reasons for refusing to talk on the screen seem rather like a fence to defend some deficiency. Perhaps his voice, notwithstanding its pleasantness in reality, was tested and did not register to his satisfaction.

We fans have every right to criticize those connected with films, since we happen to be their foundation.

I maintain that Chaplin would not have had so much fame thrust upon him, if in the beginning he had had more competitors—given, of course, the same oppor-



Here's old "Winner Take All" or nothing Cagney.

tunities. And note that I say competitors and not imitators—Charlie has had plenty of *them*. He had a practically clear field and made the most of it, which is to his credit.

Clever, yes—but genius, no. The work of a real genius is not so much repetition.

DUGALD McALPINE.

149 Alderman Road,  
Knightswood, Glasgow. W. 3.  
Scotland.

#### Never Davies and Gable!

**G**ABLE and Garbo, Gable and Crawford, but never Gable and Davies! How perfectly ridiculous to team those two extremes. Davies looked like Gable's mother in "Polly of the Circus." Her teeth were crooked, her make-up was put on carelessly, and wrinkles under her eyes all helped to ruin Gable's picture.

Why not team Garbo with our Clark again? That would be more like it.

MARGIE GINSBERG.

1751 West Twelfth Street,  
Brooklyn, New York.

#### Thalberg Is Championed.

**T**HIS letter is in response to "Cherry Valley," who has yet to learn who and what the immortal Irving Thalberg is.

"Cherry Valley" would like to be miraculously endowed with the strength of an Amazon and transported to the M.-G.-M. studio so she could wipe up the floor with Irving Thalberg and a few others, who,

Continued on page 67



ranks with Joan Crawford. And I regard Lady Joan as one of our potentially best dramatic stars.

"But Mae hasn't Joan's glamour," a young actor, a keen admirer of the latter, informed me. Thus do some, even the most discerning, confuse artificiality with glamour. There are degrees of glamour. Glamour, in its purest and highest degree, is innate simplicity. And Mae Clarke reveals this in every scene she plays.

In the past three years, she has learned many things. Especially, though she will not admit it, that love cannot be defied—or denied!

Mae prefers to speak of most things in life in a humorously cynical manner. But there is another Mae I know, the Mae with a beautiful soul, the girl who writes poetry. The Mae who sadly hurts herself in the belief that by doing so she pays for being sentimental.

If yesterday Mae defied love, today love defies her!

"What I should like is this," she emphatically stated, slapping her blue-pajamaed thigh. "A contract to be drawn up between two people who profess to be in love, unable to live without each other. They should say, 'Now look here. This contract is good as long as it is pleasing to both parties. With six-month options!'

## Three Wise Girls

"The man ought to rent and furnish the home, then take the girl to it. They should always be lovers. The hard fact that a man and a woman stop being lovers to become husband and wife kills all glamour, all romance.

"I don't believe in defying the conventions. No happiness or contentment can come that way. A man and a woman can be quite conventional, quite regular, by doing what I suggest.

"Now I'm going back to our old argument," Mae remarked, pointing an accusing finger at romantic little Walda. "I always insist that a European can keep his wife much longer than the average American, for somehow he always shows her all those little attentions he showed her when they were lovers."

"Latins," I put in, "love every woman in sight, and make love every minute."

"And even that becomes boring," Walda, the love seeker, stated, not without a tone of authority.

"Perhaps," Mae acceded, clasping her knees under her chin and rocking from side to side. "But the average American marriage is often ruined through a lack of romance. An American man has all the romance and glamour that are necessary; but

he keeps them hidden, because he believes it makes him look a fool to show any romantic emotion.

"Oh, yes," *la* Clarke went on, "I like to imagine myself in love with some one. I see some man and say, 'Gee! I'd like to be in love with him!' But I'd hate to think I'd have to give up everything for that love.

"It's too bad when a girl is so crazily in love that she sees, speaks, and thinks through the man she loves."

Yet I believe Mae would do just that herself—that she has even done so! I think her heart is always getting broken. But instead of giving out woeful love confessions, she laughs. And she greets life and its hectic events wrapped in an armor of cynical humor.

Laughing at sad things and crying at happy ones, Mae betrays herself. You realize she is truly an idealist, a deep sentimentalist, who seeks a love so beautiful that any she meets with in life must ever be a disillusion.

But if love gives Mae sadness, it adds something to her acting.

On the three occasions I have known Mae to be in love, she has given three superb performances—one each year, as she said.

So love is not so unkind after all.

## They Say in New York—

Continued from page 21

he opened in "When Ladies Meet," the first big hit of the season.

Bad luck has consistently dogged his footsteps up to now. He was a matinee idol years ago, starred by Universal. A woman, afterward committed to an asylum because of insane delusions, sued him, accusing him of leading her child astray. By the time his innocence was established, the damage had been done. Self-appointed guardians of public morals would have none of him in pictures. He sought a chance on the stage and got it, but he was booked in one bad play after another. The last few years have been made up of four weeks' rehearsal, then a run of less than a week, then a long wait for another engagement.

Through it all there was a sort of heartbreaking cheerfulness about him that made everybody pull for him.

**Time Is Money.**—Al Jolson flew into town for a few hours and then flew right back West again. He had to sign a contract calling for five thousand dollars per radio performance. O. K. details of the opening of "Happy Go Lucky," and take a look at a suggestion or two for his next picture. All is well with the dynamic

mammy singer except that he wishes the intelligentsia would keep out of his way. He got where he is to-day by appealing to popular taste and he intends to go right on in the same old way, despite Milestone, Chester Erskin, blasé reviewers, montage, nuances, trends toward sophistication. He would rather appeal to your heart than your head any time.

**Book Lover.**—A Western star got fed up recently with all the talk about the rare book collectors among the picture colony. He has two Rolls-Royces, a private railway car, several homes, more money and can swagger better than the lot of them. Not to be outdone in anything, he commissioned a New York bookshop to buy a library for his new house. He gave them the footage of the shelves and told them to go ahead.

Times being what they are, the buyers were able to pick up several hundred rare volumes, any one of which would rate a glass cabinet in a college library and make bibliophiles tremble with joy. When he unpacked the books, he found his newly built shelves too shallow for them. So what did he do? He sent for a leather worker and had them

sawed off to fit. And he would like to know just why he is being called vandal, when he had the cut edges all sewed up neat and pretty, and he didn't even touch the backs, which is all that any one sees of books on the shelf, anyway.

**Social Notes.**—The Pierette dances which bring Broadway and Park Avenue together got under way a few days ago. Peggy Shannon got here just in time for the first ball, usually pronounced with an "r" added. It is easy to tell the players from the society folk at these affairs; they are quite a bit less noisy.

One young girl, descendant of one of the most distinguished families in America, got almost as noisy over the telephone next morning as she had been at the party. She was telling a society reporter what she thought of her for writing that "Miss So-and-so grows to look more like Mae West every day."

"I'm genuinely sorry that I wrote that," admitted the reporter; "Mae West has been complaining over the long distance from Hollywood all morning. She will probably sue me."

The newest society recruit to pic-

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## Gift of Beauty

Continued from page 43

living, that if you can't be really beautiful you will at least be distinctive and interesting.

Dress for your type, with concessions to the prevailing mode, of course. When it comes to make-up there is a feeling against extremes in everything. Rouge for instance, is essential for most faces, but it has become a background necessity.

Powder shades are more simplified now, because it is now conceded that in completing a perfect cosmetic ensemble, hair and eyes must be considered as well as complexions. If you are a brunette, you may wear a warm powder, lighter and brighter than you used to wear. If you are a blonde, you may choose a powder with less pink and white and more ocher. Some day, I hope, a clever manufacturer will create the one perfect shade that will suit everybody.

Lipsticks are bright and light, with a few exceptions, and are accepted as the one cosmetic that can and should show. At the same time it must, to be smart, be toned to the individual features and coloring, other make-up, and the gown you are wearing. And it must be applied neatly and with decision; no streaks, no blurs, no messy edges are permitted.

Here you are, all ready for your Christmas party. All together, now, a happy, happy Christmas and a glad New Year! And remember, no matter what the cynics say, still believe in Santa Claus!

## Last Laugh

Continued from page 19

honoring individual stars or not. And the movie magazines are your fraternal publications. But no fan would ever go so far as to adopt the habits of those elderly and dignified men outside the pale of fandom and call his favorite star the sonorous titles your father and boss give each other in their secret organizations.

Imagine what our elders would say if you called Joan Crawford "Worshipful Shepherdess of the Golden Hey-hey!" Your father would kill himself laughing. Yet perchance every summer he dons a fez and red silk bloomers and purple jacket and goes out in parade and is hailed as his worshipful something or other, the illustrious keeper of this and that.

Oh, well, don't let anybody kid you about being a one-hundred-percent fan.

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A COLD ordinarily progresses through three stages: The Dry Stage, the first 24 hours; the Watery Secretion Stage, from 1 to 3 days; and the Mucous Secretion Stage. Once a cold gets beyond the first stage it is far more difficult to relieve. In fact, to let a cold run beyond the first stage is frequently courting danger.



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## Unshackled

came at a time when he was thoroughly unhappy and very much confused. Through the study and application of this philosophy he is achieving an enviable mental tranquillity.

David is, and has always been, very much interested in politics. He keenly regrets that he was not able to cast a vote in the presidential election, because he is not a citizen.

"I left Nova Scotia when I was seven, yet I am still classed as an immigrant. When I tried to take out naturalization papers I didn't have my birth certificate, and my entry into the United States was not recorded. Before it was over they proved beyond a doubt that no such person as myself had ever entered this country; in fact, that I didn't exist either here or elsewhere. But since then a new law has been passed, and I expect to get my citizenship papers soon."

David told us a story which proves

that the cultivated son of the house of Aklom has no more patience with people who talk during picture presentations than have the rest of us.

While seeing "Tarzan, the Ape Man" with a friend, some people took seats behind them and one of the men began making derogatory comments on the picture. Growing more and more annoyed as the wisecracks continued, David finally turned and, not recognizing the pest in the darkness, said with great iciness, "Why don't you get a theater of your own if you must talk?" And he and his friend found other seats.

The next day at a beach home David was astonished when the wife of a prominent Hollywood writer remarked to him, "We went to see 'Tarzan' last night and my husband was drunk and caused quite a stir by talking so much that some of the people near us got up and moved."

David's poise was equal to the oc-

casion. He inquired innocently, "Is 'Tarzan' a good picture?"

In the precarious field of the screen it is impossible to predict David's future, but at this time it looks extremely promising. Having served his apprenticeship, his characterizations are more sure and deft than ever before, and he brings to the screen that rarely found type of thoroughbred personality which distinguishes Herbert Marshall, Elissa Landi, and a very few others.

Consideration of his personal qualities reveals many reasons why his fans would be delighted with him, could they know him off-screen. He is unconsciously tolerant, his sense of humor is keen, his voice is soft, well-bred, and distinct; a good story is made better when he tells it; he is well-groomed, stalwart, and handsomer off-screen than on.

For these and other reasons you'd like David Manners.

## Big-time Charley

Continued from page 50

van part in the screen version. Imagine fathering your wife when you've just passed thirty yourself! Folks, that's acting.

"We returned to England after the Broadway run, and the day we landed I got a cablegram from Paramount. So we had two days in England and came right back."

He met his wife when she was cast as his secretary in a play several years ago. And maybe I was wrong when I said he has no romantic appeal. She thinks he's thrilling.

When asked what he did with his spare time, he replied that he hasn't had any since coming to Hollywood.

In England he spent it chopping wood. They have a country home in a heavily wooded neighborhood. It's an hour's ride from London and they commuted to their theatrical engagements.

Entranced by the scenic wonders of California, they have made trips to the desert, through the missions and to the high Sierras. For the hard-working Mr. Laughton does have some free moments, of course.

Over the dinner table they discuss the rôles they'd like to play, and then go for a drive or to a movie. "Red-headed Woman" and "Strange Interlude" were both excellent in his estimation. His reading is likewise

catholic. He chooses his novels with an eye for acting material and diligently examines the day's news. He adores the comical remarks of one "Aunt Bella" in a popular syndicated column. Garbo and Jackie Cooper are his favorite movie stars and he is enthusiastic about the low-down rhymes of Louis Armstrong.

"Acting," he told me, "has nothing to do with what a person himself is really like. It's all a matter of thinking. You think you are a certain character, and you're your man!" Which would lead us to conclude that Charles Laughton must be a genius at concentration.

## They Say in New York—

Continued from page 64

tures is John Davis Lodge. His wife, Francesca Braggiotti, once went to Hollywood to coach Gilda Gray in temple dances for a picture. Francesca also danced in the picture and looked so gorgeous that the cutters had to leave but a flash of her lest she detract from the star. More recently she has doubled for Garbo's voice in foreign versions. And then it was her husband with no theatrical experience who stole in and got a contract.

**Ambassador from Britain.**—While they were visiting in London, Betty Ballour, reigning British film favorite, was in New York. She refused to be interviewed, saying that she did not mean a thing to American audiences. Most of her pictures

are played in a cockney dialect, as impossible for most of us to understand as if she were speaking Hindustani, so she is not well-known here.

She had been told that she would find Americans grasping, scornful, and wisecracking, and that the eternal hustle would break her nerves. She found us friendly and interested, and she was so touched by the solicitude of taxi drivers that she advises all visitors to confide in them.

After futile efforts to discover a particular hairdresser she wanted to patronize, she appealed to the taxi driver. He shut off his meter, went into a store and looked up the address and delivered her at her destination.

The last day she was here she did get just a little bit irritated when ticket

agents at the Pennsylvania Station hilariously repeated her request for a ticket to Long Neck when she meant Great Neck. Otherwise she thinks we are swell, and she goes back with that word and "lousy" sprinkling her vocabulary.

**Back to Broadway.**—Even though producers have become lukewarm in their enthusiasm over Elissa Landi, New York stage managers still remember her poignant performance in "Farewell to Arms." So they are bringing her back to play the leading rôle in "Angel," a translation of a Hungarian stage success. Don't be surprised if she makes a big hit on the stage this winter and is again drafted into the movies to the accompaniment of much publicity.



## Ah! The Mad Loys!

Continued from page 45

the kitchen expressing their disgust in no uncertain terms. Finally they decided to express their feelings more openly. David filled a paste-board carton with empty ginger-ale bottles, then stomped in the back door and set it down heavily on the kitchen table. Opening the kitchen door, he called out, "Hey, Della, the bootlegger's here!" Della didn't answer.

Then, propping open the kitchen door, they began talking in loudish tones. Said Myrna, "There was a horse thief in my family; he was hanged." And began a spirited defense of horse thievery and the romantic value of having criminals in the family, to the accompaniment of clinking glasses—empty—and raucous laughter. A few moments later the caller left, and Della descended on the kitchen with murder in her eye. Needless to say, the occupants fled.

By the time dinner rolls around in this *ménage*, there are always from one to six uninvited, but always anticipated, guests. In some mysterious manner the meal is got through without injury to any one's feelings, probably because every one who attends expects to come in for his share of kidding.

She is not married—was never married. Certainly it is not due to lack of suitors. There have been many. But her reasons for not marrying are her own.

In the main, she takes life as it comes, prepared to enjoy it or to fight. And she has had to fight to get where she is. Her path has been at times very stony. Poor and meager parts, inconsideration, and other such handicaps she has triumphed over.

The studio which discovered her

threatened, after a while, to ruin her career through neglect. She fought for better parts, even refusing some of those given her. They learned to respect her personally, and to respect her work, when she was finally given rôles that satisfied and suited her. But even during this trying period she was never accused of being temperamental. Her demands were fair and, in justice to the producers let it be said that they admitted it. She never complains. If she thinks she is being mistreated, she does something about it.

In her attitude toward most things, and life in general, she is queenly. This comes, not from a sense of superiority, but from a philosophical calm to which she has schooled herself.

"For a long time I fussed and fumed around, wanting this and wanting that, and always running into stone walls," she says. "After a while I got tired of it and sat down to think. As soon as I began to let go, even during this period of readjustment, things began to happen, smoothly and easily, and more to my satisfaction. Many of the things I had been chasing as will-o'-the-wisps, began falling into my lap. Now when tempted to fly up and curse my luck, and want to force things my way, I just tighten my grip on myself and let things work out their own way. Usually the result is good."

Such an attitude is difficult to attain, requiring as it does self-control and determination. However, if this girl, arriving in Hollywood from Montana without friends or influence, can reach the place which is now hers through application of the rule, it must have its value. It might be worth trying.

## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 63

in all probability, take all the credit to themselves that Novarro has been a star with them for ten years.

Of course, Ramon Novarro deserves credit for being with Thalberg for ten years, but Thalberg deserves still more credit for those same ten years.

Take "Ben-Hur." This was Ramon's best picture. Novarro rose to fame. Who got the credit? Novarro. Who deserved the credit? Thalberg and Thalberg only.

Now for "Daybreak." Do I have to tell you what a blow it was to Ramon's fans? The picture was awful, even revolting. Thalberg made a mistake. Ramon got the ill-fated "Daybreak" and went down into the ditches with it. Do you think that without Irving Thalberg, Ramon Novarro would have had such pictures as "Devil-May-Care," "Ben-Hur," and "In

Gay Madrid"? You're wrong. Without Thalberg, Ramon would have been in the ditches long before the never-to-be-forgotten "Student Prince." SYLVIA G. GREEN.

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## Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 39

hundred during the progress of the event, and Vic topped everything by offering the diners pheasants which he raised and shot himself.

**Helen Hayes, Gate-crasher.**—Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur—wife and hubby—have introduced a new form of gate-crashing. When the mood strikes them, they decide they'll go to a party. They pick out some house in Beverly, whose occupant they don't know, go up and ring the doorbell, and make themselves at home. They have completely flabbergasted several hosts and hostesses, and have had a lot of good clean fun.

You'd never believe Miss Hayes to be that much of a cut-up, but she is.

**Chaplin Romance Abates.**—The Charlie Chaplin-Paulette Goddard romance is reported to have cooled. Dope is that Charlie didn't like all the publicity it was attracting. Still Charlie did administer a farewell kiss to Paulette at the airport when she flew East—we saw him!—and you can't expect a sight like that to pass unnoticed when there are a score or so of onlookers.

Charlie seems to have resumed his artful-dodger tactics, though, with the press. He took his two youngsters to the Brown Derby one day, and all the photographers in town immediately made a raid on the place. But Charlie and the youngsters refused to pose for the cameras while they were at luncheon, and then made a wild rush from the restaurant to avoid the cameras when the meal was finished.

**Al's Golden Dollars.**—Having cleaned up several hundred thousand dollars with his latest venture into picture-making, Al Jolson now puts about \$200,000 more in his pocket as a result of twenty-six radio broadcasts. Can't say that "singin' fool" doesn't make money—and Ruby Keeler working, too. Jolson gets \$7,500 for each broadcast.

Jolson's picture, "Happy Go Lucky," needed much revising after the first preview.

**Neil's Industrious Pater.**—Neil Hamilton isn't the only talented member of his family. Neil's father has great virtuosity as a dove fancier. He raises the birds not only for market, but for prize-winning. And two of them won honors recently at a county fair. Maybe now they'll go in the movies, since prize animals, like the hog in "State Fair," are in demand.

**Alice White's Comeback.**—After two years in vaudeville Alice White really is coming back to films. An ironic twist comes from the fact that she is hired by Warners, who removed her name from her last starring picture for them. The film offered the unusual spectacle of presenting a star who wasn't mentioned in the cast. But Hollywood is good at letting bygones be bygones, so Alice is set for a good rôle in "Employees' Entrance," along with Warren William and Loretta Young.

**Bow-White Parallel.**—"Whither thou goest, there go I"—this ought to be the sweet, sly slogan of Alice White's life. For no more does Clara Bow embark on her first picture for Fox than Alice signs up with Warner's to resume her career. They both lost out about the same time. Which makes the parallel in their experiences almost exact.

**Argument Waxes Warm.**—The Dietrich-Von Sternberg contract threatens to turn into a tussle to see whether enchantress Marlene will work with other directors than her discoverer. The matter will be settled in December. Von Sternberg, of course, prefers that Marlene appear only in pictures made by him, and Marlene is of the same opinion. But the studio wants a different arrangement. They'll all probably be going round and round as the date of signing approaches.

**Constance Battles Ann.**—Another minor war has been fought out over who should do "The Sun Also Rises," by Ernest Hemingway, at RKO studio. Both Ann Harding and Constance Bennett would like to, and are they strong-minded ladies when it comes to such things? Oh, no, not a-tall!

**Aline MacMahon Unconventional.**—Besides giving uncommon performances in "Once in a Lifetime," "Life Begins," and other pictures, Aline MacMahon voices unusual opinions. Although she has spent all her professional life on the stage and has been in pictures only a year, she comes right out and says she isn't sentimental about the stage and doesn't miss the theater, or even the audience. "Not," she adds, "with forty electricians on every set—and visitors." To our knowledge she is the first stage player who has admitted this unusual, though unimportant fact.



**Who Was Peg Entwistle?**—A second suicide among the film colony within the month occurred when Peg Entwistle leaped off a fifty-foot electric sign, "Hollywood Land," advertising a real-estate subdivision. Well known on the stage, she had yet to make a name for herself in films, and the superstitious pointed out that she was the thirteenth member of the cast chosen for "Thirteen Women" produced by RKO, in which she played a prominent rôle.

**Clara Craves Quiet.**—Clara Bow longs for quiet. She wants to stay on her ranch and write the story of her life, instead of appearing in any more pictures. Maybe Clara's just playing a wise girl while waiting to see how "Call Her Savage" hits with the public. You'll have the chance to see it soon.

**Carol Battles It Out.**—Carol Lombard staged a battle with Paramount. She refused to play in "The Inside," starring Jimmy Cagney, and the studio cut off her salary. Just one day later everything was all rosy, and Carol didn't have to play in the picture, either. The rôle went to Mary Brian.

Although it looked very much as if the star won this time, those in the know assert the honors were about even. Carol just explained more fully why she didn't like the rôle in the Cagney opus, and the studio agreed to let her off. Warner's, having found they had a red-hot firebrand on their hands, were also agreeable. Carol always speaks her mind.

**Nomadic George Raft.**—George Raft keeps us guessing. The route he has traversed recently in a romantic vein includes Constance Cummings, Shirley Grey, and Virginia Cherrill. At any rate, he has been seen about with each of them.

**The Luck of Elissa.**—Elissa Landi seems to be getting the breaks at last. "The Sign of the Cross" gives her the biggest opportunity of her career, and now she is playing opposite Ronald Colman, in "The Masquerader." Hardly any star would consider it stepping down to appear with Colman. His leading ladies are never restricted too sternly in footage; he is that generous.

**Mae Can Wear Paste, Anyway.**—"Diamond Lil" may have been robbed of her jewels since she came to the Coast, but there are compensations. For she, namely Mae West, looks forward to a really sparkling film career. Paramount thought so

Continued on page 72

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## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

Jack Oakie and a wrestler acted by Warren Hymer. So the men pretend to walk out on him rather than stand in his way. This sacrifice is played with a sentimental self-satisfaction rarely encountered in masculine psychology, but it is made plausible by Messrs. Collier, Oakie, and Hymer because of first-class acting.

Mixed up in this simple premise is love embodied by Marian Nixon and Zasu Pitts and villainy personified by William Boyd, Lew Cody, and numerous underworld cohorts who are beaten up by a group of old-time sports celebrities in a rather stirring finish.

### "They Call It Sin."

"Sin" is here used to garnish a trite story, the title having no discernible relation to the picture. So much for futile, misleading showmanship. Otherwise the film is mediocre; not annoyingly so, but nevertheless strictly routine, unimaginative, and devoid of strength or even the politest suspense. View it, and one's mind wanders far.

Loretta Young, a country organist with a lot of clothes, goes to the city

the burden of a flat picture scarcely helps to proclaim Miss Young's superior talent.

### "Hat Check Girl."

Believe this and you will believe that all coatroom girls are romantic damsels sought in marriage by millionaire playboys, that stern fathers first disapprove and then ferret out an early indiscretion of the girl with a gossip columnist, but everything is cleared up happily. You may even believe the girl when she tritely says "But I was just a kid" in explaining her first false step. It all depends on how many pictures you have seen.

This one is only tolerable to the initiate who finds it incredible, labored and frequently dull, with long stretches when the plot grows thin and antic whimsicalities are indulged in by the playboy hero. His drolleries are silly rather than stimulating and one sympathizes with Ben Lyon for having to go through such coltish paces.

Sally Eilers, as the hat-check madonna, no doubt does as she is told, but instructions, plus her own ability, fail to make the girl more than a casual acquaintance. Ginger Rogers, her former prettiness obscured by plumpness, is brightly wisecracking, and Monroe Owsley is appropriately caddish as the columnist who is conveniently bumped off.

### "Chandu."

If we must look to radio for the authorship of screen plays, as seems to be the case with increasing frequency, the future is nothing short of dire. It is disquieting to realize that millions of listeners-in have taken seriously the stuff that forms the basis of this picture. Seemingly its only claim to a place on the screen is the publicity attendant upon its representation on the air.

Compounded of all the hokum that ever was associated with yogi crystal-gazing, its story content recalls kindergarten days of movie fiction—a state long since outgrown. In short, this exhibit is a descent into the abyss of moronic appeal, without the saving grace of being unconsciously funny. Instead it is drearily earnest in its exposition of occult hocus-pocus.

Edmund Lowe in the title rôle is called upon to don a turban and perform miracles as well as sleight of hand in confounding *Roxor*, who purposes to destroy civilization by means of a death-ray machine. There's a lovelorn Oriental princess named *Nadji*, otherwise an Ameri-





can actress in spangled veils, and two terrible juveniles whose chatter might easily have destroyed *Roxor* had he heard as much of it as I did. Bela Lugosi, Irene Ware, June Vasek, and Nestor Aber play these respective rôles.

#### "Thirteen Women."

Tut, tut, what have we here but the most confused and incredible picture of the month. Even the designer of clothes ran amuck and embarrass the beholder, especially for Jill Esmond who bears—and wears—the brunt of unflattering apparel. However, the most exciting dresses in the world couldn't lift the picture from the slough of despond. See what you make of this hint.

Myrna Loy, some sort of half-caste, hypnotizes a yogi astrologer into sending letters to a group of



women warning them of impending disaster. All except one are so imbued with the power of suggestion that they promptly realize the yogi's dire predictions, which include the death of a trapeze performer, suicide, and what not. The strong-minded heroine refuses to give in to any such

fantastic nonsense, whereupon Miss Loy concentrates on her through her child to whom she sends poisoned candy, a dynamite-filled ball, and so on. A detective finally corners her and before she gracefully jumps to her death from a moving train, her motive is disclosed. Seems that at school she wasn't admitted to Ata Biti Pi, the sorority which was important when they were all girls together. Irene Dunne, Kay Johnson, Florence Eldridge, and Mary Duncan are some of the actresses, but altogether there aren't thirteen. Not that it matters.

#### "The Painted Woman."

An ingénue *Sadie Thompson*, but without the rain, is our heroine and neither she nor her story is interesting. Both character and yarn are synthetic reminders of dozens of similar offerings, particularly of the silent days.

*Kiddo*—and I think the name a telltale label—is a derelict of the South Seas who sings and dances very badly in dives. Apparently self-supporting, she is nevertheless enslaved to a visiting sea captain. But it seems that pure and lofty love is waiting for her just around the corner with an ex-marine. They marry and might have dropped out of the picture except that *Kiddo* insists on being terrified at the reappearance of the captain and lies to her husband, all to save him from the wrath of the other man. But as Spencer Tracy seems well able to take care of himself in a screen fight, her action doesn't make sense. His is the best performance at that, and William Boyd is good as the villain. Peggy Shannon does not ring true as *Kiddo* and Raul Roulien, the fans' favorite, plays a small rôle.

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## Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 69

well of her in "Night after Night" that they signed her right up and will feature her in "The Queen of Diamonds." So Mae can have her shining rocks in the picture, if not in private life. Nevertheless, she wept a lot about the loss. And who wouldn't? For the stones were valued at \$16,000, and not just actresses' jools, either.

**Nipponesey Sylvia.**—Sylvia Sidney captivated us with her make-up for "Madame Butterfly." She looks genuinely Japanesey, clad in elaborate kimonos of delicate pastel shades, and wearing a high and stiffly combed black wig. Sylvia's eyes make her portrayal seem plausible, since they have an Oriental cast. The revival of the old story promises much better than we would have believed when we first heard that it would be produced.

**Erich Breaks Record.**—Erich von Stroheim wound up his production of "Walking Down Broadway" in approximately six weeks. And if you ask us, that's a record. Everybody feels that this picture will make "Boots" Mallory a new screen sensation, but let's wait and see.

**Million-dollar Opus.**—A fairly

large number of really expensive pictures are being made this year, which will be good news for picturegoers who believe that the screen should yield bigger and better entertainment. "Cavalcade" is outstanding, with an outlay of a million or more prophesied, using, as it does, thousands of extras and very remarkable settings reproducing London.

**Diana Wynyard,** that very charming English girl who makes her debut in "Rasputin," will afford the most interesting personality in the picture, especially since the story centers about her character. She has both radiance and naturalness when you meet her.

**Lee Tracy's Troubles.**—Lee Tracy, who has had several good starts toward film fame, seems always destined for trouble. He's an excellent actor, but is always getting into a jam with a studio on some count or other. Lately he was complained against by RKO for approximately \$10,000 assertedly lost by the company due to "inexcusable delays" in the filming of "Phantom Fame." The actor's physician came to his rescue, however, declaring that his patient was suffering from a nervous breakdown. The Academy was ironing out the trouble last we heard.

## Information, Please

Continued from page 14

erly Hills, California, where you might write for his photograph. Born in Crockett, Texas, March 12, 1907; six feet; weighs 140; gray-blue eyes and wavy blond hair. Last March we printed a very interesting interview with Johnny. If you missed that issue it may be had by sending your order and remittance to our subscription department.

**DOROTHY HERMAN.**—Sorry, but I am unable to identify that film for you. The cast of "The Phantom of the Opera" was as follows: Lon Chaney, Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry, Arthur Edmund Carew, Gibson Gowland, John Sainpolis, Snitz Edwards, Virginia Pearson, Cesare Gravina. In "The Royal Family," Charles Starrett played *Perry Stewart*.

**KID RAY PETERSON.**—Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Indiana, December 4, 1889; five feet six; weighs 174; brown hair, gray eyes. Address him in care of the Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood. Tom Mix hails from Texas, where he was born January 6, 1883; five feet eight; black hair, brown eyes. Write to him at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California. Tim McCoy is under contract to Columbia; born in Saginaw, Michigan, April 10, 1891; five feet eleven; weighs 170; light hair, blue eyes. Tom Keene may be reached at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. Ken May-

nard, born at Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895; almost six feet; weighs 176; black hair, gray eyes; Tiffany Studio, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.

**AN ADMIRER OF LOUIE.**—The *Louie* you admired so much in "Dancers in the Dark" was George Raft, who was born in New York City on September 26, 1903. Did you see the interview with him in September Picture Play? His films include "Quick Millions," "Hush Money," "Palmy Days," "Dancers in the Dark," "Scarface," "Madame Racketeer," "Night After Night." Lyda Roberti is Polish. Greta Nissen was born in Norway; Doris Kenyon, Syracuse, New York; Constance Bennett, New York City; Norma Shearer, Montreal, Canada; Gloria Swanson, Chicago, Illinois.

**GILBERT WILKINSON.**—You used the right address to reach me, but where do you suppose I'd find enough space to answer all your questions? Pity the other fellow who wants an answer, too! The cast of "The Good Bad Girl" included Mae Clarke, James Hall, Marie Prevost, Robert Ellis, Nance O'Neil, Edmund Breese, James Donlan, Paul Porcasi, Paul Fiz, Wheeler Oakman, George Berliner; "The Drag Net": George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Fred Kohler, Francis MacDonald, Leslie Fenton. In "The Tip-off," the part of *Nick Vattelli*



was played by Ralf Harolde. Frederick Kerr was the *Baron* in "Frankenstein." Billy Eugene played the rôle of *Jack Spencer*; Otis Harlan, *Doctor Peasley*; Arthur Stone, *Old-timer* in "The Big Shot." Fay Wray opposite Richard Barthelmess, in "The Finger Points." Yes, Corinne Griffith and Victor Varconi were in "Divine Lady." Greta Garbo, Conrad Nagel, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Edward Connelly, Albert Pollet, Richard Alexander, in "The Mysterious Lady."

R. E. HUDDLE.—You will find Luana Walters playing the part of a nurse in "Miss Pinkerton." Address her at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

BETTY.—Well, well! It is almost a year since we have had the pleasure of your company. Don't be such a stranger! It was Murray Kinnell who played the part of *Smith* in "The Black Camel." "Captain Blood" was released in 1924, but I haven't the cast. Yes, Kay Strozzi was in "Captain Applejack." "The Awful Truth" included Ina Claire, Henry Daniel, Theodore von Eltz, Paul Harvey, Blanche Frederick, Judith Vosselli, John Roche. Bela Lugosi pronounces his name Bay'-lah Lu-go'-see.

A CHARLOTTE V. HENRY FAN.—This young actress has played in "Harmony at Home," "Courage," "On Your Back," "Huckleberry Finn," and "Arrowsmith." She is not under contract, but perhaps a letter to United Artists Studio, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, will reach her. Eric Linden, Jetta Goudal, and Jean Hersholt claim July 12th as their birthday.



Just an artist's way with Jack Oakie, not mumps.

### Our Private Wire

Barbara Stanwyck has a very decided sense of humor, and prefaces most of her stories—some quite choice, too—with, "This will slay you."

Pola Negri's singing voice covers a range of only four notes, whereas most singers can sing six and eight and even ten notes. She has a delightful hum, however, that can reach the higher notes.

Greta Garbo's feet are never photographed in a scene. In a long shot, the cameraman invariably sees to it

that some piece of furniture hides them. The reason for this is that she wears nine and one-half shoes.

Constance Bennett was in an exceedingly bad humor the day she was married to "Hank" de la Falaise. She complained that her wedding ring was "too damned big."

Ben Lyon is one of the most expert boxers in Hollywood and can always take care of himself. Three years ago, Ben, one night while returning to his apartment, was held up by a six-foot stranger, and before the holdup man could realize it, was knocked cold by the good old Lyon punch.

Joan Bennett's reputation for being upstage originated through her nearsightedness. She always carries a lorgnette and when she gazed at people—so that she might see and recognize them—through this, Hollywood decreed her ritzy.

## Addresses of Players

Nils Asther, William Bakewell, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, John Mack Brown, Jackie Cooper, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, Marie Dressler, Madge Evans, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, William Haines, Helen Hayes, Jean Harlow, Hedda Hopper, Leila Hyams, Dorothy Jordan, Joan Marsh, Robert Montgomery, Polly Moran, Karen Morley, Conrad Nagel, Ramon Novarro, Maureen O'Sullivan, Anita Page, Norma Shearer, Lewis Stone, Lawrence Tibbett, Ernest Torrence, Johnny Weissmuller, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Adrienne Ames, Richard Arlen, George Bancroft, Tallulah Bankhead, Clive Brook, Eleanor Boardman, William Boyd, John Breiden, Nancy Carroll, Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert, Juliette Compton, Jackie Coogan, Robert Coogan, Gary Cooper, Frances Dee, Marlene Dietrich, Stuart Erwin, Cary Grant, Phillips Holmes, Miriam Hopkins, Carol Lombard, Paul Lukas, Jeanette MacDonald, Fredric March, Jack Oakie, Irving Pichel, Charlie Ruggles, Sylvia Sydney, Charles Starrett, Lilyan Tashman, at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Frank Albertson, John Arledge, Warner Baxter, Ralph Bellamy, Joan Bennett, Paul Cavanagh, Donald Dillaway, James Dunn, Sally Eilers, Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Minna Gombell, Weldon Heyburn, Alexander Kirkland, James Kirkwood, Elissa Landi, Thomas Meighan, Una Merkel, Don Jose Mojica, Greta Nissen, Marian Nixon, George O'Brien, Cecelia Parker, Will Rogers, Rosalie Roy, Peggy Shannon, Spencer Tracy, Charles Williams, at the Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Mary Astor, Robert Armstrong, Evelyn Brent, Constance Bennett, Bill Boyd, Ricardo Cortez, Lily Damita, John Darrow, Dolores del Rio, Richard Dix, Irene Dunn, Jill Esmond, Noel Francis, Rochelle Hudson, Ann Harding, Geoffrey Kerr, Dorothy Lee, Eric Linden, Joel McCrea, Pola Negri, Edna May Oliver, Laurence Olivier, Lowell Sherman, Eddie Quillan, Marion Shilling, Helen Twelvetrees, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Lew Ayres, Tala Birell, John Boles, June Clyde, Sidney Fox, Rose Hobart, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Genevieve Tobin, Lois Wilson, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Richard Cromwell, Ralph Graves, Jack Holt, Buck Jones, Barbara Stanwyck, John Wayne, at the Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss, Richard Barthelmess, George Brent, Joan Blondell, Lillian Bond, James Cagney, Ruth Chatterton, Donald Cook, Bette Davis, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Kay Francis, Walter Huston, Len Jannet, Evelyn Knapp, Ben Lyon, David Manners, Marian Marsh, Dorothy Peterson, William Powell, Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young, Warren William, at the Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

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# The POETS' Corner

## A MOVIE MAID

My mother says  
I've Pickford's nose.  
Did she have two,  
Do you suppose?

Daddy says I've got  
The Clara Bow wink.  
Did she will it to me,  
Do you think?

And he always adds,  
"Your legs are like Marlene's;  
They're pretty as any  
Mack Sennett's queens."

They say I've got Mae  
Murray's bee-stung lips,  
Crawford's eyes, Davies's hair,  
And Jean Harlow's hips.

What really puzzles me—  
What worries me more,  
Is, am I just *me*, or am I  
Scraps from the cutting-room floor?  
KAY MATTHEWS.

## CLA-RAH!

A dozen rousing cheers, say I,  
For Clara Bow's return;  
That little gal has certainly  
Both lived, and stopped to learn.  
Her public's glad to see her back—  
And happily we know  
It takes more than one set-back  
To try to tie the Bow!  
RUTH R. MAIER.

## CINEMA HASH

Tallulah tattle,  
Crawford cravings,  
Gable gabble,  
Ramon ravings—  
That's a fan.

Rough he-guys,  
Romantic hoocy,  
Ladies wise,  
Speeches gooey—  
That's a movie.

Mix all this well,  
Add applesauce,  
Then let it jell,  
To the public toss—  
That's Hollywood.  
LEE SMITH.

## GROUCH

I wish Crawford would stop owling,  
Rolling eyes with such a glare.  
I am sick of Connie Bennett,  
With her turned-up lashy stare.  
I wish Chevalier would stop grinning;  
I should like to see him frown.  
And I'd like to see *la* Dietrich  
In a long and trailing gown.  
I'm fed up with Eddie Robinson;  
All his pictures I shall miss,  
For a girl sure earns her salary  
When she has that man to kiss.  
And as for Janet Gaynor,  
She's so sweet she makes me sick.  
And when Norma Shearer giggles  
I leave the theater quick.  
Charles Bickford looks so messy,  
With his Irish eyes that glare,  
And his shirts all missing buttons  
And his Coney Island hair.  
Kay Francis looks quite stunning—  
Correct gowns, I will confess—  
But I'd really like to see her  
In an old, torn gingham dress.  
I guess I'm feeling grouchy  
And a sense of humor lack,  
But I'll be my happy self again  
When Garbo hurries back.  
JEAN DOUGLAS.

## LET'S HAVE MORE, E'EN!

She's very cute and pert,  
That Irish lass from oversea,  
Who found the rôle of Tarzan's mate  
Her movie destiny.  
That picture showed us she can boast  
A figure trim and neat,  
From curly-headed top of head  
To tip of little feet.  
It showed her lovely arm and leg—  
In fact, it showed a deal  
Of other charming Maureen spots,  
Besides O'Sullivan's heel!  
M. R.

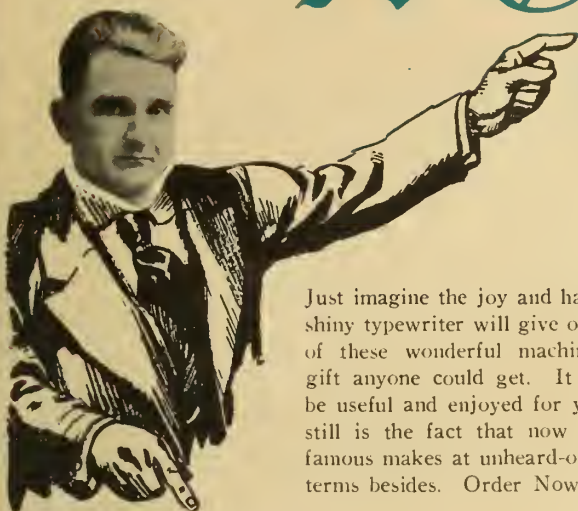
## THE ELDEST BARRYMORE

You say you've seen an emerald,  
'Mongst a thousand pearls of paste?  
And you saw the emerald, pronto,  
But the pearls just went to waste?  
For you've seen the eldest Barrymore,  
Amongst some lesser stars,  
And he made 'em look like children,  
Ridin' round on Kiddie Kars!  
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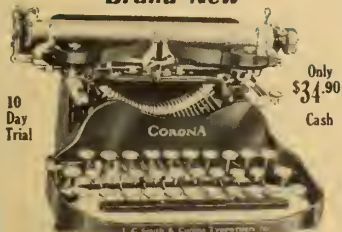
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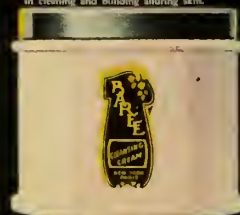


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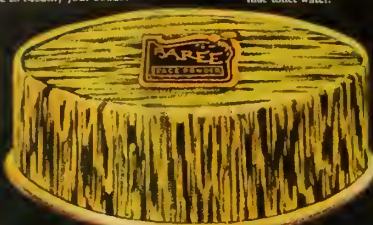


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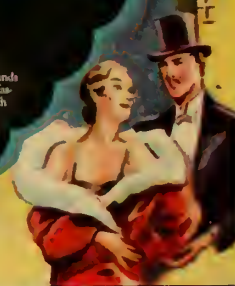
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**HELEN HAYES**, winner of the year's highest film award, will soon appear in "The White Sister." Right after her new success "Son-Daughter" in which she co-stars with **RAMON NOVARRO**.

**RAMON NOVARRO** will also be seen in the romance "Man on the Nile."

**IRENE DUNN** and **PHILLIPS HOLMES** are thrilling audiences with "The Lady."

"**RASPUTIN**" has brought new fame to the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel.

**JOHN BARRYMORE** wins further film triumphs with the stage success "Reunion in Vienna."

**LIONEL BARRYMORE** has had a special story written for him, title soon to be announced.

"**MEN MUST FIGHT**" is another Broadway stage hit on the M-G-M list.

**JEAN HARLOW'S** next film after "Red Dust" is an original drama "Night Club Lady."

**JOHNNY WEISSMULLER** comes in his long awaited sequel "Tarzan and his Mate."

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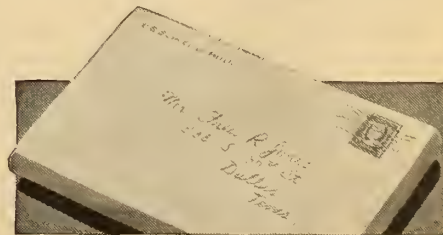
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They can be concentrated in one big resolve: To keep faith with our loyal readers—and win new ones—by making Picture Play even better than it is!

Always known as the friendliest of magazines, it is now about to blossom forth with changes and improvements.

Better pictures and more of them! More information about stars and their work and play! More penetrating articles illustrated more attractively and profusely!

That is the New Picture Play—and you'll find it more than ever the magazine you can't afford to miss in 1933.



## Garbo

What can be published about Greta Garbo that has not been written? We thought that such a story did not exist until we read an amazingly informative interview with a girl who went to school with Garbo in Sweden.

Picture Play has steadfastly refused synthetic, conjectural stories about Garbo all these years. They were not good enough, not honest enough for Picture Play's policy. Then came the *real* story which you will read next month!

It is a fascinating revelation of the strangeness and wonder of Garbo as a girl, and it proves that her silence and aloofness as she stands on the peak of fame are no pose.

It is the most important Garbo story we have ever read. It is yours to read, too, in Picture Play for March.





*He took them from his mad menagerie...nights were horrible with the screams of tortured beasts...from his House of Pain they came re-made...Pig-men. Wolf-women... thoughtful Human Apes and his masterpiece—the Panther Woman throbbing to the hot flush of love.*

# ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

From H. G. Wells' surging rhapsody of adventure, romance and terror, "The Island of Dr. Moreau" with

CHARLES LAUGHTON  
BELA LUGOSI  
RICHARD ARLEN  
LEILA HYAMS—AND THE  
PANTHER WOMAN

Paramount  Pictures

PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

PRES. PARAMOUNT BLDG. NEW YORK



# What the FANS Think

## A Second Frank Tully?

HAVING noticed, with a great amount of trepidation, the imminent retirement of my favorite Picture Play writer, not excepting the Schallerts, Karen Hollis, and Norbert Lusk, et cetera, I hasten to make my initial bow to your magazine, with the sincere hope that my efforts may be crowned in the near future by the appellation, "a second Frank Tully."

Since Mr. Tully has withdrawn from the field of battle, I beg to be allowed to take up his cudgel myself in an effort to end, once and for all, that foolish Gable-Novarro fracas.

In their foolish outbursts, pro and con, they have neglected to use the one effective weapon of all—I refer them to the criterion of the show business, *Variety*, a magazine which does not deal in conjectures, but cold hard facts and statistics.



In the list of ten most popular players, Clark Gable's name is prominently displayed, while Novarro's is not included.

In the list of the ten greatest money-making and box-office stars, Clark's name is there again—but where, oh, where is Novarro's?

*Variety* also lists Clark Gable as "M.-G.-M.'s greatest male attraction," and in grading them gives him an "A" and Novarro a "B." However, as there were mighty few "A's," the Novarro fans should not be too despondent, and as for the Gableites, well, we're not bragging, we're just proud.

In the face of all this reliable statistical information, it might be wise for the Novarro fans to cease shouting "Clark Gable will never be as great a favorite as Novarro." He is now ten times greater!

Bravo, Clark, old boy! When it comes down to the cold, hard facts, you're there with the goods every time. We're proud of you.

Let us also hope that Mr. Tully is just pulling another Garbo with his threatened retirement.

MARY MARGARET.

Mimico, Ontario, Canada.

## Lure of the Unknowns.

THE fickle public!" How often has that phrase been written or spoken when the public tires of long-established favorites! I think it is unfair, however, to blame the public just because they want a change. That's only normal.

I like the old favorites, Garbo, Shearer, Gable, and the rest as well as anybody does. But here's a confession: I'd rather see a brand-new actor or actress with that indefinable electric quality we call charm or magnetism in a picture with good direction and story interest than any one of the well-established stars. The lure of the unknown is not to be denied.

Most picture audiences had never seen or heard Helen Hayes before "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." And she won our immediate acclaim. The splendid acting in "Are These Our Children?" was another tonic and stimulating experience. The actors were unknown to the majority of us.

I hope that sometime the producers will understand the "fickle public" and thank them for their astuteness. A great story, a great director, and an unknown player of charm and personality—that's a combination we love!

How to know where to find these fine pictures without the advertising power of a star? That is simple. Dependable reviews, such as are given in Picture Play, are read and acted upon.

ELIZABETH MACKEYE.

5332 Bryant Avenue South,  
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

## Is Jean's Hair Dyed?

I'VE read so many criticisms of Jean Harlow that it's a pleasure to find that some one else likes her. She has been one of my favorites ever since "Hell's Angels," and I have noted particularly how her acting has improved lately. I think she is very lovely, too, but recently she has worn too much make-up. There is a lot of doubt as to whether or not her hair is dyed. It certainly does not look dyed, but I have read so many times that it is, that I wish Jean herself would say "yes" or "no." I am looking forward to seeing "Red-headed Woman," and I do hope that Jean will visit London sometime. If she does, I will be one of the first to try and see her. I think she's grand.



I would also like to say that, being English, I don't know much about Northern and Southern accents. If all Southerners speak like the lovely Tallulah Bankhead, they must have marvelous voices.

M. D. O'CONNELL.

8 Norfolk Avenue, N. 13, London, England.

## Ah, the Pity of It.

I AM not old-fashioned. In fact, I'm thoroughly modern, yet I cannot help experiencing a feeling of disgust at the way so many women and girls are allowing others to capitalize on their sex appeal. Not that I consider the human body indecent, but merely because it gives me the impression that these girls are regarded in the same light as fine animals. Every film magazine has pictures of actresses in bathing suits, undies, and sometimes hardly anything.

The most pathetic thing about it is that these girls don't realize they're losing their self-respect when they pose for these pictures. I consider such a thing a blot on American womanhood. Mind you, I repeat again, not because of the so-called indecency, but because of the loss of self-respect. Wouldn't it be ridiculous if young men posed for pictures with nothing on but a single drape? Besides, I've seen so many pictures of undressed beauties that I'm fed up on them. See a few of them and you've seen them all. Not only that, but many of them are not so perfect physically; and are even displeasing to the eye.

Once the sight of an ankle was a treat. Now nothing is. After all, is it really necessary for an actress to undress? To me, Marlene Dietrich in ankle-length skirts has far more allure than she has in the scanty costume she wears in "Blond Venus." If women are wise they will get busy and make a protest. Otherwise, the youth of the land will have wrong ideas about girls. They will regard them not as human beings, but as playthings. Such an opinion would be wrong, for if it were true, who would be taking care of the home and bringing up the children? I suppose you think I'm an old fogey, but you're mistaken. I'm one of the younger generation.

"J. K."

Detroit, Michigan.

[Continued on page 10]



WE GUARANTEE  
**TO REDUCE**  
**WAIST AND HIPS**  
**3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS**  
 OR IT WON'T COST YOU  
 ONE PENNY!

**NOW...is the**  
**ideal time to**

**R E I D U C E**



with the

## PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

**I**F you dread the time when you will wear the new spring frocks, because of fat, bulky hips—why not **START NOW** to reduce?

"I reduced nine inches" writes Miss Healy. "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" writes Miss Brian... "Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away"... writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

### *Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly.*

● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit... its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.

● The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

### *Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today.*

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results... and your money will be immediately refunded... including the postage!

**SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

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41 EAST 42nd ST., DEPT. 662, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me **FREE BOOKLET** describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic Rubber and your **10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER**

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card.



Since last May my hips have been reduced nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.

Miss JEAN HEALY  
 299 Park Avenue  
 New York City



I... measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips.

Miss B. BRIAN  
 Hotel Victoria  
 New York City





# Information, PLEASE

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

## By The Oracle

**C. W. L.**—This will answer all those who ask about Janet Gaynor this month. Born Laura Gainer in Philadelphia on October 6, 1907, she has lived in Chicago, Florida, San Francisco, and Hollywood. She has a mother and an older sister whom she adores. The day after Christmas of 1924, Janet made her first appearance as an extra before the camera in a Hal Roach comedy. Later she made two-reel comedies for Universal. A successful screen test won her the rôle of the heroine in "The Johnstown Flood." This brought her a contract with Fox. With each succeeding picture she has endeared herself to the fans. "Tess of the Storm Country" and "State Fair" are her latest, to be followed by "Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing." In September, 1929, she became Mrs. Lydell Peck. Five feet, weighs 98 pounds, has copper-red hair and dark-brown eyes.

**R. RADABAUGH.**—Richard Cromwell is one of several children. His mother is living. He is under contract to Columbia. Most of the stars are reluctant to give information about their religion, so we never mention the subject here. Many of the stars include Newark, New Jersey, in their personal-appearance tours. Watch your local theaters closely.

**BETTY.**—RKO executives were so pleased with Katharine Hepburn, in "A Bill of Divorcement," that they recalled her from Europe to play opposite Joel McCrea, in "Three Came Unarmed," besides awarding her a five-year contract.

**GENEVIEVE F. CHANCE.**—Never be in awe of The Oracle. He's a gentle soul, really. And now to answer those questions about William Powell. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, July 29, 1892. A son by his first wife, Eileen Wilson, was born in 1926. They were divorced in 1929, and in June, 1931, he married Carol Lombard. His first film was "Sherlock Holmes," released about eleven years ago.

**RUTH ELLIS.**—Yes, John Gilbert is as good and kind-hearted as they say he is. If you have any doubts, ask Virginia Bruce, the latest Mrs. Gilbert. Joan Blondell will be twenty-four on August 30th next. Bebe Daniels is just twenty-three days older than Ben Lyon. That is Miriam Hopkins's right name.

**MARILYN.**—That was young Tommy Conlon who played the part of *Art Simpson* in "Young America." He is about thirteen. He is now playing in "The Sign of the Cross."

**JEANNE HYDE.**—For a photograph of Marlene Dietrich, write to the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, inclosing the customary twenty-five cents. She celebrated her twenty-seventh birthday on December 27th. Pette Davis was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, April 5, 1908. She is five feet three and a half, weighs 110, blue eyes, blond hair. Married Harmon O. Nelson,

Jr., a school chum, on August 18, 1932. Her latest picture is "20,000 Years in Sing Sing."

**HELEN WILSON.**—The cast of "Mother Machree" included Belle Bennett, Philippe DeLacy, Neil Hamilton, Pat Somerset, Victor McLaglen, Ted McNamara, Eulalie Jensen, Constance Howard, Rodney Hildebrand, William Platt, Ethel Clayton, Jacque Rollens, Joyce Ward. Some of Neil Hamilton's very first pictures were "America," "Isn't Life Wonderful?" "Desert Gold," "Diplomacy," "The Great Gatsby," "Beau Geste."

**MARTA.**—John Boles is to do singing hero parts again. He comes from Greenville, Texas, where he was born October 27, 1899. He is six feet one, weighs

1925, with Mauritz Stiller, her discoverer and director. Her family name is Gustafsson. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18, 1905; five feet six, weighs 125, and has blond hair and blue eyes.

**M. P. G.**—And how is our little Scotch lassie? It is always particularly cheering to know that we have such devoted readers so far away. Fredric March was born in Racine, Wisconsin, August 31, 1898; five feet eleven, weighs 165; brown hair and eyes. James Cagney in New York City, July 17, 1904; five feet nine, weighs 155; red hair, brown eyes. Nils Asther in Sweden, January 17, 1902; six feet one, weighs 176; brown hair, blue eyes. Colin Clive in St. Malo, France, January 20, 1900; dark-brown hair and eyes.

**R. C. FRANK.**—Lawrence Tibbett seems to prefer the operatic stage to the movies. In "Hearts of Humanity," released last September, Jackie Searl had a prominent part. It is too bad if you missed it. Natalie Moorhead, Anthony Bushell, Walter Byron, and Leon Janney appear occasionally. Edward G. Robinson is married to Gladys Lloyd, former stage actress.

**M. D. D.**—Those were authentic scenes in "Bird of Paradise," the picture having been filmed in Hawaii. Monroe Owsley played *Harry Swift* in "Unashamed," and Joyzelle that of *Carmelita* in "Whistlin' Dan." I can understand how anxious you would be to visit the stars when you make that proposed trip to California, but I'm afraid that unless you are personally acquainted with them you would not be admitted to their homes. That would be expecting too much of the movie great, don't you think?

**E. T. K.**—You ask if there is a limit to the number of questions one may ask. By all means! Say, don't you want any one else to have a chance at this column? Come, now, just a few at a time! Leslie Howard is an English stage actor who was long popular on Broadway before going into pictures. Born in London, England, April 24, 1893; five feet ten and a half, weighs 145, blue eyes, fair hair; married and has two children. He has played in "Outward Bound," "Never the Twain Shall Meet," "Five and Ten," "A Free Soul," "Devotion," "Reserved for Ladies," "Smilin' Through," "Animal Kingdom." Eddie Quillan will be twenty-six on March 31st. Still single. The cast of "Keeper of the Bees" included Robert Frazer, Josef Swickard, Clara Bow, Martha Mattox, Alyce Mills, Gene Stratton. In 1914, "The Sign of the Cross" was produced as a silent film, with William Farnum.

**ELEANOR HOWARD.**—You may be able to reach the little American Indian girl, Ann Ross, at the Monogram Studio, 6048 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

**DORIS ANN.**—Marian Marsh is freelancing. Her latest is "Sport Page." None

Continued on page 72

When sending questions to this department, the letter should be addressed to The Oracle, Picture Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Communications to other departments should be written on separate sheets, if included in the letter, so the answer man can retain your questions.

180, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Married to a nonprofessional and they have two children.

**BLONDIE.**—Besides those you list, George O'Brien has appeared in "The Iron Horse," "The Roughneck," "Fighting Heart," "Johnstown Flood," "Rustling for Cupid," "Fig Leaves," "The Blue Eagle," "Silver Treasure," "Paid to Love," "East Side, West Side," "Romantic Age," "Sharp Shooters," "Honor Bound," "Blindfold," "True Heaven," "Masked Emotions," "Lone Star Ranger." Olive Borden was his leading lady in "Three Bad Men," and Helen Chandler in "Salute."

**JUANITA CUNNINGHAM.**—The prosecuting attorney in "Unashamed" was John Miljan. When Ruth Taylor married Paul Zuckerman in 1930 she retired from the screen. James Hall has been trying to make a comeback in pictures. Loretta Young has a half sister who is about six. Doris Dawson is married to Pat Rooney, Jr. Mary Eaton married Millard Webb, the director, in 1929. John Harron makes an occasional appearance in films. Yes, Kay Francis played in "The Coconuts," with the Marx Brothers.

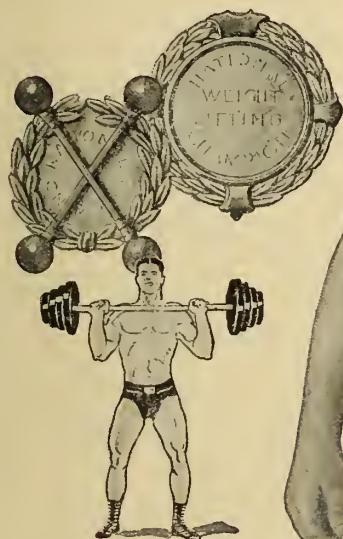
**MAX M. ADLER.**—So you decided to come right back at me with more questions, did you? Well, let's see what's on your mind this time. Henry B. Walthall's screen career began in 1910. He was born in Shelby County, Alabama. Greta Garbo's father died when she was fourteen. She then went to work in a department store, selling hats. After a little experience in foreign films, she came to Hollywood in



» » » » JOE MILLER « « « «

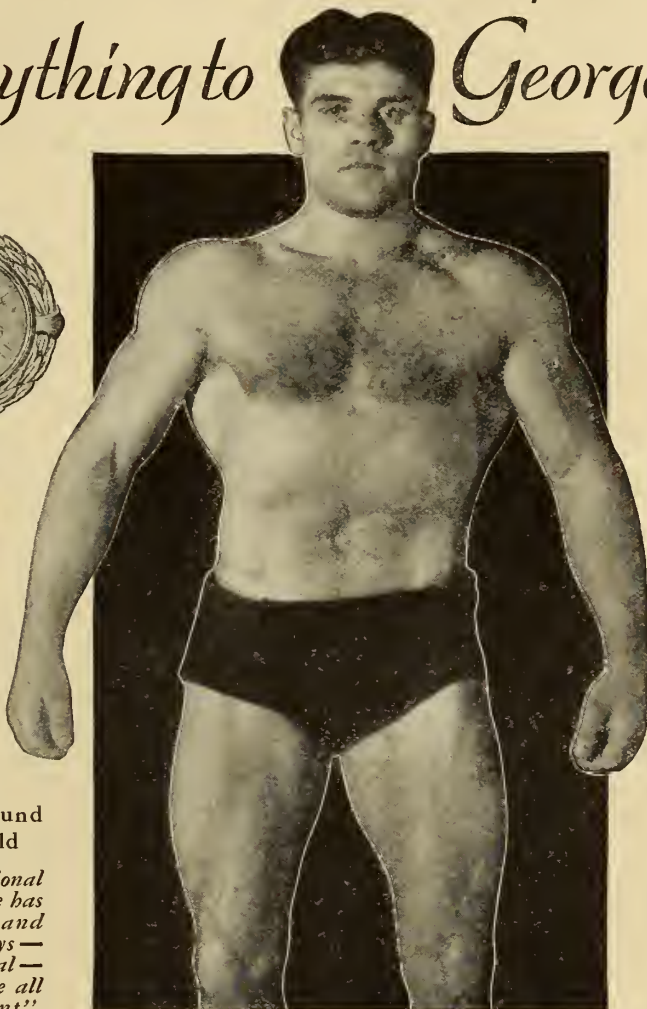
**AMERICA'S STRONGEST MAN**

IN THE 165 POUND CLASS, SAYS

*"I owe everything to George F. Jowett"***JOE MILLER**

is the Strongest 165-Pound  
Weight-Lifter in the World

*Joe Miller holds many national records on the Olympic lifts. He has "jerked" over 290 pounds and "cleaned" over 300! He says—"George F. Jowett is my ideal—in fact, it is to him that I owe all my strength and development".*

**GEORGE F. JOWETT**

Holds more Strength Records  
than any other Man!

*George F. Jowett is responsible for such famous weight lifters as Joe Miller, D. Bachtell, Art Levan, Larry Campbell, Bob Mitchell and A. Sundberg—they are all his pupils and many of them won great honors at the Olympic Games!*

**What I Did For Him . . . . . I Can Do For YOU!**

**I** EXPECT still greater things of Joe Miller...one of the greatest weight-lifters I have ever trained, and Joe is only one of thousands who have come to me for instruction and have taken my course in physical training.

When I see men like Art Levan, Joe Miller, D. Bachtell, Bob Mitchell and others excell in weight lifting contests whenever they compete, it makes me feel mighty proud!

Proud to think that there are more than 10,000 men who have taken my course in physical training in the last four years. Many of the strong man "phenomenons" were boys who came to me as weaklings... and what I have done for them I can surely do for you!

I know you feel the urge for a strong man's body and I want to tell you right now that I can give you mighty muscles too... arms that will ripple with steel bands... a back with powerful blades that will give you a K.O. punch... a barrel chest and legs that will be columns of power, speed and endurance! A physique that will respect and women admire.

So sure am I that I can do all that I say, that I make this unqualified guarantee... the guarantee that no strong man has ever before DARED to make...

**"I will add 3 INCHES TO YOUR CHEST**

**2 INCHES TO YOUR BICEPS**  
... or it won't cost you one penny... even the postage you have spent will be refunded!"

Signed **GEORGE F. JOWETT**

While my full course only costs a few cents a day, I want you to try one of my test courses first...

**Send for "Moulding a Mighty Arm"  
A Complete Course for only 25c**

It will be a revelation to you. You can't make a mistake. The guaranty of the strongest armed man in the world stands behind this course. I give you all the secrets of strength illustrated and explained as you like them. In 30 days you can get an unbreakable grip of steel and a Herculean arm.

Try any one of my test courses listed in the coupon at 25c. Or, try all six of them for only \$1.00.

**MAIL YOUR ORDER NOW AND I WILL INCLUDE A FREE COPY OF "NERVES OF STEEL, MUSCLES LIKE IRON."**

It is a priceless book to the strength fan and muscle builder. Full of pictures of marvelous bodied men who tell you decisively how you can build symmetry and strength the equal of their own. Reach out... Grasp This Special Offer.

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George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send, by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below for which I am enclosing

- ☐ Moulding a Mighty Arm. 25c
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- ☐ Strong Man Stunt Made Easy 25c
- ☐ All 6 Books for \$1.00.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



Continued from page 6  
**The Chin Tong War.**

It takes either a brave man or a fool to make such a foolish and ridiculous statement as Martin Jacobsen made in November Picture Play in "What the Fans Think." This gentleman, for such I presume Mr. Jacobsen pretends to be, breaks out in print with the information that Ramon Novarro has a weak chin, and then adds that John Arledge was the only good reason for seeing "Huddle." I don't



care to dispute young Arledge's good points, especially as I, too, admire him, but that, nevertheless, did not prevent me from believing that Frank Albertson was more suited to the rôle of Pidge than Arledge.

You must admit, it is anything but pleasant for Ramon's fans to have to see him as Garbo's dupe or as an inebriated college youth, but you must remember that Ramon is unfortunately under contract to M.-G.-M., where they play favorites. If Ramon seems discouraged, and a bit of his feeling creeps into his work, he is hardly to blame.

But since when has Ramon a weak chin? And all these years humanity has been extolling the praises and virtues of this magnetic and talented star, whose face we were led to believe revealed strong character and true nobility. Can it be that even Norbert Lusk was mistaken, when in his review of "Across to Singapore," the editor of Picture Play said: "Mr. Novarro is *Jeel Shore*, the youngest of four seafaring brothers, who look upon him as a weakling, for no other reason, curiously enough, than his youth. Certainly, the Novarro physique is anything but frail, and character is written all over his face. But you know how biased brothers are."

No, Mr. Jacobsen, we can't *all* be wrong! I suspect that Martin Jacobsen only wrote that letter just to see what the reaction would be. Or else he must be one of those contrary persons who will dispute the obvious in order to attract attention to themselves, lest they be overlooked entirely.

San Antonio, Texas.

**Buffalo Bill Had Glamour!**

A CERTAIN remark made by Bette Davis, which was quoted in November Picture Play, prompts this letter. She made this profound observation: "Of course, I'm not sophisticated! I think to be sophisticated, you've got to be bored to death and self-conscious always."

That naïve little speech sums up the average fan's idea of that overused word, "sophistication." This word and "glamour" are two of the oftenest-used words in the fan magazines, and both usually used in a wrong sense. "Glamour," to most of the chatter writers, seems to mean "sex appeal," and "sophistication" to mean "boredom."

Now, glamour means more than sex appeal only. It denotes a certain dramatic quality, an aura of fantasy and legend, and a sense of the unreal, the colorful and the fairy tale, whether it be a person, a place, or an event. As far as glamorous personages are concerned, General J. E. B. Stuart, Buffalo Bill, and Sam Houston are three of the truly glamorous figures in our history.

Sophistication also has come to mean one thing, and one alone—ennui. It seems a woman cannot be vivacious and interested in life and still be sophisticated. And if she doesn't show that sophistication by a cigarette dangling from her lips, she's hopeless!

Ina Claire is one of the most sophisti-

**What the Fans Think**

cated women ever to come to Hollywood, yet her manner is far from bored. She is gay, frankly humorous, alive with interest. Ann Harding, Pola Negri, Elissa Landi, and Aileen Pringle are real sophisticates, and no one could accuse them of having that blasé air. And three of the most truly sophisticated women of the world—Mary Garden, Alla Nazimova, and Geraldine Farrar—are famous for their enthusiasm and great zest for living.

On the other hand, very simple people, microns and Babbitts, are the ones most easily bored and have the narrowest range of interests.

Sophistication, my dear Bette, lies somewhat deeper! It lies in one's experiences, in one's reactions to various situations and the manner in which one handles them; in the ability to hold to one's own way of life, or to one's own opinions and remain impervious to mockery and indifferent to criticism. To be brief, it lies in one's attitude toward life—and it takes more than half-closed eyes, a cigarette, and an unfortunate capacity for boredom to confer it.

It is something we acquire as we go through life, for if there is one quality that bespeaks the truly sophisticated soul, it is an open mind. When we realize how little we really know, that is the beginning of wisdom.

Fort Worth, Texas.

LEA B. DRAKE.



A fan takes Bette Davis to task for saying that to be sophisticated one must be bored to death and self-conscious always.

**The X-rayer X-rayed.**

I WISH to protest against an article in November Picture Play entitled "Souls X-rayed." I am not an ordinary fan. Having played for years on the stage, and later on the screen, I feel I know the technical points of acting, as well as a great deal about color and soul.

In the first place, I believe Doctor Elia Feodorovich Morgenstern is handicapped by race prejudice. Looking at his photograph, I doubt if he could have much sympathy for Miss Garbo's race. I consider it an insult to compare Frances Dee with Garbo. Miss Dee is just an ordinary ingénue. She never can, and never will be, anything more. I should think Miss Dee herself would take exception. When Doctor Morgenstern says of Garbo, "She is unprepared for the important niche she is trying to fill on the screen," he uses the

wrong tense. She has already filled that niche on the screen, and it is quite evident that try as hard as they may, producers cannot supplant her.

I hope Doctor Morgenstern knows more about psychoanalysis than he does about acting when he even mentions such names as Bernhardt and Garbo with that of Frances Dee.

MRS. ESTELLE WHITMAN.

1408 North Detroit Street,  
 Hollywood, California.

**Down the Old Hatch!**

WHY do they always have that eternal boozing in pictures? Call it cock-tails or some other high-toned name, but still it's just low-down boozing. It is carried to the extreme. Every time some one new appears on the scene they pass the booze around. If a person drank or gulped down as much as they are supposed to get away with in the picture, they'd all be laid out cold. And these drunken parties are disgusting. Can't they express good sportsmanship in some other way? That's one reason parents hesitate before letting their young people attend movies, where booze is glorified, and this is supposed to be a dry country.

In reviewing "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Norbert Lusk says of Ralph Bellamy, "he is too suave, too polished, for a country doctor." Doesn't Mr. Lusk realize in this day and age that country doctors can be, and are, just as polished as city doctors? I thought Ralph Bellamy was great. Give him more leading rôles.

M. E. CURR.

128 North Second Street,  
 Cedar City, Utah.

**Too Little, Too Much.**

THAT Clark Gable is the favorite, not because of the movie magazines, but in spite of them, is quite apparent. He has probably had more knocks in "What the Fans Think" than any other actor or actress. However, it just goes to prove, once again, that favorites are made, not by the critics or narrow-minded chatter writers, but by the public itself.

Critics like Fredric March, but have you ever heard a girl rave about him? On the other hand, Gable-mad though I am, I get tired of hearing the everlasting raves—from girls themselves, not the magazine—about Clark Gable.

More power to you, Clark. In the face of all these obstacles, you have done pretty well.

Brampton, Ontario, Canada.

**Why Neglect Baxter?**

AS a regular Picture Play reader and fan, I find it about time to say a few words in favor of one great and good-looking actor who seems somewhat neglected lately. His name is Warner Baxter.



Give him any possible part and he will play it to perfection. Why do producers neglect him? It takes months of waiting to enjoy a picture with him, while many lesser actors

are forced upon us.

We are tired of all the talk about the Clarks, Marlenes, and Gretas. It would be great to read, just for a change, more about Warner Baxter, Jack Holt, and other real actors. Where are you, fans? Why do you not speak up?

MARY BLANCHIE.

203 East Seventy-second Street,  
 New York City.

Continued on page 12

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Photo by William E. Thomas

# CHO CHO SAN

SYLVIA SIDNEY stands ready to reap more laurels for the most appealing rôle of her career—the Japanese maid who loved not wisely but too well in "Madame Butterfly."



### And Good, Clean Nagging?

I AM very young and I am very modern, but I still believe in love and marriage—good, clean love.

It happens that I have just finished reading an article about this Johnny Weissmuller affair. You know—the little boy that played *Tarzan* and then went Hollywood. Nothing new and different about it, I know, but he did it in such a vulgar manner. He shouts to any one who cares to listen that he's infatuated with Lupe Velez. Miss Velez pouts and says, "Is it my fault that a beeg, handsome mans falls in luf with me?"

I'd just *huf* the honor of looking her in the eye and telling her my answer to that slightly soiled, foolish question.

Honestly, my blood is positively boiling. Who does this Weissmuller think he is that he can shout to the world that he's tired of having his wife wanting to go where he does—the fool, what's a wife for?—tired of her nagging him, and, above all, how dare she go on loving him when his love for her has cooled?

Boy, how I wish that Mexican tamale would slink around here trying to take my husband. I've got a husband, you see, who not only loves to take me where he gees, but just *adores* my nagging.

ANN RUNYAN.

Hollywood, California.

### Man to Fight Over.

TELL me, have you noticed that handsome Cary Grant? If you haven't see "Blond Venus" by all means. He's got something!

There's a suggestion of Gable, Cooper, and Brent about him—see if there isn't—plus a lot more charm than any of them, even if I am crowned for saying so. And I hear he can sing, too. Let's hope the singies come back in again.

If Garbo, Shearer, and Crawford aren't fighting over him soon, I'll miss my guess. Come on, give the boy a big hand!

M. H.

Portland, Maine.

### Joan the Genius Supreme.

CONGRATULATIONS to Picture Play for printing "Souls X-rayed," by E. R. Moak, in the November issue. At last some one had the nerve to write the honest-to-goodness truth about the so-called great Garbo. This one sentence in the article is the truest thing ever written about her: "She is artificial, lacking in any superabundance of intelligence, and unprepared for the important niche she is trying to fill on the screen."

Now Joan Crawford is prepared to fill that niche after stealing "Grand Hotel" from all the other stars, and her perfect performance in "Letty Lynton." And may I add that after "Rain" Joan Crawford will be the greatest screen star in history? She is so far ahead of any other actress that regardless how hard they try they will never catch up to her. She is the one and only genius—Joan Crawford.

E. R. JOHNSON.

Barre, Vermont.

### Are You Listenin', Tully?

NO, Frank Tully, you do not hear anybody ca-a-lling you. I'm sure we readers would be only too glad if we could rely upon your promise not to write again. You are absolutely the most conceited fan Picture Play has yet run up against, and it's about time you were put in your place.

Jean Harlow, Mr. Tully, may be all right offscreen, for all I know, and maybe not, for all you know. Be that as it may, on the screen Miss Harlow is cheap, common,

## What the Fans Think

and sometimes downright disgusting in her actions and manners. Certainly there is nothing elevating about her acting. However, I do not wish to condemn Miss Harlow. Let those who like her like her, but please, Mr. Tully, refrain from making such ridiculous statements as "Jean Harlow, an almost perfect girl." When she proves herself one on the screen, as well as off, there will be time enough for such an outburst.

It seems that quite a few letters written in "What the Fans Think" have annoyed Mr. Tully extremely, but he fails to realize that his letters may be equally distasteful to readers, also.

More conceit! I should like to know, Mr. Tully, wherein Lucille P. Woods is taking Ramon Navarro "much too seriously." Even if she were, why get so het up about it, when you yourself are taking Jean Harlow much too seriously? Furthermore, I don't think that referring to Navarro's lovely voice as a "barreltone" gained you any great number of friends. I suppose you consider the phrase a clever pun? In reality, it shows only the lack of a cultured mind.

DOROTHEA CROWLEY.

4841 Beverly Hills Drive,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

### Now Here's Acting!

NORBERT LUSK in his review of "Doctor X" said that Preston Foster was an admirable performer. Let's shake on that, Mr. Lusk!

As *Killer Mears* in "The Last Mile," he was grimly, stolidly, brutally perfect. His *Mears* lived and suffered and fought for freedom before one's entranced eyes. We forgot that Mr. Foster in real life is probably a most amiable and cultured gentleman. To us he was just the *Killer*—all powerful, all brutal, all thrilling. If that isn't acting to submerge oneself in a rôle, then what is? And how different was his quiet, gentlemanly *Professor Wells* in "Doctor X"!

I hope we see lots more of Preston Foster. He's decidedly worth while, and I'm raging to think that I missed him on the stage in "Two Seconds" last season.

ELAINE MEREDITH.

44 Sickles Street,  
New York City.

### Ten Years of Raving.

I HAVE just been reading over some letters concerning Ramon Navarro which appeared in Picture Play about eight years ago. The present-day fans are just as enthusiastic over Navarro as were the fans of yesterday.

In ten years he has won, by his own personality and efforts a great appreciative fan following and above all has kept his former admirers. The loyalty of his fans of eight and ten years' standing has never wavered, even though the producers have forced upon him stories that were absolutely unworthy of his talents.

I had the greatest laugh after I read Miss Caliri's letter in October Picture Play. If Mr. Thalberg hasn't wilted by now he should! I suppose, though, that we should thank the gods that persuaded Mr. Thalberg to let Ramon sing even one little song.

"A LOYAL NOVARRO FAN."

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

### Mary's a Wonder.

THERE was a letter printed in a recent Picture Play which was, in part, ridiculous and impossible. Helen Kurovsky said that after seeing Mary Brian and Ken Murray in person, she believes them to be snobbish, because, I suppose,

they didn't invite her and the thousands of others who came to see them in person to their homes for a turkey roast or something like that.

Since Mary Brian is my favorite actress, and since I think Ken Murray is grand, I'd like to correct her opinion now. I saw Ken Murray on Broadway recently and he was chatting gayly with the group of fans who surrounded him. Snobbish? Far from it!

And now for little Mary Brian. Of all the people in the world to term snobbish, it is most ridiculous to apply that adjective to Mary who is known all over as "the sweetest girl in Hollywood" and as "the most popular girl in Hollywood." Mind you—these two appellations have been given to her by the blasé film colony, and if they have been won by her sunny disposition and naturally sweet nature, Mary certainly must be a wonder.

I regard her as the finest and most beautiful girl on the screen. I've seen the dark-haired, blue-eyed Mary in person five times, and want to add that as sweet and beautiful as she is on the screen, she is twice as sweet and more beautiful offscreen, if that can be imagined.

It's no use! You can't get away from the fact that Mary is the loveliest girl on the screen, and I hope, as do her fans all over, that she will get more good pictures in future to display her talent and incomparable beauty.

HELEN PERMUT.

2201 Ocean Parkway,  
Brooklyn, New York.

### Risking One Eye.

WHO is Harold V. Harding to talk about a law against Jean Harlow's acting? Ever since I saw Jean in "Hell's Angels," I have been her devoted fan; and no matter what rôle she portrays, she will be the one and only platinum blonde to me.

Harding complains of Miss Harlow's brazen display, and her large hips. Is he jealous? Or if he is such a "guid mon," why look at the lady's hips?

Jean has personal charm, evident breeding, and a sense of humor. Thank goodness for the latter; how Miss Harlow must enjoy all Harding's trash. If only Mr. Harding would remember that the impressions formed of a screen personality are very unreliable.

My vote will always go to the most sincere actress, Jean Harlow, and here is one South African who defends her own sex.

PEACE WYATT-ZEEMAN.

196 Elston Avenue,  
Benoni, Transvaal, South Africa.

### Marcelled Heroes.

WHO'S responsible for this masculine permanent-wave craze? I have always felt it one of the biggest breaks of my life that I, alone, of my great-grandfather's many descendants should have inherited his curly locks, but at the same time I have never seen a sturdier sex with curls that induce my very act of being aroused. And not to say, as Neil Hamilton and Neil Hamilton's wife, that they are deliberately marring their masculine appearance with waves.

From "What the Fans Think" I act. I think I share my love of enthusiasm for Clark Gable. As a straight gangster he had his moments, but how he has ever made a feminine beauty miss a single beat is a mystery which I have sincerely and disinterestedly, but unsuccessfully, tried to solve.

Portland, Oregon.

ETHEL MONT



### Two on a Brink.

**M**ABEL PEARSON, you are not the only one with a rave about Evelyn Brent. She appears all too infrequently.

Frank Tully, "Happy Days Are Here Again."

Alvin Tweedy, you are right. It is time Ann Harding, most attractive personality and greatest actress in Hollywood, acted in something worth while. This applies to another talented and capable actress, who is trying the patience of every loyal fan by appearing in the most frightful trash ever thrown on the screen—none other than Ruth Chatterton.

I challenge any fan to name his or her favorite, be it Greta Garbo or Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich or Kay Francis, and visualize that player struggling with such rôles as are assigned to Harding and Chatterton. That star would soon sink into oblivion, whereas, the two I name still rank high as artists. All the more to their credit, but their reputation cannot last forever. Two of Hollywood's greatest artists stand on the brink—unthinkable!

MARY ANN.

Kelowna, British Columbia, Canada.

### Now It's Sally!

**A**ND Gable—I could rave over him for hours. What an actor, what a personality, what a man! Those clear, gray eyes that look right through you, those dimples—why, even his nose has sex appeal—that smile that can be honey or hemlock, that vibrant, thrilling voice and, oh, that physique! The smelling salts, Nora, I'm swooning!

You can have Raft, Brent, Howard, anybody and anything—but give me Gable every time and any time. I must have that man!

SALLY MEYERS.

Buffalo, New York.

### Tully's Retreat.

**L**ET'S hope that Frank Tully is not leaving us to drop into that artificial lake he's been raving about—horrors!

After a barrage of wisecracks covering a period of almost three years, General Tully acknowledges defeat. He has not succeeded in taking even the first-line trenches.

Despite the Tully generosity in "giving us" the Gable profile and the Harlow perfection, we stubbornly prefer good looks, culture, polish, and talent in our heroes, and "Slap-'em Down" Gable loses by a hair—see "Strange Interlude"—or is it an ear?

And Barry Norton is coming back to the screen soon, which is good news to his many admirers. The Tully crusade has flopped.

But we shall miss those peppy letters couched in such fluent, snappy Americanese and which gave us many a laugh—aw, come on, Mr. Tully, be a sport. At least one more letter. Please, or even, perhaps, a little poetry.

Speaking of a "state of mind"—how about the Harlow perfection? She didn't hide much of it in "Hell's Angels," either. Are you, too, guilty of that to which you accuse others of having succumbed?

G. V. HUGHEY.

1500 Sullivan Street,  
Elmira, New York.

### Brickbats Turn to Roses.

**I**T is interesting to note that the words intended as bricks revolve themselves into fragrant bouquets when they land at Ramon's door—a rock garden, as it were. Many thanks for the information and high tribute to Ramon, Mr. Jacobsen. It is most gratifying to know that Ramon's

## Puts pounds on scrawny figures quicker than **BEER**



Posed by  
professional  
model

### 7 Lbs. in 2 Weeks

"I used to suffer from indigestion. Then I started taking Ironized Yeast and gained 7 pounds in 2 weeks and can eat as I please."

Mrs. E. Muir, Miami, Fla.

### 4 Lbs. in 10 Days

"I gained 4 pounds in 10 days. The pimples on my face just faded away."

Elwood E. Follett, Rochester, N.Y.

### Gains 30 Lbs.

"When I began taking Ironized Yeast, I weighed 102, now weigh 132 lbs."

Mrs. R. L. Erickson,  
Elcampo, Texas.

**Sensational double tonic! Richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, now concentrated 7 times and combined with energizing iron. Gives thousands 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.**

**I**F YOU want to round out unattractive hollows with firm, healthy flesh—here's wonderful news!

For years doctors have prescribed beer to put flesh on thin, run-down men and women. But now scientists have perfected a new formula which not only builds even firmer, healthier flesh than beer—but which brings this marvelous result *in half the time!* And brings other benefits, too. A clear, glowing skin—easy digestion—new vital energy!

### Concentrated beer yeast

Ironized Yeast, as these pleasant-tasting tablets are called, contains specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

This super-rich yeast is scientifically *ironized*—treated with three distinct kinds of energizing iron. This tonic element strengthens and enriches the blood, enabling it to carry *all* the health-building yeast to the worn-out tissues.

### A new figure quick!

Like thousands of others you'll be amazed and delighted to see how quickly you gain on Ironized Yeast—often pounds on the very first package! Your complexion clears, gains new healthy beauty. Food tastes better, digests better. You're pepped up—on your toes—all the time.

### Skininess dangerous!

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to

serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late!*

### Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not more than delighted with the results of the very first package, money gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not an imitation which cannot give same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 72, Atlanta, Ga.



enemies think well enough of him to add their coin at the box office, thus causing his star to shine with blinding brilliance. Further proof that Ramon is irresistible. Mr. Jacobsen is not even intelligent.

Yes, Ramon is thirty-three years old, and proud of it. He was out of place in "Huddle"—culture, refinement, and maturity in the midst of callow youth. And Ramon resented it—bitterly—for private and professional reasons. His private reasons are none of your business. He didn't advertise them or make a bid for sympathy and neither will I. Professionally the part was a greater insult than "Mata Hari."

Incidentally, Mr. Jacobsen, I'd like to see your chin. A weak chin, my friend, does not support a mouth as firm and determined as Ramon's. There's nothing weak about Ramon—not even a chin. Oh—I er—in contrast to your iron jaws Ramon's must seem feeble.

A rousing cheer for H. N. Temple. I disagree on one point, though. Granted that Joan Crawford may at times exaggerate to the point of artificiality, we must give her credit for a great success every bit of which was won through her own ability. There was no politics in Joan's success—that is, in comparison to some of the other stars. For the most part she put herself where she is to-day.

My compliments to Charles Bannerman. His description of Clark Gable rates a prize. And I once had the same thought concerning Gable and "The Pagan," but have come to the conclusion that *Karim* in "Son of India" would be much more suitable—the turban would hold his ears where they belong.

A parting bouquet for Lee. Dorothy Jordan is just about my idea of what a girl should be. Dainty, feminine, refined. She is never cheap, never loud, never artificial, and never imitative. Which is more than can be said for Garbo, Shearer, Crawford, Dietrich, Harlow, Dunne, and Bennett—all good actresses, I admit—some better than others, too. I admit—some womanliness as important as dramatic ability. Dorothy has both, which places her above the rest. She is young yet, and like Ramon is unfortunately handicapped by the stupidity of producers and casting directors.

So here's to Ramon and Dorothy—the perfect gentleman and the perfect lady.

NATA CALIRI.

Roxbury, Massachusetts.

### Garbo Mystery Solved.

**F**OLLOWING are my impressions of some of the stars.

Greta Garbo: Tall, gauche Swedish girl with some measure of ability comes to America, wisely assumes mystery pose, and immediately skyrockets to fame and fortune. Fans are so gullible! Small wonder that Miss Garbo's influence over the American public is regarded with not a little amusement in Europe. How sadly disillusioned her admirers would be if Greta decided to grant an interview. She is about as mysterious as cold bouillon.

Marlene Dietrich: One of the most fascinating personalities on the screen, but can she act? I would love to see Marlene appear in a picture under the guiding hand of that directorial genius, Clarence Brown. Marlene's rôles, so far, have lacked variety. Certainly she has had very little opportunity to prove her versatility in her first three American appearances.

Ramon Novarro: A really brilliant actor who has fallen a victim to mediocrity in story material. Incidentally, why is it that Maurice Chevalier with his untrained voice continues to appear in musical films while Novarro, whose voice is truly beautiful,

sings but seldom? Can anybody explain this enigma? Surely Irving Thalberg realizes by this time that we fans do want to hear the "Golden Voice of the Silver Screen" as much as possible.

Helen Hayes: The very essence of simplicity. One cannot but admire Miss Hayes for her sincerity and her naturalness. Not at all beautiful in the usual sense of the word, but she possesses an abundant measure of that indefinable something called charm!

"CANADIAN FAN."

3691 King Edward Avenue,  
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

### Answering Gable Critics.

**T**HERE have been some fans lately, who, because they must particularly like to be disagreeable, take Clark Gable as the object of their brickbats. Here are my answers to some whose letters appeared in November Picture Play:

H. N. Temple, Los Angeles, California: You seem to delight in ridiculing Clark Gable and some of our other stars. You say that Gable took the part of a minister, beaded his eyelashes and gooded his lips to show his public that he was not such a bad-looking guy underneath.

Have you any authentic proof that Clark chose that part for himself? You have not! That part was given him by some cock-eyed casting director. I doubt very much that Clark relished that rôle.

So Clark Gable never bothers to do any acting, but displays a lot of blah that passes just as well, does he?

I'm not saying that Gable is a perfect actor, but for that matter, no one is. However, he gives genuine performances. And who told you that Gable catered to a lot of half-mad flappers? Although I'm not from Missouri, you'll have to show me proof of that, too. If he did cater to that sort of person, he'd have been divorced long ago.

You say that Clark shows his manly strength by manhandling a few weak females. Doesn't he have to do what the script says? And as for the posing in the great outdoors of a photographer's studio with a high-necked sweater, an empty pipe, and a prop horse—you make me laugh! Has the idea ever occurred to you that the stars have to pose for some publicity pictures? H. N. Temple, did you chance to read that Gable has gone on numerous fishing and hunting trips with Wallace Beery and other men? Also, that he has become quite a good polo player? In case you don't know it, polo is no baby's game.

Altogether, your whole letter of how to become a success in the movies is a scornful, laughable thing, not to be taken seriously. You certainly have a distorted, bitter outlook on life.

C. Bannerman, Aberdeen, Scotland: You, too, seem to lean toward ridiculing than constructive criticism. You mention that Norbert Lusk's reviews are to be relied on. I take you at your word. Mr. Lusk's review of "Laughing Sinners" did not picture Clark Gable as you do, did it? No, Mr. Lusk praised Clark and pointed him out as a rising star then. Although I did not like the part Clark Gable played in "Polly of the Circus," I do not think that his acting was deplorable. The part did not give Gable any chance to do any outstanding acting, but he played it as well as any actor could have. I do not like to compare Ramon Novarro with Clark Gable because their types are so different. C. Bannerman, just because Clark has appeared in a few pictures where the script has had him sock the ladies on the chin, you seem to think that he will continue to do so in future pictures, and that he

likes the job of bruising his leading lady's face. He does not, for I have read an article by a reliable author which turns your theory into a cocked hat.

"SAN FRANCISCO."

San Francisco, California.

### Rotten Deal for Phil.

**P**HILLIPS HOLMES seems to be getting a taste of the despicable way it has become a habit of some studios to treat some of its actors and actresses—such, for instance, as Gary Cooper, George Bancroft, Nancy Carroll, and Clara Bow. Only he gets about the rottenest deal in "70,000 Witnesses" that any actor could get. For one thing, the part is not worthy of his talents. For another, he is taken out of the picture before the end—and this looks as though it were done deliberately—and still another, the director allows him to be covered; and worst of all, he appears to be so fatigued, that he must have been ill when some of the scenes were taken.

Judging from newspaper accounts, it seems to be all right for the producers to do as they please with the finances of a picture company, but for an actor to delay the filming of a picture because of illness is no doubt regarded in the light of a crime.

I agree with "Phil Fan," who says that Phillips Holmes is the finest of the young actors—and the handsomest, I'll say! I first saw him in "Only the Brave," and although I had quite a crush on Gary Cooper at the time, I was so impressed by his aristocratic looks and bearing and the fine performance he gave as a young Southern officer, that I went to see the picture the following day to find out his name. Ever since then I have seen all his pictures, except "The Devil's Holiday," about which, by the way, "Phil Fan" is so enthusiastic.

The trouble with the great majority of players is that they will never know how to act. As you see them once, so you see them always. They never seem to be able to lose themselves in the parts they play for an instant. They look the same, talk the same, and act the same, and in a very short time, one gets tired of them. This is a criticism that cannot be directed at Phillips Holmes, for in his ability to play widely diverse types he has demonstrated his versatility. He has everything in his favor to make him successful.

ANOTHER PHIL FAN.

New York, N. Y.

### A Dawning Suspicion.

**I** DO not admire the old Hollywood custom of overboosting certain stars and deliberately disregarding others equally deserving.

Film magazines never tire of shrieking the praises of Greta Garbo and Constance Bennett, while those infinitely superior artists, Helen Hayes and Irene Dunne, are practically overlooked. Clark Gable, a charming enough man, but certainly not a good actor, receives more than his share of adulation—at least from the publicity agents! On the other hand, the more talented, attractive, and handsome Fredric March, most promising of the younger actors, seldom receives the praise he merits, and certainly no pampering.

I do not believe that public taste accounts for this injustice, of which I could quote several other instances, as numerous film lovers have endeavored to champion the cause of these neglected artists. Probably the extent of a star's publicity can be gauged by the number of dollars he or she hands to the press agent.

NIRVANA CRAIK.

Continued on page 73



VOLUME XXXVII  
NUMBER 6

STREET & SMITH'S

# PICTURE PLAY

FEBRUARY  
1933



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

PICTURE PLAY wishes you A Happy New Year and offers to Ramon Novarro's fans in particular this interesting study of him as he appears in "Son-Daughter," a romantic story of San Francisco's Chinatown. It gives him splendid opportunities as well as the artistic enthusiasm of playing opposite one of the screen's greatest artists, Helen Hayes.





Photo by Richee

Sylvia Sydney is rising but is not yet a dangerous contender.

Will Jean Harlow's sensuous personality rule the celluloid domain this year?

Photo by Bull



# IS GARBO

A speculative eye weighs and considers several ambitious cinema princesses who are striving to grab Garbo's throne during her absence.

**G**ARBO'S throne is shaking! Wake me early, mother dear, for there's likely to be a *new* queen of the movies.

Who is the winning woman? Ah, *that's* the question.

Absence makes hearts grow fonder—for somebody else. Greta is coming back to us at last. Will she arrive in the nick o' time?

Crawford, Shearer, Gaynor, Bennett, Dietrich, Chatterton—they are the crown princesses who aspire to the royal place of the Most Mysterious One. Two dark horses, Jean Harlow and Helen Hayes, have skyrocketed right up into this group of box-office leaders.

And Clara Bow, Colleen Moore, Gloria Swanson, and Mary Pickford, the queens of pre-Garbo years, are all back in the fray this winter, pleading for just one more chance.

Joan Crawford was on the verge of sitting down in Garbo's vacant chair. She'd even assumed the silent, aloof mannerisms and exotic make-up of her idol. Then "Rain," intended to climax her claim for supremacy, drifted into a mere drizzle. No one was more amazed at the weak appeal of Pago Pago passion than Joan herself. And was she mortified!

To those watching from the inside, the fight at M.-G.-M. studio between Joan and Norma Shearer is as uproaring a drama as any they enact professionally. *If* Garbo is to have a successor, each is determined to be the lucky one.

Both realize that stories are the key to the conquest. So they recently chose to remake sure-fire stage and silent hits. "Rain" brought stage immortality to Jeanne Eagels, silent film glory to Gloria Swanson. "Smilin' Through" was a stage smash for Jane Cowl, and one of Norma Talmadge's most beloved pictures.

The odds were a toss-up when they started. Shearer's picture cost more than twice as much as Joan's. But Joan had Lewis Milestone, twice picked by the Motion Picture Academy as the best director.

Before "Rain" was finished, it was apparent that Joan and Milestone were not getting along. Individually brilliant, it was no-go as a team. Shearer trumped Crawford's previous slight lead. Lavender and old lace has been a triumph, sordid *Sadie* as unfortunate with the general public as with the missionaries. "Rain" was the first solo starring effort of Joan's to be given a première and road-show run at the Chinese Theater in Hollywood, and it embarrassed her by running into the red there.

Having rushed home from her European vacation to start a new picture, Joan has been plunged into more woes. The studio wanted to team her with Jackie Cooper. But that didn't interest her. So they



Photo by Bachrach

The brilliant newcomer, Katharine Hepburn, is already practicing the Garbo mysteriousness



# QUEEN?

By David Russell

had to write an original script and she's just beginning it after idling for three months.

At any rate, Joan has regained her sense of humor, and abandoned that alarming mouth and too-serious pose. She'll renew her campaign as her original, vivacious self.

Meanwhile, Norma Shearer has been enjoying a long vacation. She doesn't start again until the first of the year on a new picture, having a four months' rest. With "Strange Interlude" an artistic hit, and "Smilin' Through" a sentimental sensation, she is at this moment Garbo's closest rival.

You'll note that Norma has never tried to capture Greta's illusive charm. Unlike Joan, she has steered clear of all the Garbo traits.

The volatile quality in Joan is evident both before the cameras and away from them. It's an advantage when she is acting to be so colorful, so elemental. Norma, living a more sedate life, works harder for her glamour. But she is so capable that she can portray daring heroines and remain calm in reality.

Many fans assume that Norma is the more materialistic of the two. But is she? There have never been rumors of divorce or love affairs in her life. She is as good a wife and mother as she is an actress.

There is this major distinction in their rise. Norma reasoned, foresaw, planned. Joan was governed by her emotions. Each is definitely self-made. But Norma's path has been more direct, Hollywood heights her goal from the first.

Certainly Joan believes Norma gets the choice of stories. The Shearer salary is much greater. Socially they are equal in film circles.

What about all the other Garbo rivals? Lone exponent of ingénue sweetness, Janet Gaynor is supreme in her line. It doesn't seem probable that she'll replace Greta, but she's a crown princess of unwavering popularity. She has finally concluded that her face is against her inner wish to be sophisticated. Henceforth she'll be contented *Cinderella*.

Tess, her current contribution to her gallery of naïve characterizations, is comforting proof that the hundred-per-cent pure girls still excite an immense following. While some fans like 'em hot, many like 'em good. Janet obligingly stands on a pedestal for the latter crowd.

Because she isn't spectacular or sensational, Janet's personal force is generally underestimated. Remember, though, that the Hollywoods are full of ingénues. And it takes a very smart one to excel the others.

[Continued on page 59]



Marlene Dietrich, the logical candidate from her studio, suffered a setback in "Blond Venus."



Photo by Bull

Joan Crawford was on the verge of snatching the vacant throne when "Rain" dwindled to a mere drizzle.

Ruth Chatterton has concentrated on work again and when she gets started, who knows?

Photo by Fryer







Photo by Wide World

Miss Hepburn says she doesn't know the wealthy Hepburns, never attended Bryn Mawr, and never heard of Ogden Ludlow Smith, who is known as her husband.

**T**HE "I Knew Her When" club was meeting in little groups all over New York by the time the first showing of "A Bill of Divorcement" was over. A new film personality, as arresting in her way as Helen Hayes and Marlene Dietrich are in theirs, had just been seen for the first time. So every one was talking about Katharine Hepburn, and in such superlatives!

It was a very swanky first-night audience. There were social leaders who murmured, "One of our own class, you know." There were Bryn Mawr girls of the class of '26 who recalled that she was an actress of no mean ability when she appeared in their college plays.

# A L A D Y

Katharine Hepburn makes a sweeping denial of practically everything that has been said about her.

There were associates of Ogden Ludlow Smith, a young insurance broker, who mentioned knowing her as his wife.

There was a politician from Hartford, Connecticut, who ventured that now his neighbors who had the quaint idea that ladies permitted their names to appear in newspapers only when they were born, married, or died, would have to get used to the fact that their daughter Katharine was about to become a household word.

There were probably dozens of others, but after all, your reporter has only one set of ears and a limited number of volunteer talebearers.

And anyway, Katharine Hepburn says it isn't true. She says that practically everything that has been said about her in print is untrue, and that she had never heard of any of the people I mentioned who claimed to have known her intimately for years. She says that she did not go to Bryn Mawr.

You would be predisposed to believe her if you had heard her. She had that same intent, searching glance that she has on the screen. She had that wide, candid smile that is so refreshing. She had that dashing air of assurance that tells you she has the situation well in hand and can tackle everything that comes her way, good or bad, with a swagger.

The public welcomed Miss Hepburn's screen debut in "A Bill of Divorcement" because of her arresting personality and refreshing talent.

She faced me across a desk at RKO's New York headquarters soon after her return from a European vacation and disposed of all questions in staccato, but pleasant style.

"I've never given out any information about my private life." Her determined manner suggested that she never would.

"I never went to Bryn Mawr. I did not go to school. I was tutored.

"People are always confusing me with some socially prominent family of Hepburns. I don't know them. I believe they are very rich."

She spoke of their having money in generous quantities in the completely detached way that she might have mentioned that they came of a tribe of three-legged pygmies or one that wore rings in their noses.

"Frances Robinson Duff? Decidedly yes."

At last I had managed to mention some one whom she did not disclaim. It was her voice coach.

"She is marvelous," Miss Hepburn told me, her voice vibrant with emotion. "She taught me everything, not just the delivery of lines. She has such feeling for just the right gesture, just the right movement. She makes you see that playing these modern things is simple, but





# LIES

By Helen Klumph

that until you understand and can play the classics you really know nothing about acting. Through all my disappointments that might have made me so discouraged that I would have stopped trying, she was so serene and helpful that I managed to wait for my chance."

It is difficult to believe that any one so skilled, so individual, and so magnetic as Miss Hepburn met many setbacks on her career, but every one who has rubbed elbows with Broadway the past few years knows her story.

Producers were always hiring her for a part, and then stage directors were always letting her out after a few rehearsals, saying that she was too inexperienced. When she did survive the rehearsal period, her plays ran for only a few performances until she landed in "Art and Mrs. Bottle."

She received a wire from RKO at that time, about a year ago, asking her to come in to see them, but she felt that she must make a name for herself on the stage first. She did that in "The Warrior's Husband" last spring.

Women came away from a performance of "The Warrior's Husband" fully appreciative of the fact that they had seen a skilled and ingratiating young actress. Men were inclined to recall only that she had the most distracting pair of legs they had ever seen, those in undressed revues not excepted.

It was at the close of the run of this play that she went to Hollywood to appear in "A Bill of Divorcement."

"There's one thing I like about pictures. After you have been working in one for weeks it isn't like rehearsing a play where they can throw you out. The producers have so much money invested that they have to let you go on and finish it."

She does not know Hollywood history. Girls have been taken out of parts and pictures remade when producers were dissatisfied.

Anyway, RKO executives were so pleased with her that after seeing her first few scenes, they suggested a contract for more pictures. When the first one was finished, she went off to Europe for a vacation to be spent in motoring through Austria, pausing to visit friends in London, Paris, Berlin.

She may deny that she belongs to the wealthy clan of Hepburn, but at least she has always been able to skip off to Europe every few months. She goes in the hope of calming down enough to put on a little weight, and sometimes succeeds. She has been known to vary as much as five pounds in a single day, so great is her nature of nervous energy.



"I've never given out any information about my private life," says Katharine Hepburn. Her determined manner suggests that she never will.

She is five feet, three and three quarter inches tall, has auburn hair and blue eyes, and while she is not in the least pretty according to the usual standards, she is always interesting looking and at some angles strikingly beautiful.

The camera was cruel to her in her first picture. I asked her if it was intentional, if they thought it would make the unhappy, haunted girl more believable if she looked cadaverous.

"Oh, no," she hastened to assure me. "They did everything they could to make me look nice. The cameramen and electricians tried awfully hard. I have a peculiar face."

Miss Hepburn likes Hollywood, but hopes that she will always start working as soon as she gets there and be able to go traveling as soon as a picture is finished. She found Constance Bennett very gracious and friendly when she arrived, a stranger on the lot. She is enthusiastic over doing "Three Came Unarmed." Whether or not she would first do "Little Women" was undecided when I saw her, and she did not seem to care much one way or another. What she did care about intensely was

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# BRABBLEMENTS

By A. L. Wooldridge



one thing went wrong then another. The situation was becoming exasperating. Jean seemed ready to go into hysterics.

Perhaps it was imagination on Jean's part, perhaps it was her distracted state of mind, but she got the idea that Miss Hyams was hugely enjoying her terrible discomfiture. Whereupon her anger blazed. If looks could kill, Leila right then was as good as in the hands of the undertakers, her body enshrouded in a long white dress and a lily in her folded hands.

When the action finally was concluded, a sorely agitated actress wearing a red wig streaked from the studio to her car and headed for a mental healer to have taut nerves relaxed. Her automobile sped down the boulevard like the *Golden State Limited* trying to get out of Kansas. That silent brabblement had left her weak. Incidentally, the scene went to the cutting-room floor. Not a foot was used.

When Jean Harlow had trouble putting over a scene in "Red-headed Woman" she got boiling mad at Leila Hyams.

Brabblemments between players last for an hour, or a day, and some have dragged on for years. A few almost have become feuds. Constance Bennett does not like Lilyan Tashman and Lil holds for

Constance about the same affection. They almost came to blows a year or so ago, according to the grapevine telegraph from Malibu. They will not appear together in a picture. Constance has temperament and temper while Lilyan has a punch. Lilyan twice was hailed before the city prosecutor last year for questioning after Alona Tashman beat, scratched, and kicked her in Edmund Lowe's dressing room. That brabblement cost her something, according to Miss Marlowe's attorney.

Since James Cagney biffed Loretta Young again and again in "Taxi" retakes his name is "mud" to her.



he makes  
ample, but

**T**HIS is a story about brabblemments—wild brabblemments I have met.

You don't know what a brabblement is?

Neither did I until I ran across it in the dictionary today. Brabblement is a four-dollar word which means quarrel, dispute, squabble, altercation, spat, wrangle. Or it may mean all of these.

The players have brabblemments. And when they have brabblemments, oh, how they brabble! I once heard a featured actress say to a star, "Yes, darling," in words that seemed to drip with nectar and honey. In reality she was thinking, "I'd like to wring your neck, you puffed-up hen!"

They were having a brabblement. Both had told me how they hated each other. There is no halo about that star's head in the opinion of this little blonde with the bee-stung lips. "If she ever acquired a halo, she wouldn't get it on straight!" she scoffed. "She'd have it cocked over one ear."

I saw a wordless battle between Jean Harlow and Leila Hyams during the making of "Red-headed Woman" which, for lancelike deftness, was a classic. One whole day Director Jack Conway had labored over a scene in which Miss Hyams and Chester Morris passed the desk of Miss Harlow, who was operating a typewriter, but the scene did not jell to suit him. Jean couldn't get her timing right.

"No, no, no!" Conway exclaimed. "You must keep your typewriter going, Miss Harlow, and don't look up at them *after* they have passed. Look at them as they go by. Now once more, please."

Retake after retake was made. First



Here's why some of the players simply love each other—like cats and dogs. And their little feuds, their *brabblements*, may start over almost nothing.

"A satisfactory monetary settlement was effected," he said.

"Only a nominal amount was paid," Lilyan's attorney retorted.

One little dark-eyed actress who has no fear of Miss Tashman—nor of anything or anybody else, for that matter—is Lupe. The Velez child is as independent and carefree as the winds that blow over her Mexican mesas. Social distinction means nothing. On the other hand, *la* Tashman stands supreme as arbiter of fashion. Her gowns are striking and her innovations many and marked. At the Embassy Club one evening she appeared wearing long white kid gloves. With a black dress for a background, the gloves seemed exquisite accessories.

Lupe felt that she must wear something

Garbo asked Von Stroheim to leave the set of "As You Desire Me" when not needed—his face annoyed her. He returned the compliment.



Imagine screen lovers hating even to look at each other! That's how it was with Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen in making "Dangerous Paradise."



Rita LaRoy took Genevieve Tobin's ritzing in "Hollywood Speaks"—and waited till the "light slapping" scene. But was it light!

distinctive, too. Borrowing some pins, she carefully wrapped two large napkins about her arms between the elbows and wrists, leaving much of the cloth dangling. Then she arose to dance—partners always are waiting for Lupe. Her appearance brought forth a snicker which gradually turned into a roar of laughter. Miss Tashman turned red and presently returned to her table. Lupe was the victor. That started a brabblement which hasn't ended yet.

Between Richard Arlen and Nancy Carroll is a dislike which has existed ever since "Dangerous Paradise." Dick avoids Nancy and she looks upon him as one who would be at his best driving a truck. When he took her in his arms in "Dangerous Paradise," he did it with all the grace of a drunk embracing a barber pole after midnight. He wouldn't look at his armful except when he had to.

Ricardo Cortez and Jetta Goudal are about as fond of each other as two cats on a backyard fence. In "The Spaniard" they were credited with making some of the coldest love scenes ever put into celluloid. They still have nothing to do with each other.

Remember "Taxi" in which James Cagney slapped Loretta Young? Well, that slap was the beginning of a brabblement which still blooms. It wasn't the one slap you saw which broke off diplomatic relations. It was a whole series of slaps—*biff! biff! biff!*—applied in retakes which brought Loretta to the point of tears. She was almost punch-drunk when she wavered off the set and went to her dressing room.

"D-d-don't talk to me!" she said, then gave way to tears. Jimmy had slapped too hard. Now all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put Jimmy Cagney in her graces again.

These backstage feuds in which temperament meets temperament are inevitable.

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# DEATH Before SURRENDER



Photo by Jones

Being an Englishman, not Russian as his name suggests, Mr. Karloff's sport is cricket.

**B**ORIS KARLOFF will always linger in my memory as the most courageous man I've ever known. With his back against the wall and the hunger-mad dogs of poverty snarling at his feet, Karloff waged a single-handed battle against life in a strange country for nearly a quarter of a century before he finally—and quite unexpectedly—smashed his way to victory with the only weapon at his command, an unwavering faith in his ability as an actor.

Few are blessed with the grit necessary to carry them over the obstacle-strewn path traversed by this quiet, unassuming Englishman. The majority attempting to follow in his wake would long since have unfurled the white flag, the surviving few limping in with souls seared by bitterness.

Yet, discouraging as was

his long struggle, he never once thought of surrender. Death is preferable to that, he told me not long ago. And now, as he sits secure in the midst of his newly attained success, we find him mellowed and saddened, but with his belief in mankind unimpaired.

A strange fellow, this Boris Karloff!

Born in the lap of luxury, matriculated in England's best schools, William Henry Pratt, member of a family for generations identified with governmental affairs in Great Britain, was twenty-one when he decided to become master of his own destiny.

While Pratt père had been guiding William Henry's education along channels designed to sweep him into the British consular service, where his seven brothers already were carving their niches, the boy was secretly nurturing a fondness for the stage. He saw but one escape—unannounced flight to the colonies.

So it was that William Henry Pratt, young English aristocrat, became Boris Karloff, a Canadian farm hand. The name he assumed while crossing the Atlantic in the spring of 1909 was that of his maternal grandfather.

For six weary months he toiled on a farm in northwestern Ontario, earning little beyond his bare keep. He got sufficient experience, however, to convince himself that he was not cut out for agriculture. He struck out for Banff, Alberta but, unable to find work there, bummed his way to Vancouver, British Columbia.

Recalling Lon Chaney's experiences, Mr. Karloff was ill after some of the scenes in "The Mummy."

Photo by Freulich



With his stomach aching for food, Karloff laid siege to employment agencies, and after two days was hired in a pick-and-shovel gang at the fairgrounds. He later tried selling real estate, and when this did not afford immediate returns, he went into the forests as a lumberjack.

Returning to Vancouver in December, 1910, he strolled into a hotel, and there came face to face with his brother, John Pratt, en route from China to London. John volunteered financial assistance, but Boris declined it.

"I've made my bed, and I'll sleep in it," he informed his kin.

When Boris read an advertisement for an experienced character actor for the Ray Brandon Players at Kamloops, British Columbia, he grasped opportunity by the neck. Inventing a reputation as an



## By E. R. Moak

**Boris Karloff struggled so long for success that he's determined to hold it no matter what torturous make-up is demanded from him.**

actor, recalling performances he had seen but not participated in, he won out.

He stayed with Brandon for a year, establishing himself as a villain before the show was stranded in Regina, Saskatchewan. It had been weeks since the "ghost" last walked, and Boris was penniless. But not for long. A cyclone swooped down on Regina, and he made a few dollars clearing away the debris.

For a while he drove a wagon for the Dominion Express Company, then landed with the Harry Sinclair Players at Prince Albert.

Because Sinclair held back a portion of his pay each week, Boris amassed \$800, and with this in his pocket, he departed for Chicago in 1914.

But Windy City theatrical barons weren't interested in the idol of the Canadian Northwest. The War having started, he tried to enlist, first in the British army, then in the forces of the other Allies. Everywhere he was rejected because of a heart murmur.

Down to his last dollar, he rejoined the Sinclair Players at Minot, North Dakota, and in the ensuing fifty-four weeks he portrayed 103 different characters. Next he signed with Billie Bennett's "The Virginian" company, which featured the then little-known Belle Bennett, and toured westward, arriving in California in 1917.

There were engagements with repertoire troupes in the State until the 1918 flu epidemic resulted in the closing of the theaters. He was left high and dry in Vallejo, California. For four months he lingered there,

drawing three dollars a day for piling sacks of flour in railroad cars. Hoarding his wages for a trip to Hollywood and a whirl

**Life is a gamble and ability must mark time until the lucky break comes, Karloff thinks.**

at the movies, his first screen appearance was as an extra for Universal, the company that years later elevated him to stellar position.

The interim, however, was a treacherous one. Occasionally, after trying waits between checks in the studios, he hopped out with roaming troupes to hoard funds that he might resume his watchful waiting at the film plants.

By 1922 Karloff was playing bits—when they were to be had. When he went from "The Cave Girl," to "Without Benefit of Clergy" and on to "Omar, the Tent Maker," without losing a day, he felt he was made.

Then came a production slump.

As his "wealth" diminished, he found a job with a building-supply firm, loading cement at forty cents an hour. Despite his previous tries at manual labor, his back bent low under the 300-pound barrels. A contractor watched him straining under the heavy casks, and offered him a berth as a truck driver, ignorant of the fact that Boris was unable to distinguish between a clutch and a steering wheel.

A friend came to the rescue and taught him the elements of motor manipulation. Boris was happy until it dawned upon him that he was now out of touch with casting agents. So he threw up his sure thing!

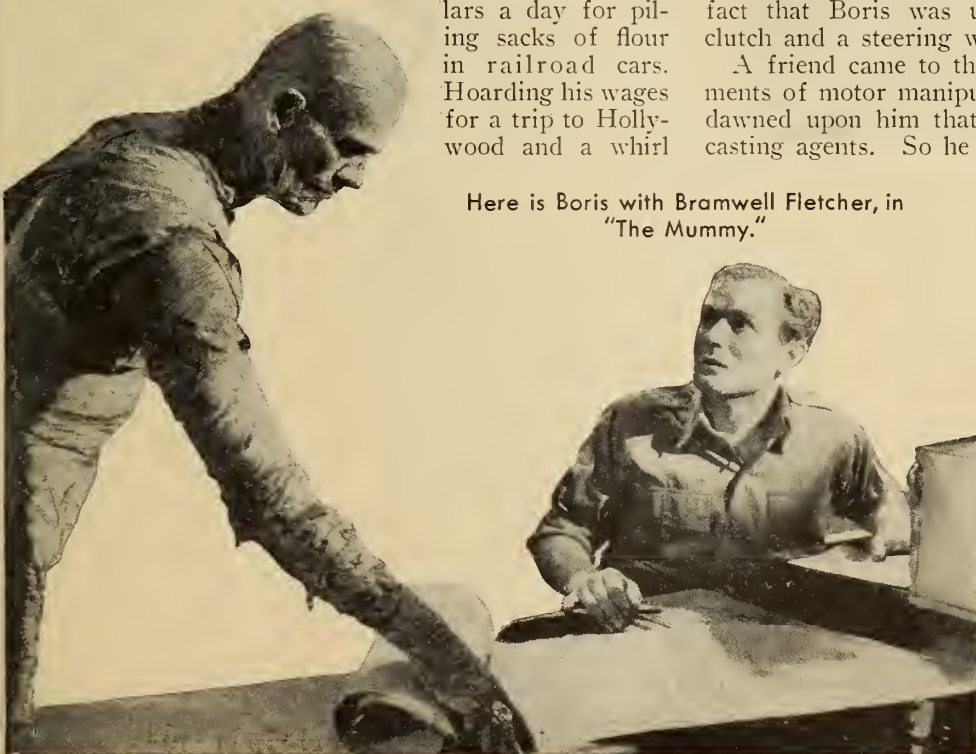
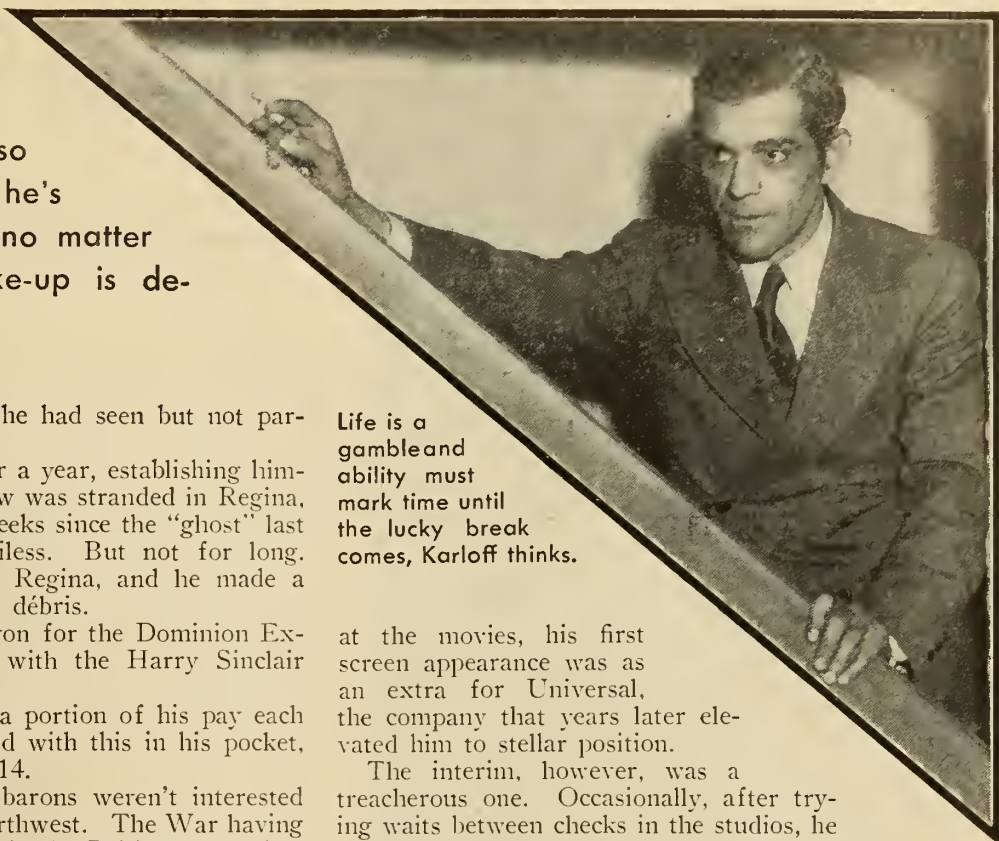
In 1924 he emoted with Bert Lytell in the flickering "Never the Twain Shall Meet." More picture parts came his way at widely spaced intervals before he was given featured billing in Evelyn Brent's "Forbidden Cargo."

Still Boris was just another actor, getting nowhere.

He turned back to the footlights, appearing in Los Angeles in "The Idiot," "Hotel Imperial," "Kongo," and "Windowpanes." By carefully budgeting his funds, he managed to exist between calls.

With the dawn of 1929, Boris was given a rôle in the stage presentation of "The Criminal Code" for its Los

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Here is Boris with Bramwell Fletcher, in "The Mummy."





Photo by Crowley

**B**ROADWAYITES have finally had an opportunity to see Lillian Gish as *Camille*, and she is assured a place in arguments about illusion in the theater for years to come.

Not every one approved her delineation of the rôle, but every one found some evanescent magic in it. There were harsh words said about her playing the fabulous courtesan as a chaste spinster. There was some confusion over the play being presented in the manner of fifty years ago with quaint lighting, soliloquies, and exaggerated posturings.

One commentator, however, described expertly what Miss Gish accomplished. Arthur Ruhl of the *New York Herald-Tribune* said, "It isn't the Paris courtesan that Miss Gish is playing. What she really is playing is *Marguerite's* pathos itself, the sadness of the irrevocable past, of all those memories evoked by the yellowed lace of old ball dresses, by pressed roses found in a book, by the tinkle of dance music played on a harpsichord; the tragedy of fleeting beauty, of love lost, of fragile youth so soon to yield to death."

# They Say in

The stars, our first solvent citizens,  
can make or break a play opening,  
restaurant, hotel, or dress designer.

Last month I set out to tell you about the book which Albert Bigelow Paine has written, called "Life and Lillian Gish," but I tore up my remarks before they ever reached you. In my dissatisfaction over what seemed to me the most extravagant and moonstruck drivel, I attempted to set down a little of what I know and feel about Lillian Gish. Children, it was drool. So who am I to growl at the scholarly gentleman who wrote a book which preserves some lovely photographs at least?

Since Lillian Gish bids fair to be the measuring rod by which all film players present and future are to be gauged, something ought to be done about this book. It perpetuates the legend that she is an exquisite sprite. Maybe that will be news to posterity. She would seem more convincing to them, however, if the author had known her well enough to round out the picture with some of the occasionally grim or casual contacts of her career.

He is guilty of one flagrant omission. He skips over the tragic lawsuit with Charles Duell in one sentence, that front-paged episode when Lillian's childlike love letters were read in court while she sat munching a raw carrot to calm her rasped nerves. Going through with that suit to free herself from a business contract took far more courage than anything demanded of her in making pictures.

He ignores her visits to the Duell home at Newport. He never faces honestly that widespread, but now proved unfounded, legend that D. W. Griffith exerted hypnotic influence over her to make her act.

Mr. Paine's book is not a biography in any real sense. It is more of a press agent's blurb or an enraptured admirer's labor of love.

Any of the fan-magazine writers who grew up with her could have done better.

Inez McCleary, who for more than a year some ten years ago wrote a daily syndicated newspaper article under the by-line of Lillian Gish, revealed in

them far more of her human qualities. This was no small feat since she was acting under orders from the Griffith office that Miss Gish was never to express a personal opinion about anything.

Harry Carr, who was everybody's right hand during the great and grim years of the Griffith company, could do the best book of any about Lillian. Norman Kerry and John Gilbert could contribute a companion portrait. They drew her out of her shell more than any other players who worked with her ever could; they made her laugh gayly and look forward to seeing them. John even taught her to shoot craps and revel in winning.

That the girl casts a magic spell over every one who knows her I would be the last to deny. But I don't want strangers to see just this uncanny quality in her.

I want them to see her hustling through a Chicago railway station with John, her parrot, under her arm in order to catch a glimpse of Geraldine Farrar.

I want them to see her in a red bathing suit, chuckling to find that she could go on swimming with Gene Tunney after other girls in the party were exhausted.



# New York—

By Karen Hollis

I want them to see her primly going out to the kitchen of the Pen and Brush Club to shake hands with the cook, saying that she might be just a name to the guests in the parlor, but that workers looked on her as one of them.

I should like them to be transported back to her dressing room at Mamaroneck to find Lillian washing out stockings and underwear while she explained that Mr. Griffith thought all women should love doing homely tasks like that.

I want readers in future to know that she went two blocks out of her way to follow Corinne Griffith, whom she did not know, because she thought Corinne so beautiful.

I want them to see her entertaining old friends at luncheon at Sherry's so that she could show off the suit designed for her to wear when she lunched at the White House with the late President and Mrs. Harding.

In short, I should like every one to know the lovely Lillian as a tangible and companionable person rather than as a misty angel.

**Broadway's Big Night.**—If picture fans set out to imagine a dazzling evening for themselves, it would most likely be just like the premiere of "Music in the Air," the hauntingly lovely new musical show. It was Old Home Week dressed up with square-cut diamonds, ermine, orchids, and famous faces. Every one acted as if she or he had just heard good news.

Constance Bennett grew radiant as she told that Joan would be in New York in a few days, that they were more excited than Barbara over the imminent birth of her baby.

Ilka Chase was gloating over being engaged for a new play.

Marie Dressler, hearty and booming, had recovered her health and instead of starting off on a European vacation, was going back West to work.

Hedda Hopper, crisp and striking as a French poster, was about to fare forth on a vaudeville tour.

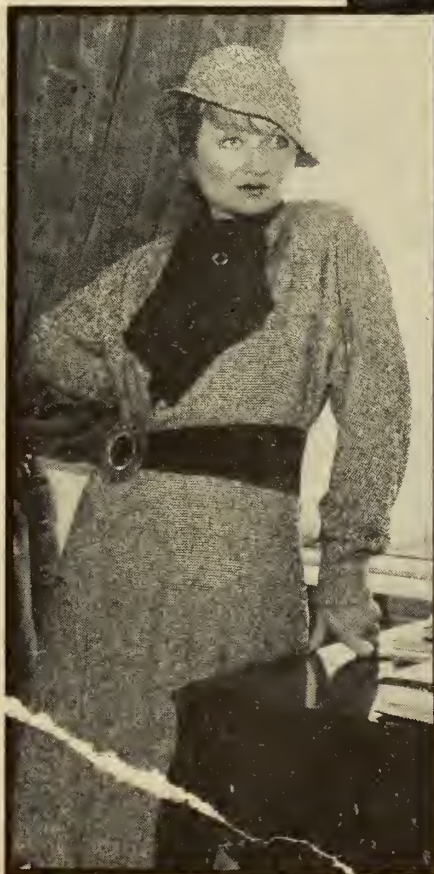
Lily Damita, pert as ever, said that she had outgrown her jazz age and would be a dignified actress from now on. Nevertheless, she signed a contract to work in the "Music Hall Varieties," with Bert Lahr and Harry Richman.

Kay Francis, spectacularly stunning, had just agreed to go back West and sign another year's contract with Warner Brothers, but said she would be right back again.

Constance Bennett came East for a family reunion.



A book and a play are keeping Lillian Gish in the public eye. Here she is as *Camille*, with Frederick Worlock.



After the show Peggy Fears, who produced it, gave a big party at the Central Park Casino and kind friends pointed out to not a few film belles present that *there* was a girl who knew how to let fame rest lightly on her head.

Miss Fears is more alluring than many stars and works harder. She is doing much to put the tottering theater on its feet by gambling her husband's money on the production of plays. She has known the snarl of newspaper critics, yet she is unfailingly gracious and can always find time to chat with an interviewer or see a player who wants work. Actors tell me that she is the most considerate of impresarios. She can tell people they just

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# TALL, DARK MAN



That's what fortune tellers are always promising good little girls. Here he is—Cary Grant.

By Dickson Morley

The present, however, is the most fantastic of all the gay episodes in his life. All of a sudden he has been turned into a movie skyrocket. The only certainty when he wakes in the morning is that there'll be plenty of rush and excitement.

Fortunately, his youth was acrobatic rather than flaming. Without that healthy bringing up, I doubt if he'd be so jauntily surviving the hectic pace that builds an unknown into a Hollywood big shot.

Back in his native England he used to play tennis. When he was doing well on Broadway he took up golf. And gave it up when his too kind friends persisted in advising him how to hit the ball. He likes to swim, but Paramount, his haberdashery store, and a few girl friends keep him busy, he assured me, eighteen hours a day.

He shares a house with Randolph Scott, another good-looking new Paramount hero. Their abode, the scene of many jolly gatherings, is ever spick and span. The credit for the neatness rightly belongs to their house boy, who is a most effective major-domo. The lad never calls Randy when Cary's girl is on the phone, or *vice versa*.

Cary's attitude toward everything is refreshing. He hasn't been in Hollywood long enough to have any axes to grind.

As we headed for the studio restaurant the other day, Cary spotted "The Sign of the Cross" company working on an outdoor set. Immediately we had to go watch them. He's as excited as any kid about movie-making.

Mr. Grant is a brand-new kind of high-voltage personality who has come up from the stilt-walker named Archie Leach.

"It's harder to work out a characterization for the talkies than for the stage," he believes. "You rehearse a play for weeks. Here they hand you your lines the night before you do a particular scene. You never have a conception of the story's continuity

until the preview. I think I've been punk so far."

No one else agrees with that latter remark. Judging from the grand breaks he is getting, the studio is extremely pleased with him.

"It was a hankering for electrical experimenting that really got me into acting," he explains. "My home was in Bristol, England, and my father was in the clothing manufacturing business. As a boy I was crazy about electricity and thought I'd end up as an electrical engineer."

"I was intrigued by the fancy lighting effects at the local playhouse. Began to hang around backstage to learn how they worked the lights. Frequently offered my advice! Gradually I became interested in the actors. When I was thirteen or fourteen I ran away from home with a troupe of acrobatic dancers. My father cramped that stunt, but after two more years of school I went back on the road with them."

"We were fed plenty and it was an amusing, carefree life. In 1920 we came to New York for a Fred Stone musical. Later we played at the Hippodrome. Then the act broke up and I was on the hunt for jobs. Between vaudeville dates I did anything I could. That's when the stilt-walking and book-selling occurred."

"After two and a half years I went back to England. Toured with various kinds of shows all over Europe, getting out of the acrobatic into the singing line. Five

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INTO every good girl's life there should come a tall, dark, handsome young man. That's every fortune teller's stock prediction. And Cary Grant, the newest exponent of male appeal, is exactly the person for whom impatient maidens have been yearning.

Whether he's a fine actor is beside the point. Since his is an original brand of high-voltage masculinity, his mere presence on the screen is more than sufficient to arouse enthusiasm.

You will recall that when the sages were foreseeing the 1932 hits, the name of Cary Grant was not even a runner-up. Why? Because a year ago the producers knew nothing about him, and also because literally there was no Mr. Grant. I mean he was somebody else.

If this magnetic newcomer, whom you have watched steal half a dozen pictures in rapid succession, looks familiar, you'll be glad to learn that he is last season's Archie Leach. You may have seen him on the stage, for he was a singing juvenile in a number of musical comedies.

It's even possible that you once bought a book from him. When show business was depressed, he took to peddling volumes of profound information throughout northern Pennsylvania. He was going great guns with the sales act, too, when the theater lured him back to the footlights.

Or you may have observed him stilt-walking at Coney Island ten years ago. What an attractive advertisement he was! That's another chapter in his colorful history.



CARY GRANT, who has caught on with fans in a big way, is that rare specimen in Hollywood—a player without a grudge or a frustrated ambition or an ax to grind. Hollywood is heaven to him, as you will realize when you read his story on the opposite page, and you will like him the more for having a happy-go-lucky disposition which forbids fretting and fuming.

Photo by Otto Dyar







GWILI ANDRE may yet have to kindle the fire of a Bernhardt or exert the spell of a Garbo to become important, but she is the delight of photographers. Well, anyway, she's making a further bid for acting honors in "No Other Woman."

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach





Photo by George Hurrell

**HAPPY NEW YEAR, Joan Crawford!** It's the wish of fans everywhere, and Picture Play's own particular group, that you shine with added brilliance in 1933; that your prestige and popularity increase; that you realize your ambitions and your dreams.





Photo by Elmer Fryer

JAMES CAGNEY is not only a red-headed Irish fighter—he's a thinker, too. It's written all over his face in this his first photograph taken after he made peace with Warner Brothers. He celebrates his return in "Hard to Handle."

You'll be seeing it soon.





Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

WILLIAM GARGAN made a hit in "Rain" just as Picture Play predicted months before the film was seen. He has that certain something which puts him across—humorous, easy-going, and good-looking, his humor being especially emphasized in "The Animal Kingdom."





MERCY, it's Mory!—Miss Brian—undecided whether she's an ingénue or a tragic heroine, but determined to be sophisticated. She's to play opposite James Cagney, too, and here's hoping she learns how to take a love smack as a trouper should.

Photo by George Hurrell





Photo by Elmer Fryer

**BLESS** Joan Blondell for her effervescence, pep, humor—call it by any name and it still is a godsend to any picture lucky enough to have her in it. More than that, she's an artist who never fails to capture interest and sympathy.





THESE delightful pictures of Madge Evans accompany an equally delightful interview with her on the opposite page. Sanely poised, gracious but never gushing, sensible but never snobbish, she reflects these qualities in all that she says, and expresses opinions in her own beguiling way.



# ALL Work, NO Love

June nights and Madge Evans were meant for romance, and what does Madge do but get so busy with her career that she can't even think of men!

ANY college boy would tell you that she was obviously born to love. A moon, a June night, and Madge Evans is the young man's dream of true romance. Yet, as soon as you meet her you discover that in reality she's all for her art.

Reinstated by M.-G.-M. after winning a four-month battle for a raise in salary, she is more career-conscious than ever. And *busy!* There's not a moment for a man.

Unwittingly this poised and pretty Madge, who is all of twenty-two and most every one's idea of the perfect all-round girl, is following in the footsteps of Norma Shearer.

She is intent upon doing right for the Evans career first. Then when she's definitely established as a star, she'll take time to investigate the husband racket. And emerge, I'm certain, with a first-class, devoted and durable specimen.

There is no need to lecture her on the merits of home and fireside. She comes from a happy nontheatrical family—another one of those worthy examples of the energetic modern maid. Like a man, she has chosen her life profession. When she marries she expects to go on acting. Why not?

Meanwhile, the beginning years demand concentration. And love for her is a luxury to be indulged in only when material success is obtained. You'll recall this was the Shearer formula. Not a bad pattern, if you have the will power.

Fortunately for Madge, and like Norma in her climbing years, she has never felt that way toward any man. So she's not sacrificing a sweetheart on the altar of fame.

As we lunched in the M.-G.-M. restaurant recently, I noted that she is as popular on the lot as on the screen. Bill Haines came across the room to talk. Hedda Hopper beamed approvingly from the adjoining table. Ramon Novarro, his head shaved for his Chinese rôle, wandered in, spied my delectable partner, and pulled up a chair to lunch with us.

Madge is admired because she is sincere and natural as well as attractive. She was a child actress in silent pictures and has been on the stage for five years as a grown-up actress. Her education she describes as sketchy because of her theatrical occupation.

Yet she has so well matured that any college would be proud to have her as an alumna. She thinks clearly. Her voice is well-trained, but not affected. She dresses in excellent taste, realizing that the smartly gowned woman is never flashy. You could depend upon her fitting graciously into any group. She has escaped the slangy, hard-boiled characteristics of most troupers.

"My row with M.-G.-M. was just over money," she told me frankly. "I had no

By Ben Maddox

quarrel over rôles. I did nine pictures in a year and I'd had a fine variety. In a studio where the stars drip with glamour, I'm somewhat of

a novelty. I don't yearn to be mysterious or exotic. Nor a trade-marked type. I want to be an actress rather than a personality.

"Though with so much talk about glamour," she added with a grin, "even I am tempted to waft my gowns around a bit!"

When Metro-Goldwyn wanted to take up her option at the same salary, instead of giving her the specified raise, Madge walked out. She'd been signed at a modest wage and, having scored effectively, naturally thought she deserved an increase.

"My free-lance experience was short, for I did just one film away from Metro. I had no agent, so I didn't get into any of the usual troubles. Mr. Schenck offered me the lead in the Al Jolson picture. Then I had signed a new contract to return—the studio compromised with me and gave me half the raise I asked—before that job was finished.

"Much of the dialogue in 'Happy-Go-Lucky' was in rhyme to musical accompaniment, as in Chevalier's last. I enjoyed it because it was something new for me. In 'Fast Life,' which I did on my return to Metro, I was a very athletic young soul, doting on bathing suits and motor boats, and frolicking with Bill Haines in the ocean. Not a great dramatic chance, but I think I need light rôles. All young actresses are inclined to be too dramatic, and hence dull.

"My leaving Metro for a while was a blessing in disguise. The Jolson picture was two months late in starting. I was paid for an eight-week vacation, the first breathing spell I've had since coming to California."

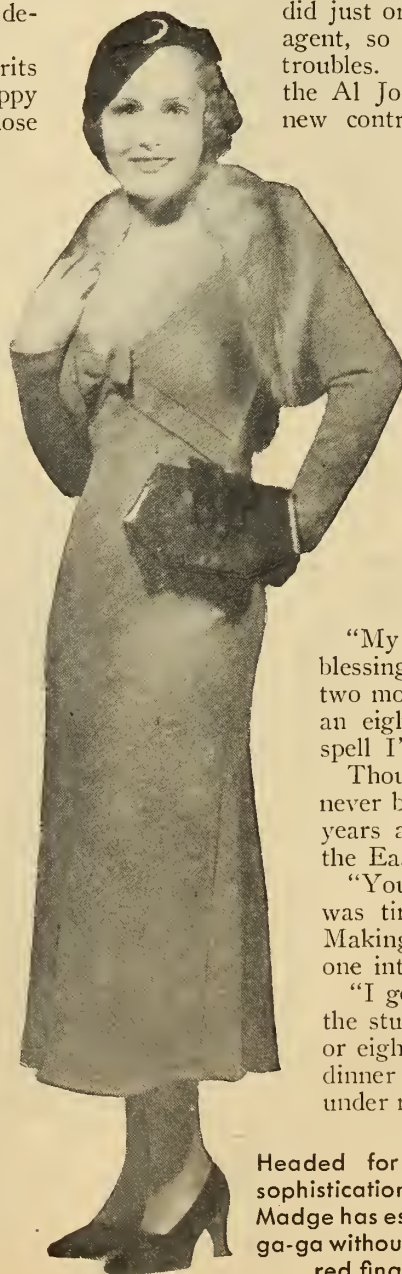
Though long familiar to fans, Madge had never been in Hollywood until less than two years ago. Her silent films were made in the East.

"Young people change continually. It was time for me to check up on myself. Making nine pictures in a year is apt to get one into a rut.

"I get up at six in the morning, dash for the studio at seven thirty. It's seven thirty or eight when I arrive home at night. I eat dinner and pop into bed, because I get circles under my eyes if I stay up late.

"Unless you have an occasional vacation, you become too self-centered when you live like this. You look at

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Headed for respectable sophistication, the poised Madge has escaped being ga-ga without resorting to red finger nails.





Photo by Hurrell

In her next film Norma will again stray from the romantic and old-fashioned heroine of "Smilin' Through."

**H**AS Norma Shearer reached the end of her leash? Does "Smilin' Through" signify her return to the safe ways of sweetness and light, or is it just an interlude—a strange interlude—in her madcap career as a sinning heroine?

Which way now for this spectacular star who has outdone even Garbo and Joan Crawford in reaching high, wide, and handsome for the crown of sophistication?

Seldom has any one been the subject of such fierce controversy as Norma Shearer. Contentions and wars about her have raged furiously, especially during the past year.

"Our Norma has gone astray," her old admirers bleat. "She is a shop-girl's conception of a society girl," slams one of her most strenuous denouncers in "What the Fans Think." "She is my idea of an exquisite lady," lyrically sings another.

And now detractors and praisers alike are thrown into confusion by

# NORMA

By Edwin Schallert

Norma's return to the idyllic ways of a romantic and old-fashioned heroine. She has forsaken the sport-model ladies that she so recently played. She glows in a web of sentiment, even to embodying *Moonyeen*, a queen among spiritual heroines.

Still one departure in style is not sufficient to transform a star's whole career. Norma next essays "La Tendresse," which, despite its romantic French environment, offers a promiscuous, love-cheating protégée—and more than that—of a famous playwright. This is essentially the type Norma has made her forte since "The Divorcee," and which has induced all the frenzied arguments.

Garbo sentiment runs one way chiefly. Nine out of ten persons seem to tender her both love and adoration. Crawford, being still a player who has not quite reached her peak, has filmgoers assiduously pulling for her; Dietrich suffers only by comparisons with the Swedish Greta. Even Chatterton seldom gets the barb of condemnation. She is recognized as the efficient interpreter.

But with Shearer the knocks and the nosegays are profusely intermingled. She is swatted with an almost riotous vindictiveness, or lauded with a lush adulation. The songs of hate run almost fifty-fifty with notes of affection. And consequently Mlle. Shearer is right on the spot where the firing is thickest.

"In my mind," rhapsodizes one fan, "there can never be but one real queen of the movies—a queen who, starting in as an extra, worked her way up into sweetly

romantic types, which characterized her parts before the great demon sound came in. Then, in her regal manner which so befits her wondrous form and beauty, changed overnight from the sweet heroine into a blasé sophisticated woman of the world. Even as the pictures had left their swaddling clothes and suddenly grown up, her acclaimed popularity is proved by the box office."

"To me," storms another, "she is one of the most atrociously dressed women on the screen and her idea of sophistication is a ghoulish laugh accompanied by strange head tossings, hand gyrations and anatomical contortions. Any one who has read between the lines has long known that Norma Shearer couldn't be the big shot she



Photo by Apeda

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg, the objects of slams from fans who say Mr. Thalberg hands Miss Shearer the screen plums.



# on the SPOT

Miss Shearer is between the cross fire of an army of slammers and admirers, and her recent sweet rôle only confused both sides. Which way now?

is if it weren't for the fact that she is Mrs. Irving Thalberg, and as such gets all the gravy—the best stories, her pick of casts, clothes, and what have you?"

Even in her own studio Norma is variously regarded. I have heard some refer to her prima-donna airs, and others contrarily say that they thought that she had remained the least upstage of any player who had achieved success.

Louis B. Mayer, appraising her charms before a meeting of the Junior League, declared that she was a fine wife, a great mother, and a splendid artist. Irving Thalberg, her astute husband, though deeply devoted to her, is credited with being careful to describe her as not a star of de-luxe appeal. He believes that her popularity lies with the masses rather than the few, though he permitted the test to be applied in "Strange Interlude."

Some people dislike Norma utterly. Others cannot concede any normal limits to her fine character, her personal magnetism, and her physical attractions, even though they may reluctantly admit that she is perhaps not conventionally beautiful.

Decidedly, here is a woman who has kept not only her public but even her associates puzzled. So let's put her on the dissecting table and find out what makes the clock tick so differently for different individuals.

Norma wins most people at the outset, but her attraction is sometimes curiously fitful. Most people, I believe, get an elusive impression of her.

I don't think that she was naturally an actress, but she had a great ambition to be one, and this has carried her along to amazing heights, considering a negative starting point.

I think that she realizes her limitations. She would prefer to be like Garbo and Dietrich, to have their lure, but failing this, she has the energy and perseverance to carve her own career.

She is a hard worker. She does what she has to do with determination. She lives almost wholly for her career, outside of her family life and some social flings, but most of her outside interests are of late origin.

I believe she is quite conscious of the fact that she is Mrs. Irving Thalberg. I don't think that it plays as large a part in her success as some people contend, but it is very much a background. Her efforts are carefully and meticulously guided.

Letters praising Miss Shearer as the most exquisite actress on the screen run fifty-fifty with songs of hate.

Photo by Hurrell



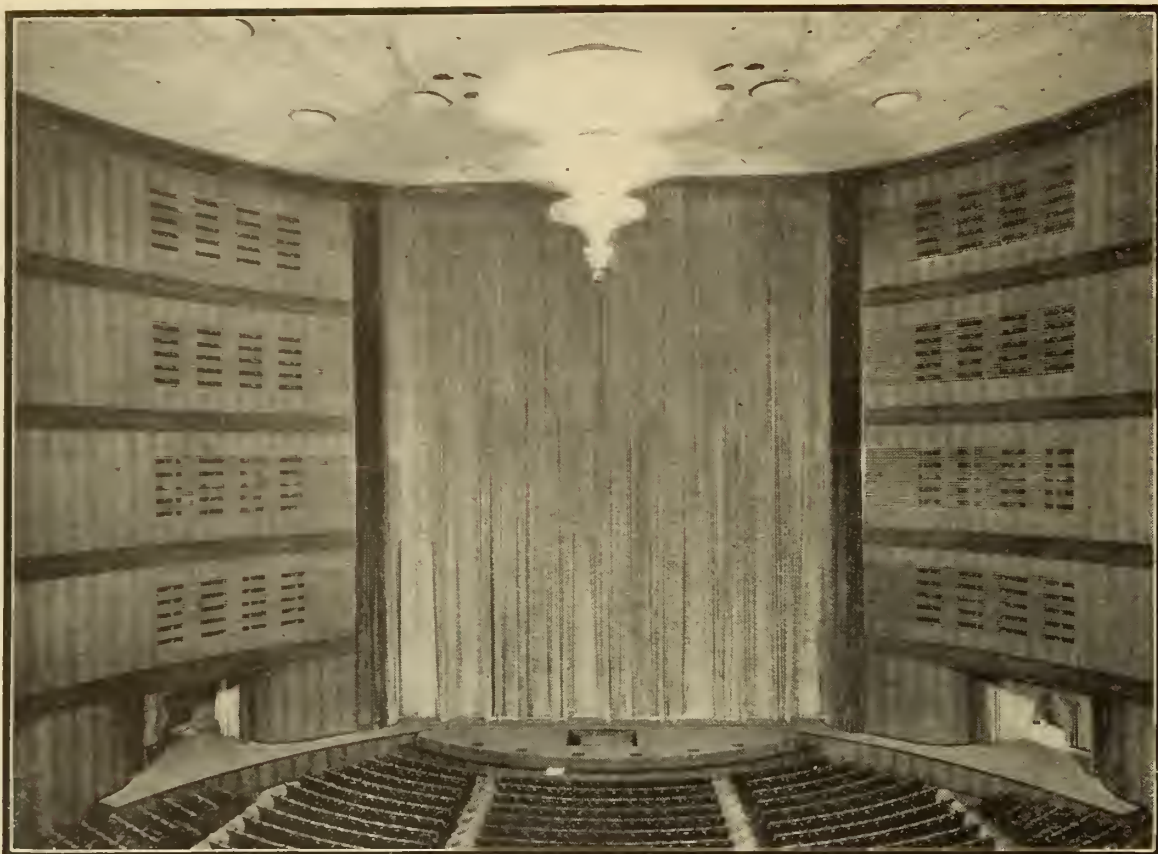
Shades of Fanny Hill—is this a "Lady of the Night!" Anyway it was Norma's early conception of a bad, bad girl.

Norma is quite technical in her viewpoint, because she has been soundly schooled in movie-making. She is not given to expressing herself with the easiest freedom. Consequently, she is not always a good interview subject. A number of interviewers have fallen down in their attempt to catch her personality.

She has little art in the conventional drawing-room sense. She makes speeches in public quite often, but sometimes makes a bad impression because of her naturalness. She speaks a language that is individual, crisp, instinctive, and of the studios. And she has humor.

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Photo by  
Browning

The auditorium is finished in mahogany, the first modern theater whose interior is entirely of wood.

# THE NEW ROXY

The RKO Roxy in Radio City is the latest wonder of the movie world.

**B**IG film theaters are often called movie palaces, and when visiting the large cities every traveler must see for himself the wonders of the lobbies and corridors of the show places. Now comes something entirely different in the theater world—the new RKO Roxy in New York City, which is likely to be the mecca of curious fans for years to come.

Without straining the imagination any more than one does in calling the more ornate theaters "palaces," the new Roxy might be called the cinema temple. The interior has so many huge, simple pillars, and walls of mahogany veneering leather, and fabric, that the casual visitor gropes for



By James Roy  
Fuller

a word to describe it, unless you just say it's ultra-modern in the richest and simplest way. Let the accompanying photos tell the story.

The auditorium and foyers are surprisingly simple, while the color tones, largely of soft reds and tans, lend a warm richness. The decorations are designed to reflect modern art without emphasizing any of its merely passing whims, I am told. The modernists have laid a lavish hand on the lounges and "powder rooms," however, and the results are almost dazzling.

The main foyer strikes the keynote of the decoration—simplicity of form and richness of material.

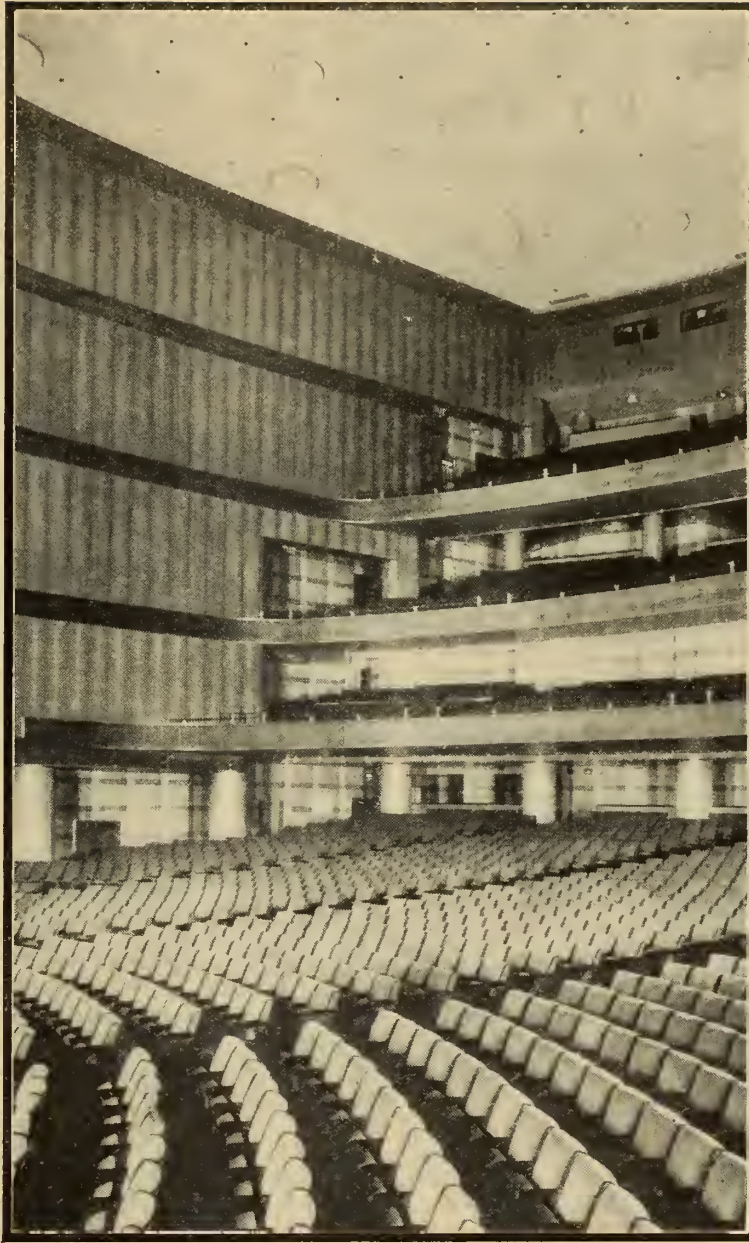


The auditorium seats 3,700, but it is so nicely planned that the top-most row seems comfortably close to the stage.

The auditorium, whose walls are veneered in mahogany, seats 3,700 persons, yet it looks much smaller. It has been described as "intimate and smart."

The lounges and corridors have their own individual variations but are harmonized with the whole. Everywhere you see new applications for glass, metal, leather, and natural woods.

Second only to the materials is the lighting system, the most elaborate in any theater. In the grand foyer are six globes three and a half feet in diameter which are suspended by rods adapted from airplane construction, making the supports almost invisible. The chandelier in the auditorium is the largest single fixture ever planned, being thirty feet in diameter and weighing six and a half tons. Those mechanically inclined may be interested to know that this chandelier takes



104,000 watts of electricity. On the ceiling of the auditorium are figures borrowed from mythology to symbolize love, play, and so on.

Additional light and ventilation apertures are worked in the ceiling. The air will be filtered and "vitalized" with oxygen and iron with the idea of refreshing the audience.

Another innovation is that the rows of seats are far enough apart for newcomers to seat themselves without getting entangled with your feet and knees. Roxy, the guiding genius behind the theater, and also its manager, has thought of the customer's comfort in every detail of the furnishings. He has observed lines waiting at the box office outside, and now Roxy moves his ticket windows well within the lobby. He has also recruited a staff of girls who will know nothing about box-office habits except how to operate the cash

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The mural panel "Sports," by Arthur Crisp, is representative of the modern art used in the halls and smoking rooms.







Ramon Novarro encouraged Frank Albertson to steal scenes in "Huddle"—and they fell to the cutting-room floor.

**I**N the article "Not Guilty," in last month's Picture Play, George Kay defined picture stealing as implying secrecy, furtiveness, or evil motivation, and ended his introduction by stating that it is impossible for a player to steal a picture for the reason that scenes are rehearsed until every one on the set knows exactly how each member of the cast will act them.

He further states that should a rank-and-file player become the focal point of interest, Hollywood takes cognizance of the fact by calling him a scene stealer—a picture thief.

My understanding of the term "picture stealing" is that it is not to be taken so literally as to mean a player actually steals a picture with no one on the lot knowing he has done so until audiences and critics start raving. My idea is that it is simply a catchy phrase meaning that a player in a subordinate part has captured first honors—has outshone the star.

And that has been done on innumerable occasions. Want to uncover the whys and wherefores?

Almost every one of the players Mr. Kay listed as picture stealers are comedians. To those unfamiliar with the technical side of picture making, that may not mean much, but to those in the know it speaks volumes. I'll even supplement his list of picture thieves by adding Jack Oakie, Polly Moran, Miriam Hopkins, Lionel Barrymore, and Wynne Gibson, before we enter the dissecting room.

A star occupies his position usually because he has a very definite personality and because he has demonstrated an ability to act far above the average. Now, knowing that, it is a human conceit for them to believe they are better than the people who support them—or they wouldn't be where they are. It would be an admission of weakness for the star to go to the director or the producer and say, "Jack Oakie is better in this than I am. We'll either have to take him out of the cast or cut out his good scenes. If we don't, he will eclipse me."

Most people on the set realize what is going on, even though the

# EMPTY

A supporting player may steal a scene from a star, but what lasting good does it do him? Here is another side of the question discussed last month.

star may not, and it is not at all uncommon during the making of a picture to hear the technicians mutter to each other, "Boy, wait until this is *shown*. So-and-so is walking away with it!"

The star is the last person to guess that any one could be better than himself and the others don't care. Certainly the director, in most cases, doesn't. If Jack Oakie walks away with the scenes he's in, as he did when playing with Buddy Rogers and

Nancy Carroll in "Close Harmony," do you suppose the director will get panicky and say to himself, "Oakie is too good in this part; if I don't do something about it he'll steal the picture from Buddy and Nancy"?

He'd more likely say, "Thank Heaven, I've got Oakie in this part. It would be a pretty dull picture if he weren't putting some laughs into it."

The director is interested in turning out a successful picture. As long as it pulls them into the theaters he doesn't care whether it's Buddy, Nancy, or Jack who does it. In fact, many times if he sees a young player showing promise he will do what he can to help him steal a picture, secure in the knowledge that he will be credited with having discovered the player.

Occasionally a star will recognize that some player is pilfering a scene from him. When that happens, the result is exactly what Mr. Kay intimated it would be: the scene finds its way to the cutting-room floor.

During the making of "Huddle," Frank Albertson was generally credited by those on the set with stealing the picture. It was even said that Novarro was doing all he could to throw the picture to Frank because he—Ramon—hadn't wanted to make it. But when the picture was shown, although Frank gave an engaging and acceptable performance, there was nothing to indicate he had threatened to run away with the picture.

Studio executives, seeing the completed film in the projection room, had ordered Frank's best scenes cut out. They would take no chances on having an outside player dim the luster of one of their brightest stars even though, in this case, the star was willing.

When I visited the set of "Honey," Nancy Carroll, as the star, was impersonating a cook. Jobyna Howland was the lady of the manor. Nancy was delivering a speech and Miss Howland was standing behind her. It occurred to Jobyna that it would be amusing if she ran her finger around the edge of the window to see if it was

Did Robert Montgomery steal the honors in "Strangers May Kiss" or did he merely get in the last word with Norma Shearer?





# Honors

By

Samuel Richard Mook

clean. Nancy couldn't see what was going on behind her, but she knew from the expressions on the faces of onlookers that Miss Howland was likely to dominate that scene.

Miss Howland's position was shifted until she was facing Nancy and far away from the window whose cleanliness she had impugned.

Thus was Nancy's right to stellar rating preserved in that scene. But there were other episodes, and Miss Howland went right on with her scene stealing all through the picture. So did Zasu Pitts. I'm not saying either of them is a better actress than Nancy. I'm trying to bring out that both are comédiennes and can stoop to low and broad comedy that the star of the picture cannot descend to.

Comedians can mug, cut faces, appear in fantastic get-ups that would completely destroy illusion in the star who adopted such means, unless the star also happened to be a comedian. Stars, as a rule, play "straight," whereas there is no limit to the tricks comedians can employ.

In the days before she became a star in pictures, Marie Dressler said, "They're talking of starring me. I hope they don't. I could never be half as funny as a star as I can playing supporting rôles. I want to come into the picture only often enough to upset the plot and steal a few laughs. In 'Anna Christie,' you remember I was always fooling with that hole in the sleeve of my sweater? If I'd been the star of the picture and had run that gag all through six



Bill Haines knows people remember him in "Way Out West" in spite of Polly Moran's scene-stealing tricks.

Richard Barthelmess let Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., shine in "The Dawn Patrol," because it made the picture better.



Jobyna Howland's vigorous comedy in "Honey" outshone the "straight" acting of Nancy Carroll, the star.

or seven reels the audience would have got tired of it."

William Haines once said, "I'm scared to death every time they tell me I'm going to have either Polly Moran or Marie Dressler in a picture with me. They're the worst thieves in pictures. Polly will give a little because we're friends, but Marie is out to get every laugh she can—and what makes it worse, they're both comédiennes."

He paused a moment and thought. His next remark proved that Bill is no fool. "Well, let them steal all the scenes they can. Every time they do something sufficiently funny to have stolen a scene, they've made the picture that much better. I'm starred and I get credit for the success of the film. People may come out of the theater when it's first shown saying, 'Gee! Marie Dressler was marvelous,' but a little later when the picture is mentioned they remember me because I was the star."

Mr. Kay mentions that Robert Montgomery stole "Strangers May Kiss" from Norma Shearer and that after the opening, *la* Shearer sent him a congratulatory telegram. Mr. Kay wonders why, if Bob stole the picture, Miss Shearer wanted him with her again in "Private Lives" and asks if she hadn't learned her lesson.

Bob is a clever actor and no small factor in the success of any film. Miss Shearer realizes it. That she had learned her lesson is evidenced by a remark she made to Bob.

She said, "You stole my picture all right, but I've learned a lesson. That time you had all the answers. Next time you'll do the asking and I'll give the answers." There was no talk of Bob's stealing "Private Lives" from her.

On still another occasion, Barthelmess remarked to me, "I guess I've had more pictures stolen from me than any other star. It's my own fault. I could have those scenes cut out or reshot, but I'd have been a fool if I had."

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# HOLLYWOOD



Photo by Wide World

**G**REAT hustle and bustle attended the return of Katharine Hepburn to Hollywood. RKO press agents *en masse* met her at the station. Also Joel McCrea was there to extend felicitations upon her arrival. Romance was immediately scented, but his presence was accounted for by the fact that he appears with her in "Three Came Unarmed," along with a handsome gray gibbon monkey. Then, too, Miss Hepburn is said to have a husband back East.

The studio wished to make a holiday even of her home-coming, but it turned out to be a fizzle. Miss Hepburn just simply isn't the sort to stir up any theatrical excitement. Indeed, her reticence has proved somewhat baffling. It is so new. And also it may be the first step toward Garbolike aloofness.

Her mode of dress is severe, un-actressy, and the virtual antithesis of Lilyan Tashman, say, while she talks surprisedly but unemotionally about the brilliant turn her career has taken. She remains through it all pleasantly enigmatic.

Above all, she conveys the impression of marked cultivation, reserve, and self-assurance—all just a trifle frigid.

Anyhow, she is a personality added to Hollywood's assemblage of the unusual—called for want of a better word, ultra-modern.

**Miriam Successful Rebel.**—Miriam Hopkins may now be definitely cast in the rôle of the "little disturber." Miss Hopkins has shown

What they talk about when members of the movie colony get together.

plenty of temperament about various things, but her outbursts have never before shaken the studio. This time she did a polite walkout on the production of "No Man of Her Own," and also declined to play in "Happiness Ahead." She didn't like the way her rôle in "No Man of Her Own" compared with the other parts, according to report, and she didn't like the rôle anyway.

The upshot was all in her favor, too, if you can imagine it, for Paramount started preparing "Sanctuary" for her. That's two wins for players recently, Carol Lombard having scored one when she refused to appear in "Hard to Handle," with James Cagney.

**Loyal to Her Art.**—Marlene Dietrich must take her picture-going seriously. During the showing of films voted on by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, she visited the showhouse no less than six times. And what's more remarkable she viewed her own film, "Shanghai Express," as well as "The Guardsman," "The Champ," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The only

other actress who was anywhere nearly as serious about it was Ruth Chatterton. And how could Ruth compete with Marlene, since the beautiful Frau Sieber came to the theater attended by a chauffeur who looked like a walking arsenal? Marlene won't go any place nowadays without this heavily armed guardian.

**Another Technical Honeymoon.**—Clara Bow and Rex Bell will try to set at rest the rumors that they are about to separate by taking a trip to Europe together. Rex really doesn't feel that he should leave at this time, as he has four pictures to make on his Western contract before many months elapse, but Clara is desirous of making her first Continental tour. Hollywood's famous redhead may be a little plumper than of yore, but she is far more beautiful. The studio heads thought well enough of "Call Her Savage" to engage Clara for another picture which will be made on her return from abroad.

**Keeping Comedians Peaceful.**—Those two boisterous comedians, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler, can fight it out as much as they want to in private, but they can't do anything to disturb their careers. They are a corporation now, called the Bobert company. When a studio signs them up it's as the Bobert organization, and they share fifty-fifty in the revenue for their services. The name of the corporation is a combination of Bob and Bert.

Ruth Chatterton promises another interesting characterization. Here she is in "Frisco Jenny."



Photo by Lippman



# HIGH LIGHTS

By  
Edwin and Elza Schallert

Wheeler and Woolsey do a take-off on jungle pictures in "This Is Africa," and appear in another film immediately following with their old stand-by RKO. They're reported getting \$100,000 a film, believe it or not.

**Pidgin English Helen.**—Everybody has gone ga-ga about Helen Hayes's ability to speak pidgin English and do it naturally in "Son-Daughter." The picture means the widest departure from what this star has been doing heretofore. It looked like a wild choice putting her into a Chinese rôle after "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrow-smith," but as Clarence Brown, the director of "Son-Daughter" maintains, that's what you *can* do with an actress. Miss Hayes is probably one of three real actresses that the screen possesses to-day, and neither of the other two is Garbo.

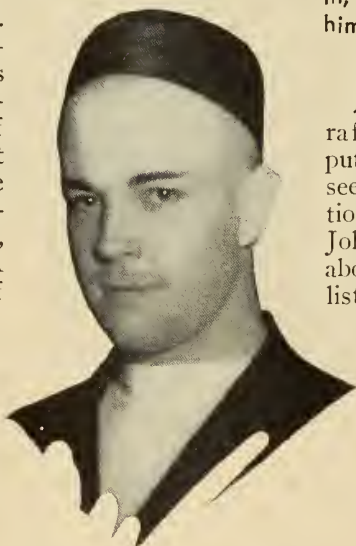
**Garbo as Monarch.**—And about Garbo. We'll grant you she is a luminous person-

This is how Clark Gable goes after it when he is given a new rôle to study.



ality, and she's to do a big luminous rôle, if she makes that story about the famous Swedish monarch, Christina. A daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, this lady had one of the most spectacular careers of any royal head of Europe. She was brought up like a man rather than a woman and, accordingly, demanded to be anointed king rather than queen. She completely upset the equilibrium of her own country, as well as several others, during her turbulent destiny.

The scenario is all prepared for this feature, which will undoubtedly bring Miss Greta back to her many admirers. But will they be as many when she returns this time? We wonder, as her vacation is prolonged.



Ramon Novarro's shaved head for "Son-Daughter" is as good a disguise as the proverbial dark glasses, isn't it?



James Dunn and Erik Arnold meet at Fox's soda counter for a double malted.

Erik is Charlie Farrell's "stand in," which is why you never see him on the screen.

**A Song-and-dance Man.**—Out of the raft and the mêlée of stories told about "Rasputin" and the three Barrymores, the one that seems outstanding to us concerns the coronation scene, one of the biggest in the picture. John Barrymore was asked what he thought about plans for filming of the episode, and listening attentively to an outline from the director, finally said: "My honest opinion is that this would be an excellent place for me to come in singing 'I'm the ding-dong daddy of the duma.'"

**The Retort Peremptory.**—Next to that we rate best Ethel's slap at a very flattering young man. It occurred at a dinner party, when the gentleman seated next to Ethel was fawningly endeavoring to compliment her. He tried to do it by belittling the other two Barrymores. Ethel stood it determinedly for a time, and then turned to the gentleman. "My," she exclaimed with appropriate hauteur, "what a badly dressed person you are!"

**Secret of Land Yacht.**—We are happy at last to report that Buster Keaton's land yacht has gone into semiretirement. It was probably the greatest publicity gag ever worked out by an actor, and Lew Cody benefited by it enormously, but like all gags it palled eventually.

The land yacht in which Buster not only traveled but also ate and slept was—though many people did not know it—a symbol of real heartbreak for him. His divorce from Natalie Talmadge Keaton, involving as it did the children, really hit him a hard blow. He hoped to bring about a reconciliation through the attention

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# THE FLAPPER



Absence from the screen has changed Alice White for the better. She is much sweeter because she is toned down, her brazen make-up gone, her voice less shrill.

**A**LICE WHITE has done what you and I sometimes try hard to do, and usually fail: she has licked that side of herself which was her own worst enemy. Rather you fans have done it for her just by being yourselves.

She has learned how to shake hands with life. She has conquered her inferiority complex and her hypersensitiveness, and has taught herself to stop looking for trouble, even to refuse recognition of it.

And she did it all with her little tour. Not by reading a few weighty books, or going yogi, or consulting her Indian guide. Just by going out to see what the world looked like.



Photo by Fryer

She found that it's a very nice what you folks out front have done for Alice, by going on about your business, by being nice to her, yes, but mostly by showing her that your life is pretty swell in spite of hardships and that you don't squawk. The Alice of to-day isn't an ornate

Hollywood roadster skimming through a three-alarm career. She is a public-made, average-cylinder working model, a balanced

little piece of human machinery.

A year or more ago, for the first time since the screen grew up, a picture was shown on Broadway with the *star* not mentioned either in the cast credits or in the advertising.

An unprecedented spectacle, that—a star performing with-

All dressed up in a new calm content and cuter nose, Alice White is glad to be back home in movies again.

out any acknowledgment of her identity. And that it happened to Alice White, of all our players, was the most illogical thing about it. Alice had been so widely publicized—her looks, her passing fancies, her squabbles. The thing that stood out, always, was her individuality. Alice, without identity, starring in "Man Crazy" as a nameless shadow!

Though her part was cut and the picture served to make her negligible, this odd situation couldn't smother the flame of Alice White. The injustice rallied her admirers. Rising in her defense, they wrote her that they thought it a shame.



They welcomed her when she went out to amuse them.

Her loop-

the-loop brought before the public that very definite individuality which a film company, in a childish "mad," had sought to obscure. Only three personal tours have actually broken records lately—Jean Harlow's, Lilyan Tashman's, and Alice's.

Now, after an experience which many would regard as humiliating, Alice is back at her old studio, over which the flag of peace waves. An actress with less real charity of soul would have upstaged the company that had done her dirt. What a chance for reprisal—at least for a hurt attitude which might have raised the ante.

Not Alice, though; not this kid with gladness as well as grit. With her quick, elemental reactions, she is willing to forgive and forget. When they offered her a supporting rôle in "Employees' Entrance," with Loretta Young and Warren William, she just said, "Sure—if the part's O. K." She plays next in "Luxury Liner."

She refuses to say anything at all about "Man Crazy." "That's settled, so why bring it up? It was just one of those things. Call it a misunderstanding. Nice word, that; it covers so much and tells nothing.

"It's swell to be back on the old lot. They spread the





# TAMED

By  
Myrtle Gebhart

'welcome' mat. Girls from the offices and men from the crews told me they were happy that I'd returned. It was so sweet.

"Who wants to get stoop-shouldered carrying a chip around? I don't. Grudges become grievances with a little nursing. At least, it seems that way when you look around Hollywood at all the hurt pride being flaunted.

"What good does it do you to be a big shot at leisure? I'd rather be working than standing up for my rights, if any. What rights have any of us other than to earn our living? We ought to be more grateful for jobs. Look at Cagney. After his noble stand he goes back to work at practically the same salary he was getting."

Alice tossed her head, her lips curving in a grimace.

She is much sweeter because she is toned down. For one thing, her appearance is softer. That brazen make-up is gone, her voice is less shrill. In black-velvet attire



Her words are less slangy, her opinions more gentle. She's had something or other done to her nose, too.

"How does it feel," I wondered aloud, "to be working in a supporting rôle at a studio where once you reigned as flapper star?"

"You get less *paid* attention, but a grand lot of free friendship. What I get now I know is sincere. It's worth a slight descent in the studio social scale to find that out. You take the employees' entrance." Her grin was full of meaning. "That's the main difference.

"I always wanted to do characters, anyhow, but the producers couldn't see beyond their noses. It's fatal to be typed. Why did they make me a star? Because none of the stellar lights would let me be in their pictures. Said I would steal 'em. So my bosses starred me, as they were paying me and had to do something with me. I never asked for all that glory—and worry.

"If I wanted to act grand and offended, I might still be looking for a job. For two months I had a test a

Playing a subordinate rôle in the studio where she once was a star is no humiliation for Alice—she says it's swell to be back on the old lot.



Photo by Fryer

with a white-satin blouse, a tiny black hat perched saucily on one side of her yellow curled bob, she is quite jaunty without being conspicuous. The first

time I saw her after her return I had to look twice to be sure that it was Alice.

lived with never a glimpse of Hollywood. We entertain them, yes, but we aren't necessary to them. Yet we think the entire universe revolves around Hollywood and us!

"A tour is swell for the contact. I never had been on the stage and was scared. The morning we opened in Chicago, when Cy told me they were lined up four deep for a block, I thought he was trying to kid me into enthusiasm so I would put on a good show. I had to look for myself. What a thrill!

"I fooled around here for six months, waiting for something to happen. I refused the first offer of \$6,000 a week for vaudeville—and in the end signed for \$3,500.

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day to keep pleasure away, and what happened? Nothing!

"They said I looked too young for all those parts. Maybe I have one of those baby faces that never grow up!

"Of course, I'm taking less money. But aren't we all? I mean, those of us who would much rather work than worry. Fabulous salaries belong to that long-lamented prosperous era.

"But let me tell you that a thousand or two a week is big money, anyway. Hollywood's swell. But it rids one of a lot of silly notions to get out and see how the rest of the world lives.

"We're too cramped and self-centered here in the town of the capital I. Out there thousands of lives are







"The Kid From Spain."

**T**HOSE who bewailed the passing of music from the screen will rejoice that it is back, although the score of Eddie Cantor's musical comedy will hardly ring in grateful ears.

Listeners will, instead, remember a gorgeous production, more beautiful girls than have ever been seen on the screen at one time, the cleverly likable comicalities of Mr. Cantor, and the smartest and most novel dance routines they have ever witnessed. All told, they will be stimulated by a genuinely festive occasion. And for such escape from carking care they should thank Samuel Goldwyn who, of all producers, alone has shown faith in the appeal of screen musicals to the larger public. For this is not camouflaged by the timid appellation "comedy with music." It is out-and-out musical comedy in its robust approach, its spectacular glitter, and its disregard of humdrum realities. Thus a holiday mood awaits practically all who see it.

It opens spiritedly in a girls' dormitory, where Mr. Cantor is found under satin sheets after the occupants have indulged in an amazing drill in a vast swimming pool. The end comes with a fastly paced bullfight, with

# The SCREEN

The return of musical comedy is the most notable event in a month of films.

the bewildered Mr. Cantor pitted against the most savage beast in all Mexico. There is also a brilliant exhibition of the matador's skill by Sidney Franklin, who forsook Brooklyn for Seville to captivate the Spanish populace.

Between these two extremes lies a pleasant, though conventional story of a timid fellow who is forced to drive crooks over the Mexican border and who, in order to escape arrest by an American sleuth, poses as a matador and has to live up to his manufactured reputation. Imagine Mr. Cantor in this rôle and you know all you need know of the story.

Lyda Roberti, Robert Young, Ruth Hall, John Miljan, and Robert Emmett O'Connor offer willing support, but somehow no one matters much. It is a Cantor show first, last, and always.

## "Evenings For Sale."

More notable for distinguished acting than wholly satisfying entertainment, this is a light piece with a Viennese background, but no music. It departs from convention in not offering a high-born hero in love with a flower girl or a soubrette of the beer gardens. The hero is aristocratic, it is true, but necessity has made him a gigolo and it is his evenings that are for sale. The heroine is the daughter of his former shoemaker, now a man of leisure enriched by the War.

For some reason the combined efforts of Herbert Marshall and Sari Maritza fail to make their love credible or romantic. I don't know why. Perhaps it is because gigolos are unsympathetic characters at best; perhaps because Mr. Marshall's serious, slightly hurt interpretation of *Count von Degenthal*

Eddie Cantor recaptures the carefree mood of the screen musical, with the help of Lyda Roberti, in "The Kid From Spain."

does not agree with our notion of a gigolo; perhaps because we cannot give our sympathy to an Austrian officer overcome by the sadness of his humiliation. We can't quite take seriously a man who dances for hire and who is sorry for himself. Certainly it is no fault of Mr. Mar-

Sari Maritza and Herbert Marshall give us a glimpse of post-War Vienna in "Evenings For Sale."





# IN REVIEW

By Norbert Lusk

shall's; it is the part that leaves us cold. Anyhow, everything turns out all right and he and the ex-shoemaker's daughter fade out in a clinging embrace.

You will agree, I think, that the high light of the picture centers on Mary Boland who vitalizes the proceedings with an unusual characterization beautifully played. She is a silly American widow who goes wide-eyed to the resort where Mr. Marshall is on call and can't believe her luck.

What happens between them is not only the most interesting part of the film, but it shows Miss Boland in a new light. She goes beyond her usual chatterbox character and reveals an actress of astonishing sympathy and tenderness. In spite of Mr. Marshall's flawless speech and aristocratic deference and Miss Maritza's pertly charming prettiness, it is Miss Boland who really shines. Excellent players, including Charles Ruggles and George Barbier, are of help in achieving a smoothly capable background.

## "Tess of the Storm Country."

Fans of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will like them in this perhaps more than in any recent effort. Critics may deplore their return to sentimentality after the talent for real acting they displayed in "The First Year." But, as always, the public controls the barometer watched by producers.

Miss Gaynor and Mr. Farrell acquit themselves well. She is properly wistful, tender, and stanch and he is boyishly handsome and optimistic. Between them they revive the old story of little *Tess's* nobility against unbelievable odds. As you may remember, she is a squatter's daughter and he is a rich man's son whose parent persecutes *Tess* and her fisherman father.

The climax of their ill-starred romance comes when *Tess* harbors the illegitimate baby of the hero's sister and, with the dying infant in her arms, enters a church crowded with "society" that its soul may be saved by baptism. From this the sweethearts progress to the land of happy endings. A fine production gives illusion and even glamour to the

story. *Tess's* monkey helping to establish her cuteness and winning many laughs in grimacing close-ups. This is a modern touch, there having been no simian playmate for Mary Pickford in her two versions of the same piece. June Clyde is notably sincere and appealing as Mr. Farrell's indiscreet sister.

Janet Gaynor plays that most glorified waif of all in "Tess of the Storm Country."



## "Night After Night."

A new phase of night-club life is admirably pictured here, with a new set of characters, new motives, and new situations. Yet the result is not quite as strong as might be anticipated. There is enough merit, however, to make the film above the ordinary.

It concerns George Raft as the proprietor of a glittering resort that once was a handsome residence and Constance Cummings as the girl who used to live there. She goes night after night to recapture old memories and Mr. Raft falls in love with her. He is taking lessons in culture, anyhow, and Miss Cummings is the inaccessible lady of his ambition. The defect of the picture lies in the fact that Mr. Raft's pursuit of learning isn't convincing, but it makes a nice yarn just the same.

This is the most exacting part that has befallen Mr. Raft and he is unequal to its demands. He looks the part, yes, but its overtones and implications elude him in his recital of the lines. In playing himself he is striking, but as an actor he is wanting in skill, in expression, in variety.

That is why other players stand out above him. In particular Alison Skipworth, as his instructor, and



George Raft's "Night After Night" gains immeasurably by the presence of the famous Mae West.





Richard Dix and Ann Harding try to make "The Conquerors" another "Cimarron," but it is hardly that.

Mae West whose film debut proves her to be a real find. She is flagrantly hard-boiled and yet manages curiously to be likable and even sympathetic as well as handsome. There isn't any one quite like her and she leaves the vast wisecracking sisterhood far behind.

Wynne Gibson, Roscoe Karns, and Louis Calhern are some of the others who make the picture strong in acting values while the star puts over personality. The Misses Skipworth and West shine personally, also.

A horror picture with decided literary values is "The Old Dark House" as played by Melvyn Douglas, Lilian Bond, and Charles Laughton.



Clark Gable and Jean Harlow strut their stuff in "Red Dust" to the satisfaction of the box office.

has long since expired of heart failure at the Victory Parade in 1919, though giving no prior indication of weakness.

The picture is interesting, yes, and there is thought behind it. But it doesn't satisfyingly fill the tremendous lapse of time represented. Miss Harding, by the way, proves that she is at her best in a costumed rôle, as she was in "East Lynne." Give her a plume, a chignon, and some sentimentality and there's no one like her.

#### "Red Dust."

Both Clark Gable and Jean Harlow are successful in this, one of the most successful pictures of the month, but I can subscribe neither to their per-

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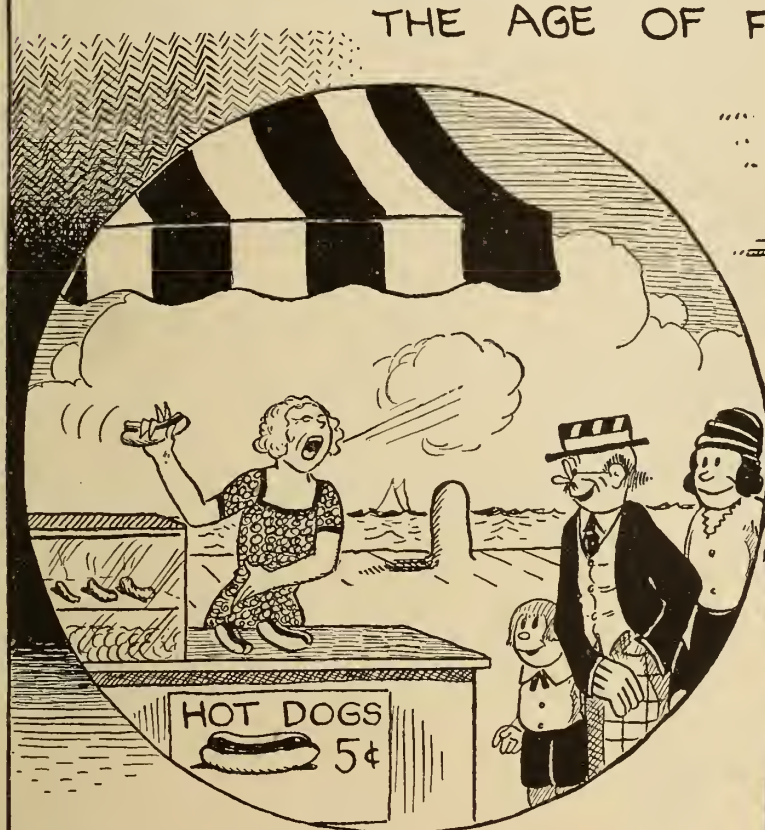




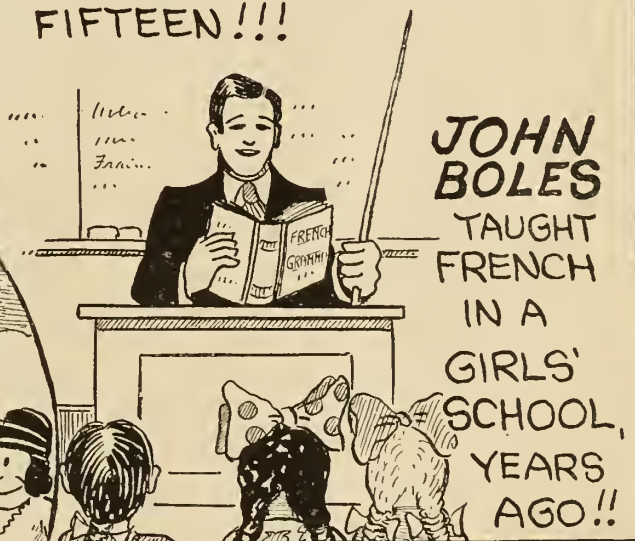
# DID YOU KNOW THAT —



GEORGE BRENT WAS A **SHEPHERD BOY**  
IN IRELAND BEFORE HE CAME TO THE U.S.A. AT  
THE AGE OF FIFTEEN!!!

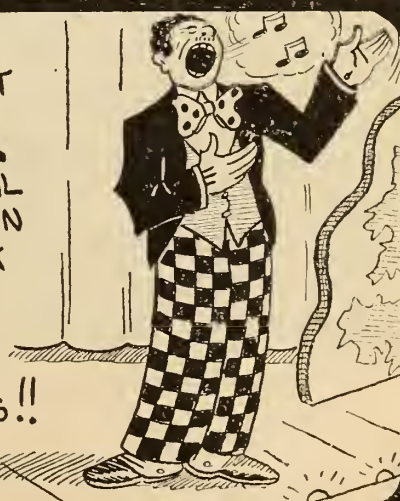


MAE CLARKE USED TO SELL  
**HOT DOGS** AT CONEY  
ISLAND DURING HER DOG  
DAYS!!!



GEORGE  
BANCROFT  
**SANG**

IN MUSICAL  
COMEDY IN  
NEW YORK  
BEFORE  
HE  
ENTERED  
PICTURES!!





# LADY RAGAMUFFIN

Gloria Stuart goes to sleep at parties and lets poison ivy grow round her door—that's how much she cares about people. But she can be divinely formal and human.

By Glan T. Heisch

**I**T was early in the evening as evenings go. The guests at the small Hollywood gathering had scarcely got acquainted with one another when the lovely blond lady arose, yawned gracefully, and said, "If you folks don't mind, I think I'll go to bed. Good night."

Directed by her hostess, Gloria Stuart made a perfect exit—into the guest room. At the end of the evening her husband awakened her. They went home. That was recently. Just a bit over a year ago Gloria and her sculptor mate, Blair Gordon Newell, entertained at their home at Carmel. Something like an hour after things had begun, Gloria announced casually, "I think I'll just pop into bed, if you don't mind." We didn't.

At the end of June, 1930, a young professor at the University of California invited a swarm of people to his home to honor Mr. and Mrs. Newell, very new bride and groom. It was a splendid affair. We sat around for a long time. Along about eleven o'clock Gloria and Gordon arrived, helloed those they knew, and met those they didn't. Then Gloria said firmly, "If you people don't mind, we'll run along now. We're awfully tired. Good-by, then!"

By this time you probably have a pale idea that Gloria Stuart does nothing but sleep. Not at all. She has been known to stay up all night, mind you. She has a predilection for sleeping, yes, but she can be as energetic as she can be drowsy. She works, plays, acts—does everything with power. This going to bed at parties, hers or other people's, is primarily indicative of Gloria's indifference. She simply can't be bothered by folks.

On the other hand, she can be as solicitous as a Fuller brush man. Indifferent, solicitous; lazy, energetic—Gloria is a bundle of opposites. I don't mean she's a lady *Doctor Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*; she's this and that—contradictory.

One evening she may be divinely formal, *coquette*, and the next, ginghamed, barefooted, and unkempt, but still beautiful. Gloria can cross a room with regal grace, or dive feet first into a chair. She is both lady and ragamuffin. She's polite and rude. She is sophisticated and naive. She's funny!

It is in Gloria Stuart's screen work that we find the most striking contradiction. On the screen she's exactly what she isn't—demure. That, naturally, is none of her doing. Gloria is a powerful personality, moved by strange forces. Her first rôle, in "Street of Women," was sweet. She plays a demure rôle in "Air Mail," a straight rôle in "The Old Dark House," and in "The All American," her latest, another sweet one.

Gloria can do that sort of thing admirably, but she is not at her best. She can't

play comedy at all—says so herself. Her artistry is most evident in emotional parts. Before her movie début she went through a

thorough stage training, doing plays in Santa Monica, Berkeley, Carmel, and Pasadena. Over and above all that, Gloria acquired an extraordinary background in drama; she knows it from its beginning. At Carmel she played under Sam Kuster and Morris Ankrum. Last winter she stepped on the Pasadena Community Playhouse boards as *Olivia*, in "Twelfth Night." And then at the beginning of this year Gilmor Brown presented "The Seagull," with Gloria in the same rôle she had done in the Carmel production. That started things.

What happened the morning after the opening is primer stuff. Universal and Paramount both wanted her. They assumed their fiercest expressions and got awfully determined. Universal won out, and luckily, too. In her they discovered an actress of great ability. Frankly, I don't believe they realize how great.

Gloria is anything but the demure young lady she has been on the screen. Given time and the opportunities, she might conceivably become another Jeanne Eagels, or a Garbo, for that matter. She reminds me of both. Things do rhumbas on my spine when I think what Gloria might do in "Anna Christie," or "Rain."

I saw Eagels in "Rain" and I've never forgotten her. In some of Gloria's dramatic stage performances I have sensed a similar technique and startling parallels. She has the stuff out of which a Garbo could be developed—a lot of the ability and some of the reticence. Like that glamorous lady, she has a large, well-formed body. When she so desires, she can be just as exotic.

Gloria has done a lot of living for a young woman of twenty-two. Living is generally accepted as the requisite for fine acting. Just once more—Gloria is *not sweet*. When she is given the chance to play the type of part in which she can excel, there will be a mess of people sitting on the edges of their seats. Universal still has something to discover.

Probably the one quality Gloria has without an opposite is courage. She's got where she is by virtue of it. She has enough grit to carry two average women through successful lives. Her competence and will power were

Miss Stuart reminds the writer of both Jeanne Eagels and Garbo and fans are warned to sit tight when she gets exactly the right rôle.

evident in college, and again when she and her husband tore out into the world to thumb their noses at life and things in

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Photo by Ray Jones

EVERYBODY'S talking about Gloria Stuart and far good cause, as you will agree when you read the story written by an intimate friend, apposite, for she is an unusual person in private life, and something of this unusualness has reached the screen. By all means get acquainted with Gloria now before fame makes her aloof and hard to interview.





# OUR CLARA

THESE glimpses of Clara Bow give a hint of the many moods she portrays in "Call Her Savage" as well as a sophistication from which her old-time charm and naturalness are not lacking. She returns to the screen with the good wishes of every fan. With her in the picture at the top of the page is Anthony Jowitt.







# LILYBET

THAT'S the name of the little girl who starts all the trouble for Constance Bennett, in "Rockabye," when Connie, who plays an actress, attempts to adopt her. Paul Lukas and Joel McCrea are the star's leading men.





# REVENGE

George Raft  
rights a wrong with blood in "Under-cover Man."



MR. RAFT mingles with bank thieves as one of them in order to unmask the murderer of his father. In this dangerous company he encounters Nancy Carroll, who is present to find the man that killed her brother.



NOEL FRANCIS, who is always effective in underworld characterizations, is the charmer, pictured with George Raft on the left.





# TERROR

"Island of Lost Souls" introduces the visitor to the efforts of a maniac scientist to transform beasts into humans by means of surgery.



KATHLEEN BURKE plays the widely heralded *Panther Woman*, while Charles Laughton's remarkable talents find expression in the maniac. Richard Arlen and Leila Hyams are normal young people stranded on the island.







# CHIT

Characters in "The Animal Kingdom" frolic through conversational fireworks in a play which proves that a man's true wife need not wear a wedding ring.



AT last Leslie Howard finds the movies worthy of his attention because this stage play provides him the intellectual satisfaction necessary for his comfort. And Ann Harding's bell-like voice will make music of her witty speeches.



MR. HOWARD plays a publisher who falls in love with a society girl in the absence of his inamorata. Marriage to the usurper disillusiones him, however, and he is reunited with his former mate, the part played by Miss Harding. Myrna Loy is the society wife, and others are Neil Hamilton, William Gargan, Henry Stephenson, Ilka Chase, and Leni Stengel.



# CHAT





# WALLY ON TOP

With Wallace Beery playing a German wrestler as he does in "Flesh," he is bound to be victor over every opponent—except love.

KAREN MORLEY is the American dancer with whom the humble waiter falls in love, Ricardo Cortez her unscrupulous partner and laver.



BEGINNING as a Berlin waiter, he comes to New York where he is victimized by the racketeer who controls the wrestling trust.



JEAN HERSHOLT is Mr. Beery's monager, as you will recognize elsewhere on this page, while players with Mr. Beery directly above are Vincent Barnett and Greta Meyer. All are involved in a simple, direct story which enables the star to create onother of his unforgettable characters.



Fame has had less effect on her than upon any other big star. For years after "Seventh Heaven" she lived in the same plain little house. This season she is living luxuriously for the first time, having leased an estate. Janet has never *owned* a home or a stick of furniture in Hollywood. No display or social strivings for this canny lass.

Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, and Ruth Chatterton are acknowledged the most important actresses of their respective studios. Connie and Ruth draw enormous salaries. Yet, like Crawford, these three have lately suffered setbacks. Their last releases met with lukewarm receptions.

We hear nothing of Connie wanting to retire these days. She's evidently grown fond of Hollywood. Maybe she isn't so glad to have secured Gloria Swanson's pet story "Rockabye," either. Half of it had to be remade. She knows she must have a box-office hit now to justify her pay check.

Eccentric Joseph von Sternberg has been flying around the West Indies, snaring hurricane scenes for Marlene's next production. A potent personality, what would she be like away from his masterful spell? We'll never know.

Chatterton, having achieved a satisfactory settlement of her marriage problem, is concentrating on her career once more. And when she puts her mind to it, the results are excellent. But has she quite enough push to oust Greta?

Jean Harlow and Helen Hayes are the new magnets who, if properly fitted with appropriate stories, may sweep to the top. And an interesting contrast they are, too. Jean is a masterpiece of sensuous personality, Helen probably our most talented actress. In short, it's a tussle between looks and ability.

Despite personal tragedy, Jean is increasingly successful. Can she go on without the expert guidance of Paul Bern?

If Helen is ambitious enough to fight for film glory, which I doubt, she can be a Garbo rival.

Among the newcomers, Katharine Hepburn is the most promising. She'll stir things up at RKO studio. And Lilian Harvey, imported by Fox at a big price, is worth watching.

Sylvia Sydney, Ann Harding, Miriam Hopkins, and Kay Francis are on the rise after some poor pictures. Their best work will be on view this winter. But they need a flow of good films before they'll be ripe for crowning.

Clara Bow, Colleen Moore, Gloria Swanson, and Mary Pickford are exciting possibilities. Each was supreme for a while, each glorified types which are passé. They have spent their absences in conjuring up ways to make over their personalities to suit to-day's demand. They are still attractive women. If they can muster up the courage to forget bygone flattery and act their age, they have an opportunity to regain their prestige.

In distant Sweden, where the Great Garbo has been vacationing far from maddening American crowds, caves-dropping reporters have heard her mutter, "Ay tank I go *back*!" After being first lady of Hollywood, which means being the most idolized, sought-after woman in the world to-day, Stockholm and the staid joys of the Northland have palled.

"The Painted Veil," a Somerset Maugham novel, is being adapted by M.-G.-M. as Greta's first picture on her new contract. So if you're a faithful follower you might read the story and be prepared for her return.

Come back quickly, Greta! This is no time to be dealing yourself a hand of solitaire six thousand miles from the battleground. While the queen's away all's in an uproar on the western front.

Versatility, the ability to keep us guessing, has been the secret of Garbo's unique fascination. We have eventually discovered what there is to know about the others. They do what we expect. But Greta—who can fathom her? She hasn't one card up her sleeve—she's got the whole deck.

The magic of Garbo is supreme to date. But she's on the spot. Who'll be most popular in 1933? I shouldn't be astonished if Garbo, who loves her work and fame in spite of her passive attitude, should refuse to be deposed.

And in case of a tie, we can always let our Dowager Queen Marie Dressler wield the scepter!

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I select the strongest casts I possibly can. Having insisted on good casts, I'd be crazy to try to hold down their work. The better they are, the better my picture is."

That's true. People may have come out of "The Dawn Patrol" raving over Doug, Jr.'s, work but when a Barthelmess film is shown they say, "Let's go. He always has good stories and casts."

Speaking of Charlie Ruggles we might consider his case, too.

Eleven or twelve years ago there was a stage play called "Ladies Night," the cast of which was graced by two comedians, John Cumberland and Charles Ruggles. After the show, Avery Hopwood, the author, asked me what I thought of them.

"I think Ruggles is the funniest man I've ever seen," I said enthusiastically.

"Funnier than Cumberland?" he asked.

"Much funnier," I answered.

## Empty Honors

We walked in silence a couple of minutes and then he said, "I'm going to explain something to you because you love the theater. Cumberland is a legitimate comedian. He gets his laughs in a legitimate way. I mean he gets them where they're supposed to come. He works for the good of the play. If he's got a funny line, and the man speaking after him has a funnier one, Cumberland will pass up his laugh so the other man can get the big one. He would rather score a mild success in a play that's a big hit than be a big hit at the risk of ruining the play.

"Ruggles is just the opposite. He goes out to get the laughs if he can. He'll do any play doing it. He'll speak any line in such a way as to get a laugh and, at the same time, completely destroy the next scene. He's the kind of actor who ruins the play."

the curtain and I remained unconvinced. I went to the theater to laugh and if Ruggles made me laugh harder than Cumberland, in my eyes he was a better actor.

As I have acquired more technical knowledge of the stage, I have come to recognize the truth of Hopwood's remarks. I have watched Ruggles go from play to play, from picture to picture, always getting those laughs, building his reputation as a scene stealer, and ruining the play.



performances nor to the picture itself. In fact, without these favorites the exhibit would be duller than it is, if a picture there would be at all—which I doubt. There is no excuse for this one in my eyes, except that it permits Mr. Gable and Miss Harlow to do their stuff, to do what is expected of them.

Consequently Mr. Gable is gruff, hard-boiled and occasionally brutal and Miss Harlow is flagrantly sexual and wisecracking. I feel that the story of how they happen to be on a rubber plantation in Indo-China might be more interesting than the narrative that engages them.

Miss Harlow's speeches echo Broadway, and one wonders how she happens to be so far away, while Mr. Gable's absorption in rubber is equivalent to his interest in the ministry as pictured in "Polly of the Circus." However, I agree that he tramps more purposefully in boots than he reads from the Scriptures.

In case you haven't seen the picture, which is only probable if you reside in the Straits Settlements, it concerns, besides the stars, Mary Astor and Gene Raymond. As husband and wife they come to the plantation where Miss Harlow and Mr. Gable are portraying the rougher aspects of physical attraction. It is hardly necessary to relate that Miss Astor falls genuinely in love with Mr. Gable, but is somehow made to seem silly in Miss Harlow's ultimate triumph which implies the sacrifice of her reputation to save the man she loves. But as *Vantine* is without reputation, it is only a gesture.

I thought Miss Astor's performance best of all and sympathized with Mr. Raymond for being characterized as a sap.

#### "The Old Dark House."

A horror picture minus clutching hands, sliding panels or laboratory contraptions may be too far removed from the ordinary to suit the majority, but this must certainly rate as one of the best in the eyes of the discriminating. Perhaps it is only interesting rather than frightening. It is only to one spectator who

Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Lilian Bond, Gloria Stuart, and Raymond Massey.

If I may digress, the latter successfully played *Hamlet* on Broadway last season and is the husband of Adrienne Allen, who was the suicidal wife in "The Night of June 13th." Mr. Massey's speech is something to listen to, even if his appearance is not something the camera loves to gloat over. Which may be why he and Miss Allen returned to London on completing their respective assignments. But that is, I admit, beside the point except that distinguished speech is always worth cheering about.

Mr. Laughton, instead of playing a sinister character, is a rather pathetic and futile Scotsman whose girl strays from him into the affections of Mr. Douglas. It is hardly necessary to report that he is fine, if not startling. In fact, the whole company is uncommonly good in interpreting a mystery-horror tale with literary values.

#### "Cynara."

Beauty, dignity, reality, and poignant drama—these are only a few of the virtues of this transcription of a fine stage play, and they are superbly evident in every movement of the characters and every word they utter. Perfect acting by a perfect cast in a perfect picture! Now let us see what the cheering is about.

Reduced to bare essentials, the story is nothing more than the usual triangle. Devoted wife, devoted husband, seductive shopgirl. What makes it magnificent is the way it is written and acted and its searching revelation of mind and soul. All the characters are sympathetic because they are compassionate. There is no villain, no martyred wife, no siren "other woman." Nor is there a hero. Instead, each is himself according to his lights, consequently each is human and fallible. You feel that they are brought together and play their drama not because of the author, but because the characters are unknowingly seeking each other for fulfillment, for predestined experience that cannot be escaped.

The actual story is too simple to and escape triteness. A successful London lawyer with a career of him is happily married. In his wife's absence, he meets a girl who falls in love with him. He is honest with each and tries to step aside for her, but she is much more determined than he.

girl's confidence by answering the necessary question if he was the first man in her life. His career ruined, himself disgraced, he starts for South Africa to begin anew without his wife when the elderly friend who introduced him to the girl steps in and his wise, understanding counsel causes the wife to follow the husband she still loves.

Ronald Colman surpasses himself as the husband. His tragic moment when the policeman notifies him of the girl's death is the most dramatic of the month, the inquest the most pitiful courtroom scene I have ever witnessed. Kay Francis is gloriously ideal as the wife and Phyllis Barry, a British newcomer, is amazing as the girl. Henry Stephenson, the elderly friend—*Mephistopheles* he calls himself—is infinitely knowing in his performance, while another Londoner, Viva Tattersall, is properly cast as the girl's more experienced friend and Florine MacKinney is striking. The production is solidly tasteful, meticulous, reassuring, as expected of King Vidor with Samuel Goldwyn's *carte blanche*.

#### "Airmail."

The first picture dramatizing mail flights is very good indeed. I don't believe that pilots or any group of men—even leathernecks—are as surly to each other as those pictured here, but for the purposes of fictional characterization I suppose it is necessary to have the hero a cad in order



to make his rehabilitation into a dare-devil gentleman properly sweeping and conclusive for the movies. Be that as it may, Pat O'Brien is excellent in the rôle, attacking it with vim and gusto and leaving nothing to be desired.

He and the other pilots are stationed at a lonely airport alternately swept by rain and snow where the

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won't do for the play she is casting without making them feel that they are no good for anything. Many picture players, who hope to get a foothold on the stage, have benefited from her kindness.

**Informal Census.**—The gathering of the screen clan at Miss Fears's party did not by any means take in all the film folk in town.

Maurice Chevalier came back to the States and a big party was given for him on board the *Paris*. He convulsed the guests by giving an imitation of Willie Howard giving an imitation of Rudy Vallée imitating Chevalier. In a crowd Chevalier is pretty much the ebullient charmer that he is on the screen. Glimpsed while lunching at Sardi's, he is inclined to be glum. He sat one day recently with two men, hardly speaking, no flicker of animation crossing his face.

Gloria Stuart, shipped East as an airmail package bearing some three hundred dollars in stamps, arrived for the opening of "Airmail," then returned West after a few days' shopping and theatergoing.

Jack Buchanan arrived from England and an hour after leaving shipboard started rehearsals for "Pardon My English."

Lyda Roberti, the Polish charmer whose pointed humor so delights Eddie Cantor in "The Kid From Spain," came on from California for the same show.

"Eet's a gude teeyitle for Meester Boookanan," she remarked in the purposely scrambled language she affects so naturally; "he spiks sooch foony English." The camera was cruel to Roberti in "Million-dollar Legs," her first picture. It did better by her in the Cantor picture, and Sam Goldwyn put her under contract.

**Not So Grand Finale.**—After staggering along for years as the stronghold of vaudeville, the Palace Theater finally admitted defeat, knocked out by films. But with an ironic gesture, the theater featured on the last bill three acts put on by picture names just to show how low vaudeville had fallen since it became a haven for personal appearances.

Lina Basquette offered a dance act that was more than faintly redolent of moth balls, Nick Stuart and Sue Carol simpered about making references to their baby and otherwise supposedly private life by way of entertainment.

Florence and Arthur Lake were good, but not quite good enough. How the ghosts of Nora Bayes, untold generations of trained seals, and acrobats must have writhed!

**Here's Showmanship.**—Meanwhile, across the street at the Capitol Theater, an ingratiating chap who used to be held over at the Palace week after week was holding forth, blundering around with his cigar and cane as usual, hurling his stooges to the floor of the stage, and turning a desperately anxious countenance on the audience when jokes fell flat.

The habit of hard work has Ken Murray in its grip. Even though there are pictures ahead for him, he just has to go off on a vaudeville tour. He can play six shows a day and still feel that he is loafing. Friends drop in to play silly games with him between performances.

He has a list of ordinary words that few people can spell correctly. He gives you a dime each for all that you get right; you pay him ten cents for all misspelled ones. Just try his list on your friends: battalion, picnicking, kimono, sacrilegious, rarefy, liquefy, paraffin, naphtha, and super-sede.

My favorite occupation is for people to draw self-portraits by making in three minutes a list of the things they have never had enough of. Here is Ken Murray's: California summers, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.'s, early pictures, crab-meat cocktails, "Dance of the Goblins," played by Heifetz, horseback riding, puns, and having his neck rubbed.

Incidentally, when Herbert Marshall, the new film idol, first came to America, he used to haunt the theaters where Ken Murray was playing. He elected him his favorite comedian.

**Reunion in Depression.**—Marshall Neilan is about to start that long-threatened picture in New York, and who do you think is playing the lead? None other than Sally O'Neil whom he discovered and started on a film career years ago. They have exchanged a few harsh words in recent years, but now that they are both attempting a comeback, they are amicably working together. Others in the picture are Lawrence Grey, James Kirkwood, Douglas Gilmore, and maybe Arthur Lake and Irene Rich.

**Is This Vacation?**—Just how much of a player's time belongs to the public which supports her so handsomely is one of those questions that makes studio executives grow gray. Kay Francis is not in the least afraid of interviewers; in fact, she rather likes them sometimes and they usually adore her. But she just cannot spare the time to see them when she comes to New York. What does it matter that a message by way

of magazines might attract new fans to her pictures? There are old friends to be seen, shopping to be done.

Miss Francis darted into Sardi's one noon during her visit, but dashed right out again when she saw representatives of the press looming up on all sides. She left behind her a glamorous memory of trim gray suit and silver fox, of flashing eyes and radiant face. The waiters and check girl right then elected her the one star who looked just as one should look. She suited them perfectly. She did not, I might add, suit the clamoring horde whose business it is to report the foibles of the cinema stars. It is rumored that her new contract contains a clause that calls upon her to be a good girl and talk to interviewers whenever she comes to New York.

Constance Bennett has recently acquired a graciousness toward press and public that is little short of marvelous. When threatened with strangulation from the pressing mob at a recent opening, she ducked into the box office and from behind its protecting window dispensed autographs, greetings, and advice. She is a smart girl, as you may have heard mentioned somewhere before.

**Say It Isn't So.**—Rumors trickling out of Theater Guild rehearsals say that Behrman's play "Biography," in which Ina Claire is playing the lead, contains a character that is a vicious caricature of John Gilbert. It hardly seems that Miss Claire could be venomous enough to lend herself to such an exhibition. Roland Drew, whose film career took a long time getting nowhere, plays the part that is said to have been inspired by Gilbert.

**Reckless Writers.**—Books about Hollywood pour from the presses almost as fast as cameras record pictures. Most of them indict the film makers for stupidity, but along with the rest paint the studios as a fantastic land with a certain tinsel glamour. The latest one, for a change, indicts its own authors for tawdriness and gives no hint that Hollywood holds anything but rapacious men and acceptant girls. This is "Reckless Hollywood," by Haynes Lubou. It was written by two pseudo-extra girls, Harmony Haynes and Dorothy Lubou. The characters are but thinly veiled prototypes of many stars and the book reeks with malicious gossip. Whatever shock you may get from the authors' revelations about others, you are bound to be most revolted by the characters of the extras themselves.



years ago I came back to Broadway under contract to Arthur Hammerstein."

When this producer went broke, the Shuberts took over his contract and he played the lead in three of their musicals, including one opposite Jeanette MacDonald.

"In the summer I used to work in little stock companies in up-State New York," he recalls. "They pay only about thirty-five a week, but it's something to do between city engagements, and it gives you lots of good experience. The only time I did serious dramatic rôles was in these small theaters. Summer before last I spent the entire season with the St. Louis light-opera company.

"Yes, I'd had several film offers. I wanted to wait until I could get a good one, however. So I drove West with a composer pal. Stopped in Chicago to visit Ben Bernie, and in St. Louis and other places where I'd made friends."

A test for Paramount brought him a contract. As the husky javelin thrower in "This Is the Night," he successfully handled a rather unsympathetic part against the competition of a cast of screen veterans. He is one of the few actors who like the direction of Von Sternberg. Cary's striking personality in "Blond Venus" won him leads in two subsequent films. And soon you'll be seeing him opposite Sylvia Sydney, in "Madame Butterfly."

It is not true that he clicks his heels *à la* Lebedeff when introduced.

## Tall, Dark Man

He may, and he may not, play the Valentino part in a remake of "Blood and Sand."

Although he has celebrated his thirtieth birthday, he doesn't look that old. Love life? He's had his affairs and has emerged without a broken heart to boast about. The congenial life of stage folks suits him perfectly. He likes laughter, beautiful girls, parties. But he claims he's too busy since coming to Hollywood to get in much gadding.

He's not silly about his salary. Before he left New York he invested his savings in a haberdashery store there. It prospered and now he has opened another one in the local Wilshire district.

"Why and where did you acquire the name of Cary Grant?" I asked him.

"Well, the studio thought my own name unromantic. Last winter I played in 'Nikki' on Broadway with Fay Wray and Douglass Montgomery. I was *Cary*, the character Barthelmess took in the picture version. Paramount decided that was a good screen name, and then picked out Grant because it sounded sort of strong and stern."

That funny thing, the camera, is as unpredictable in what it does to people as is love, that other funny thing. Conservative brunettes with housewife yens are transformed into blond sirens. Ladies with speedy trends become as naïve as your aunt Minnie. And the men are often just as strangely changed, too.

Archie Leach, for instance, was a specialist in light comedy and musical-comedy solos. He was no more of a menace than Buddy Rogers. What did the camera do? It toned down his sense of humor—you can't be a powerful lover if you see the funny side, you know—and emphatically stressed his virility. Whereas, women who admired him on the stage whispered, "What a voice!" the girls in the movie theaters cry, "What a man!"

Is Cary Grant amazed? Is Paramount tickled? And are the fans screaming for more of this big, serious he-man? You can bet your Christmas turkey.

I might have made this an account of how "It" came to Archie, but I don't know how to psychoanalyze a camera's motives and methods. His offscreen self has not been affected by the camera's mantle of sophistication.

Cary is frankly satisfied with what the studio is planning for him. His active sense of humor is unimpaired. He finds every one in Hollywood exceptionally nice. The women are more beautiful than anywhere else, the climate more compatible.

What will fame do to this handsome new hero? Fame, misfortune, future love tangles, all the tragedy and comedy which stardom entails, lie before him. He's off on the right foot and, whatever happens, right now to this happy-go-lucky fellow Hollywood is heaven.

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Angeles and San Francisco runs. Columbia bought the talkie rights and, because of the outstanding performance Boris had given behind the footlights, signed him for the same part on the celluloid.

"That was the first real break I ever had," Boris declared. "One of the larger organizations, with a long list of contract players, might have bought 'The Criminal Code,' and I'd have been out of luck. At last I realized I hadn't struggled in vain."

Walter Huston starred in the screen version, but the critics insisted that Karloff ran him a close race. Producers began to take notice.

He stood out in such productions as "Cracked Nuts," with Wheeler and Woolsey, "Young Donovan's Kid" and "The Public Defender," with Richard Dix, "The Mad Genius," with John Barrymore, "I Like Your Nerve," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and "Smart Money" and "Five Star Final," with Edward G. Robinson.

## Death Before Surrender

When Universal signed him for the heavy in "Graft," executives were so deeply impressed with his work that they engaged him as the monster in "Frankenstein," the picture that sent him meteorizing.

The other day I lunched with Boris and his attractive wife in their homy abode on the edge of Taluca Lake. There they have found great happiness with their extensive library, their Scotties and the handful of intimates for whom the latch-string is always out.

Except for eliminating financial worries, Boris's stardom has wrought no changes in their mode of living. Mrs. Karloff continues to attend to the housework, prepare the meals, and make her own clothes. Boris finds pleasure in mowing the lawn, puttering about his flower garden and romping with his three dogs. Their means of transportation is the slightly rusty flivver that was acquired before fortune smiled on them.

Boris has a single interest besides

his home and his work. It is cricket, at which he is as proficient to-day as he was while attending college in England. "There is a game!" he wants the world to know.

It was while Boris was piloting trucks that he was introduced to the Los Angeles public librarian who was later to become his bride. They met on a common ground—good books.

Boris's 170 pounds of hard muscle are evenly spread over his more than six feet of height. His countenance is gaunt, his tragic brown eyes those of one who has suffered much. He's only forty-five, but noting the gray that streaks his hair, your best guess would add ten years to that.

His aloofness from the mad whirl of Hollywood is easily understood. His poetic nature is not in tune with the modern universe. His closest associate is a professor of psychology at the University of Southern California.

I asked Boris if he had ever at-

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attracted by his famous vehicle, which was seen everywhere a few months ago. Cooler weather made it less desirable, however, as an actual dwelling.

Buster, incidentally, will henceforth be teamed regularly on the screen with Jimmy Durante. Their contracts say so. "Buddies" is the initial picture under this arrangement.

**"Rockabye" Still Rocky.**—Constance Bennett's film "Rockabye" escaped laughter after it was remade. That is, it wasn't laughed at in the wrong places by the audience.

Nevertheless, it isn't one of Connie's victories, for now it doesn't escape dullness.

Anyway, it's probably better to have the public take your films quietly than kid them.

**"A Horse, a Horse!"**—Tom Mix and Tony have bid farewell to each other as costars. Tony had many years with Tom, and though he did not always get along perfectly with his master, there was considerable mutual affection and understanding between them. When Tom was thrown from the horse two of his ribs were cracked, and he was pretty badly bruised. "Just the same," Tom declared, "nobody seemed to think about my hurts but only about the horse. I had to shout to them, 'Hey, you fellows, give me a hand, too, so I can get up.' They were all helping the horse up, and there I lay on the ground. That's the way with those cowboys. A horse is a horse, but a man is just another man."

Tony, Jr., replaces Tony as the equine luminary of Tom's films, and he's no relation to Tony, Sr.

**Mary Tries Again.**—Two tries at the same picture—is that a good or a bad omen? Anyway, Mary Pickford is busy on "Secrets" once more, and with no less popular an actor than Leslie Howard playing opposite. Mary is going in for much costume display in the production, having engaged Adrian, who garbs the M.-G.-M. stars, to provide her raiment. It's Mary's first film in nearly two years.

**Speak Fast and Easily!**—Hollywood has a new game, introduced by the Chinese. It came into fashion during the making of many Oriental pictures, and as played by the Celestials has only one objective, namely, to get all those who participate gloriously soused. Two players stand opposite each other and shoot their hands suddenly forward with a certain number of fingers held against the palm, and a certain number held

straight out. The person who first is able to shout the number of fingers that are stretched out both on his own and his adversary's hand wins, and the loser has to take a drink. The more drinks the merrier. Usually in playing the game the Chinese use only one hand, which makes the low count one or two, and the top count ten for the fingers held out straight by the two competing. Movieland plays the game for stakes, of course.

**Anna Sten Set.**—No matter what rumors you hear, you can put it down in your notebook that Anna Sten is staying in America. Samuel Goldwyn, who brought her from Europe, says he may not produce a picture with her before March, but that she's not going home. And he's been paying her since last April. Her introduction in America must be exactly right.

**Academy Contretemps.**—With all required solemnity, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has done its annual duty of awarding prizes to members of the colony for acting, directing, productions, photography, et cetera. The meeting was an animated one—much better than the usual prolonged and tedious proceedings of former years, but it did not escape at least one contretemps. This occurred when for about half an hour Academy officials forgot that Wallace Beery was entitled to a statuette for his work in "The Champ."

Fredric March had run first among the men actors on the strength of his portrayal in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The customary to-do was made over the victory, and some other awards were announced. Then in the last few minutes of the program somebody came rushing to the master of ceremonies with the news that Beery had been within one vote of winning the acting award, and that under Academy rules he was entitled to one of the statuettes.

Because it looked like a consolation prize, it proved the source of some embarrassment to Beery. Matters were complicated even more by the fact that there was no statuette at hand for Wally. Eventually one was procured.

Anyway, Wally met the occasion gracefully, and gained a big hand for his attitude.

**Hayes and Mickey Mouse.**—The most popular selections in the voting were for Helen Hayes as the leading actress, Frank Borzage as director, and Walt Disney, who was given a special award because of his Mickey Mouse.

The big high light of the entertainment was a cartoon prepared by Disney in color, showing the parade of the award winners. The Disney caricatures of Beery, Marie Dressler, Fredric March, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, and Helen Hayes, all nominees for acting honors, brought laughter and sensational applause.

Disney is probably one of the most modest and unassuming persons in the whole movie colony, yet there is nobody who has enjoyed a greater triumph for his creations for the screen than this clever young artist and producer.

Outside of the amusement provided by the cartoon, the best fun of the evening—that is, conscious fun—was supplied by Laurel and Hardy, whose comedy "The Music Box," was given a prize. Hardy tried to make a serious speech of acceptance, and Laurel gave him a sort of whinny that might be described as a horse laugh.

**Notably Modest Winner.**—Helen Hayes touched the warmest chord of response when she said that only once before in her life had she felt like a superior woman, and that previous time was when she had exclaimed, "Oh, isn't she red!" Which allusion to her "act-of-God" baby appealed to the assembled audience.

Helen spent the whole evening after receiving the statuette expressing the hope to everybody she met that she might be able to live up to the honor conferred on her. Such is the modesty of this charming actress.

**Panther Girls' Onslaught.**—We will wager that Paramount will never hold another "panther-girl" contest. The young ladies who were entrants have a clawing sort of determination that completely justifies the name by which they are known. It seems that a number of them have decided to stay in Hollywood, prowl around, and wait for a chance to get into some studio.

Three others besides the winner, Kathleen Burke, are having their chance in the movies. Gail Patrick, Verna Hillie, and Lona Andre are the successful ones, and decidedly among the most attractive.

Incidentally, Miss Burke was once informed that she would have to keep her young man, a photographer, off the set. Whereupon she rebelled and announced that she intended to marry him as soon as "Island of Lost Souls" was completed, and therefore he was entitled to special privileges. Her fiancée is Glen R. Rardin, of Chicago.



## Brabblements

The stars are high-strung. They work at a tremendous tempo and unexpected events upset them. When Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich completed "Morocco," Gary was mad through and through. Not angry, but *mad*, because Marlene not only was praised by studio executives, but it was announced that she would be billed as a costar in the production. In fact, her name appeared above Gary's in the cast.

"I worked hard to win my position," Gary said to me. "Miss Dietrich isn't an artist—she's just a fair actress. I want her in no more of my productions."

He refused to make "Dishonored" with her, and Victor McLaglen was substituted. Gary raised merry Cain about the "Morocco" billing and got rid of enough temperament to sink a ship. To this day he resents any move to team him with Dietrich, while she soars blithely on not seeming to want him.

This feeling of self-importance has been the cause of many rows. When Universal started making "Fast Companions," with Maureen O'Sullivan in the feminine lead, that Irish colleen was the most pleasant and tractable little actress imaginable. She wanted to do everything they told her to do and in the way they wanted it done. She seemed utterly angelic. Then word began to trickle from the Metro-Goldwyn studio that "Tarzan, the Ape Man," was a potential wow and her work was splendid.

Which started Maureen wrong. She went high-hat, became suddenly important and then indifferent to her Universal rôle. The cast was ordered to Agua Caliente for race-track scenes, with Maureen not the usual Maureen, but as "Miss O'Sullivan, the distinguished leading lady of 'Tarzan, the Ape Man.'" At Agua Caliente, an actor who had merely a supporting rôle in "Fast Companions" boiled over.

"Lissun, sister!" he began. "You may be a great actress at M.-G.-M. studio, but you're just a washout here. If you can't get down to work and do something, for gawd's sake

beat it and let some little extra girl act your part. We're all fed up with you and your stuff."

Maureen wilted. Thoroughly humiliated and at the point of tears because the tirade had been delivered in the presence of the company, she looked about for friendly faces. Then she realized her predicament, and Miss O'Sullivan became Maureen again—sweet, gracious, and willing. The brabblement reacted to her good.

During the making of "Hollywood Speaks," Genevieve Tobin high-hatted Rita LaRoy, who was playing a lesser rôle. Miss Tobin couldn't see Rita at all, it appeared. She ritzed her as only a star can. Rita took it and waited. In the picture her revenge was coming.

"You will slap Miss Tobin on the cheek," her director explained. "Just a blow with the palm cupped."

Did Rita do it? She hauled off and gave the star a slap that could be heard in the farthest corners of the studio. And what a wallop she packed! Which, of course, started another brabblement.

Recently, Hollywood was chuckling over a reported set-to which occurred between Erich von Stroheim and Greta Garbo during the filming of "As You Desire Me." Garbo, it appears, took a dislike to Von Stroheim. She said his face annoyed her, and she requested that he be told to leave the set when not actually required.

A few days later as "Von" was starting an important scene, he repeated to Greta the words she had sent to him.

"What you say?" she demanded, turning on Erich in all her cold Nordic fury.

Von Stroheim looked her squarely in the eye and said again that if the lady would but depart, the picture would be the gainer, as there was something about her presence that prevented his giving his best to the scene.

Onlookers held their breaths. The drop of a pin would have sounded like the boom of a Big Bertha. Such a thing never had happened before.

As Greta turned, so the story goes, she remarked icily, "You're the only one in Hollywood who has any guts. Good-bye!"

I don't think there ever has been a more tense situation in any studio than the one which developed when Tallulah Bankhead came from New York to begin work for Paramount. Dietrich had been the studio pet. Bankhead was the darling of the East.

"When the two get on the same lot, look out!" the wisecracks warned.

Tallulah had been in her dressing room nearly a month when the long-expected moment came. She arrived one morning under orders to spend the day posing for portraits. "Dot," ace of the hairdressers, was assigned to do her coiffure. Dot, it happened, was Marlene's favorite attendant. About an hour later, Miss Dietrich arrived and went directly to the hair-dressing parlor. She was in a hurry. Her set was waiting.

"Where's Dot?" she asked.

There was no immediate response.

"Where's Dot?" Marlene repeated. And they told her.

There it was! Tallulah had Marlene's hairdresser and would keep her at least another hour! What did the German actress do? She smiled her sweetest and said, "That's all right. Miss Bankhead is new here. Let her keep Dot as long as she needs her."

Where was the anticipated brabblement? What had happened?

That incident was the beginning of one of the warmest friendships on the Paramount lot. Some time ago, Marlene, attired in a lipstick-red, woollen-crêpe ensemble with lip rouge and finger nails lacquered to match, created a stir when she entered the restaurant and embraced Tallulah. They greeted each other like long-lost sisters. Tallulah had been absent nearly three weeks working with Robert Montgomery, in "Faithless," at the Metro-Goldwyn studio.

The brabblement collapsed.

"The darling!" says Tallulah.

"The dear!" opines *la* Marlene.

Actresses are like that.

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just before giving Ruggles his cue, turn to the audience and say, "Charlie's going to say a funny line now, but don't laugh, for I've got a much funnier one coming right after it."

The same Jobyna Howland I mentioned and Lilyan Tashman stole scenes right and left from Ina Claire when she was starred in "The Gold Diggers." Howland stole the show and *la* Tash stole the scenes she was

in. The three of them battled like Amazons all through the two years the play ran.

The truth of Barthelmess's and Haines's remarks that it is the star who is remembered in connection with a play, and not the scene stealer, is substantiated in that nowadays when you mention "The Gold Diggers" people remember Ina. Outside the profession, there are not a hand-

ful of people who even recall that Howland and Tashman were in the cast at all, let alone being hits of the comedy.

Picture thieves? Sure there are picture thieves. And I, for one, am glad to give them three cheers and wish them all the luck in the world. They brighten pictures without doing more than momentarily dimming the luster of the stars.

## Empty Honors



## The Flapper Tamed

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See what my snootiness cost me? When you think you're the smartest, you're usually the silliest."

Cy Bartlett, her devoted Big Hour to whom she may or may not be married—for she won't tell—attended to business matters on the tour.

Alice used always to be ready for a quarrel, or so it seemed. Jealous wives caused her to be fired from her humble employment. Spectacular picture success only intensified certain belligerence in her which sprang from an inferiority complex. Feeling that people were against her, she sharpened her weapons. Her cocky air was bravado. The very air about her bristled with a feeling of offense.

Yet somehow one was made to feel that she was the victim, not the instigator of the rumpuses, more by the hurt way that she looked than by anything she said. She answered criticism with a self-vindicating explanation, never hurling counter-charges.

Now one feels no need for pity, no call to take up her cause. This swell kid has proved her grit. Whatever it was that provoked antagonism between her and her surroundings, has vanished. She has acquired a new sense of values by meeting you.

The new Alice says, "Fame's important, but so is fun. What the

devil-dickens is worry all about, anyhow?" She shrugs—and winks at her "honey" at the next table. "Women are fools, never content with to-day.

"It makes me sore to see some people here gliding ahead, with everything brought to them. Then I reason that if you're doing something you know to be wrong you will have to pay for it, but if what you're doing is good you will win.

"Knocks make you stronger. My chin ought to be scarred." She felt it. "But it's tough, it can take 'em. I like beans, so if I had to eat a tin-can diet it wouldn't kill me. But I like to be independent."

She hasn't gone Pollyanna. But I don't imagine she would take too much stepping on.

"A contract? Sure, if one turns up. I'm reasonable. I want to act, that's all. If I can stand out in an all-star cast, fine. If not, I'll salute the fellow who wins the honors.

"What of it, anyhow, all of it? I've learned some of the answers."

With which cryptic remark, which isn't so bewildering when you stop to figure it out, Alice gathered up her boy friend at the next table and, blowing kisses to half the people in the restaurant, sailed out—small, vivid, and gay.

## The Screen in Review

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wayward wife of one is Mr. O'Brien's former paramour and where he is irked by the stern discipline of the chief. He redeems himself in a magnificent rescue of the latter.

All details of the routine behind airmail transportation which we take for granted are interestingly pictured. The film manages to be both informative and exciting, with admirable performances by Ralph Bellamy, Gloria Stuart, Lilian Bond, Russell Hopton, Leslie Fenton, Slim Summerville, Frank Albertson, and David Landau.

### "The Most Dangerous Game."

Like many horror pictures, this is too determined. Consequently it falls short of its mark and becomes merely fantastic, holding interest on the score of what the players will be up to next rather than any cumulative suspense or mounting thrill.

The principal character is a mad Russian with the moviesque name of Count Zaroff. Wearied of hunting animals, he derives his thrill from

stalking humans with an immense bow and arrow. It is all rather silly. He occupies an island and causes passing boats to be wrecked in order to replenish his stock of victims. Now I ask you!

Joel McCrea and Fay Wray are cast ashore and after a lot of preliminaries are turned loose in the jungle to shift for themselves, with Zaroff in gibbering pursuit. But you know that they will survive, even when Mr. McCrea plunges from a cliff with a bloodhound at his throat. "I took a chance," he says later.

Leslie Banks, distinguished on the stage, plays Zaroff in a way to remind me of a clubman taking part in a Little Theater "movement."

### "Hot Saturday."

The high temperature of the title is industriously belied by the proceedings on the screen. It looks like a concerted effort on the part of the players to show up the inanity of the name given their film. All do as well

Continued on page 68



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Continued from page 35

your own photographs, worry about your scenes. They may mean nothing to the rest of the world, but they're important to you. There's no time to cultivate friends. You forget what's going on elsewhere. Now I feel on tiptoes again."

Madge says that the most important thing she learned while on her own was that she shouldn't be at odds with the studio when she's supposed to be entertaining. Her brother came West to spend his college vacation, expecting to meet all the Metro celebrities. And Madge never was on the lot during his stay.

The gentility and chic which distinguish Madge on the screen are, as I said before, equally noticeable in person. She has a family, too, with all the advantages and none of the drawbacks. Her father and brother live in New York, while her mother makes a Hollywood apartment home-like for her. You hear little of her family because she capably makes her own contacts.

They still have the same apartment they took when they first came out. Madge has had so little time to make permanent ties in Hollywood that she considers the East her real home, and is wasting no money on display here. She drives herself about, managing very well without a chauffeur.

You probably have classified Madge as a much-dated person. She actually deserves the title of the colony's nine-o'clock girl. Rushing from one picture to another, she has few free evenings.

"The publicity folks have been kidding me because while I was away from Metro I confessed to a writer that all the men in my life were figments of some one's imagination," she said as we discussed her reputed engagements. "When I came back here they told me that they'd tried hard to give me a romantic reputation, and I had no right to blast their glamour."

Madge is convinced that she has no glamour. You will recall that

Norma Shearer had comparatively little when she was a leading lady. I predict that in a few seasons Madge will acquire the Shearer sort of respectable sophistication. Currently she's achieved a feat in eluding the ga-ga brand without having to resort to red finger nails.

"A girl who comes to Hollywood with no stage struggles, and lands a contract, is likely to be complacent," she concluded our talk. "But I had to hunt for jobs on Broadway. Social contacts have never helped me. I expect to work for success in Hollywood, too."

Other lovely young heroines will come and go. Even-tempered Madge Evans, untempted by the glittery distractions of movieland, won't take any detours on her steady march to stardom. M.-G.-M. is welcoming the prodigal daughter with a line-up of dandy parts. Watch this busy bee's dust and shed a tear with me that she hasn't a speck of time—nowadays—for love!

## The New Roxy

Continued from page 39

register and change machine, the idea being to provide a sort of hostess. And Roxy has something up his sleeve as to ushers and their uniforms. He was training his boys several weeks before the opening on December 27th, but the nature of the uniforms is kept secret. His representatives say only, "They will be uniforms, yet not uniforms."

The RKO Roxy has the largest stage of any theater, although it is the third largest movie house in this country. The orchestra pit will not only come up and down, but will slide under the stage and reappear in the back. Not only that, but there's

an organ lift within the orchestra elevator, and a revolving stage. On either side of the main stage are two smaller ones. The stage show can also be broadcast to the lounges and dressing rooms.

RKO pictures will be featured in the film programs. The house is open, however, to other productions. The stage show will be of the variety type, with ballet and special emphasis on new talent off the beaten path of stage entertainment. The staging will be under the same supervision as the Roxy's sister theater, the International Music Hall, a part of Radio City.

Roxy—S. L. Rothafel—whose ideals are realized in this new theater, first exhibited films in Forest City, Pennsylvania, in 1907, just after he left the U. S. marine service. He rented an empty store, borrowed folding chairs from an undertaker, and made a go of the flickers. After coming to Broadway, his story is almost the history of the modern cinema theaters. He has said that this, his biggest, is his final theatrical venture. Mr. Rothafel will also manage the Music Hall, seating 6,000. The theaters, radio studios, and RKO offices make up Radio City, a part of Rockefeller Center.

## Death Before Surrender

Continued from page 62

tended one of the film colony's social functions.

"Yes," he answered, "just one. We felt that we had to go for business reasons, and for two hours Mrs. Karloff and I were in abject misery. Such things are all right for those who enjoy them, but I guess we're not built that way."

Our conversation drifted to the physical perils of the make-ups Boris used in "Frankenstein" and succeeding pictures. I cited the reports that even less difficult ones had caused the death of the beloved Lon Chaney.

"Should my employers insist that I submit to amputation of my limbs in order properly to portray a character that will advance me in my profession, I'm ready," he shot back. and la

"Only death will bring about my surrender now!"

Few know that Boris was blind for three weeks after completing "Frankenstein," the after-effect of a powerful drug used to paralyze an optic nerve and hold one eye in a fixed position throughout the picture. For another rôle, he was sent to a hospital and placed in an apparatus that stretched his torso five inches. During the filming of "The Mummy," his most recent picture, he was made seriously ill by the plaster and bandages that covered his body, a make-up that required six hours daily to put on.

Often when Boris is between pictures, he climbs into the little coupé and drives to a hole-in-the-wall lunch

room where he dined in the days he was wrestling with casks of cement. He's proud of the friendships he formed among his fellow toilers in the warehouse and on the trucks.

"They're my greatest boosters," he declared, "but they're my severest critics as well. They see all my pictures, and never overlook a flaw."

"They're a fine bunch of men, each of them possessor of ability in their lines. I've just about brought them around to my way of thinking—that life is a gamble, and that ability must mark time until the lucky break comes."

"All they need to get to the top is the very thing that I waited almost twenty-five years for—the lucky break."



Boris is deeply intrigued by the horror rôles he has had.

"Of course, it wouldn't do to give the public nothing else, but I do hope the studio will let me do two or three of them each year. They seem to relieve the everyday monotony—for men, at least."

But he doesn't want to overdo any one type of picture.

"That's professional suicide," he said, "and I worked too hard to get here to sacrifice my place without a fight!"

Boris Karloff is very appreciative of his success.

## Lady Ragamuffin

Continued from page 50

general. During her college days she won out in several serious scrapes which I won't go into now. Sorry.

The peculiar part is that her determination is rather surprising when you consider her early environment. Gloria comes from a prominent Santa Monica family. She had little or nothing to worry about, and yet you would think she had been independent and determined for several centuries. Under similar circumstances most young ladies would have taken the path of least resistance. Not Gloria. She couldn't be bothered. She did what she wanted. She wanted to be an actress, and she wanted to get married.

Her wedding in Santa Monica was one of the season's most elaborate. There was a great to-do and millions of beautiful—chiefly useless—wedding presents. Immediately after the ceremony, Gloria and Gordon drove to Carmel in a new sport coupé—a wedding present—and crossed the threshold of their cottage with sixty-two cents in their pockets.

I have noticed that people who live in Carmel often absorb some of the Coast's ruggedness. Gloria and her husband did. Perseverance is as important to them as their grapefruit juice and milk which I'll mention again shortly. Although the going was tough, they led a colorful and exciting life.

Gloria worked on a Carmel publication and took part in local stage productions, while Gordon managed a peewee golf course, conducted a wood-carving school, and whittled. This husband of Gloria's is an excellent fellow. It is impossible to speak of the real Gloria Stuart without mentioning him. Until apprenticed some three years ago by Stackpole, San Francisco sculptor, he had done practically no art work. Now he is looked upon with respect by all local artists. Tall, well-built, and handsome, he is a poet in his love for poetry. He often leaps from the breakfast table, dashes to the bookshelves, and reads aloud some appropriate verse.

Both of them are a bit barbarian and disgustingly healthy. They go in for quantities of vegetables, rarely cooked meats, grapefruit juice, and milk. It's almost a religion. They dote on sun baths—love to swim and enjoy the sport most in the nude. They are but superficially interested in social life; they'd rather spend a free lazy evening at home.

The only bones they pick with each other are artistic. They indulge in frequent and hearty arguments over literature, music, and art. Gordon says Brahms is professorial and formal; Gloria says no. Gloria stands up and shouts that Thomas Hardy's novels surpass his poetry; Gordon yells, "No, absolutely no!" And so on. These things are vital to them. In addition to literary spats they have a fine library and a passion for first editions.

At present they are living in a comfortable house on top of a Hollywood knoll. It's all a trifle wild. It wears one out to climb to the front door, and Gloria will probably be asleep, anyway. Poison ivy is much too plentiful on the hill. Various people have protested against these wicked growths, but Gloria can't be bothered. *She* doesn't get poison ivy.

The interior of the house is interesting, but not elaborate. It is made fascinating by the presence of Gordon's sculpture and wood-carving. Gloria spends most of her time writing or reading. Her husband, unless some one calls or he goes out, works or reads poetry with nothing but his shorts on. Besides the poison ivy, the house is surrounded by a lusty trio, Buck, Bart, and Luke, the hound dogs of the Stuart-Newell ménage.

It is surely a simple matter now for you to imagine that Gloria may get up at any moment, yawn gorgeously and say, "If you don't mind, I think I'll just sort of retire."

Her full name, in case you don't know, is Gloria von Dietrich Stuart Finch Newell. With a garland like that, she's practically compelled to grab a dozen extra winks. And so to bed.



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## Norma on the Spot

Continued from page 37

It is ridiculous to say that she is refined in the strict meaning of that word. She has warmth and feeling, a tremendous amount of it. But she would just as soon chew gum while watching a show on a fashionable first night as put on the atmosphere of pseudo-culture. She can be herself when dressed up just as well as any other time.

With all of this naturalness, she has some decided personal mannerisms. The laugh and the toss of the head have been caught in her pictures, and are apparently both approved and disapproved. They are, of course, far more noticeable in talkies than they were in the silents. They are Norma Shearer.

Because of these mannerisms she often gives the impression of superficiality. This is absolutely incorrect. If anything she is abashed and introspective, studying herself all the time, endeavoring to make more of her opportunities. Acquiring poise has perhaps been her greatest problem.

It would be a poor appraisal to say that she is a "made" star. She won her place by her portrayals in silent films and then later and even more strikingly in talkies. It is remarkable that without stage experience, she should have been able to make the transition.

Few careers have been more admirably generated, and can be attributed more to Norma's pliancy than to any other person's direction. She has stood fast by M.-G.-M. and let them manage her destiny. She has benefited by their discretion and leadership. Thalberg's presence has meant much, but it wouldn't have helped a bit if she had been rebellious and recalcitrant.

Norma Shearer has her own ideas of why she wants to play the flamboyant, erring ladies.

"They have flash, and by that I mean showmanship," she told me. "I enjoy playing the type that exerts a definite physical attraction. I enjoyed my rôles in 'The Divorcee,' 'Strangers May Kiss,' and 'Free

Soul,' because they were all colorful heroines.

"If I had persistently played idealistic types, they would have had me a school-teacher, and that means a bad setback in the movies, no matter how favorably you may regard school-teachers. The truth of the matter is that I never played so many of those characters as people seem to think. It happened that my first big success was made in 'He Who Gets Slapped,' in which I was the innocent and youthful circus rider in love with John Gilbert. Everything that I did for a long time after that seemed to be lost sight of in the memory of that picture.

"Another thing, the starting point in many of my portrayals has been idealism. It is that even in several pictures that have been thought so sophisticated. You see, I can't do the Garbo and Dietrich thing. I admire them both greatly and wish that I might play such characters as they do, but I have to go through a transition to become worldly. They can look alluring in a sophisticated way immediately when they appear on the screen. If I become sophisticated it has to be due to things that happen to me.

"I have frequently begun by being very nice, and then about the middle of the picture become very very naughty. If I just stayed sweet and appealing, I fear the rôles would become very dull and lacking in interest."

The present plan is to star Norma in a dramatic rôle, rather than one just simply flashy. "La Tendresse" offers a part that Ruth Chatterton did very effectively on the stage as a member of Henry Miller's company. It isn't a "Smilin' Through," but there is a chance that it may strike the perfect happy medium.

Anyway, Norma can glory in that famous line of Oscar Wilde: "There is only one thing worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about."

For good or ill, Norma is talked about.

## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 65

as can be expected under the circumstances.

Nancy Carroll is a bank clerk in a small town, Cary Grant a rich young man of doubtful reputation. Miss Carroll is so hurt and incensed when her innocent contact with Mr.

Grant is misconstrued and magnified by gossip, that she determines to give the busybodies cause for talk. All this is set forth in a series of smoothly conventional episodes until out of this amiable commonplaceness emerges our old friend, the happy ending.



Miss Carroll does well enough, so, too, does Mr. Grant, though each is hampered, naturally. Edward Woods, Lilian Bond, William Collier, and Rita La Roy are some of the others who labor valiantly in a hopeless cause.

### "Call Her Savage."

Clara Bow returns to the screen as likable as ever. Vital, magnetic personally, her natural gift for acting has been neither impaired nor improved by her two years' absence. She will attract the same army of fans who flocked to see her and it is quite probable that they will call her new picture serious, deep, and profound. But to some of us it will go down as just another handicap. For it is as unpleasant an exhibit as one could find in a month of sedulous picturegoing and it makes Miss Bow a termagent whose violence is more often funny than sympathetic. She horsewhips, claws, kicks, and mauls, administering a black eye as easily as she demolishes furniture. And all because, if you please, her mother flirted with an Indian and the sins of the fathers are visited upon their daughter, who is Clara. Though I always thought the modern Indian a peaceable fellow.

This so-called character study is  
Continued on next page

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## A Lady Lies

Continued from page 19

that she had to leave New York just before Lillian Gish opened in "Camille." She wanted terribly to see it.

She wears clothes that are not merely simply tailored—they are stark in their plainness. I doubt if she could be festooned in the Hollywood dream of evening clothes—clouds of tulle, ermine, and yards of white fox—without laughing at herself.

Now you may wonder, as many do, why she so vehemently denies facts about her career that she never bothered to clear up when they appeared in the program of "The Warrior's Husband" and in interviews at that time.

My theory is that she does not want to be dated. Supposing she was at Bryn Mawr in 1926. That would make her no more than twenty-six or so now, which is just about what she looks. But she will probably last in pictures a long, long time and it would be just as well if future commentators had nothing to hang her age on.

More important than that to her, I suspect, is a desire to shake off the label of "ex-society girl." That gets

pretty tiresome to a girl who wants to be judged solely as an actress. It offends social friends who detect in it a criticism of some lack in their lives and it sounds patronizing to other professionals.

It is barely possible that she is thus shaking off the past in order to give notice to all former acquaintances that she does not want to be bothered with them. Or perhaps she just does not want to trade on their prominence.

However unsatisfactory she may be as a subject for a reporter, I found myself deeply interested in meeting a person vivid and resourceful enough to feel no need of attaching to herself a glamorous or well-connected background in order to make herself interesting.

I think the public will be glad to welcome Katharine Hepburn on the screen, even though they cannot kid themselves that if they met her she would be as friendly as the girl next door and sit down for a good heart-to-heart talk about her personal affairs. Must public favorites be like that?

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set forth tawdrily, with a wealth of sordid detail and little tenderness or taste. Miss Bow, as an up-to-the-minute heroine if nothing else, indulges in a little streetwalking, too, even as Tallulah Bankhead did last month in "Faithless." Medicine is again the need, but this time it is for baby instead of husband as an added touch of pathos. Instead of becoming a mother's sacrifice, however, it plants the thought that that was what Nasa should have done from the start.

Gilbert Roland is *Moonglow*—the name tells a lot, I think—but he manages to be simple and sincere. Monroe Owsley, Thelma Todd, and Weldon Heyburn play other rôles, with two of the most attractive women in pictures, Estelle Taylor and Margaret Livingston, wasted on negative parts.

### "Kongo."

Let me call this a companion piece to "Freaks." I think you will agree that it is equally morbid but isn't as interesting and is in bad taste. Unpleasant without throwing any new light on the subject, it never should have been produced, especially as it isn't a good picture from any standpoint. No such charge was made against Lon Chaney's "West of Zanzibar" adapted from the same story, if you remember.

The discrepancy is traceable to inferior acting and overaccented brutality, even bestiality. It offers the



unpleasant spectacle of a madman in the jungle torturing and degrading the supposed daughter of his enemy, the dramatic excuse being his discovery that the girl is his own flesh and blood. If one is expected to sympathize with "Dead Legs" Flint when he discovers his mistake and permits the girl to return to civilization, no record of any such sympathy can be made in this quarter.

To me the whole thing seems only an opportunity for Walter Huston to revel in a "fat" part and, in his

actor's zest, to lose his sense of proportion. Anyhow, his make-up is elaborate what with crisscross scars galore, but Mr. Chaney's face was poignantly mutilated.

Virginia Bruce is exceptionally good as the victim of *Dead Legs*, but it is no wonder that she retired from pictures and went abroad after completing this opus, and Conrad Nagel again plays a derelict physician rehabilitated by something or other. Lupe Velez is a jungle cut-up; you know what that means.

### "Sherlock Holmes."

You wouldn't think that Conan Doyle's famous detective could do or say anything of interest at this late day, would you? I didn't. But strange to say, he does in this latest revival of his exploits in deduction.



The result is a smart, swift melodrama that reflects intelligence in every department and emerges as another proof of the skilled versatility of the director, William K. Howard. I went with some misgivings and came away enthusiastic.

There is no need to outline the present story. It is made up of incidents from various "Sherlock Holmes" tales, embellished with new dialogue and such modern touches as pineapple throwers from Chicago. But it never departs from tradition to the extent of weakening the integrity of *Sherlock Holmes* as the most romantic and intriguing of detectives. How many revivals will there be of *Philo Vance* and other moderns?

Clive Brook is at his best as *Holmes*, a character he has played before in an inferior version, and Miriam Jordan captures the interest she failed to snare in her debut in "Six Hours to Live," for the obvious reason that the lines provided here



are more intelligent and believable. Ernest Torrence is a magnificently evil *Moriarty*, with such sub-villains as Lucien Prival, Roy d'Arcy, and Stanley Fields. A likable boy named Howard Leeds has a great deal to do and does it well, while the London atmosphere is good enough to make returned travelers homesick.

#### "Rackety Rax."

What might have been brilliant satire is only tolerably entertaining slapstick in this attempt to recapture the spirit of an outstanding book. It broadly burlesques the relationship between football and racketeering by showing "*Knucks*" McGloin, a sports promoter, buying a college in order to exploit its football team to his financial advantage. Now this is all very well, even though several other films have shown crooks influencing the game, but in this example Hollywood's insistence on exaggeration and its calm dismissal of the intent and spirit of an original story defeat its own ends. In spite of the flamboyant treatment given the tale, only a confusing and often dull picture is the result.

One of the reasons is that Victor McLaglen is cast as the hard-boiled

off régime, she a servant in his family who, when the revolution comes, follows *Nikiti* because, of all things, she loves him. Furthermore, he marries her but on reaching Constantinople he deserts her for friends of his own class. After an interval of merrymaking, however, he returns to his peasant bride and they start back to Russia.

This feeble story is embellished with handsome sets and beautiful



photography, at times, but the sum total is distinctly below the average of program pictures. Lilyan Tashman, though given scant opportunity, contrives to be vivid and interesting and a number of well-known players contribute well-acted bits.

#### "Three on a Match."

This begins well, with three school-girls whose marked characteristics indicate that they will grow up into interesting women. This promise continues when they meet after several years and light their cigarettes from a single match. This is supposedly an unlucky omen, but nothing comes of it in the melodramatic hash that follows. The idea is lost sight of in arranging a flashy hodge-podge of events to utilize the service of such deserving players as Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell, Bette Davis, Warren William, Lyle Talbot, and Humphrey Bogart, not forgetting the child, Buster Phelps.

It seems that Miss Dvorak, who was the rich child of the school, becomes the bad girl of the story when she abandons her husband and takes up with a crook, while Miss Blondell, who has a reformatory record, turns unaccountably noble and admonitory and marries Miss Dvorak's lonely husband. For the life of me I can't remember what Miss Davis does. And so it goes, with a picture that misses fire except in the early sequences.



Irish McGloin. He is tough enough, but he never suggests an Irishman and his sense of humor is so heavy that the character is fantastic and unbelievable. Such attractive players as Greta Nissen and Allan Dinehart do nothing to help because they are naturally unable to change the spirit of the work as a whole.

#### "Scarlet Dawn."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Nancy Carroll call themselves Russians in this, but in spite of their insistence they only masquerade as themselves in a picture that is unconvincing of itself.

He is an aristocrat of the Roman-



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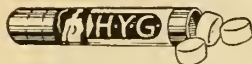
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### "False Faces."

Because Lowell Sherman is an interesting figure to many, it is more than likely that they will overlook the



deficiencies of his picture to enjoy his flashy, impertinent performance. His rôle is that of a villainous doctor who

mixes love with plastic surgery and loses out in a big way when a victim of his malpractice shoots him down in court. It seems that *Doctor Brenton* guaranteed to straighten her elderly bow legs and amputation became necessary to save her life. "Give me back my legs!" she cries in anguish from her wheel chair, but Mr. Sherman only flicks at a mote in the beam and wins acquittal from the jury.

Preceding this are many episodes that paint *Doctor Brenton's* villainy in bold primary colors. So boldly indeed that the picture becomes virtually a monologue for Mr. Sherman, the other characters and their conflicts being of shadowy indefiniteness. Nevertheless Peggy Shannon, Lila Lee, Berton Churchill, David Landau, and Harold Waldrige do well while Nance O'Neil plays the cripple with tragic power. But what a slight rôle for a great and versatile actress!

## Information, Please

Continued from page 8

of the players in "Hot Heiress" appeared in "Safe in Hell." First National produced both these films. It is possible that the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California, can supply a photograph of Margaret Mann.

**MARY JANE FENELY.**—It was Nestor Aber who played the part of *Bob* in "Chandu the Magician."

**LA SENORITA.**—Just at present the Alfred Lunts are appearing in the stage show "Design for Living." Mrs. Lunt (Lynn Fontanne) was born in London. She is five feet seven, and weighs 135.

**MINETTE DAVIS.**—Both Colin Clive and Roscoe Ates celebrate their birthdays on January 20th. Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901, the son of Charles H. and Alice Cooper, both living. Lived on a ranch until he was twelve, when he went to school in England. Is six feet two and a half, weighs 175, and has light-blue eyes and brown hair. His latest is "A Farewell to Arms." Kay Francis comes from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, where she was born on January 13, 1906. She is five feet five, weighs 112, and has gray eyes and black hair. Married Kenneth MacKenna in 1931. "The Keyhole," with William Powell, will be her next.

**BOBBY.**—Indeed, I am happy to be of service. Come again. Believe it or not, but Lyle Talbot's right name is Hollywood. He was born February 8, 1904, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; five feet eleven and a half, weighs 172, and has brown hair and blue eyes. After playing for several years in stock companies throughout the country, and also having made a name for himself in the Little Theater field, Lyle won a screen test with Warner Brothers. He was immediately signed on contract and given a rôle in "Love Is a Racket," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

**L. V. W.**—You'll find that your questions about Greta Garbo have already been answered. Lilyan Tashman was born on October 23, 1899, five feet five and a half, weighs 116; Tallulah Bankhead, January 31, 1902, five feet five, weighs 118; Marlene Dietrich, December 27, 1905, five feet five, weighs 120; Tala Birell, September 10, 1909; Jean Harlow, March 3, 1911, five feet three, weighs 112; Clara Bow, July 29, 1905, five feet three and a half, weighs 117; Edmund Lowe, March 3, 1892, six feet, weighs 170; Ricardo Cortez, July 7, 1900, six feet one, weighs 175; Neil Hamilton, September 9, 1899, five feet eleven, weighs 165.

**TWO JANET GAYNOR FANS.**—There are at least four clubs listed in honor of Janet, but I do not believe any of these is called the "World-wide Janet Gaynor Club." If you would care for the list of clubs I have on file, send me a self-addressed stamped envelope and I'll be glad to mail it to you.

**MARY VOTAIRE.**—I am sure that Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier would be pleased to know that they have such an ardent admirer in Canada. Jeanette was born in Philadelphia, June 18, 1907, of Scotch-American parentage; five feet two, weighs 110, and has green eyes and red hair. She likes to ride, swim, and fish. Maurice was born near Paris, France, on September 12, 1893; five feet eleven and a half, weighs 165, brown hair and blue eyes. His favorite sport is boxing. You will next see him in "The Way to Love." Write to both these players at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

**HARRY BEECHER.**—Myrna Loy's latest picture is "The Mask of Fu Manchu." Sorry, but I do not keep the home addresses of stars. You may reach Miss Loy at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. Her right name is Myrna Williams, and she was born in Helena, Mon-



tana, August 2, 1905. She has never been married, nor has she ever been a school-teacher.

**BABS.**—Unless they change their minds again, Ruth Chatterton and George Brent will not play together in future films. Miss Chatterton is now making "Frisco Jenny," and Mr. Brent will next play in "Luxury Liner," with Sari Maritza.

**J. FARRUGIA.**—At the time this answer goes to press, the Mack Sennett and Hal Roach Studios have not amalgamated nor are they likely to. All the studios now use a device whereby the click of the camera is not heard. Therefore the camera booth is no longer in use.

**EN ZEDDER.**—As far as I am able to learn, "Mara," tentative title of the Alexander Marky story produced in the South Seas among the Maori tribes, has not yet been shown on the screen.

## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 14

### The Navarro Legion Grows.

**M****MARTIN JACOBSEN**, if you find the Navarro controversy nauseating, why take the trouble to add to it? The dispute has really accomplished something, in case you don't know. Believe it or not, but all the unjust criticism flung at Navarro only serves to strengthen and increase our admiration for him. Then, too, it has persuaded other fans to investigate the reason why we rage, and thus new members are added to our great legion.

"Huddle" is no solution to the question that is vexing you, nor does it represent Navarro "trying vainly to be as boyish and charming as he once was in the dear dead past." But it does offer an example of a good actor endeavoring to make the most of casting at the sacrifice of his own time and talents. It is also another proof that Navarro's judgment is better than that of Irving Thalberg. Ramon has never tried to conceal his age—in fact, he seems to enjoy his birthdays—and, furthermore, he is well aware of his limitations. If you sincerely dislike him, I am sure you have read that he did attempt to convince Thalberg he was too old to play the rôle of a college boy. If Ramon had any choice in the matter he would never have characterized *Tony Amatto* any more than Norma Shearer would delight at the opportunity to portray *Little Red Riding Hood*.

It is really tragic to learn that Navarro's profile bothers you. Would he be worthy of your admiration if he submitted to a facial operation as a few of our sheiks and he-men have done? It is true some Navarro fans have expressed their views of Ramon's "weak profile" in very beautiful terms, but is that a crime? Consider the adjectives used to describe the imperfect features of Crawford, Garbo, and other celebrities!

M. C. FLOYD.

Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

### Drama and Lipstick.

**S****SOME** people like to write fan letters and some don't—I don't! But all this ballyhoo about Joan Crawford being the screen's most dramatic actress is so utterly ridiculous that I must say a word about it.

In the first place, she is a very mediocre actress. She lacks sincerity, depth, and the ability to convince her audience that she really feels the part she is endeavoring to interpret.

Her make-up reminds me of one of these very amusing clowns in a circus, with

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his white face, wide red mouth and blacked eyes, but as it seems out of order to laugh at Joan we must sit by and endure it. Her heavily painted underslung lip grows heavier and heavier, as her parts grow more dramatic, and in a few more pictures lipstick will totally blot out her chin. And her eyelashes are now so weighted down with mascara that it must really take superhuman effort to raise them.

Let's have less of Joan, or else give her the parts she is fitted for, like "Dancing Daughters"—also less lip and less eyes.

M. H.

Huntington Park, California.

### More About Chins.

**N****OVARRO** with a weak chin! Was there ever anything said that was more stupidly and plainly untrue? One of Ramon's many attractions is the strength and firmness depicted in every line and feature of his face. I suppose we shall have to blame charming Madge Evans with her aggressive little chin for this wonderful inspiration of Martin Jacobsen's.

It is well known that Ramon did not want to play a college boy of twenty, but he had to, it seems, and what other actor of thirty-three could have played the part so well?

C. BARTHELMAS.

Well Hall,  
London, England.

### Proof of Appeal.

**M****MARTIN JACOBSEN'S** letter is a masterpiece. May I congratulate him? "The detractors of Ramon Navarro loathe him and go to see his pictures and still loathe him." This is proof indeed that the detractors can't keep away but must trot at his heels like the rats after the *Pied Piper*. I have heard of no other player who can draw a public from his nonadmirers. Now we know why Navarro's box office is phenomenal, however paltry his picture may be—and almost invariably is. I congratulate M.-G.-M. on holding a coin which they can always spin "heads we win."

WYNNE SEWELL.

Beech House,  
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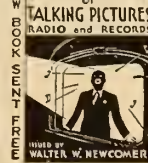
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# The POETS' Corner

## REQUESTS

If I could ask of Santa Claus  
A gift worth while,  
I'd like to find within my  
Stocking, please,  
Maurice Chevalier's smile.

Dear Santa Claus, I do not ask  
For silken gowns or sashes;  
The gift I'd really like to have  
Is Katharine Hepburn's lashes.

And if a gift you'd leave for me  
To make my heart rejoice,  
Please let me have for just one hour  
Greta Garbo's throaty voice.

JEAN DOUGLAS.

## "MY IDEAL"

Have you met him? He is tall  
And blond as any viking;  
Slender, well-built, and most striking.  
Me he holds in thrall.

His those laughing, dancing eyes  
Which sparkle with vivacity—  
With love of life—audacity—  
And are the blue of summer skies.

"A Young Apollo, golden haired,"  
Was said of Rupert Brooke. And still  
The image lives. 'Tis plain that Phil  
That beauty too has snared.

Expressive, versatile; my fancy roams  
With him through pain—and love—and joy;  
That laughing, golden, blue-eyed boy,  
Friend of my daydreams—Phillips Holmes.

ALEX BROWNLIE.

## THE LAST STRAW

As you desire me so I'll be,  
So dumb that I'll pretend to worship thee.  
I'll listen how you put across big deals,  
I'll condescend with you to have my meals.  
But if you grin at me like Chevalier,  
I'll don my new fall hat and run away.

D. F.

## THE JUDGE

Said Arline, "I'll tell you flat  
I'll not be called 'Mrs.' That's that!"  
Answered Hubby Wes,  
"Oh, well, I guess  
You'll have to be judge of that."

ELIZABETH LOWRY.

## REPRISE

I wrote a little ditty,  
'Twas sort of like a song;  
I sent it out to Picture Play,  
They said it was too long.  
So now the thousand compliments  
That to Janet I would give  
Must be shuffled o'er again  
And then run through a sieve.  
But, even after all of this,  
One fact must still remain:  
Gaynor's just a fairy child  
Who is worthy of her fame.

MRS. JESSIE MACVEAGH ROBINSON.

## WEISSMULLER

I can't pronounce that name.  
Is it Weesmuller, Wisemuller or what?  
Well, really, it makes no difference  
Whether he has a last name or not.  
For he's Johnny to everybody.  
And, oh, boy, is he hot?  
Just ask the girls who thrills them most  
And they answer "Johnny" on the spot.

He's a perfect picture of manhood.  
He can swim just like a fish.  
To be dragged off by a man like him  
Is every maiden's wish.  
He's everybody's hero,  
He's full of pep and vim.  
No matter what his rôle may be,  
He'll always be in the swim.

E. H. RHETT.

## JUST A FAD

The stork's the thing in Hollywood,  
His bill's most worn away  
A-lugging babies here and there,  
He's busy night and day.

To really crash the gates and shine  
In stardom's heaven clear;  
You must be—well, you know, and say,  
"Oh, yes, it's true, my dear."

DYOLL SEMAY.

## TURNING A NEATER PAGE

There is one girl in Hollywood  
Who sadly is neglected  
And given quite inferior rôles,  
While others are selected  
To fill the parts that she should have.  
And when I see them staged,  
I'd like to tell producers  
They should have Anita Paged!

RUTH R. MAIER.





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# STREET & SMITH'S PICTURE PLAY

MARCH 1933

10¢



SARIE MARITZA  
Illustrated by  
LEONOR SING



The SUPREME ROMANTIC THRILL of all time  
comes at last to the TALKING SCREEN!



The star of "Son-Daughter"  
"Farewell to Arms" and  
"Madelon Claudet" won  
highest acting honors of  
the past year! In her new  
role co-starred with  
Clark Gable, she chal-  
lenges the film world  
for this prize again!

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**HAYES**

CLARK  
**GABLE**

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*The* **WHITE  
SISTER**

How fitting that M-G-M, producers of the  
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ing screen the thrills, the grandeur, the soul-  
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gether! A picture to watch for!

With Richard Bennett, Louise Closser Hale, C. Henry Gordon.  
Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart, directed by Victor Fleming.



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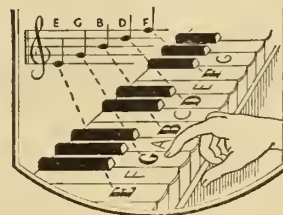
No time is wasted on theories. *You get all the musical facts.* You get the real meaning of musical notation, time, automatic finger control, harmony.

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The lines are always E-G-B-D-F. Memorize the sentence, "Every Good Boy Deserves Fun"—and there you are! And the spaces—are always F-A-C-E. That spells "face"—simple enough to remember. Isn't it? You have learned something already! Isn't it fun? You'll just love learning music this fascinating way!

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# STREET & SMITH'S PICTURE PLAY

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## UPSTAGE GO THE STARS

Many will not deign to talk to ordinary interviewers any more, and a few won't talk for publication at all.

Why is this? Is it fair to fans whose favor has made stars? Time was when screen favorites were willing and even glad to be interviewed. Now the popular attitude is aloofness to the press and implied, if not expressed, contempt for the thousands of fans the writers represent.

What is responsible for the change, and who started it?

Next month's Picture Play will tell you.

## IS HOLLYWOOD REALLY SOPHISTICATED?

The craze for sophistication in clothes, in conversation, in acting has swept Hollywood until even Mary Brian solemnly assures the world that she is "sophisticated."

This weighty subject will be lightly discussed and neatly dismissed in April Picture Play by James Roy Fuller who knows more about sophistication than Sophocles—and Anita Loos.

## "I'M NOT CLOTHES CRAZY," SAYS LILYAN TASHMAN

Judith Field's startling arraignment of Lilyan Tashman nettled the best-dressed woman of the screen, as well it might. Now she takes pen in hand to write her reply and refute the charge.

Miss Tashman writes wittily and well, never losing her sense of humor even when she is under fire. Her pungent and telling reply will appear in next month's Picture Play.

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# WATCH FOR THIS GREAT ARRAY OF RKO RADIO PICTURES!



## ANN HARDING-LESLIE HOWARD *in* THE ANIMAL KINGDOM with Myrna Loy and William Gargan



**JOHN BARRYMORE**

In the noted stage play that was a triumph in London, Paris and New York... "Topaze"... The story of an honest man who found it wiser to be a thief.

Philip Barry's brilliant stage success that ran for two solid years on Broadway... The picture selected as the opening attraction at the New RKO Roxy Theatre in Radio City, New York, the new amusement center of the world... Now being shown throughout the country.



**LIONEL BARRYMORE**

In "Sweepings," with Allan Dinehart, William Gargan, Gregory Ratoff... From the best-selling novel of Lester Cohen... Barrymore in his most thrilling character part—a role really big enough for his great talents.



**CONSTANCE BENNETT**

More alluring than ever before—wearing her most gorgeous gowns—in "Our Betters"... From the celebrated stage play by W. Somerset Maugham.



The Eighth Wonder of the World!  
With Robert Armstrong, Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot... From the prehistoric past, a monster ape—towering like a skyscraper—invades our civilization!



**RICHARD DIX**

In "The Great Jasper"... From the novel by Fulton Oursler... Dix in the fascinating role of a modern Don Juan who worked at love and loved his work!

**RKO RADIO PICTURES - RKO BUILDING - RADIO CITY - NEW YORK**



# WHAT THE FANS THINK

New personalities and morals of screen stories get some attention this month.

## Madge Evans Is a Honey.

**A**LL hail to the greatest, most promising young actress on the screen—Madge Evans! Her voice, her enunciation, her charm, beauty, and poise place her far above all other leading ladies. She is intelligent, too. No one can sit through her performances without realizing that. Yet, none of these priceless attributes, except her beauty and charm, are obvious at a glance. She dispenses them all gradually as she develops her rôles, molding and coloring them into a glorious whole.

So far Madge Evans has lacked opportunities. She has been shunted into the ranks of stereotyped heroines with little or no test of her ability. "Huddle" and "Lovers Courageous" were saved from mediocrity by her presence.

She is fighting desperately to keep her talents from being ground to bits in the Hollywood gristmill. She has withstood the ravages of the cinema city, remaining charming and unaffected. She appreciates people's interest in her and her work, and tries hard to live up to their confidence. That is why she will so truly deserve the tremendous success that is sure to be hers. **LEROY KELEHER.**

949 Ash Street,  
San Diego, California.

## They Judge Us by Movies!

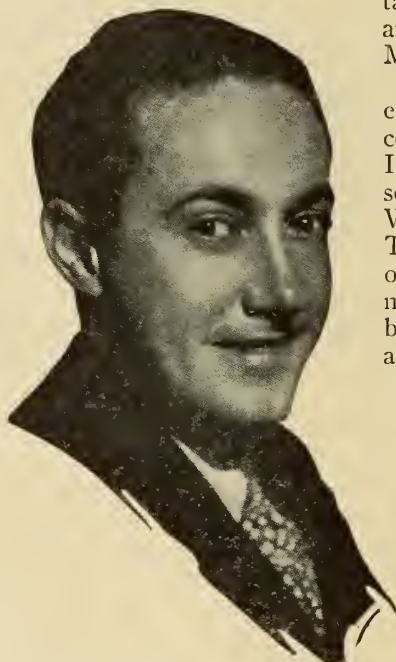
**I**N the few months that I have been in England, I have been literally swept off my feet by the general attitude of Britishers concerning most American films. I'm surprised to find that the common belief prevalent in this country is that America is totally corrupt, and that she has no moral code whatsoever.

I know for a certainty that youthful America is wide-awake enough to see and understand where her gangster, bootleg, and degrading sex films are leading her. I'm sure that the States are wearying of such stuff, and England is disgusted with it.

Why can't we have strong, really inspiring pictures? We have the stars. Look at the Barrymores and George Arliss. Then there is Ramon Novarro who took such a strong rôle in "Ben-Hur," and Walter Huston as an exponent of good, if I may use the term, in that gripping film, "The Wet Parade." And we have innumerable stars, such as Ann Harding and Marlene Dietrich, who could play strong rôles.

I love America, and it makes me mad when I hear our English neighbors condemning us for repeatedly putting before the public films that are far from elevating. We are all idealists of a sort, and our many excellent stars could give us inspirational entertainment if only the producers would permit them. Certainly we need courage and genuine imagination in these trying days. I don't mean Sunday-school stories, either. **R. J. STANLEY.**

88 Brixton Hill, London, S. W. 2, England.



Irving Thalberg looks nonchalan while one group of fans seeks his scalp for "holding Ramon down" and another for "giving Norma Shearer all the gravy."

## Who But Jeanette?

**I**T looks as though M.-G.-M. will produce "The Merry Widow." If they want to do the right thing by the production, providing their intentions are primarily to make it a real film musical, and not just another picture adapted from a musical comedy, here's hoping they don't mess up a promising hit with mediocre singing talent. In my opinion, the only choice of an actress for the leading rôle is Jeanette MacDonald.

I'll be very much disappointed if any one else but Jeanette plays the title rôle. I recently saw this operetta on the stage, and I'm convinced that no other actress on the screen could better do justice to the "Merry Widow" character than Miss MacDonald. There isn't a better feminine singing voice on the screen, or any to equal it, for that matter. With Jeanette's musical-comedy background and her recent experience, it's a cinch.

**GRACE GABRIEL.**

1942 Holloway Avenue,  
Indianapolis, Indiana.

## Be Like Buddy, Youse Guys!

**T**HIS letter is for the person who signs himself "Pennsy." I think this person is a man or he would not have written such a letter as appeared in December Picture Play.

If more men were like Buddy Rogers it would be a pleasure for a girl to be seen at parties with our American boys.

Men always will wonder why girls fall in love with movie stars. Well, I will tell you why. I am a girl and I wish to say I always have and always

will admire Buddy Rogers, because he is well-dressed and neat in his appearance.

Manners is the one thing our young men of to-day are lacking in. It isn't always the good time a man shows his girl; it is how well-mannered he is about meeting her friends. A girl is proud of her boy friend who thinks of the little things in life and who sees to her every comfort. Now, boys, why don't you awaken to this fact, and then you can get as many young ladies as Buddy can.

After this think twice, young men, before you pan any one and also check up and see just why that person is so much admired.

**BEULAH M. KLINK.**

713 Cook Avenue, S. W.,  
Canton, Ohio.

## What More Could You Wish?

**G**EORGE O'BRIEN! Here is a man, an actor, who is charming, splendid, brilliant, and fine as the West itself. He is handsome, of course, and his voice is one of the finest on the screen—no straining to catch his lines. He is an actor!

He is friendly and sincere and worth while. He never turns out poor pictures. His pictures are clean. Men,

Continued on page 10



# REDUCE

## YOUR WAIST<sup>AND</sup> HIPS

### 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the

## PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

**..or it won't cost you a penny!**



**In TEN short days you can be  
YOUR SLIMMER SELF  
...without DRUGS...DIET or EXERCISE!**

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" ... writes Miss Healy ... "It massages like magic" ... writes Miss Carroll ... "The fat seems to have melted away" ... writes Mrs. McSorley ... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" ... writes Miss Brian ... and so many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this PERFORATED RUBBER REDUCING GIRDLE that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

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- This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit ... its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.
- The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, it will not chafe, itch or irritate you for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

#### Don't Wait Any Longer ... Act Today.

- You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny ... try it for 10 days ... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results ... and your money will be immediately refunded, including the postage.

The coupon brings you **FREE BOOKLET** and sample of the Ventilated **PERFOLASTIC RUBBER**.

**SEND TODAY...NOW...FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER**

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Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post-card

#### "REDUCED HIPS 9 INCHES"

It seems almost impossible, that since last May when I first started wearing your corset my hips have been reduced **nine** inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet. Miss **JEAN HEALY**

#### "FAT MELTED AWAY"

Before wearing the Perfolastic girdle, I was so heavy about the hips—after its continued use for a year the fat seems to have melted away. It prevents the accumulation of fat around hips and waist. **K. MCSORLEY**

#### "MASSAGES LIKE MAGIC"

Have really reduced five inches through the hips and two and one-half inches in the waistline—the most marvelous secret is that it massages like magic, even while you are breathing. **MISS KAY CARROLL**





# Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

## By The Oracle

**DIXIE.**—So you like Lee Tracy, do you? Perhaps these facts will satisfy your desire for information about him. Born in Atlanta, Georgia, on April 14, 1898, his full name is William Lee Tracy. Five feet ten, weighs 145, and has blue eyes and sandy hair. Not married. He played on the New York stage before going to Hollywood. His films include "Big Time," "Born Reckless," "Liliom," "She Got What She Wanted," "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," "Love Is a Racket," "Doctor X," "Blessed Event," "Night Mayor," "Washington Merry-Go-Round," "Half-naked Truth," "Private Jones."

**MARY AGNES.**—I am sure you will enjoy Richard Cromwell's latest offering, "That's My Boy," with Dorothy Jordan and Mae Marsh. He is a native of Los Angeles, and came into this world on January 8, 1910. He is too young to be thinking of getting married—yet. Janet Gaynor has played in "The Return of Peter Grimm," "The Johnstown Flood," "The Midnight Kiss," "Shamrock Handicap," "Seventh Heaven," "Two Girls Wanted," "Sunrise," "Street Angel," "Four Devils," "Christina," "Lucky Star," "Sunny Side Up," "Happy Days," "High Society Blues," "The Man Who Came Back," "Daddy Long Legs," "Merely Mary Ann," "Delicious," "The First Year," "Tess of the Storm Country," "State Fair."

**A GRETA GARBO FAN.**—Greta is still vacationing in Sweden. Her next picture is yet to be announced. Sorry, but I do not keep a record of musical scores from films. If you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope I'll be glad to mail you a list of fan clubs.

**C. V. FANNING.**—Here are some April birthdays for you. George Arliss, April 10th; Wallace Beery, April 1st; Charles Chaplin, April 16th; Virginia Cherrill, April 12th; Fifi Dorsay, April 16th; Bette Davis, April 5th; Melvyn Douglas, April 5th; Leslie Howard, April 24th; Walter Huston, April 6th; Leon Janney, April 1st; Harold Lloyd, April 20th; David Manners, April 30th; Mary Pickford, April 8th; Duncan Rinaldo, April 23rd; Nick Stuart, April 10th; Spencer Tracy, April 5th; Constance Talmadge, April 19th. The cast of "The Phantom of Crestwood" includes Karen Morley, Ricardo Cortez, H. B. Warner, Pauline Frederick, Robert McWade, Aileen Pringle, Richard Gallagher, Mary Duncan, Gavin Gordon, Anita Louise, Robert Elliott, Ivan Simpson, Hilda Vaughn, George E. Stone, Sam Hardy, Matty Kemp, Tom Douglas, Clarence F. Wilson, Eddie Sturges.

**F. R. R.**—Thank you for supplying the name of the song which Ramon Novarro sang to Madge Evans in "Huddle." For those who are interested, it is "A Vau-chella" ("A Little Posy"), words by G. d'Annunzio, music by F. Paolo Tosti.

**A PICKFORD FAN.**—You will be happy to know that Miss Pickford has chosen Leslie Howard as her leading man in "Se-

crets." That was Cary Grant in the early sequences of "Devil and the Deep" with Tallulah Bankhead, Gary Cooper, and Charles Laughton. The last named has returned to the London stage, but promises to come back shortly to make further pictures. During his few months in the cinema city, Mr. Laughton appeared in "Devil and the Deep," "Payment Deferred," "If I Had a Million," "Island of Lost Souls," and "The Sign of the Cross."

**PEGGY.**—For a photo of John Darrow, write to him at 2100 Beachwood Drive,



Preston Foster, whose training as a singer gave him an excellent voice, is worth watching since his Dr. Brett, in "Life Begins."

Hollywood. His right name is Harry Simpson, and he was born in New York City on July 17, 1907. Five feet eleven and a half, weighs 165, and has brown hair and eyes. No, he isn't married.

**RUTH SMITH.**—On September 26th George Raft will be just thirty. He is a native New Yorker. Five feet eleven, weighs 160, black hair, brown eyes, and olive skin. He has played in "Quick Millions," "Hush Money," "Palmy Days," "Dancers in the Dark," "Scarface," "Madame Racketeer," "Night After Night," "If I Had a Million," "Undercover Man," "Fly On." If you are interested in reading more about your favorite, I suggest that you send ten cents to our Subscription Department for the September, 1932, issue and read the interview we published. As for Harry Richman, he is appearing on the New York stage in George White's "Music Hall Varieties," which also includes Lily Damita and Bert Lahr. The only full-length film in which he appeared was "Puttin' on the Ritz," released in 1930.

**REN PEIRSON.**—Since JUST MIL failed to give her name and address, I am unable to forward your letter. However, in the meantime, this department has printed information about Donald Novis, of "One Hour With You" and other films, and I am sure it has come to the attention of the above reader. At any rate, many thanks for your interest.

**A FAN.**—I should say you *are*, wanting to know about so many players at once! Well, we better get started. Billie Dove is five feet five and a quarter, and has large hazel eyes and silver-flecked hair. Marlene Dietrich, five feet five, red-gold hair and blue eyes. Irene Dunne is five feet four, is a brunette with blue-gray eyes. Loretta Young, five feet three, blue eyes and brown hair. Greta Garbo, five feet six, blond hair, pale-blue eyes. Joan Blondell, five feet four and a half, blond hair, grayish-blue eyes. Mary Brian, five feet two, dark-brown hair, blue-gray eyes. Tallulah Bankhead, five feet five, ash-blond hair, blue eyes. Arline Judge, five feet two, brown eyes, black hair. Jean Harlow, five feet three, platinum-blond hair, blue eyes. Ann Harding, five feet two, ash-blond hair, blue eyes. Nancy Carroll, five feet four, blue eyes, red hair. Kay Francis, five feet five, black hair, gray eyes.

**MARION EVANS.**—Although Buddy Rogers went out to the Coast to resume film work, to date a suitable story has yet to be found for him. "Man's Law" is Theodor von Eltz's latest. You may write to him at Monogram Studio, 6048 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. John Wayne is twenty-six.

**A. G. B.**—Ken Maynard comes from Mission, Texas, where he was born in 1895. He is five feet eleven and three-quarters, weighs 181. Married since 1925. "Phantom Thunderbolt" is his latest release.

**HAROLD SCHNEIDER.**—Karen Morley celebrates her birthday on December 12th. She is five feet four, weighs 104, and has brown hair, hazel eyes. Dorothy Lee is divorced. That's certainly an old picture you ask about, "Gray Dawn," but I am glad to be able to give you the cast of characters. They are Carl Gantvoort, Claire Adams, Robert McKim, George Hackathorne, Snitz Edwards, Stanton Heck, Omar Whitehead, Claire McDowell, Maude Wayne, J. Gunnis Davis, Zack Williams, Grace Marvin, Charles Arling, Harvey Clark, Charles Thurston, Marc Robbins, Charles B. Murphy.

**M. S.**—Oh, yes, Bob Steele has been able to vote for several years now. He's twenty-seven, you know, but not married. "Fighting Champ" is his most recent picture. Tim McCoy was born in Saginaw, Michigan, April 10, 1891; five feet eleven, weighs 170. Divorced from Agnes Miller. They have two boys and two girls.

**CARL J. BARNETT.**—I can only suggest that you write to Ann Ross, the little "American Indian Girl," in care of Monogram Studio, 6048 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

**CARRIE MARIE.**—Sorry, but for some reason not much information is ever available on the screen's younger players. Frankie Darro, who appears mostly in Westerns, was born in Chicago on December 22, 1918. Robert Coogan was eight last De-

Continued on page 73



# »»»»» These Four Famous ««««« CHAMPIONS Hold National and World's Records



JOE MILLER

*Joe Miller is a "natural". He holds many records on the Olympic lifts. He has "jerked" 290 pounds and "cleaned" over 300!*

They are all pupils of George F. Jowett and are now being trained by him for coming A. A. U. events



DICK BACHTELL

*For 5 years National lightweight Champion! The only man in America to do more than his body weight in the one hand snatch!*



ART LEVAN

*The first American to emulate his teacher, George F. Jowett, and lift double his body weight in the two hand "jerk"!*



BILL GOOD

*First American regardless of body weight to exceed heavyweight totals on the 3 Olympic lifts. 311 lbs. with two hand "clean and jerk"!*

I wish you could see these four boys working out. It would give you a great thrill to see them take a 250 lb. Bar Bell and "jerk" it overhead with apparent ease! Maybe you think they can't TAKE IT!

It makes me mighty proud to know that I have trained these 4 famous champions—and there is no reason in the world why *you* can't "stack up" with the best of them. I am prouder still to think that there are more than 10,000 men who have taken my course in Physical Training in the last four years. If you could only read the enthusiastic letters they write me every day about the wonderful improvement they are making in their physical development—you wouldn't wait another minute to enroll!

So sure am I that I can do all that I say, that I make this unqualified guarantee... the guarantee that no Physical Instructor has ever DARED to make...

»» I Guarantee to Add at Least...

**3 INCHES TO YOUR CHEST      2 INCHES TO YOUR BICEPS**

... or it won't cost you one cent! Signed: GEORGE F. JOWETT

Test my full course, if it does not do all I say—and I will let *you* be the judge—then it won't cost you one penny, even the postage you have spent will be refunded to you.

Those skinny fellows that are discouraged are the men I want to work with. I'll build a strong man's body for them and do it quickly. And I don't mean cream-puff muscles either—you will get real, genuine muscles that will make your men friends respect you and women admire you!

While my full course only costs a few cents a day, I want you to try one of my test courses first...

**Send for "Moulding a Mighty Arm" a Complete Course for only 25c**

It will be a revelation to you. You can't make a mistake. The guaranty of the strongest armed man in the world stands behind this course. I give you all the secrets of strength illustrated and explained as you like them. You, too, can get an unbreakable grip of steel and a Herculean arm.

Try any one of my test courses listed in the coupon at 25c. Or, try all six of them for only \$1.00.

**MAIL YOUR ORDER NOW**  
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"NERVES OF STEEL, MUSCLES LIKE IRON."

It describes Geo. F. Jowett's rise from a puny boy to be one of the world's strongest athletes with a chest measurement of 49 inches and an 18 inch bicep! It explains why he is called "Champion of Champions"—and there is a "thrill" in every page.

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- ☐ Strong Man Stunt Made Easy 25c
- ☐ All 6 Books for \$1.00.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## What the Fans Think

women, and children alike admire George. He is a worker, an adventurer, a dreamer—a remarkable combination.

He is considerate, thoughtful, real. He likes polo ponies. And his horse Mike. And swimming. Apt to end sentences with "I hope. He is a *real* friend. One of the first to discover Malibu Beach.

ALICE ANNE SHUE.

188 1-2 Camp Street,  
Providence, Rhode Island.

### A Barrymore Merely Bombastic?

CONSIDERING Hollywood stars *en masse*, it seems to me they all have one thing in common, a superficial glory which attracts the shekels to the box office. The weaker the acting ability of these stars may be, the more sounding of brass there is about their heads. They all develop a hard, glittering technique which passes for clever acting and which makes it difficult for the public to separate the gold from the dross.

There is no greater example of this than Lionel Barrymore. We see him once—he smashes his way through the picture, dulling our critical faculties by his bombast, and we take the line of least resistance and say, "This is a great actor, let us have more of him."

Lionel Barrymore, however, has created only one character, Lionel Barrymore, and thus after a few performances we see the emptiness beneath the show and say, "Here is but a fool and all that show which blinded our reason is but the motley that he wears."

I suggest that the Academy award was given to him in the first dazzle of his well-staged comeback, while greater actors, such as Edward G. Robinson, Walter Huston, and greatest of all, Leslie Howard, are quietly turning in better work.

Howard alone remains quiet amid the furious back patting and flag flying, but the more we see him, the more perfect does his artistry appear.

I, for one, place his sympathetic portrayal of *Dwight Winthrop*, in "A Free Soul," among my list of great performances. I find his playing of so difficult a character as *Sir John*, in "Smilin' Through," a thing of unsurpassed delight.

Finally, I wish to state my complete agreement with "Adult Fan's" opinion of Norma Shearer as quoted in December Picture Play. Miss Shearer seems cheaper than ever beside Leslie Howard's charm and sensibility.

HILDA M. BROWN.

22 Macroom Road, Maida Hill,  
London, W. 9, England.

### No Dust on Harlow.

I HAVE just seen "Red Dust" with Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, and I think it's great. I enjoyed Clark Gable in this more than I have in any picture, and that's saying a lot. What a delightful performance Jean Harlow turns out! I saw the picture twice to see some more of Clark Gable's love-making and to enjoy anew the smart-cracking lovable person that was Harlow.

Jean Harlow has another loyal defender and fan because of this picture, and it's safe to say I won't be her only new admirer. As for Gable, I'm more enthusiastic about him than ever.

V. D.

Los Angeles, California.

### Just Plain Dirt to Gerald.

I HAVE just seen "Red Dust," and certainly did not enjoy it because Jean Harlow was in it. Why do producers allow such an actress to play opposite Gable? Harlow hasn't any acting ability, and exposing herself to the public as she does will never put her over.

These trashy, smutty sex pictures are getting boring. I am not a prude, but there is a time and place for sex, and it's not in the theater.

Let's have more pictures like "Down to Earth," "The All American," and "Once in a Lifetime."

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

GERALD PRESTE.

### Gift of the Gods.

IT seems rather a pity that the screen's most intelligent, most thoroughly competent artist has been repeatedly presented in rôles obviously unworthy of her, rôles



Buster Crabbe, a champion swimmer, is out to show Weissmuller a few things about romance in the raw in "King of the Jungle."

that an actress in burlesque might righteously refuse.

Poise, humor, wisdom, skill, and aristocracy are combined in Elissa Landi to such perfection that every possible rival seems just a little gauche. She is an idealist's dream of what a perfect and lovely goddess might be.

Landi could be the greatest and most popular actress of to-day, given decent and fitting story backgrounds and a fraction of the publicity lavished on lesser personalities. To wax classical, I might say that she has the dignity of Juno—when Juno stopped being jealous long enough to be dignified—the exquisite beauty of Helen, the intelligence of Minerva, the graciousness of Penelope, and the love of humor and mischief of Pan.

There is no such thing as unrewarded effort. Landi has left her impression on her admirers, and even if she chose to relinquish her career this moment—which I wildly hope she will not, yet cannot help expecting daily—and went to live in a desert, she would be remembered, revered, and longed for. Because it isn't often you find in one woman the instincts of genius and the intellect of sages.

DAN ROHRIG.

1151 Foothill Boulevard,  
Upland, California.

### The Screen Is California.

IN December Picture Play "Adult Fan" acquits himself nobly, except in one thing. That is his criticism of Norma Shearer's portrayals of society girls.

How does this fan know how a society girl puts on her snob stuff in southern California? Shearer portrays just the average sophisticated type as this section knows them. Then, again, who knows whether Shearer acts these portrayals in every detail on her own hook? Most actions on the screen are the brain children of the director. If Shearer pleases you,

give her director praise. If she does not please, give her director the devil. Shearer can give you only her voice and good looks. The director is the man at the throttle. This goes for all actors and actresses. It is often true that the gestures of the individual characters are of their own volition, but have first to be acceptable to the director.

And lastly, you may not approve of Norma Shearer's behavior in private life as a society girl, but ninety-five per cent of the Who's Who that winter here or pass through during the year, think that Norma is the last word in culture and refinement. I say all this with my fingers crossed, because you do write a darned good letter.

Joan Crawford cannot help bulging eyes, et cetera; she is compelled to exert herself in the way she appears on the screen because the director says, "Do as I say, or no pay check."

How about Una Merkel and her accent? She's knocking 'em over with it. She might have to drop it if she should happen to get a director who didn't like it. But can she? It's born with her. Why fuss over accents? We can't help where we were born nor the environment that shaped us through life till we got on our own. Pull in your claws, you wild cats!

A note to the Boston miss about roaring lawyers. Yes, lawyers have to roar on the screen, because in real life in the West they do nothing else in the courtroom. I say this in all seriousness. The lawyer who can talk the fastest, loudest, and longest, and still convince the judge that his remarks are confined to the case at hand, wins, mainly by preventing the opposition from getting in a needed word edgewise. Our actors use the methods known to them here.

J. E. KREISS.

1235 South Catalina Street,  
Los Angeles, California.

### Muni Above All.

IT seems quite unusual to me that the fans who rave about the many half-baked—if I dare use the term—actors and actresses of the screen to-day, pass up the greatest actor of them all, on stage or screen. I mean Paul Muni! There is acting which is, without any doubt, worth dollars to see. He is superb! He lives his rôles as a very few can. Witness "Scarface" and "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." Just two, but sufficient to show me what acting should be.

He should be praised to the skies and admired by all as a true exponent of the art of acting. He is a born troupier and seconded by only a very few, three of whom I believe are Lionel Barrymore, Edward G. Robinson, and George Arliss.

Look these four over and I am sure every one will heartily agree with me.

HELENE SCHAN.

708 Capitol Avenue,  
Bridgeport, Connecticut.

### Shearer Makes Good Socially.

I'M actually seething inwardly at two persons whom I've never seen! Funny, isn't it, how one can become aroused by a few words in print concerning people we do not know?

I'm speaking pointedly to "Adult Fan" and Irene Hollis, whose letters appeared in December Picture Play.

Just two weeks ago I had the pleasure of meeting a young actress who is regarded as one of the best in our country—Mrs. Irving Thalberg, or Norma Shearer to most of us.

A lovelier, more sedate, or more charming personality I've never met in any walk of life.

Norma Shearer is a person whom any



man would be proud to have grace his home, one who could be at home with the best or the worst.

The Mayfair Club is one of the most exclusive in California, claiming society people and several stars as members. Previous to this year, no actor or actress had ever been elected to office. Yet this year Fredric March and Norma Shearer were elected to office of president and vice president, respectively. Doesn't that mean that there must be something about Miss Shearer that distinguishes her in the social world?

If you recall, Miss Shearer fought desperately two years or more, after she met Irving Thalberg, for the recognition she so deserved. She began at the bottom, and the success she enjoys is well earned. Perhaps she has had the best in direction, supporting casts, and stories, with beautiful gowns thrown in for good measure, yet all that means nothing if the person is unable to portray the rôle. I think you will agree that such a versatile actress as Miss Shearer has proved herself entirely capable. Going from comedy, drama, sophistication, modern, old-fashioned, and what have you, takes not only courage, but ability and talent.

Yes, Norma has about everything it takes to make a great actress.

MARY ELIZABETH LEWIS.

202 Riverside Drive,  
New York City.

#### Friend of the Family States—

RECENTLY I read a letter by E. F. Booker which corroborates a similar letter from Edith LeRoy in a preceding number. It dealt with that awful crime of stars—changing their ages. Particularly did they speak of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Such unthinking gullibility got under my skin, as I have known Joan all her life and Doug for at least four years.

I am a middle-aged woman who has been a friend of Joan's family ever since she wore pigtailed and was nicknamed "Billie." I have seen her development approach the phenomenal and I know that she and Doug are both too intelligent, too intent on their work, to stoop to such an obvious and childish practice, particularly when both are so blessed with youth.

The only time Joan ever lied about her age was when she first came out here. She was ambitious and she had the opportunity of signing a contract with M.-G.-M. She was all alone out here, her family still living in the Middle West. She was under age and legally had no right to sign a contract, so she raised her age two years, hoping that no one would be the wiser and that the contract would automatically be valid.

When she reached her majority she confessed her real age and outside of a few amused chuckles from the executives nothing more was ever said. Newspapers, magazines, and periodicals are naturally susceptible to error, and that alone must account for the varying dates that one sees.

Doug, I know, has never said anything but what was his right age. He had no reason to do otherwise. So please note, Mr. Booker and Miss LeRoy, that both Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., were born in the year 1908. This is absolutely true and comes from some one who knows. But what difference does it really make as long as they are able to give us so many happy moments? What right have we to inquire into their lives beyond thanking them for what they have given us?

J. HOUGH.

415 North Orange Grove,  
Hollywood, California.

#### Recognizing an Actor.

COLLECTIONS," of Canada, how could you ask such a ridiculous question anent Leslie Howard's part in "A Free Soul"? Why do you suppose he played the "despicable part"—and why do you think he "got the heroine"? Simply because the script called for him to do so. And, by the way, did you know that these "despicable parts" and silly, unintelligent situations written into scripts prompted Mr. Howard, after he had made several mediocre pictures, to return to London, disgusted?

Have you seen his flawless performance in "Smilin' Through"? And did you see his superb acting in "Devotion," with Ann Harding? And you've missed something really splendid if you haven't yet seen his portrayal of the head waiter in "Reserved for Ladies." "Collections," my gal, learn to recognize an actor when you see one.

LYNN SHORT.

Hollywood, California.

#### Cheers and Jeers.

RISE to cheer:

Katharine Hepburn for her thrilling performance in "A Bill of Divorcement."

Fredric March for the finesse of his acting in "Smilin' Through."

Norbert Lusk for his intelligent criticisms of pictures. His ability to delve into pictures, and avoid superficial generalities is unique.

Ruth Chatterton because she is the only actress who has never given a poor performance—and yet has been given more poor pictures than any other of the really great performers.

Joan Crawford for her evident desire to portray *Sadie Thompson* in her own way. At no time did she try to imitate Jeanne Eagels.

Cary Grant for his individuality of enunciation and speech, and because of his splendid acting in "Blond Venus."

Tallulah Bankhead for her matchless performance in "Devil and the Deep."

Picture Play because its contents are the most accessible of all the fan magazines. Because it has marked individuality.

I rise to condemn:

Paramount because of the unintelligent treatment given Tallulah Bankhead. They have given her only one good picture and then have expected her to make an overnight sensation. The fact that she has not become one is the fault of Paramount and not of Miss Bankhead.

Ramon Novarro because he allows such stupid things to be printed about himself, and because he seems to enjoy this stuff about his soul and beautiful character. He perhaps is a fine character, but what is said of him is mushy.

Lee Tracy because I think he gave an exaggerated performance in "Blessed Event," and because he appears to be so puffed up with his own importance.

John Gilbert because of his own brainstorm entitled "Downstairs," and because he does not realize that we can struggle along nicely without his services.

C. B. V.

La Grange, Georgia.

#### But What Can We Do?

I CERTAINLY agree with Rosemary McCormick about Greta Garbo. I myself used to be one of her most ardent fans, but the obnoxious way she acted while en route to Sweden certainly helped to change my mind. Who the devil does she think she is, anyway? If she didn't want any one on the same boat with her, why didn't she charter a yacht and be done

with it? To think of her having the nerve to command the captain to tell all the passengers to stay off the deck while she took her promenade! That sounds like super-snobbishness, not self-consciousness. I was glad to hear that the passengers behaved like red-blooded Americans and not like a lot of yes men. The people she treated in this high-handed manner were some of the highest men in the medical profession and the arts.

LILLIAN THEINER.

1459 West Seventy-second Street,  
Chicago, Illinois.

#### She Craves Singing.

USUALLY I enjoy reading Norbert Lusk's reviews, but I don't agree with his opinion of "Back Street" in December Picture Play.

Unlike most pictures adapted from novels, "Back Street" is exceedingly interesting, and is as much like the original story as the most critical person could wish it to be. Both John Boles and Irene Dunne gave excellent performances. John Boles was superbly magnetic as the young banker and sympathetic and dignified as the older man. I hope Mr. Boles will be allowed to use his glorious singing voice in his next picture.

LILLIAN MUSGRAVE.

2700 Vincent Avenue N.,  
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

#### Still a Lovely Throat!

JOAN CRAWFORD'S throat is lovely, and it doesn't matter what Elizabeth Downing had to say about it in December Picture Play, it is still a lovely throat to me and thousands of Crawford fans.

Elizabeth Downing or any one who must criticize the physical make-up of people are only drawing animosity toward themselves. I get so disgusted reading what some tactless people have to say about some actors' and actresses' features, while they tolerate the nudity and atrocious apparel of other actresses. I wish they would decide to turn their would-be kindly criticism into good advice.

GLANYS ESTES.

54 Nevada Avenue,  
West Asheville, North Carolina.

#### Paging Charles Starrett.

WHY do the producers continually cast around for new material when an excellent actor like Charles Starrett is at their very doors? He has everything that Gable has in the way of personality, and in addition is good-looking. If given a decent break, he'd go over in a big way. Now some sensible producer used this young man to put a crowd around the box office.

GENE AYDEN.

Library A. S. T. C.,  
Boone, North Carolina.

#### Are Their Ears Burning!

MAY I answer some of the fans whose letters have recently appeared in Picture Play?

Elizabeth Downing: What you choose to call Garbo's artistic temperament seems more like just a plain case of high-hat to me. After all, she doesn't have to detest people and be rude and act like a snob in order to be artistic. I also disagree with you when you call Greta an emotional actress. She has no warmth, expression or emotion, but is cold, wooden, and mechanical.

"Collections": I agree with you when you say Leslie Howard is not the best actor. Of course he isn't. I also saw "A Free Soul," and it was the memory of Barrymore's and Gable's performances that lingered with me for many a day. Leslie is too much the Marcelled pretty boy—besides, he is too fluttering and wishy-



## What the Fans Think

washy to be interesting. But Gable—ah, there's a man! Vital, virile, magnetic, compelling, and fascinating. He may not be a genius as far as acting is concerned, but he's darn good—and what more can one ask?

Irene Hollis and H. Leslie: I, too, believe that Norma Shearer has no place on the screen. She has neither beauty, charm, nor acting ability, and her silly idea of sophistication by giggling and sinpering disgusts one. Stay at home, Norma.

M. V. Underhill: I'd just love to stick pins in you until you grunt! What you so spitefully called Gable's grunting was one of the finest pieces of acting I've ever seen. What's more, the critics think so, too. Gable's performance in "Hell Divers" was splendid, as are all his performances.

ELSIE MAST.

### Three Knocks, Three Posies.

**T**HERE are only three really great actresses on the screen. Garbo? No. Too lifeless, cold, anæmic-looking, and wooden. Crawford? No. She strives too greatly for dramatic effect, poses too much, and is altogether too artificial in looks and acting. And oh, those horrible thick lips!

No, it's not the giggling, insipid Shearer, nor the dull, dowdy Harding. Bennett could hardly be called an actress at all. Who then?

Why, Barbara Stanwyck, Helen Hayes, and Sylvia Sidney, of course! When it comes to warmth, sincerity, naturalness, and real honest-to-gosh acting ability, they can't be beat.

They don't go in for trick eyebrows, mystery, or glamour, yet by sheer acting and personality, they hold one entranced. They do not pose or strut all through a picture gazing at nothing through dreamy eyes. They act!

We are sadly in need of more actresses like these three, and more faces with less make-up and more expression. Those blank-faced posers that pass for glamorous or something make me sick. Most of them look as though they belong in a hospital or morgue, and others, with their masks of clownlike make-up, in a circus.

Three great actresses, did I say? Well, make room for a fourth. Clara Bow is coming back.

BETTY CREW.

Buffalo, New York.

### Joan Did, Garbo Didn't.

**E**LIZABETH DOWNING'S letter in December Picture Play so angered and amused me by its ridiculous statements that I must answer it just to relieve my own feelings.

My dear Miss Downing, you are mistaken in stating that Garbo had no ballyhoo to help her reach the top. Doesn't your own common sense tell you that her famous mystery gag is enough to launch a worm to stardom? The minute she refused to be interviewed, people immediately became interested to know more about her, and as a result, her name was on every one's lips. People are like that. It works better than any other publicity gag.

Did you see "Grand Hotel," madam? If you did see it and still insist that she is an emotional actress, you are no judge of actresses. Garbo hid her emotions magnificently, while Crawford carried the whole show on her lovely shoulders. If you read up on movies very much, you surely have read here and there about how *la* Garbo had Crawford's best scenes cut out, so she couldn't steal all the show—which she did anyway, incidentally, though you wouldn't admit it.

Be fair to Joan, Elizabeth. She is an intelligent actress who knows when to sub-

due and when to arouse her emotions properly. I don't think you would feel so ugly about her if you had her beautiful orbs. They are very expressive and show she is sensitive. Give her a break, Elizabeth.

RUTH WHITE.

Wilmette, Illinois.

### Know Ye, All Fans—

**N**OT that it makes much difference, but the fact remains:

That Katharine Hepburn will soon be our new rave.

That Jean Harlow is a marvelous trouper and a really wonderful girl.

That Charles Bickford has more sex appeal than Gable or Brent.

That fans are getting a little suspicious of Constance Bennett's ballyhoo.

That Picture Play is getting better and better.

LORRAINE MASON.

12 North Sixth Street,

Vineland, New Jersey.

### Emotional Release, Perhaps.

**S**OME fans *don't* think! Why must they write "Down with Garbo, give us Crawford! Down with Gable, give us Rath," and so on?

Can't they criticize and be fair? Can't they praise one player without blasting another to smithereens? No two persons' tastes are exactly alike. No one star can please us all. Why must they destroy one before they praise another? Are they so small-minded that they are capable of having only one favorite at a time? Surely, something can be done about it; these catty, petulant letters are displeasing to every one but the writers.

LAURA M. JAMES.

247 Tapscott Building 1916 Broadway,  
Oakland, California.

### Something to Worry About.

**H**ARRY M. COHEN refers to the stars who slice their ages. I am another who thinks they should cut the comedy, or at least be clever at it. Joan Crawford only has a birthday every three years, so I suppose Loretta Young thinks what is sauce for one goose is sauce for another, and she dispenses with birthdays every year. She was seventeen in 1928, yet here we are in 1933 and she is only nineteen or twenty.

I admire a girl like Bette Davis, who really looks seventeen and admits that she is twenty-five. It is a much greater honor.

Going back to Miss Crawford, I think she has taken her success too seriously. Let her remember that pride comes before a fall, and an actress is certainly obsessed with false pride when she will deliberately imitate another, and at the same time ridicule the actress she tries to copy in order to cover up the fact that she is imitating her. The only reason Joan pretends to admire Marlene Dietrich is because she hopes Marlene will help her dethrone Garbo. Well, it seems that she is going to need help.

MARGUERITE WRIGHT.

405 Lindsay Street,

Chattanooga, Tennessee.

### Why Blame Ramon?

**I** AM a little surprised at the article on Ramon Novarro, written by Madeline Glass, as after reading it one is left with a sense of dissatisfaction and, indeed, rather at a loss to know what she means.

All Novarro fans—and their name is legion—must agree with Miss Glass that Novarro has had a good deal of poor material to contend with, but surely this is the fault of Metro-Goldwyn? Yet not once does Miss Glass lay the onus of the blame upon Metro-Goldwyn, but upon Ramon himself, which seems very unfair.

Possibly "Huddle" was not an ideal story for Ramon, but the miscasting is the fault of the producers, not Ramon. Why does not Miss Glass blame *them*? As to acting, his performance in "Huddle" was excellent. When a man acts with such vigor, energy, and sincerity he cannot be accused of being tired, either physically or mentally.

I did not approve of Ramon being cast in "Mata Hari," but you might like to know that a famous writer in London said that Ramon's was the nearest to being a live performance and that Garbo and Barrymore were but a director's puppets! This is just to show you that opinions differ from Miss Glass's.

Miss Glass really seems to be viewing things with a jaundiced eye. Might I suggest that she take a nice holiday away from films and typewriters—a thorough rest cure—and then perhaps she will feel better?

Her articles in the past have never revealed this petulant tone. What a pity!

A. WELCH.

62 Caversham Road,

London, N. W. 5, England.

### All for Chatterton.

**I**N December Picture Play R. S., of Hackensack, New Jersey, said that Ruth Chatterton pictures are the only ones that he enjoys, and that if Miss Chatterton left the screen, he would lose interest in movies altogether.

Well, I am entirely of that opinion, too.

I have beaten R. S., though, having seen "The Rich Are Always With Us" four times. I could see it and enjoy it again, because I think Miss Chatterton is just marvelous. I love her voice, her acting, her looks, the way she walks, the refreshing naturalness of her make-up, and her wonderful smile—in fact, everything about her. She always looks the last word in chic, and yet there is nothing of the hard, ultra-sophisticated worldling about her. She is soft and womanly and the personification of daintiness.

I have seen every picture in which Miss Chatterton has appeared, and I sincerely hope there will be a lot more to come. Miss Chatterton has my vote every time, and that is also the opinion of all my friends.

D. J. G.

London, England.

### Bite Your Words, John.

**M**Y idea of a good picture is one that stays with you. Some one may say to you, "Did you see such and such a picture?" You say, "Yes, but I can't just remember what it was all about."

"Grand Hotel" has stayed with me. Such acting! Every one was marvelous. To me, the three outstanding ones were Beery, Lionel Barrymore, and Garbo.

Just one criticism. Both John Barrymore and Garbo in answer to an apology said "not a-tall" instead of "not at all." I've heard several less noted players make the same error, but for them to do it—shades of George Arliss!

"Z. W. B."

40 Broadway,

Rochester, New York.

### The Bow Vision.

**C**LARA BOW! There's magic in the very name. When I hear that name, I immediately vision a slender, graceful girl with beautifully thick, fluffy red hair, and large sparkling brown eyes that dance with the sheer joy of living. A pair of luscious red lips that more often than not part in a dazzling smile to reveal really beautiful teeth.

She is vibrant with life, pep, and personality—such a contrast to cold, languid,



skinny, half-dead, sleepy-eyed scarecrows who are cluttering up the screen to-day.

I adore Clara for her beauty, warmth, humanity, sincerity, unaffected charm and natural, lovable manner. There is no pose about her, no attempt at mystery, and thank Heaven she doesn't go in for moods.

I first saw Clara in "It" a few years back, and I've been under her spell ever since.

Yes, I've seen Garbo, Crawford, Shearer, Bennett, and I adore Clara more than ever for her natural charm, beauty, and her truly fine talent and ability as an actress. I'm sure her comeback will be successful in a big way—but then, Clara never makes a halfway job of anything.

"A BOW FAN."

Buffalo, New York.

#### Huston's the Man.

WE'RE always pleased to hear about Garbo, Clark Gable, Sylvia Sidney, Fredric March, and Marie Dressler. They're darned good, and we like them. But what about Walter Huston? Why don't we read more about him? He's a better actor and a finer personality than any one on the screen to-day.

Paul Muni says Walter Huston is one of the greatest actors in America, and he ought to know. The late Edgar Wallace said he was one of the finest men he had ever met, and is loved by every one who knows him. How's that?

His performance in "Beast of the City" was worth all the mushy close-ups you've ever seen, and though I'm young and—er—susceptible, I'd rather meet Huston than all the lovely ladies in Hollywood.

He never overacts, yet he dominates every picture in which he appears. He can play any part you like, and make you think he's played nothing but that sort of rôle all his life. He's got a face with finer character in it than any one you're likely to meet, and a real sense of humor, too. That's Walter Huston. And if M.-G.-M. wants a record smasher, how about teaming him up with Jackie Cooper? That, ladies and gentlemen, would be a film!

RAYMOND DOUGLAS.

Care of G. P. O., Charing Cross Road, London, W. 1, England.

#### Two Kinds of Fans.

WHEN I read a letter panning Buddy Rogers I am always a little amazed, for it is inconceivable to me that any one should adversely criticize this actor whose name has been synonymous with American youth since that never-to-be-forgotten picture "Wings." But I have no quarrel with those who fail to appreciate Buddy; every one has the right to his own opinion. I only say they don't know what they're missing!

I feel safe in declaring that Buddy's fans are more loyal and enthusiastic than the followers of any other star. There must be, and is, a reason for this. Surprising as it may seem, there are still a few hardy souls who dare to prefer good-looking male stars to the Gable kind.

But Buddy does not depend on looks alone. He has all the qualifications of a real actor. Those who are skeptical can see this for themselves when Buddy returns to the screen shortly—provided they don't attend his first picture with a determination to find fault with him. Buddy has had more than his share of hard luck, in the form of unsuitable rôles; but with the right picture, he'll soon be back on top.

Fans, give Buddy another chance. He deserves it.

THOMAS HALE.

Batesville, Arkansas.

# ANITA NAMES THE DAY

by Timm '45

1.

YOU AND ANITA HAVE BEEN ENGAGED TWO YEARS NOW. ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME ...?



I'VE BEGGED HER TO MARRY ME AGAIN AND AGAIN. BUT SHE ALWAYS HAS SOME EXCUSE. WON'T YOU TALK TO HER?

2.

ANITA, YOU'RE NOT FAIR TO HIM. HE'S OVER HEAD AND EARS IN LOVE WITH YOU — ANXIOUS TO MARRY. BUT YOU —



OH, UNCLE DICK, DON'T SCOLD. I'M SO UNHAPPY

3.

AND YOU CAN'T BRING YOURSELF TO TELL HIM. BUT I WILL

SOMETHING IS HOLDING ME BACK. IT MAY SEEM UNIMPORTANT BUT IT ISN'T. YOU SEE ... IT'S "B.O." .... HE'S CARELESS SOMETIMES



4.

... THE THING FOR YOU TO DO IS GET LIFEBOUY. BATHE WITH IT REGULARLY. YOU'LL HAVE NO MORE "B.O." WORRIES — OR WORRIES ABOUT ANITA, EITHER



## 5. "B.O." GONE — a wedding near!

LET'S MAKE IT SOON, ANITA

HOW'S THE 25TH, DEAR — HIGH NOON?



## What are YOUR chances of escaping "B.O."?

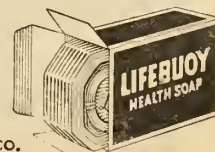
(body odor)

NEVER trifle with "B.O." (body odor). Sooner or later, you're almost certain to offend—and pay the penalty! To be safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You'll notice its abundant lather. Notice, too, how clean it smells. This pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—gives extra protection. Its gentle, creamy, searching lather purifies and deodorizes pores—effectively stops "B.O."

### Aids complexion

Lifebuoy's bland, penetrating lather deep-cleanses face pores—makes dull skins glow with health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.





A M A G I C N A M E

B L A Z E S A N E W !

Warner Bros. bring you again **THE STANWYCK THEY TALKED ABOUT** in "Night Nurse" and "Illicit"

At last! Her radiant beauty, her throbbing artistry are given the sweep and sway deserved by the most entrancing personality on the screen. See her now in all her seductive glory as a girl who asked all men for love—and tricked them when they offered it! Is she really wicked—or just maddeningly, fatally alluring? Find out in the most startling Stanwyck hit in years!



Barbara



# S TANWYCK

in

## "LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT"

With Preston S. Foster, Lyle Talbot. Directed by Howard Bretherton & William Keighley. Add it to "I Am A Fugitive", "Silver Dollar", "20,000 Years in Sing Sing", and others in the amazing list of hits from

WARNER BROS.



VOLUME XXXVIII  
NUMBER 1

STREET & SMITH'S

# PICTURE PLAY

MARCH  
1933



KATHARINE HEPBURN blazed like a meteor across the cinema heavens in "A Bill of Divorcement" only to disappear in Europe while everybody was waiting for her next picture or at least the announcement of it. Now she is back in Hollywood, with "The White Moth" under way, and Colin Clive is her leading man. You remember him, of course, in "Journey's End" and "Frankenstein." What a combination of intelligent stars!



# SHE WENT TO SCHOOL WITH GARBO



SOME ten years ago a new student was admitted to the school conducted in connection with the Royal Theater of the Drama in Stockholm.

There seemed to be nothing remarkable about the girl's appearance, and this very fact caused comment among the other young people, whose eyes were constantly on the lookout for rival talent and personality.

Garbo could only wave her first greetings to the country whose screen she was destined to conquer.

Garbo's training was more exacting than any star's.



"What on earth do you suppose they see in *her*?" whispered a lively little brunette, the school's current star pupil, who later became one of Sweden's most popular musical-comedy actresses.

Her question was directed to a blonde, whose wondering eyes

scanned the serious face and tall, unwieldy form of the newcomer.

"She certainly is no beauty," answered the blonde, "and still, there is *something* about her——"

"Why, she doesn't even know how to walk. And as for her figure——"

The little brunette could find no words to express her valuation of the new student's figure.

The blonde was less positive in her judgment of the girl.

"She *is* rather angular, of course, but you must admit that her voice is fascinating. Perhaps she was accepted because of her voice."

The girl they were discussing was Greta Gustafsson, destined to rise to the heights of fame as Greta Garbo.

Ten times the Gustafsson girl was turned away from the Royal Theater in Stockholm. Then the directors gave in before such dogged determination.

Photo by Wide World





Is Greta's aloofness a pose? Is she really a qualified actress? This article written in her native Sweden throws a new light on these questions—and on Garbo herself.

By Rakel Erikson

Even in those early days Greta caused controversy wherever she went. Some liked her, some did not. Some praised her, others belittled her. But no matter what their opinions of her were, people talked about her, criticized her, or defended her. She was never one of those young aspirants who seem just not to count.

On the contrary, she became a person of importance to all her associates, a favorite subject of dispute. Her personality simply could not be ignored.

It was because of her dogged perseverance that she had succeeded in breaking through the nearly impregnable wall of conditions for entry that surrounds the school of the Royal Swedish Theater.

Only four pupils are elected each year, so the competition is keen. Greta applied not once, not twice, but *ten times*. She refused to take "No" from the exacting directorate.

"Always Greta Gustafsson seems to be running up and down our stairs, knocking at our doors," said one of the dignitaries.

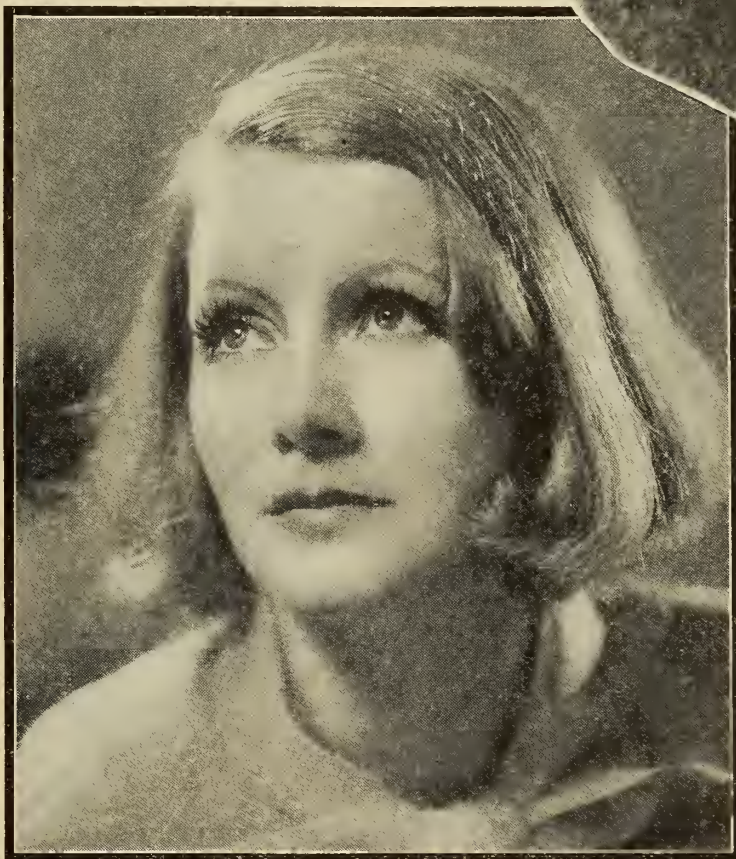
Finally her persistence got the better of those who headed the school. She was given a test, and—wonder of wonders!—was permitted to remain.

During her years at the school, her training was of the strictest. To quote from the prospectus:

"Subjects taught include history of the drama, literature, reading, speaking, dramatics, make-up, fencing, dancing, et cetera.

"Students must attend the school four or five hours daily, in addition to regular home work and occasional duties at the theater.

"The course lasts from two to three years. Tuition is entirely free."



From the first day that Garbo began to study for the stage there was the same difference of opinion that divides American fans now.



Even in drama school, says a classmate, people were drawn to Garbo, but a strange aloofness kept them at a distance.

This last phenomenon, that tuition is entirely free, is, of course, explained by the fact that the Swedish State supports the school.

So all Sweden can point with pride to Greta Garbo and say that the country at large had a hand in shaping her success. But it was up to Greta herself to do the hard work.

Long days of study and rehearsals. Long nights of being one of the "populace" in current productions at the theater. Few, if any, picture stars have gone through so thorough a training as has Greta Garbo.

Then, too, she was poor. She had no fine clothes, no influential friends. Those who knew her at that time describe her as a pale, sad, quiet girl, who never seemed

quite to fit in with her surroundings. Her aloofness was then, as it is now, a topic of frequent discussion.

"Of course we were all fascinated by her," says a young man of her acquaintance. "Just to be near her was an adventure. In her one could sense a hidden force that seemed to draw people to her with an irresistible attraction.

"We suspected that a volcano lay concealed beneath the cold, calm surface, and each one of us hoped that *he* might be the fortunate one to rouse the secret fires. And yet, while she possessed this marvelous force of attraction, she also had the strange quality of keeping every one at a distance.

[Continued on page 60]



# FARRELL WALKS OUT



Photo by Hurrell

"It will feel strange playing apart from Janet," Farrell admits. "But it will be better for both of us."

Farrell's success in "Old Ironsides," opposite Esther Ralston, led Fox to costar him with Janet, creating the most famous pair of screen lovers.

WELL, I'll be saying so long, Lolly." The tiny, dimple-chinned, red-haired girl hesitated, swallowed the lump in her throat and then whispered, "Good-by, Farrell—and the best of luck to you."

This little drama was recently enacted at the Fox studio in Hollywood. But there were no cameras and microphones recording it, no director watching the action and giving orders to the actors. It was a private, real-life scene, the leave-taking of Charles Farrell from his screen sweetheart, Janet Gaynor.

After appearing together in eleven films, this romantic team of screen lovers, who first thrilled the millions in "Seventh Heaven," have reached the crossroads. They have made their last picture together. The future will see them each wending separate paths, weaving their individual careers unaided by the other.

While Janet will continue as the first lady of the Fox lot, Charlie will strike out on his own as a free-lance actor, working at whichever studio offers him the most suitable rôles.

If this comes to you as a surprise or a shock, it is mild in comparison to the furor it has stirred up in Hollywood. Gaynor without Farrell? Why, you might as well play *Romeo* without *Juliet*, or separate *Abelard* from *Heloise*. Impossible! Nevertheless, it is true.

It was all Charlie's doing, which is the most amazing part of it all. Had it been Janet Gaynor who revolted, Hollywood would have smiled, for she is by far the more inflammable and temperamental of the two.

It was Janet who broke up the team once before, when she refused to play in "Liliom," and it was she again who turned thumbs down on "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" after it had been announced as a Gaynor-Farrell film. But Farrell, the easy-going Charlie, up in arms? Incredible!

For a long time now, Charlie has been dissatisfied with the rôles he has been compelled to play. Secretly he has been nursing the troublesome thought that his pictures have





After teaming with Janet Gaynor in eleven films, Charlie Farrell rebels against being subordinated. What will his future as free-lancer be?

By E. Forrest Simpson



That most remarkable fellow, *Chico*, in "Seventh Heaven," established Farrell's heart and box-office appeal with the public.

been too much of the sickly sweet variety; that Janet's rôles have been too fat and his own too lean and uninteresting.

He was typed as merely leading man, just about the worst thing that can happen to a player. And when he saw the first screening of their latest picture, "Tess of the Storm Country," he at last gave voice to his thoughts and for one of the very few times in his screen career registered a protest—a most vigorous one.

"Tess" was Janet's picture, one hundred per cent. She not only had the title rôle, but every foot of film as well. Charlie was completely subordinated, submerged. He might just as well have drowned in the speed-boat-accident sequence as have Janet save him for the clinch at the final fade-out.

Charlie didn't blame Janet. She didn't steal any of his scenes. He had none to be stolen. Nor director Al Santell nor the studio. It was never intended that he should play the rôle.

It had been given first to one of the young hopefuls at Fox. But when the fans learned of this they set up a loud clamor for Farrell. Then for extra box-office power and appeal it was offered to Joel McCrea, who turned it down.

Meanwhile the studio was deluged with letters and telegrams demanding Gaynor and Farrell. So in the end Charlie accepted the rôle.

And it did prove to be the end. Charlie asked for a contract settlement and turned in the key of the dressing room he had been using for so many years.

Now Hollywood is wondering whether Charlie has done the wise or foolish thing. It is asking the question, "Will Farrell maintain and increase his popularity, or will he take up a place beside the numerous erstwhile stars who, as free-lance players, have become has-beens?"

Before attempting to answer this question, if it can be answered at this time, one must know something of the real Farrell and his career. Charlie is still the reticent, quiet-mannered chap that he was eight years ago when he first came to Hollywood.

At that time he had a cash capital of eighteen dollars and an unconquerable ambition in his heart to see his name in lights on the marquees of his father's group of theaters in the Cape Cod district of Massachusetts.

His first job was in a mob scene of a King Vidor production. His first leading rôle was in "Wings of Youth," opposite Madge Bellamy.

It was his willingness to do a friend a good turn that got him the part that wafted him to fame, that very remarkable fellow, *Chico*, in "Seventh Heaven."

Edmond Moraie, another ambitious youngster, had eyes on the rôle and asked Farrell, then under contract to Fox, to intercede for him. Charlie did. With a beret cap on his head at a jaunty angle, he entered Frank Borzage's office and proceeded to tell the director all about his friend.

Whether Borzage paid any attention to what he was saying will never be known, for when the cast was announced it was Farrell and not Moraie who had been selected to play *Chico*.

Though fame has matured Farrell a little, it has not spoiled him. He is still "Farrell" to the prop boy and electrician, as well as to his fellow stars and the studio executives. It is his innate simplicity, and his sincerity and enthusiasm, that have kept him atop the slippery pinnacle of popularity.

Charlie has no illusions about the future. He knows, perhaps better than any one, that his career is now in the balance, that his biggest job is before him.

He realizes that the fans have become accustomed to seeing him and Janet Gaynor together. He appreciates fully that his best work has been done opposite her in such pictures as "Seventh Heaven," "Street Angel," and "The First Year." His worst, also, in "High Society Blues" and "Tess."

Besides being his costar, Janet has been his friend, his severest and most helpful critic. Many a rôle they have discussed at his Malibu Beach home and aboard his racing yawl, *Flying Cloud*, with Lydell Peck, Janet's husband, and Virginia Valli, Farrell's wife, entering a word or two into the discussions. [Continued on page 61]



# WHO WILL BOSS MARLENE NOW?



Paul Bern was in love with Jean Harlow two years before their marriage. It was he who guided her to stardom.

**W**AY in the back of every screen lady's mind is the desire to be free, white, and twenty-one. Of course, the "white" is entirely superfluous. Most of them are that, except for the summery onsets of sun tan. But the "free" and the "twenty-one" always hold good—especially the "free."

Give us the chance to run our careers and we'll show you where we'll get, say the merry, mad stars. Look at Greta Garbo. She says "No" in English and her native Swedish, and the producers salaam all over the landscape. Look at Gloria Swanson. She's been going along for years, steering her ship to success, outdistancing and outliving any star for her particular era.

Pipe Norma Shearer. She can have anything in the studio she wants.

Gaze, too, on Barbara Stanwyck and see where fight has got her. She lost out in her battle with Columbia, but it made her an aggressive personality, and the producers like anybody who gives them a contest.

All of which is snappy shop talk. Ambitious stars want everything in sight, and it always helps to get the nicest dressing room on the lot, the cleverest stories, the best cameraman, and the up-and-going director. Each helps to boost one's career along, and satisfies that little item called vanity.

Stars, therefore, seem to be perpetually fighting for something or other, and glad is that day for them in which they have made even a small advance in attaining the golden goal of personal independence.

The real truth of the matter is that this independence thing is a pretty empty bowl of cherries. The stars that



Josef von Sternberg's influence over Marlene Dietrich was as absolute as Svengali's spell over *Trilby*.

have really flourished haven't been independent at all. They've been bossed all over the studios.

Consider the oft-rebellious Garbo, queen of film individualists. She has at no time been the free soul that most folk have imagined her. There have been at least three rulers of her professional career who have told her what to do.

Mauritz Stiller was the first, and she was absolutely under his domination when she came to this country. He dictated everything. He set out to do



Harry Edington, the manager who dictated Garbo's aloofness, seclusion and silence.



With the Dietrich-Von Sternberg team washed up, anything can happen to her. For most successful careers are dominated by a man—husband, manager or lover.

## By Edwin Schallert

it when they got here, but was speedily superseded by John Gilbert. More than any other person, John is credited with having changed Greta from a naïve and gentle Scandinavian girl into an austere Valkyria. Gilbert was riding high at the time he met her. He had just triumphed in "The Big Parade." He believed in stellar greatness, stellar individuality, and the delusion of stellar grandeur. Garbo caught the spell from him.

If she had not met Gilbert she might have remained the same simple, sweet, unaffected Garbo. When John later changed into a very sad, world-weary sort, she no longer walked beside him after this transformation.

Then Harry Edington came into her life in the capacity of manager. Edington was a smart, shrewd manipulator of stars' fates, although it was long before anybody fully real-

**Gloria Swanson's self-managed career has been full of blunders.**



kept in the popular eye by being entirely different from everybody else in Hollywood.

To be sure, all this fitted in with Garbo's own ideas. She had become irritated by what was written about her,



Mary Pickford's guiding star was her mother. Under her management Mary's career prospered as it never has since Mrs. Pickford's death.

ized this. He it was who projected the idea that Garbo should avoid public contact—interviewers, reporters, and all other representatives of the people.

Under his management the Swedish star became a recluse. She no longer went to premières, even of her own pictures. She made no personal appearances. Yet she constantly

in the history of nations. More so, perhaps, because a woman really to be successful in pictures must possess a spirit entirely feminine. And Gloria's life, more than any other star's, has been an epic of femininity.

Considering her fame and her many years on the screen, Gloria should possess a huge fortune, but the results are quite the contrary, judging from the continual reports of her difficulties. Her "Madame Sans-Gêne" was an expensive adventure, and "Queen Kelly" was a real debacle.

Naturally others, as well as Gloria, were responsible for the errors. She generally rules the artistic side of her pictures. If her career had been expertly managed it would have proved far more profitable.

Few actresses have that gift of managerial ability. They have to rely on others. Mary Pickford greatly

Continued on page 63



Constance Bennett revels in being her own boss, but Henri de la Falaise dictated the contract that brought her back to the screen.

while she was still receiving press and magazine representatives. She became particularly incensed over some story about her love life. She decided then never to talk to any writers for magazine or newspaper.

Here, therefore, is the independence of the most independent star of all completely shattered, and dozens of other cases of her being bossed might be enumerated. They are a strange contrast, of course, to the Garbo who to-day is aloof from common mortals, whether on shipboard, in New York, or in her native land. That Garbo is very, very largely synthetic.

Gloria Swanson has come nearest to complete independence. But what a feminine dynasty hers has been! As full of tactical and business errors as are most queenly reigns



# THEY SAY IN

Hollywood celebrities manage to attract  
as much attention in the audience  
as their fellows do on the stage.



Photo by Bull

**Tallulah Bankhead** disposes of her Hollywood failures with a gallant air.

**T**HE inevitable remark after a round of theaters in New York these days is "Hollywood's loss is Broadway's gain." There is an ex-film favorite in almost every cast and more ex-Hollywoodians are now rehearsing for stage appearances.

There is Dorothy Gish, in "Autumn Crocus," and a more ingratiating young woman you never saw on stage or screen. She is so poignantly lovely that she reminds me of Helen Hayes, and that, my children, is the highest praise I can pay any one. There's a man named Francis Lederer who plays the star rôle in the play, and when RKO lures him West some months hence you can just pack your photographs of Chevalier, Clark Gable, and Gary Cooper in moth balls or toss them into the ash can. He was the sensation of London all last year, and any woman in New York who is not infatuated with him at the moment is considered a little eccentric.

The triumphant opening of the season so far was Ina Claire, in "Biography." The part caricaturing John Gilbert was removed—we hope at Miss Claire's request—and the most hair-splitting critic could not have found a flaw in the play, her performance, the audience, or the generally dazzling atmosphere of the occasion.

In the audience on the opening night were Clara Bow, Lawrence Tibbett, Eddie Cantor, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Edward G. Robinson, Tallulah Bankhead, and Miriam Hopkins. George Raft was there looking like a well-polished eel, and Pola Negri represented the current vogue of sullen decadence.

There has been some talk that Pola, Miriam Hopkins, Tallulah Bankhead, and Ina Claire were trying to outdo



Photo by Cannons

**Jeanette MacDonald** is off for another concert tour in Europe while her fans clamor for "The Merry Widow."

as if she were attired for a quaint costume party.

Herbert Rawlinson is still striding his handsome way through "When Ladies Meet." It is years since he made a picture, yet when a customer went to an agency to get a 16-mm. film to show at his home the salesman said he was their most popular star. He said he would trade in two "Smilin' Throughs" for one old Rawlinson film any day.

Conway Tearle and Marguerite Churchill have scored personal triumphs in "Dinner at Eight," but Conway is not exactly beloved by fellow members of his profession.

While every one else in the theater, society, and other spectacular aspects of public life have rushed to give their services to help raise funds for the Actors' Dinner Club,

each other in the matter of looking unusual, or if you want to appear opinionated about it, sinister.

Eye shadow goes on with a trowel, color combinations are poisonous, hair gives the impression of being either lacquered or combed with an egg beater, and tinted toenails gleam through sheer stockings and cut-out sandals.

Hats, if any, are pancakes slipping off the side of the head, and there seems to be competition to see who can get evening frocks made of materials that most resemble celluloid or leather. A girl in conventional satin or lace feels



**Wera Engels** has been brought over by RKO.



# NEW YORK—

By Karen Hollis

Conway consented to appear only if he was paid. He did offer to have his agent knock off ten per cent of his usual fee because it was charity.

Lily Damita, Lois Moran, Beatrice Lillie, and Claire Luce are all doing much better on the stage than they ever did in pictures. In fact, "The Match King," which is currently displaying Damita on the screen, gives no hint of the ebullient comédienne who romps through George White's "Varieties" on the stage up the street.

Tallulah Bankhead, who seems not at all soured by the succession of bad breaks she got in pictures, is to do a play soon, and Jacqueline Logan who has been working in British pictures for some years, is rehearsing a play with Douglas Gilmore, always an interesting actor on the screen.

**Impressing Broadway.**—There is one player who won't want to see Broadway again for a long, long time, and then she may prefer to affect a disguise.

Constance Bennett did not care much for New York on her recent

Sidney Fox returned from Europe to find her Universal contract lapsed. So she made personal appearances and married between shows.



Photo by Jones

At premières it would be very nice  
If you would sit serenely in your seat,  
We common folks have paid a pretty price  
To see a play and not a show, my sweet.

We're really very glad that you're in town,  
We hope you stay—I mean stay out of sight.  
To cop an ancient phrase, "Won't you sit down?"  
And keep your mouth closed on an opening night?

Miss Bennett felt pretty bad about all this. She telephoned Mr. Skolsky to attend an opening with her, saying that she would prove to him that she could be quiet and inconspicuous, but he declined the invitation.



Benita Hume, a British favorite, is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn.



Photo by International

Clara Bow caused nothing short of a sensation in New York.

trip, and to say that the feeling was mutual is to state the case too mildly.

She arrived at every opening late, greeted her friends noisily, and worked up such competition to the goings-on on

the stage that there might just as well not have been any performance there at all.

Columnists chided her for it, and Sidney Skolsky in a vitriolic gem of description in the *Daily News* reminded her that her father would have paused to bawl her out from the stage if she had caused any such commotion in a theater where he was appearing. He was never one to take audience competition mildly.

Walter Winchell printed verses obviously dedicated to her that read in part:

**Little Lady Barnum.**—If the Academy of Motion Picture Arts ever decides to add an award for showmanship to their annual prizes, it will go on the first vote to Clara Bow.

The girl has had enough unsavory publicity to bury a dozen others in oblivion, but she has snapped back more popular than ever. She confuses her critics and disarms every one by maintaining a genial air of bubbling vitality through episodes that would send a more sensitive soul into sulks or despondency.

Followed by a crowd all day, she can go through eighteen hours of being photographed, interviewed, and taking bows, and at three in the morning, over hot cakes and coffee at Child's, greet an autograph fiend with such genuine pleasure that you would swear no stranger had ever complimented her before.

When her husband, Rex Bell, arrived to go to Europe with her, they gave night clubbers a thrill by going out with Harry Richman, one of Clara's more widely advertised ex-loves.

[Continued on page 61]



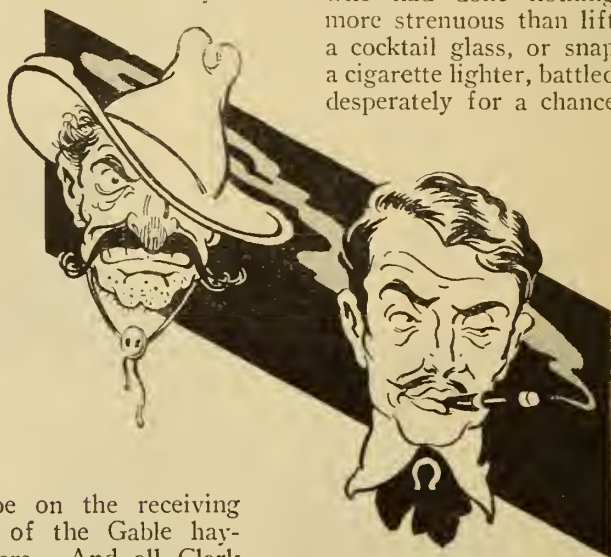


# LADIES

By Barbara Barry

Nice girls from perfectly respectable families started going around with that goofy look south of the eyebrows. And the jingle in the box office swelled to a deafening roar that spelled tenderloin steak seven days a week for the M.-G.-M. lion and a string of polo ponies and more turtle-neck sweaters for Mr. Gable.

Sophisticated females who had done nothing more strenuous than lift a cocktail glass, or snap a cigarette lighter, battled desperately for a chance



Until Gable and Cagney and Raft came along villains could be spotted four hundred paces in a London fog, but now you can't tell them till they raise their hands to slap.

**A** LOT of gin has gone under the bridgework since *Poison Pete* threw our swooning *Nell* across his saddle and galloped off into the hills.

Villains were villains in those days, and reserve was something your Aunt Emma put up in jars toward a hard winter. The uncouth wretches leered, sneered, and pulled on their handlebar mustaches until you knew darn well they meant no good by our little gal.

And then the Gable boy slid into our lives, parked his roller skates under Old Man Cinema's four-poster and right away things began to happen.

At that time a clean-shaved villain was unheard of. The moth-eaten property mustache was to successful villainy what the derby, cigar, and flat feet are to the plain-clothes bloodhounds of the law. It just wasn't being done. And yet—

Gable did it!

And another thing, no matter how reprehensible he was, the B. G.—before Gable—villain was certainly not a lady slapper-down. True, he might have indulged in a bit of polite, plenty-of-action-but-purely-synthetic wrassling. But a bona-fide bust in the schnozzle? Heaven and Will Hays forbid! And yet—

Gable did it!

Did it, and got away with it so successfully that grass widows who had obtained divorces on grounds of extreme cruelty dug up the exs' phone numbers and tried to book their one-time sparring partners for return engagements.

Five-year-old roughnecks who had previously made life miserable for their female kindergarten companions were obliged to run for their young lives the minute school let out and they could no longer look to the teachers for protection from the yearning girlies.

to be on the receiving end of the Gable hay-makers. And all Clark had to do was shove his leading ladies off the set, talk to 'em as one stevedore to another, and they loved it, even as you and I.

As the feminine contingent became more and more Gable-conscious, the local boys sheepishly dug a toe into the dust and settled down to some plain and fancy fretting.

"It won't last," they consoled themselves. "It's just another flash in the pan. No girl really wants to be treated like that."

Whistling in the dark—trying to convince themselves that that certain look in the girl friend's eyes was temporary astigmatism, or what have you?

But we hadn't seen nothin' yet. For just at the psychological moment, when our dear, gentle public was howling lustily for bigger and better lady sluggers, Jimmy Cagney burst upon the scene, wrapped a grapefruit around his sweetie's schnozzle, and the panic was on.

Eddie Robinson inaugurated a new brand of brutality when he practically out-Gabled Gable in "Little Caesar." Chester Morris sent Jean Harlow limping to the nearest drug store for a bottle of arnica after the knock-down-drag-out episode in "Red-headed Woman." Leading men who had heretofore suggested nothing so much as a dash of lavender got tough—and Heaven suddenly ceased to protect the woiking goil!



# LOVE BRUIISERS

The Gable-Cagney art of lady slapping recalls the days  
when only a handlebar mustache made a menace.

With the fistic festivities at their height, the great Gable suddenly began to backslide. Forsaking the rough-house rôles that had put him at the top of the heap, he combed back his top hair and went sophisticated in a big, dull way. The glorified gangster we had learned to love went from bad to worse. In "Possessed," he developed political aspirations and, instead of running a gang, he ran for governor—which, after all, is a polite form of racketeering.

Even politics as a side line for our villainous hero wouldn't have been so bad, for there is nothing in Hoyle against a potential governor socking his girl friend.

But the punch he landed on Joan Crawford's chiseled cheek was so obviously pulled that even drug-store cowboys stifled a bored yawn, while the erstwhile worshipful wimmen let down their hair and had a good cry. Don't deny it, gals. I saw the hankies hung up to dry on the balcony rail.

We might have borne up under that, but when the one and only Gable put his collar on backward and went four-square, in "Polly of the Circus," the dénouement was complete. Life—alas!—is like that. But, we sniffled optimistically, we still have Cagney. Good old

With these two outstanding exponents of the boudoir brawl apparently lost, public interest began to wane. Ma got out her embroidery, pa took off his coat and bottled up that last batch, long overdue, and the youngsters gathered at Ye Sugare Bowle to tear banana splits apart, as before.

But even as they spooned up the first mouthful, a new star flashed upon the horizon.

La-a-die-e-es and gentlemen—George Raft! The orchestra will play "Just a Gigolo," while Mr. Raft personally breaks every neck in the ensemble.

Handsome, debonair, and ultra-villainous, George seems to have boosted feminine blood pressure to a new high. Right now he holds all the standing, sitting, walking, and running honors for genteel meanness. And while I haven't seen him sock a single languishing lady, I'll just bet he could. And wouldn't we love it?

Modern villainy has opened up a brand-new vista for meanness. In the old days, cinema's bad boys had not one redeeming feature. A one-eyed man could pick 'em out at four hundred paces in a London fog. Four out of five mustaches hid an evil example, and even your

Continued on page 65

Now you never know when a dapper  
rogue will hand the heroine a bust  
on the schnozzle—and take her to  
his arms in love's sweet embrace.



Cagney! Come on, pa, put down that *Gazette* and get your coat on.

But before pa could find his hat, our Jimmy became salary-conscious, thumbed his nose at a \$1,400 weekly check and flatly refused to K. O. any more dazzling damsels unless the ante was raised—and raised plenty.

In vain did Warner Brothers remind him that Hollywood was full of masculine contenders who would welcome the opportunity to slap some of their feminine stars—gratis. The autocratic redhead merely shrugged—the old shrigger!—turned on his good heel, and walked out of their lives forever—quaint Hollywood colloquialism meaning anywhere from six weeks to three months. And did Warner Brothers get red in the face?

So what? Gable gone unbearably saccharine, Cagney headed for medical college, there to learn the fine art of sawing bones—so he announced.





# MINUS MINOR

By  
William H. McKegg

Chinese birth entitles Sari Maritza to incense and Oriental flutes at interviews, but she just lets her shoulder straps slip and is a siren.

# WAILS

THE better to describe them to everyday folk. I have encountered such glamorous beings as imperial Negri, exotic Goudal, flaming Bow, intellectual Landi, and divine Tallulah—each worth a pilgrimage to meet.

Each, in her turn, has caused this poor heart to do all sorts of tricks. And I hope to enjoy a few more before I go to the Old Soldiers' Home. It was, in fact, with this desire for another heart trick, so to speak, that I looked around for another siren.

Reports from my foreign agents had come about one called Sari Maritza. Budapest had glimpsed her in some pictures. London, Paris, and Berlin were later aware of her.

*La Maritza's* arrival in Hollywood was, however, quiet and subdued. The only ripple surrounding her composed entrance were rumors that, during his last visit to Europe, Charles Spencer Chaplin had been smitten by her charms. Well, what dazzled Chaplin would please me.

The interview was set for four p. m., in Maritza's dressing room.

Maritza has a pretty back and she knows it. That's why she turns it toward interviewers before she faces them.

To feed imagination beforehand, *la Maritza*—so went her saga—had been born in China. I could almost smell the incense and see *décor*s in black, vermillion, and jade. Jars of perfume. A gilded, squat Buddha—such as Negri used for a prop. Veiled lights. A faint wailing of Oriental flutes floating on the incense-laden air.

Would I be greeted in Chinese? European languages might be coped with, but Asiatic tongues are another thing. And what Chinese did I know beyond Chu Chin Chow, Hongkong, and Chin Lee?

Fearlessly, though unprepared, I hurried past the row of Georgian dwellings where the stars dress and undress. This Georgian row, facing the grass plots inside the Paramount lot, always reminds me of a London street. On this mellow afternoon it resembled London more than ever, except that Sylvia Sidney stood in the doorway of her dressing room, in her "Madame Butterfly" costume. She was fondling a pair of Siamese kittens and looked more Japanese than her Japanese hairdresser.

But not even *la Sidney's* Oriental make-up could make me pause on my way.

"I'm going to see the real thing!" I told her.

Up a flight of stairs. Down a corridor. A tap on the door.


The door opened—and I saw a bare back. Quite an attractive back, I assure you—smooth, firm and boyish. Maritza knows she has a pretty back. That's why she turned it toward the door as I entered.

She was dressed in flowing lounge pajamas. If the rear of the ensemble gave her the touch of a siren, the front endowed her with girlish innocence.

And there you have Sari: one half  
Continued on page 64





A full-length portrait of a woman, Sary Maritza, standing against a dark background. She is wearing a light-colored, heavily fringed costume that covers her torso and extends down to her knees. The costume has a strapless bodice and a full, tiered skirt. She is also wearing fringed sandals. Her hair is dark and styled in waves, and she is looking upwards and to the right with a slight smile. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the fringe and her features.

SARI MARITZA is one half a woman of the world, the other half just a child, pert, mischievous and evasive.

WILLIAM H. McKEGG, who has known all the great charmers of Hollywood, writes an amusing, though penetrating, description of her on the opposite page.



ALL honor to Claudette Colbert for giving the most surprising performance of the month. As Poppaea, the wicked empress, in "The Sign of the Cross," she's a new, decadent and enormously provocative figure.



Photo by Otto Dyar



CLAUDETTE was ladylike for so long that directors gave her up as inhibited, incapable of releasing her utmost talent. Then Cecil De-Mille talked turkey to her and she blazed. Now every director wants her. Her next is "The Queen Was in the Parlor."



CAROL LOMBARD has been walking out of studios lately because of the rôles assigned her. Her return to Paramount for "No Man of Her Own" must mean that she liked the part. Or maybe Clark Gable had a little to do with it. Playing his heroine is not exactly a setback to any career and Carol has had some pretty tepid pictures to combat.





A TOUCH here and there spells smartness this season. Not too much, not too little, but just enough to give distinction or to relieve a black frock. These styles illustrate some of the newest uses of the popular fur.



ON the right stands Charlotte Susa, M.-G.-M.'s German actress. Next her is Julie Haydan, then Glenda Farrell. Atop them is Frances Dee.



# THE MESSAGE



RABBIT is not to be scorned if a girl must deny herself ermine. Much the same effect can be achieved if the less costly fur is used sparingly and the ensemble is simple rather than flashy.



LORETTA YOUNG'S jacket is rabbit, and Wynne Gibson's bolero is trimmed with it. Between them is Sandra Shaw, above her Sue Car

OF ERMINE





Photo by Hurrell

EDMUND LOWE scans a fashion magazine, of all things! But, on second thought, why shouldn't he? Perhaps he is trying to decide if Lilyan Tashman is clothes-crazy while she absents herself from his side to dictate her reply to Judith Field's orraignment in last month's Picture Play.





THOSE tans who tax Joan Crawford with straining after effects, both dramatic and personal, would find themselves nonplused by her naturalness if they saw her as she really is. As she is in this photograph, for instance. Below is Joan as she was when she first crept into Hollywood, an unknown.



Photo by Hartsook

Photo by William Grimes







# EARTHQUAKE

DETERMINED to recapture her great success in "Madame X," Ruth Chattertan offers an echo of the famous story in "Frisco Jenny." Beginning with the catastrophe of 1906, the drama later shows Miss Chattertan as a notorious woman prosecuted by the district attorney, who is her son. James Murray and Carroll Naish are with her at top of page, Louis Calhern on the left.





Photo by Tzamouzakis

STALWART Johnny Weissmuller grins in friendly fashion as he keeps in trim for his next bow to you from the screen. Again he will be Tarzan—"Tarzan and His Mate" this time—and Maureen O'Sullivan will be the lucky girl.





**HAPPY-GO-LUCKY** Dick Powell caught on from the start in "Blessed Event." It seems that he's a small-town fellow from Arkansas who got his professional start in St. Louis. Bebe Barrett's interview on the opposite page shows that he's one of the gong and deserves to be liked as much as he is.



# MERRILY CLICKING

Since "Blessed Event" the breezy Dick Powell has been bewildered at all the fan interest he stirred up.

By Bebe  
Barrett

**H**E rolled a long pencil rapidly between his fingers; marked off weird designs on a scrap of paper; whirled about dizzily in the publicity manager's swivel chair; leaned out, perilously, to inspect a page in a perfectly strange typewriter.

Nervous like that. Elusive. I wondered if the forty-five-degree tilt of my new hat could be responsible for his agitation.

"Oh, no, no!"—he grinned reassuringly—"I'm always like this. Can't sit still. Have to keep moving."

And keep moving he did. It was like interviewing a Kansas cyclone.

Dick Powell is charming and utterly unaffected. His boyish grin gets you in spite of yourself, and you find yourself grinning back at him for no reason at all. Just because.

He has a terrible inferiority complex. Can't believe that he actually deserves all the nice things that are being said about him. Thinks there must be an awful mistake somewhere, and worries about what will happen when the public finds out he's only a normal human being.

Dick was the second of three children—all boys—and being middle man seems to have been a pretty tough spot.

"If dad wanted his slippers, or mother had



to have something from the store, I got the job," he said complainingly. "My older brother was naturally my superior, and the youngest was, of course, the baby. So I was *it*."

Dick was also "it" when it came to riding the old horse that belonged to the Powell family. The oldest, being that, got the seat of honor up front. The baby sat in the middle, hanging on to big brother. And our hero was relegated to the rumble seat, from which he slipped more than once.

The neighbors referred to the trio as the "three mules." And never having been on speaking terms with a mule, your guess as to the reason for the implication is probably as good as mine.

Outside of a very definite determination, Dick and the mule have little in common. Nobody will ever be obliged to light a fire under the Powell lad to get him started. A human pinwheel—that's Dick.

When Dick was very young, Daddy Powell taught him to sing "Casey Jones"—and probably lived to regret it.

Every time there was company, young Dick was yanked out of the backyard, propped up against the center table, and put through his paces. Nor did he protest.

"As often as I sang 'Casey Jones,' I got a nickel for it," he ex-

Continued on page 69

Dick was the Little Rock child who piped "Casey Jones" for the neighbors with such gusto that he grew up to be a master of ceremonies and then the screen found him.



# HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

**S**TORM and stress over debt payments by European powers notwithstanding, Hollywood is in the throes of another foreign invasion. It must be the 999th or something like that.

Here is the latest group: Henry Garat, Lilian Harvey, Wera Engels, Charlotte Susa, Benita Hume, Dorothea Wieck, Francis Lederer, and Patrick Aherne. Very cosmopolitan—this group, for though the largest quota happens to come from Germany, the other players hail from England, Ireland, or Czechoslovakia.

What their fates will be is a question. Some good foreign productions like "Congress Dances" and "Maedchen in Uniform" have probably induced their being signed up, along with the belief of the producers that they can please European audiences by presenting their favorites in American films.

As for the foreign countries, maybe they like the idea of shipping their stars over here with a view of increasing their revenue sufficiently to pay their debts.

**Hail, Loving Foreigners!**—One or two of these foreign-born players has had experience on the American stage, notably Francis Lederer, who scored a hit in New York in "Autumn Crocus." Though his name might suggest that he is a character actor, he is really a fervid and youthful romantic type. So heart throbs may result from his advent in pictures. That's two hot lovers, for Henry Garat rates amorously torrid, plus.

**Faithful in Their Fashion.**—Clara Bow and Rex Bell are continuing as mates, but don't ask us for how long. Anyway, they've gone on a European honeymoon, which is always a hopeful sign. Clara left first—that is, for New York—and naturally her lonely departure was inspiration for a barrage of separation rumors. But then Rex had an excellent justification for remaining behind, since he had a couple of Western pictures to make.

How the marriage will eventually turn out, we wouldn't presume to guess. Clara's first picture, "Call Her Savage," leaves her future very much in the air.

Incidentally, Clara's new personality, with its perfect composure, quite charms us. We wonder if she'll have a chance

Katharine Hepburn's taste in pets is as unconventional as her indifference to dress. Standardized Hollywood just can't understand her



Fifi Dorsay does away with those bangs for her comeback in "They Had to Get Married."

to disclose it on the screen. A picture should be selected to star her without flapperish furbelows.

**A Radio Entourage.**—Movie stars aren't the only people who boast retinues. Radio celebrities seem to be just as spectacularly hedged in. Kate Smith has a manager, press agent, personal representative and other attendants.

The first thing she did on coming to Hollywood was to acquire a home and settle down. She was quite enraptured with the movie city. Its wild ways did not dismay her, even though she is referred to as the last surviving personage who is against women smoking. And who doesn't smoke in movieland?

**Baby Stars Again.**—The Wampas—press agents' organization—have again done a little baby star





Vibrations in the movie colony move to a higher pitch over the new foreign invasion.

By Edwin  
and Elza  
Schallert

Cary Grant can have his pick of Hollywood's prettiest girls whenever he steps out. Here he is with Virginia Cherrill at a football game.

Photo by International



selecting. And here are the lucky winners—girls whose futures are regarded as hopeful right now:

Lona Andre, Lilian Bond, Mary Carlisle, June Clyde, Patricia Ellis, Ruth Hall, Eleanor Holm, Evelyn Knapp, Dorothy Layton, Boots Mallory, Ginger Rogers, Marian Shockley, Gloria Stuart, and Dorothy Wilson.

Another girl, Lillian Miles, was chosen, but left for New York and the stage, and her place was temporarily taken by Toshia Mori, Japanese, who plays in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." Best bets, to our way of thinking, are Misses Bond, Clyde, Hall, Knapp, Mallory, Rogers, Stuart, and Wilson.

The formal coming-out party for the baby stars is again abandoned, but they may go on a personal-appearance tour.



John Davis Lodge, new Paramount player, looks a little like Neil Hamilton, doesn't he?

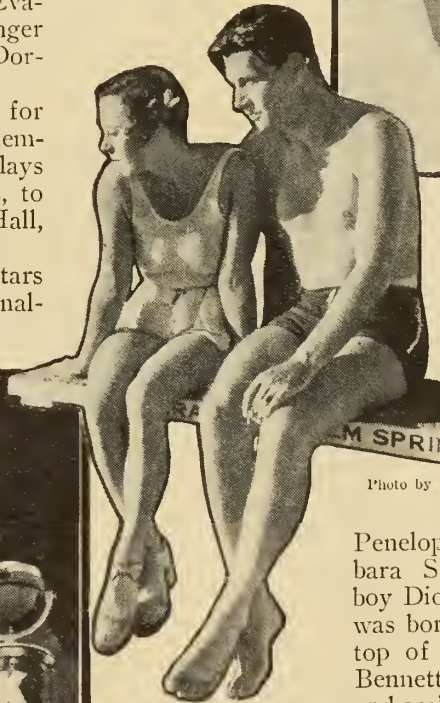


Photo by Acme

Jobyna and Richard Arlen expect a little stranger in the spring.

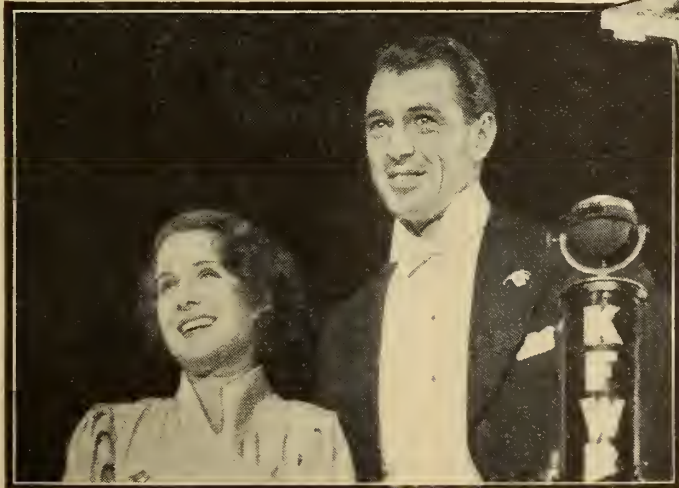


Photo by Acme

When Norma Shearer and Gary Cooper are seen together at an opening, the crowd roars. But do they duck? Look at their faces!

**Browish Christenings.**—What names the stars are thinking up for their children, especially the adopted offspring! The Fredric Marches call their little girl

Penelope and Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck have named their boy Dion—real highbrow Irish. He was born John Charles Greene. On top of that the nickname of Joan Bennett's daughter is now Ditty, and we've only heard that since her marriage to Gene Markey.

**A Luncheon Marathon.**—Somebody started something in the charity line in Hollywood this year. It was the chain luncheon idea, carried out for the benefit of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. The scheme works like this:

A small group of members gives a luncheon party, each inviting eight guests. Each guest brings one dollar as a donation, and is also required to give a luncheon, inviting seven other guests. These in turn invite six guests. And so it goes merrily on until there is only

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# POOR GIRL'S DREAM Comes True



The few who really know Barbara see her as the feminine match for a Horatio Alger hero.

Photo by Lippman

Frank Fay, Barbara's husband, has helped build the home, but let her carry out her own long-cherished plans.



**T**HE most luxurious estate in California's movie colony to-day stands as a fitting memorial to Barbara Stanwyck's amazing victory in an uneven battle with life.

It's a far cry from the barren one-room tenement in Brooklyn, where she was born, to the \$300,000 abode in Brentwood, over which she now rules as queen, yet Barbara at twenty-six has successfully spanned the gap—a long and perilous leap negotiated on a bulldog determination, guided by an unusually level head.

In the completion of this rambling manor, with its spacious tree-dotted, flower-bedecked grounds, the brilliant young star has brought to a realization the cherished dream of her drab childhood.

Barbara Stanwyck is, to the few who really know her, the feminine counterpart of a Horatio Alger hero. A daughter of the slums, unequipped for the



Barbara Stanwyck's \$300,000 home is the realization of an ambition dating from her childhood days in the slums.

By E. R. Moak

terrific struggle she faced, Barbara has fought courageously—and cleanly—to lift herself out of poverty's mire.

Accustomed as she has become to fate's frequent frowns, she has emerged from the fray untarnished by bitterness. True, there's a cynical twinkle in her dark-blue eyes, but this she has converted into one of her major qualities—her deep regard for the truth, her utter hatred of sham.

I'll always remember my first meeting with Barbara. It was at the very beginning of her campaign for recognition in Hollywood. We had been discussing her tragic infancy. I asked her what her father had done for a livelihood.

"He was a ditch-digger—when he worked!" was her blunt reply.

Nor will I soon forget my latest visit to Barbara, this time in the Brentwood house, just completed after twenty years of planning on Barbara's part, and eighteen months of actual construction by artisans. We sat before a French window, peering out on the antics of Frank Fay, her husband, trying to amuse seven-months-old Dion, their adopted son.

"I've been slaving and saving for this place ever since I was six," she confided, "and I expect to go on doing so as long as I live.

"When I was five," she went on, "I used to leave our tenement, weighted down by father's dinner pail, and make my way to wherever he happened to be working. I had picked up a few dance steps—invented them, I guess—and dad's fellow toilers would toss me pennies for doing my act.

"Then one day, about a year later, I discovered Prospect Park. That was my undoing.

The pennies Barbara earned when carrying a dinner pail, and later took to an orphanage with her, went to the building of her dream home.



Photo by Longworth

The bulldog determination Miss Stanwyck has had to cultivate has left no harsher mark than a twinkle of cynical amusement.

"Thereafter, the food bucket delivered, the pennies collected, I'd strike out for the public green, take up a seat on the curbing, and stare in silence at the mansions that surrounded it. Some day, I told myself, I, too, would have a fine home.

"I began to save my pennies, hiding them in a little tin box. When I was sent to an orphanage, I carted my fortune with me, and when I was retrieved from the institution, I still had it.

"Much as I craved candy and toys at times, I never parted with any of the coins I earned with those childish dances—not until I opened my first bank account. Now those pennies are actually invested in this property!"

And not once during the  
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# JOEL OPENS UP



Joel's first day in Constance Bennett's "Born to Love" was all but a freeze-out, though later all was hunky-dory. This is how they get on now.



Even with starched petticoats, this ol-bum treasure proves that Joel entirely skipped that tender mewling age.

The strong and practically silent Joel McCrea comes across with some revealing tales of his experiences with players—strictly shop talk, you understand.

By Jeanne de Kolty

**H**OLLYWOOD," said Joel McCrea as he took a bite of lime ice, "is a mad town. It *does* something to people. It gets under their skins, and makes them do and say things that I don't believe they'd do or say anywhere else.

"Anything can happen in Hollywood. In fact, almost anything does. You always get what you don't expect, and never get what you do. For five years I worked around the studios, expecting a break. When I finally did get it, I had almost given up expecting it.

"It may be the climate that makes Hollywood what it is. Or pictures. Or simply the people. When you get several thousand players from all corners of the world grouped together in one place, I suppose the result is bound to be rather exciting.

"Hollywood is full of politics, mistakes, jealousies.

No matter how hard you try to avoid them, you're bound to be dragged into the confusion if you work in pictures.

"During my five years as an apprentice, I had ample opportunity to see a lot of professional jealousy. I'd seen players try to hog the camera, and long-lasting feuds started between stars over the lighting of scenes. I even knew one actor who bribed a cameraman to give him the best angles.

"One day I was discussing this with that madman, Charlie Bickford, one of the swellest guys I ever knew.

"Kid," said Charlie, "it makes no difference what people do or say as long as you ignore them. If you play your part sincerely and intelligently, nothing any one does can detract from your performance.

"And if any one ever tries to hog the camera on you, simply turn your back. If you're good enough, you can



dominate an entire scene with your back to the audience. If not, you'll spoil the scene and the director will make a new take."

"I remembered those words when I went to work on 'Once a Sinner,' with Dorothy Mackaill. She was a star. She'd probably resent having a green unknown walk into an important part.

"To my surprise, Dorothy was marvelous to me. It was a bit player who pulled the camera-hogging trick on me."

"How?" I prompted, offering Joel a cigarette. He refused. He neither smokes nor drinks.

"Not that I'm any angel," he explains, "but I'm always in training. Good health and an athletic build are important to me. It's a cinch I'd never get by on my face."

Joel wasn't fishing for a compliment. He made the remark in all sincerity. A denial probably would have embarrassed him. I asked instead, "So what about the camera hog?"

"Oh, yes. She was a little French girl. Somehow she'd got a part, and meant to make the most of it. Every time we shot the scene, she'd wave her hands and gesticulate. You know how foreigners get all excited and bounce around, anyway?"

I didn't stop Joel to remind him of my French ancestry.

"She'd edge around in front of me so she occupied an important position while I was left in the background. The moment this happened, I'd turn my back to the camera.

"Guthrie McClintic, our director, noticing the gesture, stopped the scene several times, but the girl repeated her tricks again and again. Finally Guthrie put chalk marks on the floor, indicating her position. He gave her the alternative of staying on the marks or losing her coveted bit."

Joel leaned back, sighed reminiscently, and continued. "Another thing about Hollywood: it seems that the very people a fellow's warned against turn out to be his best friends.

"For instance, when I was just beginning to get rôles, William Siström cast me in 'The Silver Horde.' The director didn't know me. He resented my being dragged into the picture over his head.

"The cast included Louis Wolheim, Raymond Hatton, Evelyn Brent, and several others. I was on a spot, with the director already prejudiced against me and all those thoroughly experienced players to buck up against.

Continued on page 63



Although it took Joel five years to put himself across with producers, he had an admiring fan following in no time at all, once he got a break.

Perhaps it's only an old tomato can, after all, so why should Shane, the setter Richard Dix gave Joel, get all het up?







Joan Crawford—ambitious.



William Powell—fear of poverty.



Marlene Dietrich—repressed.



Jimmy Durante—funny and loud.

# AS THE

Why is Jimmy Durante so funny and Joan Crawford so tensely determined to be a great star and a lady besides? It's their early environment that gives stars their individual traits.

By Margaret Reid

**T**HERE is endless—well, fairly endless—fascination in the origins of people. Not so much the sources of their actual being as the sources of what they are as individuals. If I make myself less and less clear, let us use as a quick example the case of Edward G. Robinson, whose passionate hatred of intolerance and bigotry is easily traced back to the fact that his family, as victims of it, were put out of Roumania.

Do not tremble so, my pretties, there is no cause for alarm—this will not be a treatise on psychoanalysis proving that your difficulty with arithmetic as a child has turned you into an old uncle-lover.

It will only be an interesting—to me, anyway—and simple research into the original causes for those characteristics which distinguish one star from another, both professionally and as individuals.

Disregarding heredity, too complex and mysterious for us amateurs to tamper with, we are concerned only with the effects of early environments, with concrete circumstances and events which left sufficiently deep marks to be discernible to-day. Not only discernible, but sharply and individually characteristic.

Robert Montgomery—  
mask of flippancy

To start on that light note so desired by lecturers to keep their audiences awake and eager for the thrilling revelations ahead, let us first consider this specimen in the center of the table, the Proboscis Ad Infinitum or James Durante.

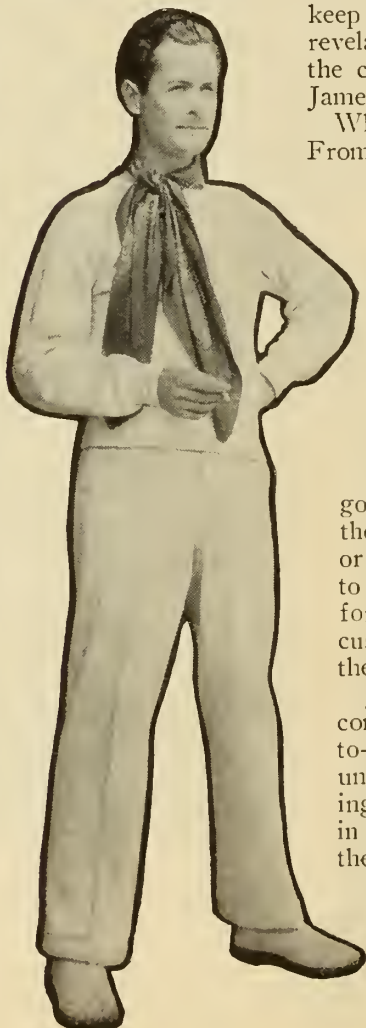
What made Jimmy like he is? Whence came he? From where came his loud, confident wit, his peculiarly insistent absurdity? Just for fun let us trace it back to its source.

For forty years Jimmy's father had a barber shop on the lower East Side of New York. In such families even the children are enterprising. Jimmy, naturally fascinated by the barber shop itself, fell into the habit of wisecracking with the customers, which habit gradually expanded until he had a semiofficial position. Standing on a soap box, he did odd lathering, all the coat brushing, and certainly all the entertaining.

His mother gave him fifty cents a week for being a good boy and taking music lessons. On the way to those lessons, he always stopped to buy a dime novel or joke book. On the way home, it was his custom to sit in a confectionery store searching his literature for new jokes with which to entertain his father's customers, one of whom, incidentally, was Al Smith, then an East Side boy himself.

Jimmy, established in this capacity, evolved the comedy methods and personal characteristics he has to-day. Evolved them not consciously, but purely unconsciously, out of the exigencies of the surroundings. He had to be loud, because he had competition in the din of the elevated trains, the cries of hawkers, the polyglot noises of the street outside.

He had to be fast, because the customers might be ready to leave before the point of the joke was reached. He had to be insidious to get any attention at all. That he also happened to be very funny is another thing again, quite a far cry from the evolution of his method.





# TWIG IS BENT

Joan Crawford—that fierce intensity that burns in her eyes and hollows her cheeks, where did that come from? Her intensity and her passionate ambition, those are Joan. Because she is indelibly seared by horrors from which she will continue to run away until she dies.

The intensity is her deep hunger for life, her acute response to it, sharpened so fine by those sad years of her childhood when she was pushed off in a corner away from life, away from everything except suffering and misery. Ambition is the driving force in her, constantly whipping her away out of sight of that suffering, as far from it as she can get.

When Joan was a little girl, she worked as helper in a Kansas City boarding school. That meant that she scrubbed floors, washed dishes, from dawn until dark, waiting on those little girls who could run out and play.

For this, Joan received her board and whatever skimpy fragments of schooling that could be picked up. There was only the briefest respite, when her mother had enough money to send Joan as a paying pupil to a convent. In a very little while this money gave out, and once more Joan was a slavey.

Naturally, she knew no children. What child would notice the drab, unsmiling little shadow collecting the laundry or scrubbing the dormitory floors? Joan was completely alone, shut off in her dark world of work and scoldings and harsh orders and aching back. There is no need to outline further the cause of her intensity and ambition.

Tallulah Bankhead's famous audacity, her daring which transcends even the popular conception of sophistication, is simply a carry-over of childhood impudence and natural defiance of all things just on general principle.

When she was three years of age, she was dared to smoke one of her father's cheroots, and promptly did so down to the end. That she was spectacularly sick, and punished as well, only incited her to repeat the performance a little later on cigarettes. With the same sad results—and the same lack of interest in the moral lesson.

She took public shower baths under the waterfall in the garden and when told to shake

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Tallulah  
Bankhead—  
audacity.



Nancy Carroll—out for Nancy.



Edward G. Robinson—sympathy



Sylvia Sydney—seriousness.



Walter Huston—attention to detail.





Charles Laughton, Claudette Colbert, and Fredric March reap new honors in "The Sign of the Cross," not forgetting Director DeMille and Elissa Landi.

The New Year opens with a burst of fine pictures and fine acting.

"The Sign of the Cross."

Fredric March, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert, Charles Laughton, Ian Keith, Arthur Hohl, Harry Beresford, Tommy Conlon, Vivian Tobin, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Joyzelle Joyner, Nat Pendleton.

## By Norbert Lusk

**C**ECIL DEMILLE triumphs with a stirring spectacle, the first really big film to reach the talkies, and it is Mr. DeMille at his best. Better than his best, really, for he has acquired new restraint and a finer viewpoint. But if you think he has gone highbrow and forgotten his showmanship, just wait till you see his Roman arena.

Then you will realize that he hasn't missed a trick in piling thrill upon thrill with the sure hand of a master director. The horrors of pagan slaughter for an emperor's holiday give him license to splurge on a magnificent, terrifying spectacle. His instinct for dramatic contrast focuses on the spiritual exaltation of the Christians as they climb a dungeon stairway to meet death from lions waiting in the arena. For beauty of grouping and lighting this is the pictorial gem of the month. It has the quality of a great painting come to life. But the

entire production is superb. Better still, it moves steadily forward unhampered by too much talk or an excess of detail.

As you know, it deals with the persecution of Christians by *Nero*, but it has none of the dullness expected of a religious theme, nor does it preach. Simplicity, directness, and moving sincerity motivate every word uttered by the Christians, while the splendor of *Nero's* court again affords Mr. DeMille striking contrast.

The acting is great. Claudette Colbert is most surprising of all the admirable players. As the decadent empress *Poppaea* she is every inch the imperious wanton. This from the erstwhile ladylike Mrs. Foster! She's amazing. Fredric March gives further proof that he is the most accomplished of leading men. His is the most difficult part of all for he must show the gradual spiritual awakening of the pagan *Marcus* under the influence of the Christian girl *Mercia*.

Elissa Landi's performance of the latter rôle is beautiful. Warm, tender, steadfast in her belief even when assailed by love, she is at last perfectly cast. Charles Laughton is, of course, magnificent as the degenerate



*Nero* and lesser parts are played to the queen's taste—and Mr. DeMille's—which is the same thing. This is a picture you absolutely must see.

#### "Rasputin and the Empress."

John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Ethel Barrymore, Ralph Morgan, Tad Alexander, Diana Wynyard, C. Henry Gordon, Edward Arnold.

The long-awaited and widely heralded picture starring the three Barrymores is a good show, but it is not distinguished or important. It is pretentious, yes, but shallow. Lionel and John repeat rôles they have played under other names, although Lionel's beard is new and perhaps longer and more abundant than any ever worn by a principal actor.

John is a patriotic Russian prince, which is to say that he revives his impersonation of noble youth and thereby enjoys a good rest after his fine acting in "A Bill of Divorcement."

It is Ethel Barrymore as the *Czarina* who is, in my eyes, the honored member of the trio. She is regal, tender, compassionate and displays flashes of that devastating yet nameless and intangible charm which elevated her to stardom in her youth and which made her the stage idol of a younger generation. She moves with aristocratic dignity through the long stretch of scenes which purport to tell the story of the peasant *Rasputin's* rise to power and his domination of the *Romanoffs* until they are slain by revolutionists.

This is no place to challenge the taste of the screen story, but actual occurrences seem too well known to justify distortion even for the sake of making *Rasputin* a more despicable villain than he was. The murder of the imperial family is profoundly tragic both in fact and fiction, and here it is heartbreakingly pictured.

Besides the Barrymores, the principals include Ralph Morgan, who makes the weakness of the *Czar* convincing and sympathetic, and Tad Alexander whose *Czarowitz* is a boyish portrayal to win hearts everywhere, not forgetting an unprogrammed little girl who stands out beautifully in a single scene as his sister. Diana Wynyard is appealing as a lady-in-waiting and all the lesser parts are well played.



John, Ethel, and Lionel Barrymore splurge their talent on "Rasputin and the Empress" and Tad Alexander is equal to their company.

#### "The Animal Kingdom."

Leslie Howard, Ann Harding, Myrna Loy, William Gargan, Neil Hamilton, Henry Stephenson, Ilka Chase, Loni Stengel, Donald Dillaway.

A photographed stage play, a form almost obsolete now, comes to titillate "class" audiences—if there are any. It is beautifully photographed and acted, too, but is distinctly for audiences more interested in smartly candid conversation than in action. The characters talk and talk as they ceaselessly shred their thoughts and emotions into tatters of nothingness. I say "nothingness" because I don't consider the persons involved, or their problems, interesting to the filmgoer after their platform is laid and they stand upon it to expound, exhort, and play conversational hide-and-seek with one another.

I don't think most of us care if *Tom Collier* lives under his father's roof for the winter and thereby loses his "integrity" and is bored by his parent's "deadly din-

ners." Certainly it isn't an important issue at any time, but from the way *Tom* holds forth you would think it meant Sing Sing for life. The real core of the play—I can't acknowledge it as a picture—is *Tom's* discovery that the girl he has married is a sensual wanton and the girl he lived with is a noble mate. And so he tells the butler that he is returning to his "wife." There you have the climax.

All this is played smoothly, skillfully and with a touch of superiority by Leslie Howard and Ann Harding, whose desire for literary values in screen material is better known than their ability to give the pulse of life to the sort of rôles that suffice for more vital players.

Myrna Loy, minus stage training and probably literary exactions, equals them both in poise and delicacy of expression while William Gargan offers a comic butler whose free and easy relations with his employer offer a welcome reminder of Hollywood, where servants of stars are frequently pals, but in this tepid drawing-room piece it's, oh, so deliciously, defiantly unconventional.

In fact, the straining after frankness and fearlessness is rather tiresome. But this display is important in making clear that *la Loy* can hold her own with stage sophisticates.

Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes are concerned in the tenderest love story of the month, "A Farewell to Arms."







#### "A Farewell to Arms.

Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou, Mary Philips, Jack LaRue, Blanche Friderici, Henry Armetta, Mary Forbes, Gilbert Emery.

A love story of unusual tenderness and poignant reality is what has resulted from filming Ernest Hemingway's novel. Only that and nothing more. It will stir to enthusiasm those who are unfamiliar with the book; it will move to indignation those who know it well. The latter will find it lacking the stark horror of warfare as well as the penetrating analysis of character, emotion, and motivation that distinguished the original. However, there is much to admire in the picture and a great deal that will grip the majority and insure wide popularity.

For one thing—and a very great item it is—Helen Hayes gives her finest performance, lifting her rôle to a portrayal of marvelous beauty. Gary Cooper, too, exceeds past efforts. His acting sounds a depth that is new for him and his repression gives way to free and eloquent emotional expression. Between them they reveal the intimacies and passion, the frustration and tragedy of love to a degree rarely seen in pictures. Beauty and dignity are found in all they do and say because both players and director, Frank Borzage, are sincere and are untouched by that exaggeration which often embarrasses the spectator and causes him to deplore the state of mind that is Hollywood.

The picture has faults, yes, but they are swept away by Miss Hayes and Mr. Cooper, not forgetting Adolphe Menjou who is quite their equal in maintaining superlative acting and good sense.



"Silver Dollar" deals with one of the most fabulous characters in Western history, Edward G. Robinson and Bebe Daniels making it vividly real.

Lee Tracy and Lupe Velez tell in racy fashion how stars are made by press agents in "The Half-naked Truth."

The story is a needless detail here. Enough to say that Miss Hayes is a nurse, Mr. Cooper an American lieutenant in the Italian forces, and Mr. Menjou is an Italian major who is in turn friend and enemy of the lovers.

#### "The Half-naked Truth."

Lee Tracy, Lupe Velez, Eugene Pallette, Frank Morgan, Shirley Chambers, James Donlin, Charles Dow Clark, Bob McKenzie.

Following closely the cycle of pictures dealing with newspaper columnists comes this, the first of a series dealing with press agents who make—and sometimes break—stars.

It is an entertaining story—hilariously entertaining in spots—of the exploits of one *Bates* in making over *Teresita*, a carnival dancer, into a Broadway star. He succeeds beyond his wildest hopes and the girl gives him the air for a big-time producer. *Bates*, for revenge, promptly tears her down and creates another star in almost less time than it takes to write this. As *Teresita's* popularity wanes, so does the producer's interest. The end finds *Bates* and *Teresita* back in the carnival, happy to be there and about to be married.

There are a number of incongruities and inconsistencies in the plot and its unravelment, but what do they matter when there's a laugh a minute?

Lee Tracy gives another of his characteristically outstanding performances as *Bates* and Lupe Velez as *Teresita* offers, by long odds, the best acting of her

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Photo by Hurrell

THE "new" Mary Pickford is more Pickfordian than ever! Here she is in the typical photograph we have been waiting for. Sophisticated yet girlish; modern yet with that softly feminine appeal that is the true Mary. The smaller picture shows her in "Secrets," her long-delayed comeback film.



# MEET A STAR'S BOUNCER

By Samuel  
Richard Mook

Though Chester is a hero to his man Eddie, he is not too awed to snatch fattening dishes right out of his hands.



When a star has a "dresser" like Chester Morris's Eddie, it's hard to tell who is boss and who valet. Anyway, here's Eddie's low-down on Chester.

NO man is a hero to his valet" is an old saying, but it is a lot of bunk as far as Eddie McKenna is concerned. Eddie is what is known, in theatrical parlance, as Chester Morris's dresser, and he thinks Chester is the salt of the earth.

It's a panic to watch them together. Ches-



"I don't know nuttin' about dressin' you," Eddie insisted. But he knows when an interviewer starts razzing Chester.

ter does most of the work because he says it makes him feel useless to have any one fluttering around him. Not that Eddie flutters. He used to be a boxer.

All the while he was on the stage and for the first couple of years he was in pictures, Chester never had a dresser. He was known as probably the most unassuming soul who ever trod a studio lot, with the possible exception of Dick Arlen.

This is how he acquired Eddie. He was employed in the prop department at United Artists studio, having found the fighting game not so good the past few seasons, when Chester's company went on location to Catalina Island.



Eddie hadn't been a prop man long enough for admission to the local union and unless he was a union man he couldn't go on location. It was worrying Eddie and it worried the assistant director on the picture.

A day or so before they left, the three of them were in "conference" and the assistant was laying plans for a few large evenings on the island "when we get there."

"Whaddaya mean, 'we'?" Eddie demanded. "I'm not goin'."

Asked why, he explained. A worried frown creased Chester's forehead. "I can't really afford a dresser," he observed. "This bozo"—referring to some ambiguous figure who doubtless handled his finances—"barely allows me enough to keep two cars going, but I'll cut down on my cigarettes and save the money somehow. How'd you like to work for me, Eddie?"

"Fine," said Eddie, "doin' what?"

"You'll be my dresser," Chester answered. "A star should really have a dresser."

"I don't know nuttin' about dressin' you," said Eddie, "it's all I can do to get me own gams into me pants."

"Oh, that's all right," Chester assured him, "I'll show you what's to be done. You watch me on the set and when my make-up gets shiny you bring the make-up box. Before I go into a scene you look me over and see that there's no dust on my clothes and all that sort of thing."

"We'll have cues. If I cross my legs with the left one on top, you hand me a cigarette. If I cross them with my right one on top, you hand me a cigar. If I spit, that means I want water."

So Eddie was engaged. The first day there was some doubt in Chester's mind as to how the experiment would work out. He feared that in addition to Eddie's salary he would also have to pay an interpreter to decode Eddie's utterances. Eddie speaks a slanguage all his own.

Chester had been on the set all morning, but no scenes had been shot and his make-up had got shiny. Finally he was called. Just as he was about to step in front of the camera, Eddie grabbed him and shoved a mirror in front of him.

"Take a look at your kisser," Eddie admonished.

"My what?" asked Chester, slightly puzzled.

"Your phizz, your mug, your pan, your face," Eddie explained.

"Oh," said Chester—and powdered.

He handed the make-up kit back to Eddie and started away. It was to be a long scene and there would undoubtedly be numerous takes.

"Wait," Eddie called, and handed him a pack of cigarettes. "Stick these in your kick," he suggested.

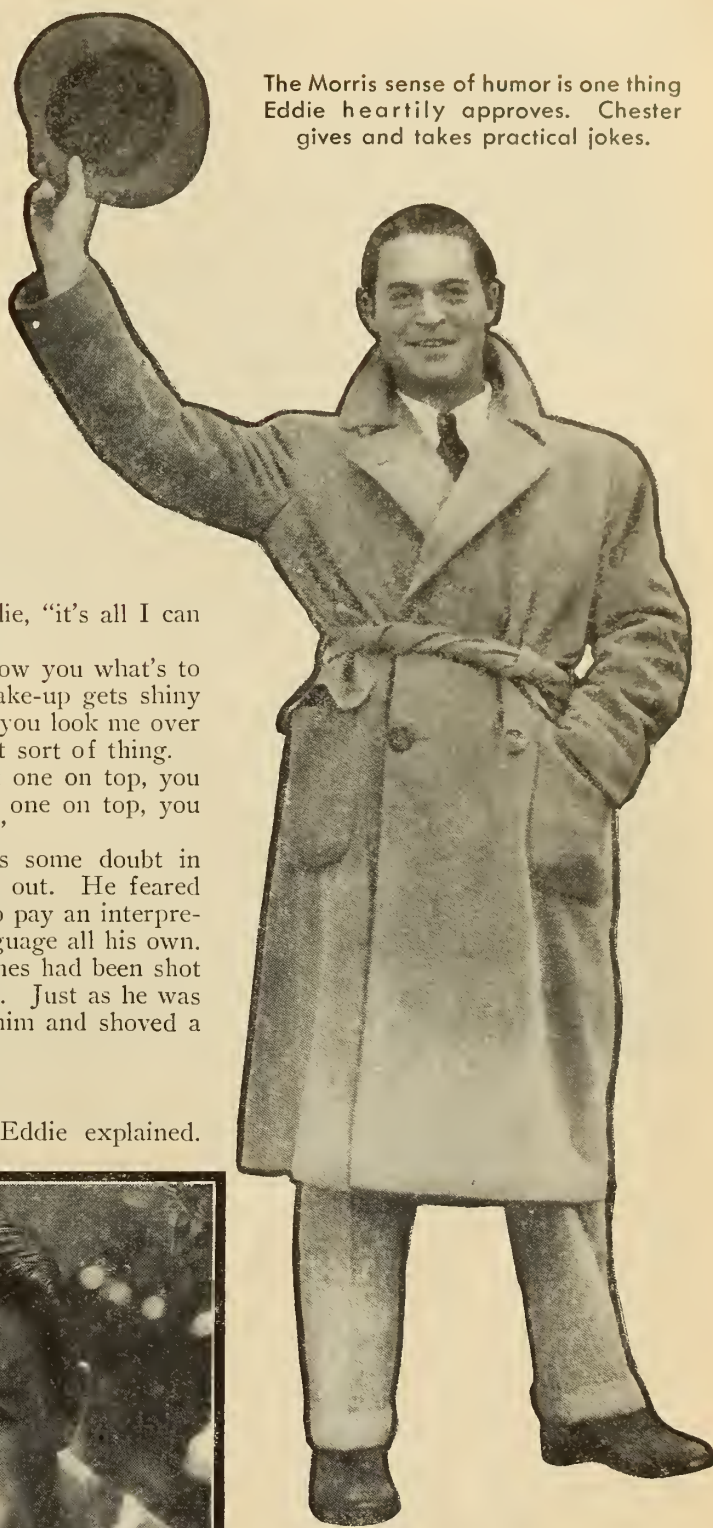
"In my what?" asked Chester.

"In your bag, your pocket," said Eddie patiently.

Chester started away once more. "Just a minute," said Eddie. "What strides you wearing in the next scene?"

"What *what*?" Chester stammered.

"You'd think Chester was workin' for me instead of me for him," says Eddie.



The Morris sense of humor is one thing Eddie heartily approves. Chester gives and takes practical jokes.

"Pants," Eddie explained quietly, reserving his opinion of actors' intelligence.

After Chester had got used to Eddie's lingo they got along fine. Eddie, having been a fighter, was used to keeping in condition and Chester's diet, coupled with his lack of exercise, distressed McKenna.

He appointed himself Chester's dietician. He took to hovering over the table where Chester ate and if he saw potatoes, macaroni, bread and peas at

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# STARS BUDGET THEIR BABIES

Time out from contracts makes the maternal instinct the costliest item in a stellar career.

By  
Virginia Maxwell



Photo by International News

Stuart Irwin, Jr., is the answer to June Collyer's sacrificed career, but there is something in being Hollywood's loveliest young mother.

**A**SK social workers who have been in a position to study women at close range and they will tell you that the most devoted mothers in the world are the women who have been out beyond home and know the vicissitudes of life.

They don't mean bad women. Not at all. They will explain that women who have experienced the heights and depths of emotion are equipped with a firmer appreciation of life's true values.

The girl who marries right out of school may be bored by domesticity in a few years because she doesn't realize the value of her happiness. Not so the stars who have seen enough of life to understand what is real and what is tinsel.

To wit: the high cost of Hollywood babies. They are, without doubt, the most expensive babies in the world. And that doesn't apply to the mere current expenses.

Has it ever occurred to you how much a star gives up when she plans to have a baby?

Take the case of Constance Bennett, for instance. No, Connie isn't a mother—yet. But it is no secret that she wants to be. Her tender scenes with the child, June Filmer, were not just acting in "Rockabye."

Connie can swing a mean pen around her bank balance, what with her \$30,000 a week. And if you doubt that Connie is not just as clear-headed a business woman as she is blond, ask any of the people around Hollywood with whom she has done business.



Photo by Wide World

Michele Bridget Farmer cost Gloria Swanson more than any other star baby.

Connie has always loved babies. She told me so years ago when she was just out of school. It was about that time she had her first schoolgirl romance with a youngster named Chester Moorehead.

Connie and Chester eloped to Greenwich, Connecticut, and were married. But Papa Bennett thought he knew best and had the marriage annulled.

Connie's dream of that adorable baby she always wanted went boom.

Then came Phil Plant whom Connie married and with whom she honeymooned in Europe. Connie learned that Phil was not so keen about kiddies and for various other incompatibilities a divorce was quietly arranged.

It was about this time Connie got her first real break in pictures. She had tried previously without much luck. In no time she became a star and her salary mounted to the top. She wrote her own contract and dictated studio policies regarding her pictures.

And what then? Connie thought she found the an-



swer to that maternal longing which had been gnawing her heart all those years in the adoption of Peter Armstrong.

But it isn't altogether satisfying, this being a mother by adoption. So Hollywood expects that sooner or later Constance will stay longer than usual on one of her trips abroad and come back with a baby of her very own.

Figure out for yourself the cost of that baby in terms of Connie's weekly salary.

Then there's Gloria Swanson, who became Mrs. Michael Farmer soon after she was free from marriage to Connie's present husband. Gloria decided also to have a baby regardless of what it cost her career.

Perhaps Gloria's baby cost her more than many another star's progeny, because Gloria chose to have her infant at a time when it might easily have cost her her entire future. Only time will tell just how much Gloria may have forfeited in behalf of the new member of the house of Farmer.

Prior to her last picture, "To-night or Never," in which she scored a real hit, Gloria had made some poor selections of stories. When she appeared in "What a Widow" many of her stanch fans began whispering. Lots of girls weren't sure whether it was Gloria not being herself or whether it really was a poor story for this star.

Anyway, Gloria's film future was a little trembly. Then she surprised every one by slimming down to beautiful lines, looking years younger, gay, brighter, more charming than ever in her last picture. At this precarious hour when she had begun to win back her fans, Gloria went off to England with her new husband, Michael Farmer, to become the mother of his child.

"Anything I may lose for this," Gloria said to a friend before sailing, "will not have been lost in vain. He will be worth it." Gloria expected a boy.



Helen Twelvetrees thinks her publicized baby is well worth the \$50,000 he cost in time out, but her career hangs in the balance.



Photo by Wide World

Mary Astor has appeared in only one picture, "Red Dust," since the birth of Marilyn Thorpe in June.



Bebe Daniels lost stardom on account of Barbara Bebe Lyon, though she has returned to the screen in supporting rôles.

Gloria has remained in England, where the climate agrees so well with baby Michele Bridget. And the cost of this maternal devotion may never be computed in actual popularity until Gloria returns, in spite of her film work abroad. Judging from past business, *la* Swanson's baby has cost her in the neighborhood of half a million dollars.

Mary Astor, too, is among Hollywood's new mothers with a baby that cost her plenty of contracts. Remember a few years back when Mary was married to Kenneth Hawks? They had just about started on their honeymoon when Hawks was killed while filming an aviation scene off Santa Monica.

Mary went into deepest mourning and her widowhood did something to her face which made her appear more spiritual. Her melancholy expression gave her a new personality. She went back to work when those first days of sadness were over and became a bigger box-office attraction than ever before.

Time passes and sorrow with it, fortunately. Some time ago Mary became the bride of Doctor Frank-

lin Thorpe. And, like most stars who have experienced the depth of emotion in their lives, Mary realized that fame and beauty and popularity and even wealth were passing things.

She whispered one day at a tea party that to know the cling of baby arms was greater than any other thrill in the world. Mary's wish was fulfilled recently when she dropped from pictures at a time when she was earning more money than ever before and became the mother of baby Marilyn.

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## She Went to School with Garbo

"We vied with one another to dance with her, but to dance with her was like embracing an icicle."

In the light of her later tremendous success, it seems peculiar that Greta Garbo was never given prominent rôles in theatricals produced by the school at the Royal Theater. Nor was she, after her years of study were completed, asked to remain as a member of the regular cast at the theater, as is often the case with very promising pupils.

Possibly her inborn shyness had something to do with it. Or perhaps the management recalled that they had never been eager to have her in the school in the first place.

It was only her persistence, and her strange, husky voice, that had

won a place for her there. Her talent was discussed, but, as usual, no one could agree about her.

So Greta had to shift for herself. She had heard that Mauritz Stiller, then one of Sweden's foremost picture directors, was selecting the cast for an important production. She found out where Mr. Stiller lived, climbed the four flights of stairs to his bachelor apartment, and asked for a job as extra.

Although her training had been only for the stage, Mr. Stiller arranged for a studio test. It turned out so favorably that not only did Greta get a bit as an extra, but a prominent part in the play itself. Greta Garbo was discovered!

Life is full of strange quirks. Garbo, who won her dramatic training because of her deep, unusual voice, was destined to have at her feet a world that had never heard that voice.

Now, in the talkies, she brings us a new personality, even richer, even more mysterious and alluring than the silent Greta.

That, at least, is what some think. Others find no charm in the sonorous, almost masculine quality of her speech.

For where Greta Garbo is concerned, there will always be a difference of opinion. But she is one of the few stars who cannot be ignored. Like all great people, she is destined to be the subject of dispute.

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## Poor Girl's Dream Comes True

years that have intervened has Barbara for a moment lost sight of this early ambition. Her every move as she pushed her way to fame has been made with this home foremost in her thoughts.

Even when Frank Fay was courting her, she was instilling in him a home-consciousness, she admits, until now his enthusiasm almost equals hers. He is contributing his share to the development, but refuses, however, to rob her of any of the thrills of actual planning.

It was two years ago that Barbara took her first definite step toward her goal. She bought a substantial white stucco house and two acres of land directly across the road from the residence of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. As soon as the title had been cleared, she bought the adjoining two acres, and began the erection of a seven-foot wall around the whole.

As the money rolled in from Frank's vaudeville tours and from Barbara's pictures, the latter proceeded with her extensive program.

Beneath towering trees, there has risen an imposing edifice containing garages and quarters for a dozen or so servants, while scattered about the sweeping lawns are tea rooms and summer houses. The landscaping and planting followed.

With all this out of the way, Barbara next turned her attention to the home proper. Chambers were enlarged, numerous others added. All of Barbara's efforts have been aimed at permanency.

The living room is a single-storied wing with great windows on the east, north, and west. It straddles a diminutive creek which leads from one rock garden at the rear to another garden and a lily pond in front. Huge

beams protrude from the ceiling, which, like the walls, is done in white. Crimson curtains and rugs harmonize with the costly furnishings, the prize item among which is a clock that once belonged to a Polish king, and came into Barbara's possession in exchange for \$10,000.

Three months were required to perfect the dining room to Barbara's complete satisfaction. It, too, has white walls and ceiling, while heavy walnut furniture is upholstered in white. The floor is carpeted in red.

Off a hall connecting the living and dining rooms is a game room, with tables and equipment for practically every type of indoor sport, and from this one passes into a grill room. The main kitchen, containing every modern contrivance, would bring joy to the heart of any housewife.

Wide stairs lead to the second floor, containing sleeping quarters and a library. Barbara has carried out an olive-green color scheme in her own boudoir, while Frank's quarters are finished in yellow and orange.

Frank, a radio fan, insisted upon a receiving set for every room, as well as for the gymnasium and other buildings. He also had the grounds wired for lights, so that by pushing buttons in the house, he can flood the entire estate with artificial moonbeams.

But one mustn't get the impression that Barbara and Frank have gone Hollywood, and that their vast expenditures on their mansion presage the sallying forth of this pair in a drive for social honors. Neither Barbara nor Frank have any leanings in that direction.

Their most intimate friends are a young and penniless couple.

"We're fond of them principally

because they like Frank and me for ourselves, rather than for what we have in a material sense," explained Barbara.

We were inspecting the rose gardens, when Barbara switched the conversation back to her architectural experiences.

"The happiest period of my whole life has been since Frank and I opened negotiations for the purchase of this spot," she said. "A home—a real one—probably means much more to a person reared in tenements and orphanages than it would to the average girl. I know what it has meant to me.

"And this is just the beginning," Barbara chirped on. "We've got a lot of other ideas to incorporate in the general scheme of things here, but when Dion arrived we stopped everything else, and went to work to make him safe and comfortable."

She paused reflectively, then added, "Gee, my son is a wonderful child!"

It was evident to me that those pleasant memories of Barbara in her scenes with Dickie Moore, in "So Big," may have been the most natural she ever played. She uttered those words "my son" with the same throaty sincerity which is the unforgettable feature of that picture. Lucky Dion!

Red-headed and possessed of an irresistible smile, Dion is the monarch of all he surveys, and even the English butler forgets his dignity to bounce the tot on his knee.

And in the not-too-far-distant future, God willing, Dion will have two playmates—a brother and a sister. They will be Barbara's own offspring.

Already she and Frank have reached an agreement as to their names—Michael and Kathleen.



"Leaving Fox," says Farrell, "is like leaving home. It is the only studio I have ever been under contract to. I have a great many friends there.

"Yes," he went on to admit, "it will feel strange playing apart from Janet, although I have played opposite other actresses for Fox—Joan Bennett, Elissa Landi, and Marian Nixon. Just as strange as it will doubtless seem to many of our friends seeing us separated.

"But I think it will be better for both of us in the long run. It will give us the opportunity to test our individual talents. I have often wondered whether or not the public wasn't growing a bit tired of our pictures."

Whether or not they were, Charlie will soon find out.

His first free-lance rôle will tell a great deal. If it is an intelligent and powerful one, and he makes any kind

of a success in the picture, it will probably mean the beginning of a new Farrell. Other important rôles will be waiting for him and one of the major studios might offer him a new contract so attractive he will be unable to refuse it.

If, on the other hand, it is just another rôle, it may be the beginning of the end.

There are three factors which will play vital parts in the remaking of Farrell: his agent, his director, and the characterization he portrays.

Charlie's talent is unquestioned. It is merely a matter of employing it properly and in some worth-while endeavor. Give him a rôle as emotionally strong as *Chico* in "Seventh Heaven," or as human as *Tommy Tucker* in "The First Year," and, under the direction of a man like Frank Borzage, you will see a greater Farrell than you have ever seen before.

It is the job of his agent, whoever that gentleman may be, to see that Charlie starts his new career with these important things in his favor.

Farrell leaves Fox on the best of good terms. There was no flare-up, no hasty words or open break—just a gentleman's agreement to disagree.

The cheery greeting, "Heigh, Farrell," "'Lo, Lolly," will be greatly missed, and his studio friends, Janet in particular, will be rooting hard for him.

If you are one of Charlie's friends and admirers, cross your fingers and hope for the best as you watch for his next picture. And if by chance you are one of those who did not like him in his screen characterizations, cross your fingers and hope, anyway. He deserves your best wishes. For, take it from one who knows the real Farrell, he is a very remarkable fellow.

Continued from page 23

## They Say in New York—

Rex thinks he is a good guy. He is not afraid of any man who commanded Clara's interest in the days before he knew her. He is only jealous of some future menace she may meet.

While Clara was making personal appearances at the Roxy, she went on one night after a big party in her honor against the advice of her best friends. The audience, finding her manner a little dizzy and her talk rambling, gave her a Bronx cheer or two. So what did Clara do? A haughty exit? An appeal to their sportsmanship? Not at all. She remained on the stage and talked and talked until she *made* them like her.

Going at the gait which she had set for herself, it was inevitable that the flu, which was running around rampant, should hit Clara. Hearing that she was down with a raging fever one night, I tried to think of something that would divert her. Flowers and books would have been only more scenery, but a box of novelties sent to me from Paris came in time to be relayed to Clara.

It is one of the new styles you will be hearing about soon. Tiny decalcomanie pictures such as children used to stamp on their wrists are now put on finger and toenails under the liquid polish. The ones I sent Clara to play with included dice, wine-glasses, flowers, and fleur-de-lis.

When last heard from she was having a swell time and had so covered herself with decorations that she was trying to wheedle Rex Bell and Sam Rork, her producer, to let her try decorating *their* finger nails.

**"Sonny Boy" Goes Big.**—Al Jolson has brought joy to the hearts of many a New York youngster. With all the responsibilities of his radio and picture work, he finds time to visit the poor children's hospitals and sing for the unfortunates. They are no blasé audience, weary of his old songs. When he takes a crippled child on his lap and sings "Sonny Boy" with characteristic fervor, the children adore him.

He seems to enjoy it himself, and he is unsparing in his efforts to entertain them. The voice that has earned millions is given without stint. Incidentally, Jolson just walks in and sings for them. He doesn't have any one tell them in advance that a great man has deigned to do them a favor.

**Jeanette and Company.**—Jeanette Macdonald is off for Europe again with a flock of trunks, secretaries, maids, a mother, a chauffeur, and a gigantic sheep dog named Captain. She sent her fiancé-manager, Bob Ritchie, on ahead to make arrangements for a concert tour.

Chevalier has offered her his villa at Cannes while she is there and French picture companies have urged her to make a film or two for them. Everything seems to be breaking just beautifully for the prima donna.

Jeanette grows in graciousness with success, and if you ever need a good line to help you out of a tough spot, I recommend this one of hers:

A man whom she knew casually spoke to her in the station on her arrival. She chatted with him amiably,

and when he said, "You haven't the faintest idea who I am, have you?" she answered like a flash, "Doesn't everybody?"

**Everybody's Argument.**—There will be a lot of talk about "A Farewell to Arms." Many who see the picture, but who did not read the book, are likely to decide that this Hemingway, the author, is a churlish fellow because he refused to look at the film after it had been sent to Arkansas especially for him to see before the world première. They'll question his objection to a happy ending, maintaining that having the heroine die at the finish should be unhappy enough for anybody.

As one who went around reading parts of the book aloud to both willing and unwilling listeners, I found the film at times appalling. And yet, as films go, it is excellent, and I would urge every one to see it for the sake of Helen Hayes's magnificent performance. But those doves flying around at the end!—as sickly a bit of symbolism as any twittering birds that Griffith ever introduced.

If only they had not called the film "A Farewell to Arms" I would have liked it. But I missed the stark realism, I missed the smirch of sordidness. I wanted to march up to the screen and wring Gary Cooper's neck for appearing smug and sentimental when he should have been cynical. Most of all, I wanted to hand out to each and every person in the audience a copy of the last chapter of the story as Hemingway wrote it.



## The Screen in Review

career. Shirley Chambers as the platinum-blond chambermaid elevated to stardom before your very eyes, Eugene Palette as *Bates's* sidekick, and Ralph Morgan in a merciless imitation of Earl Carroll, as the producer, do themselves proud.

It's a picture well worth the price of admission, which is saying something these days.

## "Silver Dollar."

Edward G. Robinson, Bebe Daniels, Aline MacMahon, Jobyna Howland, Robert Warwick, Leon Waycoff, Russell Simpson, Niles Welch, Emmett Corrigan, Walter Rogers.

Edward G. Robinson in another memorable characterization makes his picture well worth seeing, although this is a biographical chronicle rather than the sturdier and more closely knit drama of some of his other offerings.

It tells the story of H. A. W. Tabor—in the story renamed *Yates Martin*—whose rise to wealth and power is one of the most fabulous in the history of this country. Beginning as a poor storekeeper, the discovery of silver in Colorado sky-rockets him among the millionaires. Whereupon *Yates Martin* embarks on a career of extravagant spending covering many years. He builds a glittering theater with the same ease that he orders a hundred peacocks for his lawn and buys a supposed mahogany forest in Honduras for half a million dollars on somebody's say-so. Of course financial ruin overwhelms him in the end, all this enabling Mr. Robinson to create a flesh-and-blood character of many moods.

Aline MacMahon is uncommonly fine, even for her, as *Martin's* plain wife whom he discards, and Bebe Daniels is appropriately florid as his second one. A long cast gives the principals excellent support in a picture that is invariably absorbing but never exciting.

## "Rockabye."

Constance Bennett, Joel McCrea, Paul Lukas, Jobyna Howland, Walter Pidgeon, June Filmer, Walter Catlett, Virginia Hammond, Clara Blandick.

There's a good idea here, but it doesn't come through convincingly. But then, Constance Bennett does achieve something that has hitherto eluded her—she exhibits moments of real tenderness in scenes with a child. In fact, she succeeds in making the motivation of the story clear—the craving for a child on the part of a shady actress—but the picture is cluttered with side issues, scenes that don't belong and characters that are sketchy and insufficient. The result

falls short of being a good picture or even one of Miss Bennett's better ones.

Her adopted child is taken from her when a bit of her past is disclosed in court, whereupon she goes to Europe and there meets a young playwright whose estranged wife plans to get a divorce. His mother



intercedes with Miss Bennett not to separate husband and wife and, as a final argument, says that the wife is an expectant mother. Whereupon Miss Bennett again is defeated by a child and presumably finds solace in further stage triumphs.

You see, there is an idea, but you have to think hard after the picture is ended to find it. Instead, it seems a hodgepodge of impulses, some of them painfully out of keeping. I refer to Jobyna Howland's low-comedy fall downstairs and suchlike antics in quest of a laugh at any cost.

## "20,000 Years in Sing Sing."

Spencer Tracy, Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot, Sheila Terry, Warren Hymer, Louis Calhern, Grant Mitchell, Arthur Byron.

Prisons are gloomy places yet, even if the warden is a stern but sympathetic big brother to the boys, one discovers after seeing this opus based on a book written by the warden of Sing Sing. This is for the fan who craves strong meat in his film diet, even though it lacks the almost sickening realism of "I Am a Fugitive."

It is relieved considerably by Bette Davis and the love story involving her, before romance turns to tragedy, and Spencer Tracy as the hero gives such an interesting characterization of a cocky gangster not quite as tough as he'd like to be, that you forget the setting for moments at a stretch.

This is not a reform picture, nor an exposé of anything. It is simply the story of a gangster who is sent up for a stretch, and tamed by harshness and kindness on the part of the warden, is let out for a day to see his dying sweetie. He returns to assume responsibility of a crime of hers and is sentenced to die in the chair.

Now if you're one of those gals who start bombarding one with such questions as, "Why *did* he go to the chair without speaking up, all for a dizzy blonde?" you'll please excuse me and seek your answers in the film itself.

Perhaps you'd be right in questioning the logic of the climax, but there were no explanatory footnotes on the picture, you know. I'll side with you skeptical ones to the extent of wondering if Warden Lawes of Sing Sing isn't mildly surprised himself at the heroic love that dominates the film.

Lyle Talbot stands out as a fellow prisoner of Tracy's, a "university man, married," who decides to break prison at any cost to be with his wife when their baby is born.

Sheila Terry is the wife. Louis Calhern is the shyster lawyer who causes a lot of trouble before you have the pleasure of seeing him shot down. But it is distinctly a Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis picture. No cuter or more shallow moll with a heart of gold has been seen in months, a perfect mate for the likable mug Mr. Tracy plays.

## "Lawyer Man."

William Powell, Joan Blondell, Claire Dodd, David Landau, Helen Vinson, Sheila Terry, Jack LaRue, Roscoe Karns, Alan Dinehart, Allen Jenkins, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Dorothy Christy.

William Powell is ideally cast as an attorney of the slums who pushes his way to Park Avenue and there meets his undoing. But he turns the tables on his enemies by using one against the other and when finally



he is offered a judgeship by the political boss, he flays that worthy in a diatribe on the ruin of civic integrity by political corruption. Mr. Powell is admirable throughout and the picture is entertaining, if anything but optimistic. [Continued on page 70]



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depended on her mother, and her career has not so happily thrived without her guidance. Mary, nevertheless, has considerable business ability herself, and has efficiently conserved her money.

The marriages of stars to competent business men have often yielded most flourishing triumphs. "Marriages of convenience" these are often kiddingly called in movieland. And careers sometimes take strange quirks and turns after such alliances are over.

The mutual interest of a husband and wife in the career of the wife seems to hold them peculiarly together, and the crack-up of a domestic team will often follow a change in their professional status.

One heard few rumors, for example, of trouble in the Schenck-Talmadge household, until Norma's career had begun to fade. Norma has often said that she married Joseph Schenck because she loved him, but their real common interest was in Norma's professional future. And Schenck handled the upbuilding of her fame with a remarkable surety.

Norma's earlier triumphs are duplicated in the case of that other Norma who reigns to-day, namely, Shearer. This Norma leaves her affairs largely to the M.-G.-M. studio, whose production chief is her husband, Irving Thalberg.

Norma told me recently that she never knows what her next picture is to be until she reads about it in the paper, which indicates how much say she has about the vehicles for her talent. She didn't like "Smilin' Through" very well herself, because

she enjoys playing more flashy characters.

Thalberg is very adroit in whatever attention he gives to her pictures, since he delegates the actual duty of making them to others.

Norma gets good breaks, but she is probably entitled to nine out of ten of them. And that average goes for pretty nearly any actress who is in the box-office class.

Colleen Moore did not so neatly escape the accusations of being a favorite while she was under contract to First National where John McCormick was production head of the studio.

Perhaps there was little real truth to the assertions, for Colleen was topping the box-office roster at the time that she was under the dominion of her husband and, therefore, entitled to big opportunities. A fracas ensued, anyway, and John and Colleen made up an independent unit.

Whether the ending of their joint activities was the underlying cause of their marital shipwreck, one can only conjecture. Hollywood has often asked, "Would they still be together if John were still the producer and Colleen the star?"

At all events, John proved himself a capital boss of Colleen's destiny when she was at the peak.

There are many stars whose careers receive much attention from their husbands. Careful and judicious was the management which Jean Harlow got from the late Paul Bern. He had had plentiful experience in advising feminine stars, and guided some of the most difficult and rebellious.

In Jean he had a girl who was fe-

verishly ambitious and who was really just at the beginning of her ascent on the glamorous road when she lost her mentor. Popular though she is, her future is more uncertain than if she still had a shrewd husband to guide her.

Helen Hayes's husband, Charles MacArthur, is a writer who is so experienced in the theater that he can give her sound advice as to the conduct of her career.

MacArthur also orders Helen's life generally. She is a very precise person who gets up and retires at definite hours, and always eats on time. MacArthur efficiently sees to it that everything is in smooth running order at home, and get this: he's no domestic type, either. And he's not "Mr. Hayes" around the studio.

Most actresses need a husband to guide them. It's a mess if he isn't a competent one. He has to be good at business, as well as art, and if he can, in addition, manage the home, everything is glorious. Such men are hard to find.

Wanting such a one, the star often discovers consolation in the proficient bossing of a manager, a director—as say Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg—perhaps even the much-ridiculed supervisor.

Occasionally, they fall back on the good old "ex's," as does Miriam Hopkins at the present time, who frequently is advised by her former husband, Austin Parker.

Anyway, movie ladies can't paddle their own canoes. They have to have somebody running things for them, and running *them* in the bargain. Maybe once in a while, too, they are the ones to be paddled!

## Joel Opens Up

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"Sistrom understood the situation, too. Just before we started to Alaska on location, he called me to his office. 'Joel,' he said, 'Wolheim has complained to me that your part overshadows his. Be as tactful as you can. The rest of the company's bound to be jealous. Watch your step.'

"With this encouraging bit of advice, I boarded the train. It was a terribly hot day. I left my compartment door open. After a while Wolheim came up the aisle. He stuck his head in the door exclaiming, 'Jesus, but it's hot!'

"'Sure is,' I agreed.

"'Who're you? The new leading man?'

"'U-huh.'

"'This your first picture?'

"'Yes.'

"'Can you act?'

"'No.'

"The head disappeared abruptly. I didn't see Wolheim again until we got on the Alaska-bound boat at Seattle."

Joel told me how, after the first day's rehearsal aboardship, he went to Wolheim's cabin.

"I wonder if you'd give me some help?" he asked. "I know I'm lousy."

"Wolheim loved that," Joel told me. "He was a born teacher. He offered to coach me every night from then on. After we landed, he'd have me read my lines to him every morning before we started work. He'd bawl hell out of me if I didn't do well."

Another such occasion was Joel's first meeting with Constance Bennett, during the making of "Born to Love." Joel found out how im-

portant the star was when he was called to make a test for the film.

"She was on vacation," he explains, "and I had to make my test with a stock player. Disappointment number one. I thought her absence showed she was not considering me very seriously for the part.

"Disappointment number two came when the studio liked the test, but admitted they couldn't use me until they had Miss Bennett's O. K. She refused to cut short her vacation, so they sent the test to her. To my surprise, she O. K.'d it at once.

"Every one had warned me that Constance was hard to work with. I was convinced we wouldn't get along before I ever walked onto the set. Later, I was even more certain. Connie refused to give any response to my love scenes. She ignored me

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the same meal it was a cinch at least a couple of items would be removed before the star had a chance to taste them. "Too much starch," Eddie would announce briefly.

Eddie also inclines to the theory that a person should drink six or eight glasses of water a day. So Chester dutifully drinks them.

"I ain't gonna make meself ridiculous," says Eddie, "breezin' up to him when he's sittin' down talkin' to people with a glass of water in me hand and not have him drink it. An' if you don't think I'm right, leave me tell you, him and me was the only two in the whole company wasn't seasick while we were out bobbin' up and down on that boat."

Another time Eddie turned to me enthusiastically. "I'll show you what a swell guy he is. I broke my arm playing football the day before we were to go to Del Monte on location. They were all down at the train ready to leave and, of course, I wasn't there. Chester asked one of the prop men where I was and the guy told him I'd busted my arm.

"Chester couldn't phone then because the train was ready to leave, but as soon as he got to Del Monte, he called his wife on long distance and told her where to get my phone number and for her to call me and tell me not to spare any expense about X rays and doctors and hospitals or anything, because he was footin' the bills and not to be in a hurry to get back to work because my salary would go right on. Wasn't that nifty of him?"

I well remember my own introduction to Eddie. I've known Chester a long time but hadn't seen Eddie. I had gone over to lunch with Chet in his dressing room and there was Eddie. Chet and I have an old game we play when we're together. It's a game known as "ribbing," or swapping insults, and it's done with a straight face.

## Meet a Star's Bouncer

It was a new game to Eddie and he didn't understand it at all. Chester hadn't been sleeping well lately, he was worried over a number of things, feeling low in general, and I suppose I had a slight edge on him. Finally lunch arrived and I went into the bathroom to wash. "Say," I heard Eddie remark indignantly to Chet, "you don't have to take nuttin' off that guy. If he cracks once more, I'm gonna pop him right in the snout!"

There are other things that endear Chester to Eddie. One is his sense of humor. Once Eddie got a bench that was wired at one end. You could sit on it and nothing happened, but as soon as a person sat down on the other end it made a contact and the first person seated got a point in the south.

Eddie saw to it that all available chairs were occupied when Chester came off the set, and then he dragged this bench over for him to sit on. Chester sat and Eddie seated himself at the other end. There was an agonized yelp from Chester and the United Artists star shot about five feet into the air.

"Now any other star," says Eddie, "would've got sore. But Chester just laughed and waited until he could get even."

"Did he ever?" I asked.

"An' how!" said Eddie. "Once we were out on location somewhere and Chester grabbed hold of the chain that held the door shut on the back end of the sound truck. I don't know how it happened but the chain was charged with current. Chester got a helluva shock. But he didn't say nuttin'. He just looked around and finally saw me asleep.

"Hey, Eddie," he yells real loud, and I wakes up with a start. 'Bring me my make-up box,' Chester yells. So I takes it over to him, still half asleep and while he's opening it, I

grabs hold of this chain to lean on. Yeah, he got even.

"I'll tell you something else nice about him," Eddie continued. "A few years ago I was doin' pretty good in the fight line. I was something of a celebrity myself. People always following me around and slappin' me on the back the same as they do picture people. I got \$5,700 one night for fightin' Villa in Cleveland. It takes me a couple of years to make that much now.

"Well, it ain't easy to adjust yourself to reverses like that and Chester knows it. And he does everything he can to make things easy for me. When people come to see him, he never lets me hang around in the background. He always hauls me up front and introduces me. 'Meet my friend, Eddie,' he says.

"Lots of times if he hasn't got an interview or another engagement we eat lunch together. And no matter what I do for him, he's always thankin' me for it. You'd think Chester was workin' for me instead of me for him. He calls me 'a gentleman's gentleman.'

"An' he's always tryin' to help me get ahead. When he read 'The Glass Key' which he thought he was going to do in pictures, the first thing he said, before he even said whether he was gonna have a good part himself or not, was 'Gee, Eddie, there's a swell part in here for you.' That's how he is—always tryin' to help somebody else."

No man is a hero to his valet, huh? Well, if you think so ask Eddie about the man he works for. "I'd rob a train for him," Eddie remarked simply—and meant it.

It seems to me that none of us have lived in vain if we can impress even one person to the extent that Chester has Eddie. But Eddie isn't the only one who feels that way about Chester; every one who knows him does!

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of her a woman of the world, the other half a child.

It was somewhat annoying to be done out of my Oriental dreams. There was not a touch of China anywhere to be seen. Not even a breath of perfume, let alone incense. Instead of a fat Buddha, there was only a portable radio. Instead of weird-minor wails from Oriental flutes, came a faint transmission of jazz on clean, fresh air.

"I spend most of my time up here, especially while resting between scenes, so I've come to consider this my real home in Hollywood," she re-

## Minus Minor Wails

marked, waving a steady hand in which a cigarette was held.

She curled up at the head of the settee, looking seductive but very ladylike. It was pleasing to look at her. All the more so since, whenever she exhaled, the wide frill holding up her backless pajamas kept slipping off a smooth, rounded shoulder. And, regardless of the many readjustments she made, it continued to slip and slip all through the interview.

Sari says that her career is brief and unexciting so far. At eleven she left China and was placed in school

in England, then Switzerland. From her earliest years she has traveled about the world. Therefore going to Budapest to break in pictures seemed very natural—except to her family.

By the way, her father is, among other things, a C. M. G., which makes him a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Sari's uncles are knights. There is an Italian *duca* married to her mother's sister.

Nevertheless, *la Maritza* changed her name from Patricia Nathan for the one she now uses and started out for film fame. She has not done so



poorly, either, even if success has caused her to be separated from her family. Her father, due to business affairs, has to spend part of the year in China. Her mother is staying in Switzerland with Sari's sister.

"Somehow," she said with an amused sigh, "I seem to belong nowhere. I've an English father, an Austrian mother, and I was born in China."

Maritza was brought up to speak German and French as well as English, which was naturally the language spoken in the home. She picked up Chinese from servants.

"But all the countries of the world are represented in Hollywood," the very cosmopolitan Maritza remarked. "I am used to the customs and manners of many lands, but I can't get used to the ways of Hollywood."

"I had a strange experience when I awoke the first morning of my stay here. I was at the Ambassador. The maid entered and looked at me as though I had been brought from a museum. 'Oh, isn't she cute! Isn't she darling!' she exclaimed, and all but embraced and kissed me!"

Sari stood up and retreated, bewildered, into a corner, to illustrate how surprised she had been at such an unexpected attack of friendliness from one paid to sweep up the room and not the occupants.

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## Ladies Love Bruisers

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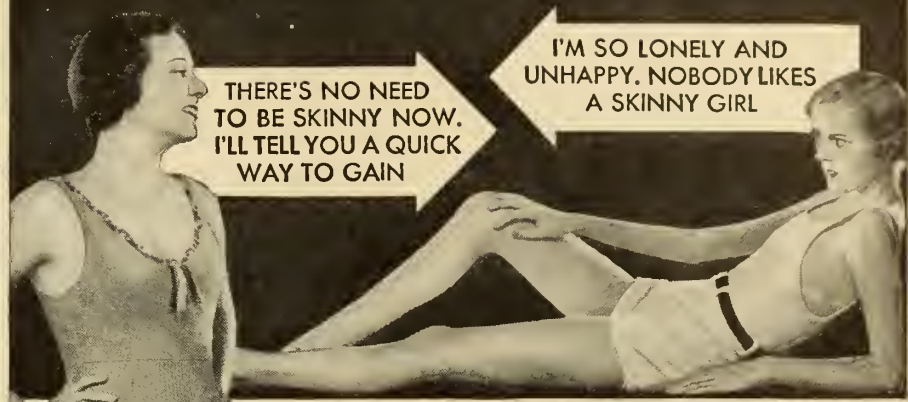
best friend could tell you that the other one camouflaged a bartender.

And our Nell, who used to run—not walk—for the nearest stalwart hero if one of the wretches so much as laid a finger on the mortgage, now dons a gown that would make a rabbit kick a lion in the shins, lights a cigarette, blows smoke in the poor man's plastic improvements, and generally carries on in such a way as to get herself slapped—which was just what she wanted, all the time.

So, you gentlemanly little muggs, if your feminine inspiration seems to be growing colder and colder on the respectful diet of violets and a kiss on the hand you've been dishing out, change your tactics and give her razberries and a sock on the button—and watch her warm up.

Be modern, son. What if your old man did bring you up to believe that it's rotten ethics to strike a woman? Give 'em what they want. And if the modern *femme* craves to be bopped and shin-kicked every day in the week and twice on Sundays, lead with your right, gents—let the bruises fall where they may!

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## As the Twig Is Bent

hands with the minister, turned violent and jeering somersaults. Today, she shocks the Prince of Wales rather than the minister, having moved up into the big time.

That curious suggestion of vital strength sheathed in gentleness which characterizes Edward G. Robinson is his very real and profound feeling for humanity. In the face of misery, he is deeply compassionate. In the face of intolerance and cruelty, he is hard and ruthless as steel. His pity for suffering and his violent hatred for arrogant cruelty are the basic structure of his character.

His earliest recollections are of his family's dire distress under the heel of Roumania's monarchy. His father published a little free-thought paper, and for this the family was, after travail and suffering, thrown out of the country.

Coming to America, his father got a job driving a milk wagon and began another paper, to which the children were taught to contribute. The child who wrote the best paragraph of the week got five cents on Saturday.

During Robinson's adolescence, he wanted to be either a preacher or a school-teacher, or anything in a medium where he could champion the downtrodden. He feels that becoming an actor instead has been no deviation from that subconscious wish to reform the world which is prevalent in adolescence.

More complicated is the explanation for William Powell's suavity. That very suavity, so invaluable at the box office, is caused by his acute, almost pathological fear of poverty. Powell has been, in his time, very poor. When he was beginning his career, an aunt lent him seven hundred dollars for a course at a dramatic school. It was thirteen years before he had paid it back entirely, which tells its own story of misfortune and privation and possibly hunger on occasion.

That period left a mark on him which even his present prosperity

cannot eradicate. His pal, Richard Barthelmess, goes jauntily off to Europe, depression or no depression.

In horror Powell asks, "How can you do it with things as they are?"

When Barthelmess laughs and asks him to come along, he exclaims "My God, no! I've got to stay home and worry."

This gnawing fear that to-morrow morning will see the complete collapse of his fortune—a fear amounting to a phobia—has to be covered up in some way from the world at large. What better disguise than a marked suavity and careless ease? Simple!

A somewhat similar procedure of defense may be noted in Robert Montgomery. When he was a little boy in school, Bob suffered all the tortures peculiar to a serious child too shy to make friends and shunned because of his timid, faltering clumsiness when he tried to play games and be a regular feller.

Self-conscious, hypersensitive and lonely, his only weapon lay in a gradually acquired bravado. Tormented in childhood by the scorn of other children, the habit of that bravado, with which he finally learned to defend himself, still continues, a flip-pant mask for his naturally serious mien.

Several of the fighters are easy enough to analyze. Nancy Carroll's much publicized belligerence springs from the state of the LaHiff household at that time of the morning when thirteen children were getting ready for school. In that chaos and pandemonium, it was the child with the strongest lungs and readiest fists who got the hat or stockings she wanted.

James Cagney, too, found that the only means by which he could get ahead in the world was ruffianism, the same ruffianism identified now with his portrayals.

Born in the slums, of an educated family much superior to their environment, the idea that he must amount to something was firmly im-

planted in Jimmy by his parents. Most of his childhood playmates, by dint of their fistic prowess, rose to be gangsters. Jimmy avoided this natural evolution by dint of even greater fistic prowess and ready temper and quick, avid mind. Only the fittest could survive—and that meant the best fighter.

Jimmy survived.

Wallace Beery, although not a New York child like Nancy and Jimmy, nevertheless showed Kansas City a few things in juvenile gang battles.

Wally's father was a cop whose beat was the toughest district in that city. The Beery home was in this district, too, and the district's children rested serene in the knowledge that theirs was the toughest gang in town.

Wally was their leader, which makes quite logical ferocity when occasion demands.

For explanation of Marlene Dietrich's repression, we look back to her rearing in a German home dominated and disciplined by a military father.

For Sylvia Sidney's gravity, to her early status as only child in a large family of aunts and uncles as well as mother and father, where she absorbed adult views while still a child, was dependent on adults for companionship.

Walter Huston's methodical attention to detail in his acting goes back to his years as a student and then practicing engineer.

Jean Harlow's beautiful figure is traced to an early attack of infantile paralysis, following which her mother devoted herself to Jean's recovery, taking her to the ocean for swimming and to the mountains for hiking and riding. All of Jean's childhood was a routine of developing and restoring her body.

So there is, I hope you are by now convinced, a definite cause for every one of those characteristics which are currently keeping fans happy and exhibitors in pocket money.

## Joel Opens Up

Continued from page 63

completely. I had never known any one so cold and haughty as she.

"That evening after work I went to Paul Stein, the director, and told him to take me off the picture. I was sure Miss Bennett didn't want me.

"'You're crazy,' Paul answered. 'She likes you very much. She just doesn't feel well, that's all.'

"He talked me into staying with the company one more day. The next morning Constance greeted me charmingly and invited me to lunch

in her bungalow. From that time on she did everything she could to be helpful. She has proved to be one of the nicest persons I know."

Another of the mad, mad happenings of Hollywood is aptly illustrated by the story of Joel being cast for "Tess of the Storm Country." When Joel received a copy of the story, he found that in the opening scene little Janet Gaynor, less than five feet tall, was to drag him unconscious out of the river.

He was to lie beside her a moment, then, slowly coming to, say primly, "I think we should be properly introduced. My name is Frederick—Frederick Garfield, Jr."

The farther Joel read, the more hopeless the rôle seemed for him. It was a wonderful story for Richard Cromwell or Eric Linden, but not for Joel McCrea, six feet tall and correspondingly broad. Finally given to Charlie Farrell, it was the last straw



for him. He walked out after finishing the picture.

"One of the biggest surprises of my career," Joel said, "was when I was cast with Richard Dix, in 'The Lost Squadron.' Every one warned me I wouldn't get a chance to show up in a single scene.

"Director Paul Sloane made the situation evident when he refused to let me select my wardrobe until Dix had chosen his. I walked onto the set the first day with a chip on my shoulder. I'd decided to find out who this great guy was."

Entering the stage, Joel saw Dix trying on helmets. With a cheerful greeting, the star introduced himself. "I think we've got a swell story," he said. "There are two great rôles in it, and you and I have them."

He invited Joel to take his choice of costumes, and at the end of the picture presented Joel with a thoroughbred English setter, Shane, who has been his pal ever since.

Again, Joel happened to walk onto a set one day in his riding togs, ten-gallon hat, spurs and all. An independent company was shooting a serial Western. An extra, thinking Joel a cowboy actor, suggested he

try to get a job in the picture, and for the fun of it Joel agreed. He asked the producer for a job.

"Had any experience?" the producer demanded.

"A little."

"Sorry," he was told. "Can't use you. You don't look Western."

"Haven't you just a little bit you can give me?" pleaded Joel, an erstwhile professional cowboy. He was turned down cold.

Just then the director, who would have given his right eye to have Joel for his star, walked into the office. He introduced the actor and producer. The latter turned red, but proved equal to the situation.

"Come around next week," he said. "I'm using five hundred extras and may be able to put you on."

And that, Joel explains, is one of the reasons why he thinks Hollywood a mad town. He has lived here most of his life. He graduated from Hollywood high school.

"Before I broke into pictures," he says, "I had a hunch Hollywood was a crazy place. Now I know it."

Hearing his story, I'm inclined to agree with him. Aren't you?

## Stars Budget Their Babies

Continued from page 59

Now she's wondering if she can manage both a career and motherhood, but is perfectly willing to sacrifice the career if it interferes with the job she has chosen for herself, that of being Marilyn's mom.

Of course Norma Shearer, you may argue, was in a different position when she took time out to have her son, Irving Thalberg, Jr., Norma's husband being one of the high executives of the company for which Norma works.

And Bebe Daniels! Bebe retired from the screen after the birth of Barbara Bebe. Her husband, Ben Lyon, seems to be garnering all the screen honors in that family, and Bebe is quite content to have it so. Or was until she resumed her Warner contract.

Another star who recently gambled in motherhood is Helen Twelvetrees, who rejoices in the arrival of Jack Bryan Woody. Helen can actually write off her bank account \$50,000 in lost contracts during the time she gave to the big event.

In "Is My Face Red?" you saw Arline Judge in one of her best rôles. She shared honors with Ricardo Cortez, a chance Arline had been hoping for for a long while.

And then what? Right at the threshold of her future, Arline goes to the front office one day to explain

she'll be taking time out in the not-so-distant future. Wesley Ruggles, her director-hubby, is getting his cigars ready and practicing up the well-known broad grin.

Most of us are familiar with the maternal affection of the beautiful Dolores Costello. For a long while before Dolores Ethel was born, John Barrymore was the only film star in that family.

Then when Dolores Ethel could be left to the care of a nurse, her mother decided to return to pictures.

Those who know Dolores Costello Barrymore well, realize that she was torn between the desire for a career and the happiness of being a mother. The latter won out and Mrs. John Barrymore, as she prefers to be known, is seen about Hollywood these days with her two infants, Dolores and her son John.

What price Hollywood babies? The most expensive crop in the world, for what they don't cost in actual cash losses, they may cost in fame. Fans are fickle and the care-free girl on the screen may lose her appeal when she chooses to become a mother. Yet these stars consider the chance well worth the gamble, for they have learned to balance life's budget and pick the true gold from the dross.



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## Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 45

one guest to be invited, a dollar being donated by each guest at each luncheon.

And has this gone on merrily! So much so that the last hosts and hostesses are at their wit's ends trying to find somebody to invite to their parties.

Bessie Love, who says she has retired from the screen, is the girl who really suffered through the proceedings. She was the patsy who man- aged the luncheon festival.

**A Dramatic Attendant.**—George Arliss's rule for leaving the set at five o'clock, come what will, can be broken. We saw it happen ourselves, and the delay was occasioned by a fractious cigar lighter. The scene in which he was playing ran about fifteen minutes over time, because of retakes, when the lighter wouldn't work.

Meanwhile, Arliss's man, Jenner, who has instructions absolute to make him leave the set at five, was in a lather of excitement. "He's got to get off that set," he said, and at last, "if he had a wig on I'd grab it off."

**A Poetess Comes to Town.**—The *littérateurs* of movieland increase and multiply from month to month. Latest is Mae Marsh who has written a book of verse called "When They Ask Me My Name." She thus joins the group including Will Rogers, Groucho Marx, Eddie Cantor, Miriam Hopkins, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Conrad Nagel, and several others. However, none of these can qualify as poets. So Mae is unique.

The nearest to attaining the goal is possibly Doug, Jr., whose language became so high-flung, not to say far-flung, that it came in for some genial kidding from the smart magazine which published his contributions unedited. One of his most extreme phrases was when he spoke of the "esoteric nebulous of tragedy that seems to fill" Ramon Novarro, and another when he said "there permeates about the house an atmosphere of" thus-and-so.

**Movie Ritz Abating?**—Style and swank must be declining in the movie colony. Miriam Jordan, the English actress, told us recently that she was riding in street cars and busses. Enroute west she left her motor car in Chicago, and didn't as many other stars would, under similar circumstances, buy another as soon as she arrived in California. Instead,

Pomeranian and all, she rode in the public conveyances.

**Tropical Tribulations.**—"Never again!" says Edwina Booth on tropical adventure pictures. The plight of this girl in the past year has been a dismaying one. She spent seven months in bed, endeavoring to overcome the ravages of tropical fever and infections. Besides, the sun's rays played havoc with her nervous system on account of the scanty garb she wore in "Trader Horn." Months ago Miss Booth collapsed during the filming of a serial, and has been under the care of doctors ever since.

**A Marital Mystery.**—That cryptic air and manner which Karen Morley maintains on all occasions is not without meaning. Smart girl, she even fooled everybody about her marriage to Charles Vidor—no relation to King.

Fully a month elapsed before it was discovered that she had eloped with Vidor, and that they had been married at that Gretna Green, Santa Ana. If it hadn't been for some delving in the records, the marriage probably wouldn't have been known even then.

**Anna Also Boasts Pants.**—Marlene Dietrich hasn't any corner on blue trousers any more. Anna Sten also wears them. We caught our first view of her thus attired one day on the United Artists lot, and a crowd, all men, accompanied her. Also we saw a test of Miss Sten lately in a scene from "They Knew What They Wanted," which satisfied us that she has admirably mastered English. Incidentally, Marlene's costumes are becoming more and more masculine. Recently she ordered six suits from a men's tailor.

**Brotherly Competition.**—A year ago it was Lionel Barrymore. This year it is John. The stars shine brightly on the younger brother of the famous Royal Family, ever since "A Bill of Divorcement." He is expected to give an excellent performance in "Rasputin," though Lionel may capture the biggest honors, and is already finishing up "Topaze," in which he plays a capital character.

John told us that for the time being he has abandoned plans for long yacht cruises. He feels that things are happening too rapidly and favorably for him right now in Hollywood.



## Merrily Clicking

Continued from page 43

plained. "They didn't have to coax me. Instead, I used to beg mother to let me sing, until it's a wonder we had any friends at all!"

After the "Casey Jones" era, Dick lent his sweet voice to the church, singing in any choir that offered an opening—Episcopal, Catholic, the Jewish Synagogue. But there were no nickels. To supply the deficiency, he worked daytime for the telephone company.

Folks began pestering him with the idea that he ought to go on the stage. At first he paid little attention, but as the suggestions grew in volume, the boy began to wonder if maybe it wouldn't be a good idea. Anyhow, he could try it. And if the booking agents told him to go some place else, at least it would be a change.

Migrating to St. Louis, Dick annexed a piano player and the two of them set out to date up those two elusive gals, Fame and Fortune.

Dick caught on. There was something about his voice, some tender, poignant quality that seemed to click with the public.

That summer, after a reasonably successful tour, Dick drove back to the old home town in a reasonably presentable used car.

It was a big moment—"local boy makes good." Dick had a mental picture of himself, driving slowly through the cheering mob, bowing graciously right and left. You know what I mean.

At the city limits he stopped the car, got out and put the top down. Returning heroes aren't an everyday occurrence, and Dick wasn't the type to pull a Garbo.

Practically breathless with excitement, he drove the entire length of Main Street, slowly, hopefully. Nothing happened. No cheering mob. No flying ticker tape. No nothing.

A less persistent soul might have been discouraged, but not our Dick. He simply went back to where he'd started and did it all over!

"There wasn't a soul in sight," he sighed regretfully. "My original try at showing off was a complete flop. I haven't attempted it since."

While he was home, a band came to town to play for a benefit entertainment. Dick sang. The band leader was impressed and offered the lad ninety dollars a week to sing with the band and play a banjo.

There was the catch. Dick could play trumpet, clarinet, saxophone, practically every instrument of torture known to music. But somehow

Continued on page 72

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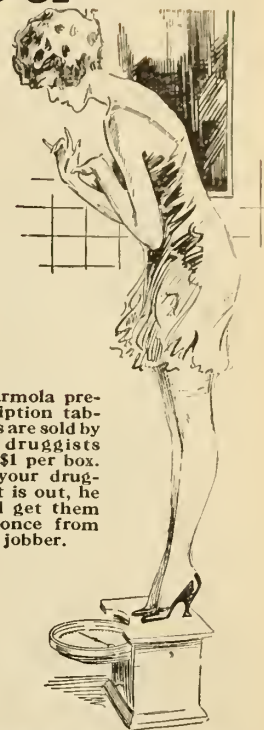
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## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 62

Joan Blondell plays his faithful secretary. It is a typical Blondell rôle and the actress has never before combined friendliness and pert worldliness to better advantage. Claire Dodd is effective, too, as the showgirl whose treachery starts Mr. Powell's career skidding, while the other members of the cast, all of whom are familiar, acquit themselves with accustomed smooth authority.

### "Fast Life."

William Haines, Madge Evans, Conrad Nagel, Arthur Byron, Cliff Edwards, Kenneth Thomson, Ben Hendricks, Albert Gran.

This pleasant, stylized picture brings back William Haines in one of his breezy, wisecracking rôles. Though no different from many of its predecessors, the part is one that Mr. Haines plays well and, moreover, it is this sort of character that pleases the majority of his fans.

Romance of the lightest sort ac-



counts for the presence of Madge Evans, who stands ready, if asked, to contribute a great deal more talent than is required. But she isn't asked to be anything more than pretty, which is a pity.

The story involves boat races, chases, and slapstick stunts. Beautifully photographed, it serves to pass an hour even if one feels he won't be able to remember it the week after next. Excellent work is done by the entire cast and the speedy tempo of the film is an ever-present virtue.

### "Central Park."

Joan Blondell, Wallace Ford, Guy Kibbee, Henry B. Walthall, John Wray, Patricia Ellis, Charles Sellon, Spencer Charters, Henry Armetta, Holmes Herbert, Willard Robertson, William Pawley, Irving Bacon.

For sheer wildness this melodrama takes the month's prize, but it's entertaining in spite of excesses and should be enjoyed, especially by out-of-townners who have illusions about Central Park. Though somewhat nonplused by the hectic life portrayed within the peaceful confines of the



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green, I liked what I saw and couldn't for the life of me guess what was coming next.

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ing eyesight who has just one week to go before retiring on a pension. Of course his eyes go back on him before the end of the week, but he proves himself a hero in spite of it.

Guy Kibbee plays this rôle to perfection. So, too, do Wallace Ford and Joan Blondell play theirs. In fact, good acting is the rule throughout, a newcomer, Irving Bacon, seeming to me the most sinister gangster type seen in many a day. For speed and suspense "Central Park" is some picture.

### "Secrets of the French Police."

Gwili Andre, Gregory Ratoff, Frank Morgan, John Warburton, Lucien Prival, Arnold Korff, Julia Swayne Gordon.

The sheer outlandishness of this excessive melodrama makes it entertaining, a large number of murders and suicides contributing to a good show of its kind.

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Continued on page 74



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## Merrily Clicking

Continued from page 69

he'd never happened to make connections with a banjo.

"Ninety dollars was a lot of money," he told me. "I couldn't see myself throwing away an offer like that just because I couldn't play a banjo. So I made a down payment on one, took it home and practiced.

"That banjo was a life-saver, though," he recalled whimsically. "The night of my first appearance, my knees were shaking so I could hardly walk. When I stood up to sing, I put the banjo on the floor in front of me and leaned on it." He shook his head amusedly. "It was a good prop."

The night Dick substituted for the regular master of ceremonies marked the real beginning of things for the lad from Little Rock, Arkansas.

Audiences howled their approval, and before long theater managers were tossing unbelievable contracts into the lap of the bewildered Dick.

For three and a half years he officiated at the Fox Theater, in Pittsburgh.

"How the Pittsburgh folks put up with me that long is a mystery to me," he marveled.

But they did. And would have gone on putting up with him, had not

a Warner scout said, "Go west, young man!" for a nice part in that inimitable opus, "Blessed Event."

Dick is really getting across. Already his fan mail attests to that. And does he get a thrill out of the letters he receives? Answers every one of them, too.

He likes working in pictures, but master of ceremonying is still his favorite job. He has arranged with Warner Brothers for a twelve weeks' vacation every year, during which time he intends to go back to Pittsburgh and his first love.

You'll like Dick Powell. Those of you who saw him in "Blessed Event" probably like him a lot already. And, girls, don't stampe. This personable youngster is quite heart-whole and fancy-free. He recently stopped at his home town long enough to get a divorce from Mildred Maud Powell, whom he married in 1925.

Level-headed and modest, Dick is undoubtedly destined to spend a good many pleasant years with us. He's a grand kid, and more than deserves all the nice things the Warners have in store for him.

And his one ambition is to be as popular as Mickey Mouse.

## Minus Minor Wails

Continued from page 65

"I'm not a snob," Maritza declared; "but in Europe it is so different even now, in spite of the growing wave of democracy. There a servant never oversteps her position. She never speaks unless spoken to. In the shops, the salespeople attend only to their business. But if you go into a shop in Hollywood the attendant starts to relate her private life and expects you to do the same."

Hairdressers are equally as friendly as hotel maids, it seems. One of them astounded Maritza beyond all telling.

"Listen, honey," she said, while waving her hair, "is it true that Chaplin was nuts about you in Europe? What's the dirt?"

But even I might ask her that, I intervened, but in a more formal style.

"I should hope so," Sari graciously agreed, "it's your business. And I'll tell you now that such rumors were born from nothing. It's all so senseless.

"Why, I scarcely know Mr. Chaplin. I met him and he invited me with others to attend the London

opening of 'City Lights.' After the show he gave a supper at the Carlton. I danced with him once.

"We were supposed to be in love. I was engaged to him. I was to be his leading lady. He was bringing me back to America. Why, I've not met Mr. Chaplin since I came to Hollywood. I've seen him—yes, twice. But only at a distance."

The phone rang. Sari answered. "Oh, yes, Charlie. What? Oh, no. But I want you to wait for me. I won't be long. Fifteen or twenty minutes?"

Charlie? But there are plenty of Charlies in Hollywood.

Maritza dismisses all her previous pictures with a pained smile. She has, she admits, done well in some parts, not so well in others. She urged me not to see "Forgotten Commandments" or "Monte Carlo Madness," the picture made by Ufa.

"I'd rather you saw me first in 'Evenings For Sale,' which I made with Herbert Marshall," la Maritza stressed. "You see, I've learned so much since the others."

Working on this last picture was



hard. Mr. Marshall was eager to return to London to fulfill a stage contract. Consequently the picture had to be completed sooner than the average schedule.

On one occasion, Maritza was kept working till three in the morning. She was supposed to have attended a party given by Elissa Landi, but could do no more than go home and fall into bed. She admires Landi greatly, being a friend of hers from London days.

"But I rarely go anywhere," Sari added her mite to the Hollywood anthem. "I have few friends—only a handful I knew in Europe who are now in Hollywood.

"Love?" *la* Maritza mused, with a faint smile of amusement. "I don't know. I'm putting all my thoughts in my acting. You may depend upon it, though, I'll attend to love when it comes along!"

The frill slipped once more off her shoulder. I decided it was time to go.

If I missed the Oriental glamour I had expected from Maritza, I was compensated by knowing the Sari I met.

Yes, my friends, she is added to the short but gorgeous list of sirens.

## Information, Please

Continued from page 8

cember. Jackie Cooper has blond hair, hazel eyes, and was born in Los Angeles, September 15, 1923. Dickie Moore is also from Los Angeles, where he was born September 12, 1925, and has blond hair and brown eyes.

MARJORIE.—For such an old reader, I'm surprised you never thought to write in before this. I take pleasure in listing Edward G. Robinson's films to date: "Hole in the Wall," "A Lady to Love," "Night Ride," "Outside the Law," "East Is West," "Little Caesar," "The Widow from Chicago," "Smart Money," "Five Star Final," "The Hatchet Man," "Two Seconds," "Tiger Shark," "Silver Dollar," and "Red Meat."

H. A.—Here is the complete cast of "A Bill of Divorcement": *Hillary*, John Barrymore; *Margaret*, Billie Burke; *Sidney*, Katharine Hepburn; *Kit*, David Manners; *Gray*, Paul Cavanagh; *Doctor Alliot*, Henry Stephenson; *Bassett*, Gayle Evers; *Hester*, Elizabeth Patterson. Miss Hepburn was awarded a contract because of her fine work in this film. She is a wealthy Eastern girl who comes from the stage.

FLORENCE F.—I am sure that Ronald Colman would be flattered to know how highly you rate his acting. Too bad you can't meet him and tell him just how you feel. Of course, I suppose that is every fan's desire. In the meantime, guess you'll have to be a silent admirer. Mr. Colman is an Englishman, and was born February 9, 1891; five feet eleven, weighs 165, and has black hair and brown eyes. His "Cynara" will be followed by "The Masquerader." Oh, yes, you may write to him. His address is United Artists Studio, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood.

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angle that the unsuspecting passenger of a real car is sent crashing over a precipice.

This character, *General Moloff*, is concerned chiefly with palming off a beautiful Russian refugee as a



daughter of the late czar by hypnotizing the girl into believing that she actually is the *Grand Duchess Anastasia*. Of course he fails and is trapped by the French police.

Gregory Ratoff, in his rôle, is downright good. By some magic he makes the fantastic character interesting and his acting commands respect. Gwili Andre is his bee-yootiful victim who looks as we like royalty to look. John Warburton is amusing as a pickpocket and Frank Morgan is a French police inspector in the best American manner.

#### "Under-cover Man."

George Raft, Nancy Carroll, Roscoe Karns, Gregory Ratoff, Lew Cody, Noel Francis, David Landau, William Janney.

George Raft is congenially cast in an underworld melodrama with a tricky ending. It is good entertainment projected with clear-cut understanding and brisk tempo. In fact, it is the best of this month's lesser contributions. I say "lesser" because the facts of the story are not novel, but the manner of serving them up is.

Mr. Raft's father has been murdered. With the coöperation of the police he fraternizes with the suspects, representing himself as a crook, too. He discovers Nancy Carroll on the same mission, her brother, a bank messenger, having been killed by criminals. From then on it's move for move on the part of the hunter and the hunted, the unexpected punch coming from another character entirely.

## The Screen in Review

Mr. Raft gives a good account of himself as the sullen, impassive hero and Miss Carroll is attractive as his companion. Lew Cody is especially good as a slick crook. So, too, are Roscoe Karns, Gregory Ratoff, and the invariably clever Noel Francis.

#### "Afraid to Talk."

Eric Linden, Sidney Fox, Tully Marshall, Louis Calhern, Robert Warwick, Berton Churchill, Edward Arnold, George Meeker, Mayo Methot, Ian MacLaren, Joyce Compton, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Tom Jackson.

A large company of experienced actors strive to tell a strong story of civic corruption, but their combined efforts fail to drive home any disturbing message. Instead, you feel that you have only seen a melodrama with an unusually big cast of character men, that a bell boy has been accused of a murder he did not commit, put through a brutal third degree, and saved in the nick of time.



Now all this was the groundwork of a bitterly indignant stage play called "Merry-Go-Round." All, I should have said, but the happy ending with the bell hop safely returned to his wife. In insisting upon this change the producers have chosen to lose sight of the irony and tragedy of an innocent bystander used as a scapegoat by corrupt politicians. Hence the picture is routine.

Eric Linden is the anguished and agonized boy. You know Mr. Linden's high-keyed hysterics. Sidney Fox is his wife, all sugary coos and pretty aprons. Their seasoned elders are all that veterans should be.

#### "Flesh."

Wallace Beery, Karen Morley, Ricardo Cortez, Jean Hersholt, John Miljan.

A brilliant, though not flawless portrayal, is given by Wallace Beery in a picture that is slow and, except for fine acting by all concerned, not very interesting. Certainly it is not strong enough for a star of Mr. Beery's importance.

He is a wrestling waiter in a Ger-

man restaurant who befriends a stranded American girl who has quarreled with her crook sweetheart. They marry and come to America where the sweetheart, who poses as the girl's brother, exploits Mr. Beery's prowess as a wrestler until the latter's discovery of the racket and his refusal to lend himself to dishonest practices. There is a violent end for the crook and a happy conclusion for the German and his wife who has learned to love him, not forgetting a baby who is palmed off on Mr. Beery as his own, but isn't.

This is a sordid tale, not even Mr. Beery's character making it otherwise and his coy antics do not help to light the whole. Karen Morley is remarkably fine in the most unsympathetic part she has ever played and Ricardo Cortez is appropriately evil as the unpleasant villain.

#### "Me and My Gal."

Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett, Marion Burns, George Walsh, J. Farrell MacDonald, Noel Madison, Henry B. Walthall, Adrian Morris.

A wisecracking detective is Spencer Tracy's meat all right, but a gum-chewing cashier of a chowder joint on the water front is not proper for Joan Bennett. In fact, Mr. Tracy and Miss Bennett as sweethearts are a strangely assorted pair, a combination one cannot believe.

They have a prolonged courtship in terms of wisecracks and you feel that they'd be wisecracking yet if something hadn't been done to stop



them. This comes from Miss Bennett's sister who is wronged by an underworld character. Capturing the crook enables Mr. Tracy and Miss Bennett to go to Bermuda on the proceeds of the reward. There you have the framework of a small-time picture relieved by touches of comedy such as slapping a drunk in the face with a fish and other flashes of similar inspiration.





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# PICTURE PLAY

APRIL 1933

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# PICTURE PLAY

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But now, though active, he is taken for granted. His appearances stir no more fresh interest than if he were, say, Conrad Nagel.

Has he become tiresome through repetition? Is he headed for the oblivion that engulfs many a favorite after elevation to stardom following the first flush of fan enthusiasm? What is the matter with Bob Montgomery?

Get Picture Play for May and find out!

## Nita Naldi

Do you remember her? She was one of Rudolph Valentino's closest friends and his favorite actress. "When it comes to good judgment," he remarked, "many a producer could learn a thing or two from Nita Naldi." And so it seems, for *Ja Naldi*, in retirement for eight years, has kept up with films.

She gives her opinions of current favorites in next month's Picture Play. Some are startling, all are interesting. Don't miss this former favorite's slant on the new ones.

## George Raft

He isn't at all the sort of fellow you think. He's human, sentimental, a kid at heart. Strange, but true, to find a portrayer of underworld rôles like that. Calls his mother "Mom." She washes out "little things" for him. Got his first thrill of public life when he used to jig for pennies along Broadway at theater time. Yes, it's a different Raft you will meet in Picture Play next month.

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# MURDERS IN THE ZOO

with  
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**LIONEL ATWILL**  
KATHLEEN BURKE (*The Panther Woman*)  
RANDOLPH SCOTT • JOHN LODGE  
GAIL PATRICK

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of Terror, Yet Lighted by  
the White Flame of Great  
Romance!

**WATCH FOR IT AT  
YOUR LOCAL THEATRE**

*A Paramount Picture*



# WHAT THE FANS THINK

This month finds the fans in a kinder mood toward the players and turning on each other for harsh criticisms.

## Protesting Academy Awards.

A SPLENDID piece of acting, comic or dramatic, depends not on the player's make-up, but on his ability to make his audience *feel*. A ludicrous hat doesn't make a great comedian. Wig and grease paint don't make a Booth or a Bernhardt. Even running the gamut of adolescence to old age, or superb youth to monstrosity, doesn't necessarily demand laurels for the player, although the acting awards for 1932 might so indicate. Both medals this year were awarded for character portrayals dependent on slathers and slathers of make-up. Why? Especially why "Dr. Jekyll"?

I think Katharine Hepburn deserved the 1932 award for her portrayal of the daughter in "A Bill of Divorcement," and Lionel Barrymore for his *Kringelein* of "Grand Hotel." Marie Dressler for "Emma" and Wallace Beery for "The Champ" would be my second selection, but Miss Hepburn and Mr. Barrymore are outstandingly first.

Mr. Barrymore made *Kringelein* amusing, tragic, lovable—and human. Miss Hepburn, a newcomer, stole "A Bill of Divorcement" from the nominal star. Entering the theater mid-picture, I could scarcely wait until the cast was flashed again to learn the name of this unknown girl who, with such restraint, made the rôle of the madman's daughter so real, so filled with poignant understanding, as to bring an ache to my throat.

Here is an actress who appeals to something deeper than mob hysteria. A little too angular, even a little gaunt, and not, by our standards, exactly beautiful, she has something finer—a spark of genius.

In her rôle, Miss Hepburn appears as a young girl, in girlish frocks of simple dignity. In his "Grand Hotel" rôle, Lionel Barrymore wears no putty nose, no layers of grease paint—only the shabby garb of an old clerk—and a pitiful, fumbling eagerness.

So, although the 1932 awards have been made, I still acclaim Katharine Hepburn and Lionel Barrymore!

JEAN LA ROE.

Southern Hotel, Columbus, Ohio.

## 80-year-old Novarro Fan Protests.

M ADELINE GLASS is usually so sympathetic toward Ramon Novarro, and apparently so well-informed, that when she does slip into error it is the more regrettable because a misstatement from her may do him harm among his less critical fans.

In her article, "Is Novarro Tired of Success?" she lays the blame at his door that he has appeared in four worthless films out of the eight talkies which he has made so far.

I protest against this unfair attitude toward Ramon.

Is it possible that she who claims to be one of his fans is unaware of the passionate protest he made against appearing in babyish films in 1931, and of the fight with M.-G.-M. which he made against appearing in "Day-break" and which nearly resulted in his severing his ten-year connection with them?

Has she not heard how he said, to use his own words, "Mr. Thalberg wants me to do a college boy's part next. Maybe I shall have to, but not without protest. I told Mr. Thalberg I ought to have my face lifted if I was supposed to be a twenty-year-old college boy!"

And this was "Huddle," which Miss Glass refers to so caustically as being the possible answer to the question she asks.

One more protest: Miss Glass pours some scorn on Novarro's operatic ambitions. I want to remind her that, whether they depress her or not, they are of great interest to a large proportion of his fans, and they are not mere castles in the air; they are the result of the advice of such operatic stars as Naimara, Cavalieri, Muratore, Martinelli, Seguro, Lawrence Tibbett, and the encouragement of the famous teacher, Louis Graveure.

I have asked my daughter to type this for me, as my writing is no longer very

steady. I am eighty years of age. I do hope you will find room for this letter: Novarro needs all the support his friends can give him in his struggle with M.-G.-M.'s curious methods, and Miss Glass's article is scarcely just to him.

M. I. SEWELL.

17 High Road, Loughton, Essex, England.

## Award Chatterton's Discoverer.

I KEEP reading reports of various stars, directors, and authors connected with making pictures who have been awarded medals, or honorably mentioned for outstanding performances in their particular field. May I make a suggestion?

Let me propose for honorable mention the name of that peerless actor, Emil Jannings, for recognizing the genius of Ruth Chatterton who then gave us the divine and inspiring "Madame X" and set the cinema world acting-conscious.

[Continued on page 10]



Katharine Hepburn deserved the 1932 Academy award for stealing the honors in "A Bill of Divorcement" writes a fan.



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you one penny!**

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# Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

## By The Oracle

**PAT.**—Judging by the letters received here, any one who saw the new version of "Smilin' Through" will never forget the wonderful performances of its principal players. You may address Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard at Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California, and Fredric March at Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

**JACK LA MARR.**—No doubt by the time you read this Lillian Roth will have become Mrs. Benjamin Shalleck. She hasn't announced yet that she will make any more pictures. It was Russ Saunders who doubled for Richard Arlen in "The All American." Betty Grable, seventeen-year-old newcomer, will have a part in "Child of Manhattan."

**RALPH C. LEMKE.**—With all the August birthdays, there just doesn't seem to be any player who was born on the 18th of that month. Marian Marsh came into the world as Violet Krauth. The place was Trinidad, British West Indies, and the date October 17, 1913. When she was extremely young her family moved to America and she lived in Massachusetts, New York, and then Hollywood. Her education was completed at the Hollywood High School, where she was prominent on the basketball team and also in amateur theatricals. She is five feet two, weighs 102, and has curly blond hair and gray eyes.

**MRS. ANNA CROSBY.**—Although Nils Asther is under contract to M.-G.-M., he has been lent to other companies. His "Bitter Tea of General Yen" was released by Columbia.

**ANDY BLASCO.**—There is a Jean Harlow Fan Club with Miss Nyki Werle, 217 Ralph Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, and one with Dorothy Suter, 2404 Ohio Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio. The following were in the cast of "Red-headed Woman": Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, Lewis Stone, Leila Hyams, Una Merkel, Henry Stephenson, May Robson, Charles Boyer, Harvey Clark.

**SIX WAYNE FANS.**—I can only suggest that you write to the editor of Picture Play and ask him for an interview with John Wayne. He has full say about the contents of the magazine. Of course, we try to have everybody's favorite represented at some time or other, but we must give the most space to players who are popular with the majority. No, Lyle Talbot isn't married. You will be seeing him in "The Sucker" and "Blue Moon Murder Case." "Trail's End" was released in 1922.

**DICK.**—In "Three on a Match," the rôle of Ruth as a child was played by Betty Carrs and that of Mary as a child by Virginia Davis. Una Merkel was born December 10, 1909; Joan Marsh, July 10, 1914; Marian Marsh, October 17, 1913; Maurice Murphy in 1914; Andy Devine, October 7th, and address him at Universal Studio, Universal City, California. Write

to Una Merkel at Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

**J. WILLIAM J.**—You will be sorry to learn that Edwina Booth has been suffering from a relapse of the jungle fever which she contracted in Africa while making "Trader Horn." Let us hope she is all right again by now. Marian Nixon will be seen next in "The Face in the Sky." Myrna Loy's right name is Williams. Her latest is "Son-Daughter." Zasu Pitts is currently in "Happy Dollars," and Johnny Weissmuller in "Tarzan and His Mate."

**DAVID ROBERTS.**—Glad to welcome still another English reader. Hope we shall be hearing from you often. Here is a list of Dorothy Mackaill's films up to December, 1929, with year of release of each. 1920, "Face at the Window"; 1921, "Lotus Eat-

When sending questions to this department, the letter should be addressed to The Oracle, Picture Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Communications to other departments should be written on separate sheets, if included in the letter, so the answer man can retain your questions.

ers," "Bits of Life"; 1922, "A Woman's Woman," "Isle of Doubt," "The Inner Man," "Streets of New York"; 1923, "Fighting Blade," "Mighty Lak a Rose," "The Broken Violin," "His Children's Children"; 1924, "What Shall I Do?"; 1926, "The Dancer of Paris," "Ranson's Folly," "Subway Sadie," "Just Another Blonde"; 1927, "Lunatic at Large," "Convoy," "Smile, Brother, Smile"; 1928, "Man Crazy," "Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath," "Lady, Be Good," "Water Front," "The Whip," "The Barker"; 1929, "His Captive Woman," "Children of the Ritz," "Two Weeks Off," "Hard to Get," "The Love Racket," "Great Divide." Her latest is "No Man of Her Own."

**BOBBE.**—Leon Janney has been on a personal-appearance tour. He will be sixteen on April 1st. Address him at Box 425, Hollywood. Tommy Conlon is currently in "The Sign of the Cross." Write to him at Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

**ONTARIO FAN.**—That was Elissa Landi in "Always Good-by," not Joan Crawford. The elderly gentleman was Lewis Stone, with Paul Cavanagh as the villain. Yes, Lewis Stone was in "Unashamed." Mary McAllister played opposite Red Grange, in "One Minute to Play." Robert Young was twenty-six on February 22nd. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. Claudette Colbert is married to Norman Foster. Helen Twelvetrees celebrated her birthday on Christmas Day.

**L. E. KIRTLEY.**—I assure you it's a pleasure to supply information to Picture Play readers, so just feel free to make use of the department as often as you like. Tom Brown is now playing in "Laughter in Hell" and "Destination Unknown." You may address him at Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

**BERNARD KOLASH.**—We prefer not to discuss the religion of the stars here because in most cases they are reluctant to give this information. David Manners was born Rauff Aklom, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. His mother is a Manners—being related to the Duke of Rutland and Lady Diana Manners. Richard Cromwell was born in Long Beach, California, and Eric Linden in New York City. It was Donald Dillaway who played *Freddie Fields* in "Night Mayor."

**SUNNY LOWE.**—I am sure you will enjoy Ramon Novarro in "Son-Daughter," to be followed by "Man of the Nile." The players in "The Desert Song" were John Bowles, Carlotta King, Louise Fazenda, Johnny Arthur, Edward Martindel, Jack Pratt, Otto Hoffman, Robert E. Guzman, Marie Wells, John Miljan, Del Elliott, Myrna Loy.

**ALBERT ANCONA.**—It was a complete surprise to Richard Cromwell when he was given the coveted rôle of "Tol'able David." He was one of hundreds who took a screen test for the part, and without any previous experience, he doubted his chances. He is five feet ten, weighs 148, and has light-brown hair and green-blue eyes. Dick isn't particularly interested in girls. He is more concerned about supporting his family at present.

**D. G. H. G.**—As far as I know, that's Warner Baxter's right name. His birthdate is March 29, 1891. Conrad Nagel was born March 16, 1897. He is in the cast of "Fast Life," with William Haines and Madge Evans.

**GLORIA ADAMS.**—Thanks for the nice bouquet you hand Picture Play. Certainly our efforts are rewarded when we have such appreciative readers. No doubt if producers receive enough requests for the talkie version of an old film they will try to revive it. Barry Norton has a minor part in "Luxury Liner." Address Conrad Nagel at Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. Some players who are five feet two are Marian Marsh, Betty Compson, Mary Brian, Wynne Gibson, Laura La Plante, Carol Lombard, Sue Carol.

**A CATHERINE DALE OWEN FAN.**—Although your favorite isn't in pictures at present, she may be reached at 316 West Seventy-ninth Street, New York City. Miss Owen was born in Louisville, Kentucky. Her films include "His Glorious Night," "Rogue Song," "Such Men Are Dangerous," "Strictly Unconventional,"

Continued on page 73



# Every Good Boy Deserves Fun **LOOK!**



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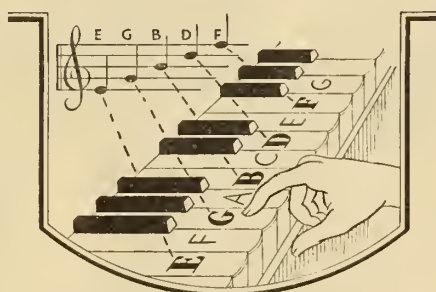
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## What the Fans Think



An English fan insists that Clark Gable is not brutal, but a restrained "gentleman, and a humorous and sensitive one."

control. You are conscious of a nervous, irritable, violent nature kept eternally in check. This restraint is a decided tonic, after so many actors who give way to every passing mood.

The truth is, the fans see what they want to see. They have made up their minds that Gable is a cave man. Therefore, it is written against his name for good.

And finally, I hope his marriage endures. It will be greatly to his credit, if he can bring it through, in the face of the silly kids and hysterical old maids who chase him about. No wonder he legs it to the desert at every chance. He evidently saw enough in Mrs. Gable to marry her, so I guess she has a right to a square deal.

LOUISE MERRILL.

6 Third Road, Tyler Street,  
Brightside, Sheffield, England.

### The Right to Squawk.

THESE pages in Picture Play devoted to "What the Fans Think" constitute the most interesting department of any film magazine.

Occasionally, however, there creeps into the print a somewhat timorously worded letter reprimanding us fans for our candid criticism of the screen mighty. For why?

The support of films lies in the hands of the fans and, this being so, surely we are at liberty to criticize constructively or destructively, according to our inclination, the work of those dependent upon us for a livelihood?

Hollywood's brightest luminaries were hoisted to their lofty pedestals by steady moviegoers, and it only stands to reason that, since our taste

Ruth Chatterton is the pioneer of all, others just following in the light she sheds.

Why not remember that when next distributing any honors or medals?

FLORENCE  
MAHLER.

1225 White  
Plains Road,  
Bronx, New  
York City.

### Clark Gable, Gentleman.

IT is time this rubbish about Clark Gable's brutality was ex-

ploded. I have seen lots of soulful little heroes much more savage than ever Gable is.

He impresses me as a gentleman, and a humorous and sensitive one. He has the gift of perfect self-



in entertainment is variable, we can bring them crashing down to earth, if and when we so desire.

To embark upon a screen career is to invite the mercurial esteem of the film public. That's part of the game. And the stars know it.

DUGALD McALPINE.

149 Alderman Road,

Knightswood, Glasgow, W. 3, Scotland.

### Talbot Leaves Her Breathless.

GIRLS, at last the perfect actor—Lyle Talbot. Sleek, well-groomed hair, eyes soft and sad, a truly sensitive mouth and chin, straight and extremely beautiful nose, strong white hands and teeth, marvelous physique, graceful stride, and last, but not least, a voice as charming and expressive as a voice can be!

Do you feel breathless and a little shaken after that description? Well, dearies, you ain't heard nothing yet.

Lyle Talbot will, if given the breaks, be recognized within a year as the most romantic male on the American screen. This due to his handsome face and figure, as well as his ability to combine the world of storybook with the world of reality—and make it convincing. Hail, Apollo Belvedere of the movies!

JANET COATS.

120 Pico Boulevard, Santa Monica, California.

### Defending Tears and Moans.

MARY ANN'S letter in January Picture Play has me burned up plenty!

Where does she get the cheek to say that Ruth Chatterton "trails about shedding buckets of tears, wringing her hands, and wailing and moaning," and that she overacts and makes herself ridiculous in such rôles?

How dare she hurl such criticism at Miss Chatterton who has proved herself such a fine actress? To top it off, she prefaces this tirade with the casual remark that she is an admirer of Miss Chatterton.

Her remarks are unfair, to say the least, and Chatterton fans should bombard Mary Ann with missiles that will make her face not only red but scarlet!

SHIRLEY McLEAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Art and Science of Awards.

THAT self-appointed body of cinematic high priests who comprise The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences deserves hearty congratulations for selecting Fredric March and Helen Hayes as having rendered the most praiseworthy performances of 1932.

They alighted upon accurate decisions for once in their existence, which amazing fact is doubtless the outcome of mere guesswork. In years gone by, discrimination has certainly not been part and parcel of their routine, else Marie Dressler and Norma

A medal for Emil Jannings is proposed for his discovery of Ruth Chatterton, "who set the cinema world octing-conscious."



Shearer would have been rightfully ignored at the time of the honor distributions.

To achieve triumph and glory in portraying a character especially penned around her personality and injected into a hokum story of the brand that never fails to bring in the shekels, did not signify that Dressler had reached the heights of greatness.

Likewise to run the gamut of emotions in exactly similar fashion as she had done on innumerable occasions previously did not entitle Mrs. Thalberg to that insignificant award that heaps so much valuable publicity on the head of the chosen one.

SKEPTICAL.

#### Worse Than Poor Pictures!

AT last I've found something I'd like to get off my chest. It's about Ramon Navarro, my past, present, and future screen favorite, but also my greatest disappointment.

Imagine a fan writing him three nice letters, sending them by registered mail, then have two returned marked "Return To Sender" and the third returned marked "Refused."

Well! That's what happened to me. I just put the three returned letters in another envelope with a fourth letter and mailed them to him by special delivery, intentionally forgetting to write a return address on the envelope. That was in November. To date I haven't received a reply. Think of it!

And now, quoting "Desconocida" in January Picture Play, "Ramon Navarro is one grand person." Piffle—perhaps personally but not generally. There's Rudy Vallee, Buddy Rogers, Joel McCrea, Richard Dix, Hugh Trevor, and dozens of other players who, if they cannot attend to fan mail personally, employ a secretary to do so.

Oh, well! You can tell the world for me that I not only hope to meet Mr. Navarro some day, but I *intend* to, and let's hope we're both in a very gay and forgiving mood.

A NAVARRO FAN.

Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania.

#### Pola, the Last Enchantress.

PERSONAL appearances of stars are not always the wonderful things press agents say. The most enthusiastic fans are the ones who find this out soonest, I think, for they are the ones who will move heaven rather than miss seeing their favorites, and their expectations are almost invariably so high that they are disappointed.

As one of these enthusiasts I know what I'm talking about only too well, and I think it is an excellent example of the difference between the appeal of stage and screen.

Each great star has some quality of his own to which he owes greatness; for some this quality is seen to almost equal advantage on either stage or screen, while others are only effective in one of the mediums. This last fact was brought home to me vividly when I saw Norma Talmadge in person recently.

Miss Talmadge is much lovelier in person than on the screen and her voice is really better than the microphone leads one to believe. It was wonderful just to see and hear her. Nevertheless, one longed for the thrill which "Secrets" and "The Lady" aroused. And which her real self did not.

The next week I saw Pola Negri, badly gowned, looking older, tired, almost unkempt at times, hold an audience rapt as she sang a *passé* song and acted in a so-called dramatic sketch.

Madame Negri was given no opportunities either, but that did not prevent her

from running away with the show and rousing enthusiasm in an audience which had come to see her more out of curiosity than loyalty. It all lay in the fact that she "gets over" better as a person than as a shadow, and that the reverse is true of Miss Talmadge.

After the performance I went backstage with Richard E. Passmore, known to these columns in quite a different capacity than that of Negri fan, to catch a glimpse of the star as she left the theater. For an hour we waited in a narrow corridor.

When Pola finally appeared in a black coat, high Russian boots, a knitted hat, with her arms full of roses, and looking more beautiful than anything I have ever seen—it may have been hysteria that made both Mr. Passmore and myself forget our inhibitions and clap and shout "Brava" as she came toward us. It may have been hysteria, but I think it was the way she smiled and thanked us, and gave us each a rose and her hand to kiss.

No one else could have done it as she did. It's no wonder she has charmed so many interviewers into writing only incoherent raptures about her. And it's no wonder that she has never been as effective on the screen as she is in person.

That short hour was a reminder of an atmosphere that used to exist in Hollywood and has passed with the passing of Pola. Its passing has left the screen capital, somehow, less a town inhabited by artists and more a factory than it was in the silent days. But it is not completely gone. Madame Negri, for all who can see her, will remain the embodiment of that lost atmosphere.

RICHARD E. GRIFFITH.

Haverford, Pennsylvania.

#### "Blubberin' Through!"

DESPITE the excellent cast of "Smilin' Through," it was certainly B-grade entertainment. Now why was it called "Smilin' Through"? Go on, you tell me. Shearer wept so much that it would have been better titled "Blubberin' Through"—there were so many close-ups of loving embraces I also thought of "Muggin' Through." There was hardly a smile in the whole show.

Miss Shearer was better in "Private Lives." She has lost some quality that was once her greatest asset, and I am sorry, because I am one of her admirers, although I have never admired her extreme gowns or over-the-eye coiffure. She has never been better than she was in "The Divorcee," and I liked her least in "Strangers May Kiss" and "A Free Soul."

Come on, Norma, get husband Thalberg to find you another "Private Lives" and study the word "egoism" and you will find the meaning of it is *not* so hot.

K. R. A.

Lewisham, Sydney, Australia.

#### Where Fans Are Fans.

THIS is an open letter to all real fans.

Don't let any one spoil any illusions you may have about the perfection of your favorite stars. Believe me, they are each and every one all you would want them to be. Just read that article "Last Laugh" in January Picture Play and believe every word of it. I have seen hundreds of stars in person and have not been disappointed in one.

I have heard identifications of stars so garbled that it made me want to jump up and down. For instance, at the average premiere there are about twelve big stars, I mean names the whole world knows, yet no matter if a star is in Europe or Hades, dozens of so-called fans have the power to see that star at a premiere here in California.

I've heard a dozen different blondes given the names of our most popular blond stars; the same goes for brunettes and red-heads. And even when names are announced at premières people get them so twisted that it makes you feel there is no use. I can imagine why a genuine lover of the stars and pictures would sit out in the cold, and sometimes rain, to see a premiere, but why people who hear Irene Rich announced followed by Emma Dunne, and then call the lady coming in ten minutes later Irene Dunne is something I shall be glad to have explained.

If any one ever saw Constance Bennett when she looked homely or dowdy, it *wasn't* Miss Bennett. I've seen her any number of times and she is every bit as exquisite, as beautiful, and as faultlessly dressed as Bennett fans think she is. BEE PIERCE.

2669 Moss Avenue,

Los Angeles, California.

#### Quibble, Quibble Little Fan.

I'M a peaceful soul by nature, but my originally sweet disposition is being gradually but surely undermined. I never thought to take an active part in this free for all, but too much is too much, and there finally comes a time!

Picture Play has for years been the only film magazine I buy sight unseen—that is, without going through it first to see if it contains any articles or pictures worth having. But there is one section I have long thought might be devoted to better uses. Namely, "What the Fans Think"—if anything.

The idea behind it is splendid, but the columns are sadly misused. Instead of being filled with *constructive* criticism which will give the stars an idea as to how their performances are being received, and suggestions for future ones, they are instead usurped by meaningless arguments as to whether or not such and such a player should be allowed to live.

If the players read these outbursts, they must find most of them extremely disheartening. According to the majority of the letters, either a player is all good or all bad—no exceptions.

It matters to me not a whit whether a player is an Eskimo or a Kanaka, a Hindu or a Hottentot, has been married nineteen times, or has made a hobby of kicking tottering old ladies, *so long as he can act*. Some of those whose histrionic gifts I most admire are those I would care least to know.

Having been a fan ever since I can remember, naturally I have my pet aversions, and some of them are violent. But those personages for whose cinematic eminence I can find no smallest reason have undoubtedly been raised to that position because some one somewhere considered them the epitome of all that is beautiful and desirable. But because another's idea of perfection fails to coincide with mine is no reason why I should carp, so long as my own tastes are not railed at.

I'd best cease these useless laments and get down on my knees fervently to thank a beneficent Providence for "The Guardsman," the most perfect picture ever made, and for such gems as "Broken Lullaby," "Waterloo Bridge," "Bird of Paradise," and "Payment Deferred," asking that unlimited blessings be showered upon the already blessing-laden shoulders of the matchless Lunts, and special blessings each for Charles Laughton, Aline MacMahon, Alison Skipworth, and Louise Closser Hale. Yes, and John Barrymore, too, since "A Bill of Divorcement," the finest performance of his screen career.

WILLIAM THOMAS.

R. R. No. 2, Box 94,  
Marion, Indiana.



### Poor, Marvelous, Beautiful Jean.

HERE'S a letter in defense of that marvelous girl, Jean Harlow. Poor Jean, she takes more hard knocks and dirty digs than any one else on the screen. She doesn't deserve this terrible treatment.

Jean isn't the creature in real life that she plays in her screen rôles. I don't see how people can be so foolish as to judge a person by the rôles they enact on the screen.

Jean's a real trouper. She's stood up marvelously, considering all the tragedy that's entered her life in recent months.

Let's have more letters boosting Jean, the most marvelous, most human, most beautiful, most deserving girl on the screen to-day.

WILLIAM D. FERGUSON.

46 Taunton Place,  
Buffalo, New York.

### Occo Means "How Come?"

WHY does the public endure the unmistakable conceit of Colman, Novarro, Swanson, Constance Bennett, Gilbert, Fredric March, Barthelmess, and Rathbone?

Why is Marlene Dietrich forced to play languid pseudo-Garbo rôles, when gay cheerful charm suits her far better? As witness her appeal in the light songs in "Blond Venus."

Why don't directors give Myrna Loy comedy rôles? She was immensely amusing in "Love Me To-night."

Why do actresses insist on wearing 1932 coiffures in costume pictures when quaint headdresses would complete the old-time effect? See Elissa Landi, in "The Sign of the Cross," and Bebe Daniels, in "Silver Dollar."

Why, with so many interesting periods to choose from, don't we see more costume pictures? Can we subsist continually on the lives of twentieth-century courtesans, débutantes, pavement charmers, chorines, newspaper reporters, athletes, and gunmen?

As to these last, I think Hollywood should subsidize the underworld for having supplied the greatest amount of inspiration to movies since the first camera was cranked! Has the unforgettable splendor of "Robin Hood" ceased to inspire directors of costume pictures?

OCCO ORBANN.

29 East Tenth Street,  
New York City.

### Welcome Back, Cagney.

THIS is my first fan letter, but I feel I must write to say how glad I am that James Cagney is back at work.

We have, in England, just recently been permitted to see "The Enemies of the Public"—"Public Enemy" in America. It was dreadfully cut, whole scenes being left out, owing to the view our censors took about it. But Mr. Cagney's performance was fine. The only actors to compare with him, in my opinion, are Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, Walter Huston, and that fascinating newcomer, George Raft. Mr. Cagney dominates every scene in which he appears. He even stole the scene in which he appeared with George Arliss, in "The Millionaire." Surely I am not his only admirer.

While I am here may I give a word of praise for Ann Dvorak, one of the most talented players to reach the screen in the past two years?

EDITH PRATT.

19 Lancaster Street,  
Leicester, England.

### Thalberg's "Ben-Hur" Glory.

I AM afraid Sylvia Green does not know the meaning of the word "immortal," or she would not apply it to Irving Thal-

berg. It means "deathless." Now really, Miss Green, you cannot wish to infer that the memory of Thalberg will be eternal?

Thalberg deserves credit for putting the best actor in his company in "Ben-Hur." No one is denying that. On the other hand, that required no special genius. It was the most natural thing in the world to do.

Ramon, and no one else, save perhaps the director, could possibly be responsible for his fine acting in the picture. Time has proved that Novarro made the rôle of *Ben-Hur* immortal—in its true meaning, Miss Green. I defy you to prove that any other actor in the world could have done as much.

Miss Green repeats several times that without Thalberg, Ramon would be nothing, but she fails to give any arguments to back up her absurd statements.

I grant you that Thalberg deserves as much credit for Ramon's good pictures as he does discredit for the bad ones. Nevertheless, remember that no one can do Ramon's acting for him, and no one but Ramon could carry some of the feeble stories that Thalberg wishes on him.

ELEANOR C. WEHLE.

Apartment 1D, Alden House,  
Larchmont, New York.

### Agreement Sarcastic.

AT last—what you fans have been needing for several months—a fan who agrees with "An Adult Fan." I agree with him absolutely, at least as far as Ramon Novarro is concerned. Novarro reminds me, also, of a head waiter promoted to acting. I can see the similarity between him and several head waiters I have known.

All the head waiters I know attended college where they majored in French, English, and military training. They all have splendid singing voices that attract even opera stars. Of course, it goes without saying, that they all come from fine Latin families.

It is pure coincidence, but they all possess such keen, studious minds that they have taken up the study of German, Latin, Hindu philosophy, and Greek mythology. (Thanks to Madeline Glass.)

I need not add that they are first-class, popular actors, even as Ramon. I can think of only one dissimilarity—the waiters are in a position to cater to their customers' demands.

Speaking seriously, no person would think of comparing Novarro with a head waiter. As for "Adult's" saying Ramon has no true poise—what does he think poise is? This is purely a rhetorical question—I know "Adult" cannot answer it.

I can hardly resist the temptation to sign myself "A Juvenile Fan," but unlike "An Adult Fan," I have another name which I am not ashamed of affixing to my opinions.

BARBARA V. THISELTON.

90 Sixth Street,  
New Westminster,  
British Columbia, Canada.

### Pullman Scandal, et cetera.

MAY I make a few suggestions and criticisms to some other fans' verdicts?

Elizabeth Downing says Joan Crawford should see a doctor about her thyroid. This criticism of Joan's eyes and figure makes me feel that Miss Downing was very jealous. At any rate, if thyroid trouble accounts for Joan's ability and excellent performances, let's all quit using iodized salt and develop a troublesome thyroid. How about it?

Alex Knox says "cawn't" sounds better

than "can't" or "cain't." Well, that isn't a universal opinion—thank Heaven!

He also says "eyether" and "neyether" are considered correct English. That is true, but don't forget that "ee-ther" and "nee-ther" are also considered correct English, unless Webster's and Funk & Wagnall's dictionaries are both wrong. In fact, Webster gives "ee-ther" and "nee-ther" as the preferred pronunciation of "either" and "neither."

Now for R. C. Wilson, who called Novarro "snobbish." Sa-a-ay, run for your life, thees Injun ees on the warpath weeth tomahawk. He take your scalp, pronto.

It would have been more diplomatic for Ramon to have smiled even though it were, as Cecil of the radio says, through his teeth. But I'll bet if you, or I, or any one, R. C., were as harried, pursued, and actually wearied by the clamorous fans as are the screen celebrities, we'd forget diplomacy sometimes—yes, many times—ourselves, even though we would, as they do, appreciate the fans.

And, R. C., though it didn't seem exactly polite for *el Señor Novarro* to draw down the shade, yet, amigo, neither is it considered exactly polite to stand and stare at a person. I know I should feel like drawing down the shade as he did to hide my embarrassment, were there so many folks eying me through a window.

Had Mr. Novarro been the strutting peacock type he would have smiled, bowed, et cetera, to show off to his admirers. No, I'm glad he lowered the shade instead. Now aren't you? DON L. E. ALBIN.

Sweet, Idaho.

### The Zodiac Settles It.

NORMA SHEARER is not a producers' star in any sense of the word. Just read her astrological analysis and you will find that she would have gained the success and popularity she now has regardless of whom she had married. For the same reason she could have survived just as many weak stories as any other star.

She is one of our most beautiful stars, and does not look half-starved as some of them do. Neither does she have any favored profile to be looked out for in photographing, but she is equally beautiful in any pose.

Other stars on the same lot have had just as good or better stories as she, so it is through sheer ability that she has reached her present position.

If we did not go to the theater to see Norma, I am afraid there would be a lot more empty seats than there are now.

Every time I have gone the theater has been packed. She won the Academy Award for her performance in "The Divorcee," and any one who can win the Academy Award would have to have the ability to make the fans like her, and I am sure this ability could only come from within and not from any outside help. She always lives her characters, and that is another thing that draws us to her.

Also in "A Free Soul" she was one of the nominees for the Academy Award the second time. So if it were the stories and supporting casts that pushed her into favor, I don't see how she could possibly have won the award. Also the critics would not continue to give her pictures such splendid reviews if her work did not merit them.

BERTHA A. HOWE.

Cottage Grove, Oregon.

### Just Mortal, After All.

PERMIT me to answer the hysterical Miss Green. Few, very few, care about the producer or director of a picture. Some night when attending a show



notice how many folk talk or look about while screen credits are being shown.

Thalberg may be a keen producer, but the stories he has selected for Ramon Novarro have shown a lamentable lack of judgment.

Mr. Novarro has a fine singing voice—witness "In Gay Madrid" and "Devil-May-Care." Fans are curious to know why he has not made more pictures that display one of his most charming talents. Odd, isn't it?

To be immortal is to be imperishable. Thalberg can hardly be classed with Conrad, the writer, and Wagner, the composer. *These men are immortal.*

Miss Green displays an immature mind, one that it is charitably hoped will improve with years. At least her letter displayed a lack of judgment that is associated only with the very young, or perhaps an antiquated spinster.

R. A. MILLER.

11 Belle Haven Court,  
Atlantic City, New Jersey.

### Passing Up Naughty Heroines.

PERMIT me to extend a word of commendation to Norbert Lusk for his criticism of the part played by Marlene Dietrich in "Blond Venus." The producers, directors, or whoever it may be that were responsible for the "philosophy" shown in this picture, are not doing pictures any good. Perhaps they may have the opinion that the world has been so liberalized that every one, or at least a large majority, are sympathetic with the mother rôle as shown by Miss Dietrich.

As a matter of fact, there are but few who either applaud or even condone the theme as shown in the picture mentioned. I often desire to attend a picture for an hour or so of recreation, but on looking at the current showings, and finding a title indicating much sex and an absence of clean freshness, turns me away from the theater.

In some cases the titles mean nothing and a good picture is overlooked that otherwise would have been enjoyed because it is falsely advertised as a sex picture. It is my belief that literally hundreds of thousands of discerning people are omitting movie attendance largely on account of just such false and unconvincing entertainment as offered in "Blond Venus."

J. R. BARTLETT.

Gouverneur, New York.

### Betty's Prosperity Hint.

WILL some one please help me out and answer this question in a way that I can easily understand: "Why are stars paid such large salaries?"

It burns me up when I think of the foreign stars who are not citizens and who get a salary of thousands a week, while many of the citizens of the United States are starving.

Greta Garbo is not a citizen. Marlene Dietrich is not a full-fledged citizen and neither is Nils Asther, and all of them receive a larger salary than is necessary.

I admit stars are amusing and interesting to look at, and a movie is my favorite entertainment, but still I can't see why some of them can't live on less. Many of them don't even work every day and still receive a big salary. There are so many people in the United States who are living on ten or fifteen dollars a week, and who have large families, that I think it's a crime to pay any movie star more than a thousand dollars a week. I'm sure they couldn't possibly starve to death with a salary like that.

BETTY ZIMMER.

190 Warren Avenue,  
Kenmore, New York.

## WISE WORDS FROM HER "BABY SISTER" by Tim 'n' s



OH, SIS, YOU ARE  
A LOVELY BRIDE!

AND YOU'RE A DARLING  
MAID OF HONOR, BABS.  
I'M SO HAPPY. TED AND  
I ADORE EACH OTHER!

### FIVE YEARS LATER

BUT, SIS, WHY SO SERIOUS?  
AREN'T YOU GLAD I'M  
ENGAGED? DON'T YOU  
LIKE MY PHIL?

OF COURSE I DO. BUT  
MARRIAGE CAN BE SO  
DIFFERENT FROM WHAT  
ONE EXPECTS...ROMANCE  
FADES SO SOON...LOOK AT  
TED AND ME



SIS, IT'S PARTLY YOUR FAULT. TED  
HAS CHANGED BECAUSE YOU HAVE.  
YOU'VE LET YOURSELF BECOME....  
UNROMANTIC. A LITTLE CARELESS  
ABOUT HOW YOU LOOK...SOMETIMES  
EVEN ABOUT "B.O."

OH, BABS, SURELY  
NOT THAT!



ONLY A HINT AT TIMES.  
SO WHY NOT TRY MY  
LITTLE PLAN — BATHE  
REGULARLY WITH  
LIFEBUOY? NO "B.O."  
THEN!

MY BABY SISTER GIVING  
ME GOOD ADVICE! BUT  
I'LL DO IT, DARLING.  
LIFEBUOY FOR ME  
FROM NOW ON

### "B.O." GONE — romance returns!

BABS WAS A PRETTY BRIDE. BUT THE  
REAL HIT OF THE WEDDING WAS —  
MY WIFE!

TED, STOP YOUR JOKING!  
I ONLY HOPE BABS AND  
PHIL WILL BE AS HAPPY  
AS WE ARE



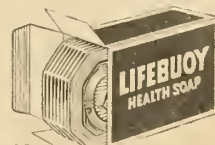
### What's the sensible thing to do about "B.O."?

(body odor)

TAKE CHANCES? Trust to luck you won't offend? NO! "B.O." (body odor) is too serious to trifle with. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps. Its rich, penetrating lather purifies and deodorizes the pores—effectively stops "B.O."

### Complexions freshen

Lifebuoy has helped thousands win new complexion beauty—and keep it! Its creamy, gentle, deep-cleansing lather washes away pore-clogging impurities—makes dull, cloudy skins radiant with new health.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



## Praising Herbert Marshall.

**F**ANS, a new and brilliant star has arisen! All hail to Herbert Marshall, who with all due respect to Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins, and Charles Ruggles, was the star supreme of "Trouble in Paradise." This is a light, subtle, sophisticated film no one over fifteen should miss. The whole cast is excellent, but watch Mr. Marshall.

Here is a real actor. And what a personality! He is not too handsome and he combines the reserved charm of Ronald Colman with William Powell's suavity, Leslie Howard's subtlety, and Robert Montgomery's rognish humor. I predict that Mr. Marshall will be one of our brightest stars.

I am delighted that Vilma Banky is coming back to the screen in "The Rebel." She has always been my favorite actress.

A PLAINFIELD FAN.

Plainfield, New Jersey.

## Who But Jean?

**J**EAN HARLOW is the sweetest star in pictures to-day, or for that matter, any other day! I have reasons for saying so, too.

Of course all the Harlow haters, who write nasty letters about her to this and other fan columns, think differently. Their dislike for her is invariably based on the opinion they formed because of her screen rôles. Well, maybe a great many fans do judge stars by the rôles they play, but I, for one, do not.

Jean in reality happens to be a very sweet, considerate, generous and appreciative girl—just the opposite of every part she has played.

Let me tell about a little incident that occurred last winter during Jean's personal-appearance tour. A friend of mine who also was an admirer of Jean's, and to whom I had frequently mentioned Jean's great interest in her fans, had been hurt in an auto accident and was in the hospital at the time Jean made appearances. She wrote to Jean, and happened to mention her plight. Of course Jean replied and sent a photo, but that wasn't all. A couple of days later Jean herself came to the hospital to pay the girl a visit.

Would she do a thing of that sort if she was as mean and horrid as most of the people who dislike Jean would have you believe? I guess not! Incidents of that sort, however, aren't surprising to those who know her, for it seems she is always doing kind things for others.

With "Red-headed Woman," fans were convinced that she is a splendid actress. Now with "Red Dust," it has been discovered that she is also a perfectly grand comedienne. But if Jean succeeded so well in her other parts as to get so many fans believing she is really "that way," she surely must have been a lot better actress than she was given credit for.

So here's to Jean Harlow, the sweetest girl in the movie colony and one of the sweetest in the world! NIKI WERLE.

217 Ralph Avenue,

Brooklyn, New York.

## Wonderful One.

**H**OW dare you say that Charles Morton could show Ramon Novarro a few things about acting, George Ferris? You mean Mr. Novarro could show Charles Morton and all the rest of the actors and actresses in Hollywood, or anywhere else, how to act. Novarro is incomparable in no matter what character he portrays.

You made a remark about barbers and tamale sellers having it all over Mr. Novarro for looks. No one in the world can

surpass his looks. Show me any one who can be photographed from any angle and still be handsome. There is only one—Ramon Novarro.

Ramon Novarro is the most wonderful man in the world! I am proud to say that he writes to me personally.

WINIFRED WEBSTER.

21 Everett Street,  
East Orange, New Jersey.

## Hamiltonians, Speak Out!

**I**T was a treat to read in January Picture Play the letter in praise of Neil Hamilton, written by "An Erie Fan." It is a long, long time since I have seen a word of approval for Neil's excellent portrayals.

I have seen more than fifty-five performances by Neil Hamilton, and have seen some of them so many times as to have lost count. But aside from watching a decade of his screen work, from its first flicker in "The White Rose" to its latest, in "The Animal Kingdom," I have known him personally for six years.

I have more than seventy letters from him, together with many gifts and keepsakes, and he has called me by phone. In all these ways, I have found him the same good fellow he appears to be on the screen—too natural to be self-conscious or egotistical, too regular to be aware of his artistry, too appreciative and loyal to be forgotten in favor of new toys.

All he has done for me is not told with a boastful attitude. I am only eager to prove that Neil *does* value his fan followers, that he is sensible enough to guide himself by their criticism or approval. This being the case, let his fans come out of hiding and express their own viewpoints. "Erie Fan" deserves many congratulations for his sense of perception.

JOHN G. WHIDDING.

1769 Townsend Avenue,  
New York City.

## Two Neglected Anitas.

**I** SHOULD like to say a few words for two very charming, young, blond actresses whom many of us haven't seen enough of lately.

Anita Page is being used too much as a manikin and not nearly often enough as a screen heroine. I remember seeing her in the Elks' Pageant when I visited Los Angeles. I thought then, "This girl is going to go far." But something has happened. We so seldom see her. May the year 1933 see Anita Page one of the leading women of the screen.

Why don't we see more of Anita Louise's fragile, flowerlike beauty? I noticed particularly this quality when I saw "Heaven on Earth" at a second-run theater last week. I liked her so much in that picture. At first Anita Louise was handicapped by being too young to take many of the rôles offered. Now she is ready to show the public what she can do. I truly believe that the critics will say, "Okay, Anita." How about teaming her with that talented young actor, Richard Cromwell?

Wake up, casting directors, and give these two lovely girls a break.

JOYCE ROLAINÉ SEHRT.

Fargo, North Dakota.

## Why Give Stars a Rest?

**P**ERSONAL criticism of one fan by another is a waste of time. Simply because some fans hold opposite views to "Adult Fan" is no reason for the said fans to question his intelligence.

As "Adult Fan's" last letter proved he is more than a match for his critics, so why waste any more time or space?

Fans are divided into two classes—personality worshipers and art lovers, the second class being very much in the minority. The impression I received from the "Adult Fan's" letters is that he belongs to the latter class, as his criticism of Norma Shearer implies.

In that event, his criticism is justified, as it is obvious to students of dramatic technique that Norma Shearer is decidedly not an artist. Mrs. Irving Thalberg's conception of any rôle she attempts, from society girl to neurotic matron, or sweet young thing, is never convincing to me. Brittle, calculated, studied—one looks in vain for depth and sincerity.

MARIE BROWN.

7 Tara Hall Avenue,  
Montreal, Canada.

## "Don't Bite the Hand" Revived.

**A**T last my peaceful nature has been aroused. It was the article entitled "Neil Squeals" in December Picture Play. Until now, Constance Bennett has left me cold. I neither thought she was good enough to praise nor bad enough to criticize. One of these mediocre personalities. But that article!

In the first place, she freely admits she is taking the money of her American fans and saving it until she acquires a million dollars. That's all right. But, she also admits that after she gets it she's going to take herself and her million to Europe, because "Europe is the ideal place to live." Then why shouldn't she go to her ideal dwelling place and make her money?

Mr. Hamilton goes on to say that no one ever ignores conceited Connie. Oh, yes they do. I have for the past two years. And in all modesty, I'm somebody.

As for her ability to wear clothes, Kay Francis, Lilyan Tashman, and Joan Crawford could put on a sack and look smarter than Miss Bennett in the newest Parisian creation.

A. HARRIS.

Hollywood, California.

## Give Tallulah a Hearing.

**I** HAVE yet to see any bouquets or even bricks thrown in the direction of Tallulah Bankhead. It seems that American audiences do not realize there is an *artist* on the screen.

I do not know whether American audiences appreciate the acting ability of Miss Bankhead. Maybe it takes the European audience to do that. Not alone the idol of London theatergoers, but also the crowned heads of Europe, discovered Miss Bankhead and took her to their hearts. That alone is quite proof enough of Miss Bankhead's acting. Hardly any Hollywood star could boast of such colorful triumphs.

Are American audiences so beauty-conscious that they fail to see Miss Bankhead's remarkable talent? She is not the most beautiful of Hollywood women, nor the worst. But if you must criticize face and figure, forget it and listen to that Bankhead voice. Never has there been such perfect control of speech and tone since the late Jeanne Eagels, perhaps the greatest actress of her time. "S. M."

2645 Sacramento Street,  
San Francisco, California.

## Who Knows?

**I** HAVE some questions in mind that a great many persons would like to ask, but are afraid to. As there is much truth in some of them, I will ask them myself.

Why did Claudette Colbert change her hair?

Does Arline Judge think that she is the only actress on the screen?

Continued on page 71



VOLUME XXXVIII  
NUMBER 2

STREET & SMITH'S

# PICTURE PLAY

APRIL  
1933



Photo by Max Mun Autrey

**HERE** is Diana Wynyard both as her gracious self and as she appears in "Cavalcade," where she is equally gracious, warmly feminine and artlessly sincere. Already you have read and heard a great deal about her and the picture and, as time goes on, you will hear more of Miss Wynyard and see more of her, too. For she is the new heroine, the discovery of 1933, whose dissimilarity to all other favorites is typical of this year of upsets and change.



# UPSTAGE GO

**T**HERE used to be a time—and not so long ago—when a star, upon slight, oh, very slight provocation, would tell *all*. Confession stories, uncovered by probing scribes, were the rage.

Screen luminaries delighted in bursting the bonds of convention and uttering vividly and unreservedly the frankest truths about themselves. Maybe they even painted themselves somewhat ingloriously in their dramatic zeal to talk for publication.

Anyway, it was an interviewers' heyday—gone but not forgotten!

Once in a while, even now, somebody kicks through with a speech to the press that blows off the roof and luridly frescoes the skies.

Tallulah Bankhead did it recently. She says she didn't, but then the words were printed that way for better or for worse, and later supported publicly by the writer. And now the fame of her slogan, "I want a man," has spread far and wide, making a raucous Roman holiday and reducing all ordinary starry outbursts to finely chopped mincemeat.

Helen Hayes talks freely and intelligently to trustworthy interviewers. This picture shows how they find her—plain and unaffected.



Interviewers like Harold Lloyd because he remains the same simple, straightforward fellow he always has been.

Ann Harding holds herself aloof from interviewers on the advice of her manager who also is Garbo's adviser.

Tallulah has color. She was still new in Hollywood. She had a way of speaking her mind. She has it yet, but she prefers to express herself to the private citizenry of the colony, rather than ballyhooing it to the world. After all, Tallulah has high social and political relatives in the South who aren't inclined to welcome too much outspokenness of a violent and passionate sort.

Hence Tallulah, at least until the time of her departure from Hollywood, went on the noninterviewable roster of stars. And thus was their number increased by still one more.

What's the trouble with these stars, anyway? Can't they stand the gaff of anything but Pollyanna stories? Are they growing soft as the years go on? Or is this really a brand-new manifestation that finds not only Greta Garbo a recluse from publicity, but various other personages in the film world, some of whom are hardly famous enough to enjoy the privacy ritz, going into sphynxlike retirement.

Ann Harding leads the secluded life under instruction from the manager of her affairs, Harry Eddington, specialist in such restraints.

Even Anna Sten and Gwili André, just mere fledglings in a new world, were recently barricaded from the prying purveyors of personal close-ups.

It's a strange thing to find the colony, which during all its up-and-coming years, depended on the good will and courtesy of writers, suddenly turning around and biting the hand that fed it. Even players who have benefited greatly at the hands of publicity, seem suddenly to have grown languid about contributing information about themselves. That includes Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, occasionally Ruth Chatterton, young Doug Fairbanks, and others.



# THE STARS

Many will not deign to talk to ordinary interviewers any more, and some won't even speak for publication at all. Why?



Ronald Colman has always been considered a poor subject for interviewers and now few bother him.

For no reason at all, Miriam Hopkins is upstage. She eludes writers and rebuffs reporters. No one knows why.

He wrote a syndicated column for Sunday newspapers and a daily paragraph, and began to sell his wisecracks. Articles in national magazines followed. Wealth rolled into his coffers. His daily quip alone brings him \$5,000 a week, and radio has yielded even more, though he has been less successful on the air than in any of his other activities.

Rogers's new picture contract was the more or less direct result of the fame he achieved through writing. And so he now has three or four outlets, and he can always return to the stage.

Rogers isn't the only one who has made his wit pay dividends in various ways. Eddie Cantor and Groucho Marx have also turned into literary

lights, and make considerable profits on the side. Charlie Chaplin also has become a writer.

He is getting \$50,000 for a series of magazine articles which will disclose many facts not hitherto revealed concerning his career, as well as presenting impressions of his trip round the world.

Harold Lloyd is one of the few outstanding comedians who hasn't cashed in on a side line. Interviewers like him because he remains the same simple, straightforward person he has always been, sticking to his knitting of making pictures, and not attempting

Continued on page 66



Anna Sten, a newcomer who has yet to make a picture in Hollywood, is barricaded against questioners.

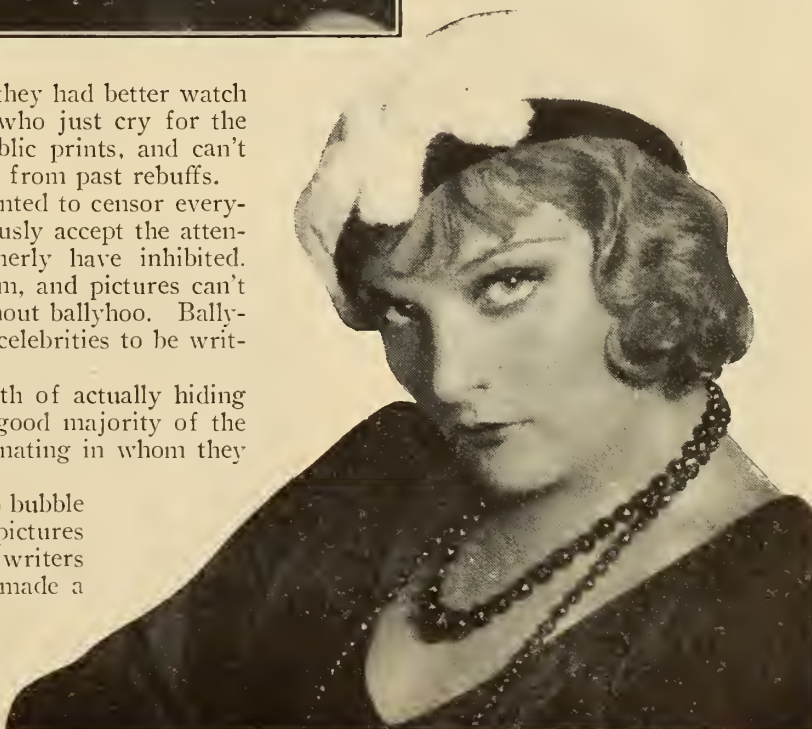
In view of the short-lived fame of all stars they had better watch out. There are plenty of stars of yesterday who just cry for the chance to express themselves through the public prints, and can't stir up the interest of scribes long grown blasé from past rebuffs.

There was a time when Doug and Mary wanted to censor everything written about them. To-day they graciously accept the attention of the writers whom they would formerly have inhibited. Ambition to make further pictures claims them, and pictures can't be made, or at least released successfully, without ballyhoo. Ballyhoo means publicity, and when there are new celebrities to be written about, publicity isn't so easy to get.

Very few stars have ever gone to the length of actually hiding themselves from the Hollywood writers. A good majority of the famous ones are to-day exceptionally discriminating in whom they confide, and what they choose to tell.

Will Rogers is the best example. He used to bubble witticisms all over the place. Even though his pictures weren't particularly popular in the silent days, writers doted on interviewing him because it always made a good, entertaining story.

Suddenly the realization came to Will—or rather to his wife, who is regarded as the business genius—that this wit was too valuable to be donated free of charge. He







Lupe Velez had to be taught things about her temperament.



"Don't make us cry again," fans warned Al Jolson.



People razed Ruth Chatterton's bleached hair.

ACCORDING to psychologists one should not use the word "don't" in child correction. It creates, so we are told, a desire to do the very thing the child has been forbidden to do. It seems that we are supposed to use the power of suggestion over young minds. If little Oswald delights in kicking you in the shins, don't kill him; just gently suggest that there are other kickable shins in the room.

Since "men are only boys grown tall," it seems that criticism of sensitive screen artists should be accomplished by indirect or subtle methods. Unfortunately, most people do not understand the finer points of psychology. Mrs. Public and all the little Publics speak up with decisive "don'ts" when actions of their idols displease them. Moreover, the actors themselves use "don'ts" when giving advice to fellow players. For instance, John McCormack said to Richard Barthelmess, "Don't try singing on the screen again and I won't try acting!"

Al Jolson, who comes back to the screen in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," received letters from 30,000 fans, with "Don't try to make us cry," the gist of their advice.

It was the "don'ts" of the fans that recently caused Joan Crawford to slacken her perpetual weight-reducing efforts. Some of her most devoted admirers were

# KNOCKS

How blunt advice from fans and studio officials have influenced certain players.

distressed over her emaciated appearance and said so. I noted in recent pictures a slight improvement in her lank figure, although nothing, unhappily, has been done about her newly acquired *Svengali* eyebrows. There is a subtle hint!

Some time ago Ramon Novarro was quoted in an interview as saying that he wanted a veritable *Patient Griselda* for a wife. His demands as quoted were so selfish that the thousands of self-supporting women throughout the country who have contributed to his success by attending his pictures were moved to protest.

"Don't be like that!" they wrote.

Possibly bearing in mind the French proverb, "He who excuses himself, accuses himself," Ramon kept quiet about the matter. Since then, however, he has contradicted his alleged views by casting his mother and

Fans objected to seeing Clara Bow remake old films.



Richard Barthelmess got a lecture about singing.



A deluge of protests caused Joan Crawford to change diets.







Marian Nixon had to be spanked for being cocky.



A director had to get rough with Robert Montgomery.



Don't wear a bob, Mary Brian was told.

# That HELP

By Madeline Glass

one or two of his sisters in the foreign films which he has directed. And this is the young man who is said to have declared that woman's place is in the home, sweet home. Ho, hum!

A few years ago Sue Carol visited a photographer who has a mania for photographing lovely young women in scant attire. Her press agent, knowing the man's predilection, warned her not to have such pictures taken, and sent along a vigilant matron to see that his instructions were followed. But the photographer proved to be an uncommonly good salesman and finally convinced both Sue and the duenna that what she needed was some "art" poses.

When the resulting scantily draped pictures were reproduced in the magazines, the fans took their pens, pencils, and typewriters in hand and chastised Sue with

since John is not given to accepting advice from such lowly sources, he probably will continue to do as he pleases.

Betty Compson read some criticism of herself in a newspaper that helped her considerably. She may also have received some good advice from the reviews of her pictures in *Picture Play*. Betty, it seems, is not averse to reading or hearing "don'ts," if they are of a constructive nature.

Clara Bow's fans protested when she tried to get away from her vivacious hoyden rôles. This was a very literal example of "Don't do that again." Her choice of "Call Her Savage" for her comeback film—as well as her success in it—indicates that the fans knew what they were talking about, and so did Clara. She will be with us again soon.

[Continued on page 67]

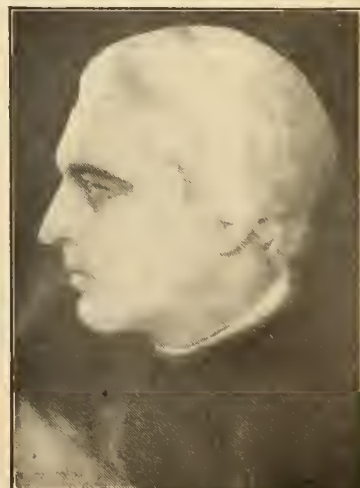
Fans howled when Novarro said a woman's place was the home.



Keep your hair short, the public begged Kay Francis.



John Barrymore is likely to do as he pleases.





# "IT"—1933 BRAND

Illustrations by H. Giesen



The discovery of babies was every bit as disturbing as introducing some rare kind of doll into a boarding school for young girls, and the adoption fad started.

**T**HERE is always a good deal of talk pro and con about sophistication in Hollywood. So and so has it, she *doesn't* have it. Constance Bennett is the most sophisticated woman in Hollywood, or it's Norma Shearer, or perhaps Lilyan Tashman. Everybody but Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers is trying to achieve sophistication.

Just what is it, anyway? According to the dictionary, sophistication is "the spoiling of the simplicity or naturalness of." Then it is the opposite of that artless simplicity called naïveté. But many words take on special meanings when adopted by the film colony. There a sophisticated gal is one who has knocked successfully at the door of life and, bored with it all, goes around ever after with a listless smile and half-closed eyes. But is her innocent naturalness really spoiled?

Tallulah Bankhead, for instance, rates as an A-1 sophisticate, far removed from the ingenuous child of nature. But what of the stories of her outspoken remarks and her free use of words accepted only in *Lady Chatterley's* drawing-room?

If this isn't artless nature in the raw, then certain facts of life have been withheld from me.

You've read, too, stories of how Tallulah and her pals swooped down upon the slumbering Richard Cromwell at four o'clock one morning. Simple childish urge to go places rather than to go home and go to bed in the dark, and the innocent pleasure of surprising a young man half to death. Is this sophistication or naïveté?

Lately you've been reading

a lot about babies in Hollywood. The most worldly-wise of the screen suddenly discovered hitherto suppressed maternal instincts when they saw that Marlene Dietrich got by with it. Until then a screen siren felt that it would disillusion her fans if she spoke of babies except in that far-away tone she always used in speaking of retiring to a farm some day and writing books. She must be the eternal little girl—the sweetheart of her public.

Marlene was too much of a grown-up to care about being your sweetheart, so there. Babies were discovered. It was every bit as disturbing as introducing some rare kind of doll into a boarding school for young girls. Marlene displayed her little one and the public cooed back at Maria. Other players got jealous and must also have little ones.

Helen Twelvetrees and Arline Judge triumphantly announced the coming event long before civilized standards of modesty would sanction. Others did the same. It was like little gels telling each other that old Santa would bring them a doll, too, see if he doesn't, old smarty, and it'll be prettier 'an yours.

Gloria Swanson ran off to England and now there's Michele Bridget. Constance Bennett will put Gloria in her place if it takes her years. Connie is now talking of going to southern France—*southern* France, mind you—and establishing a home for the son and heir of the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye. Little Michele Bridget spent her first winter in foggy old London.

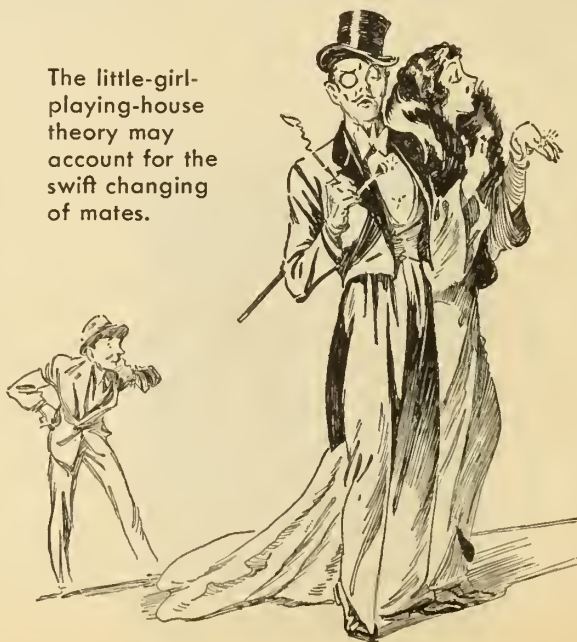
Miriam Hopkins and Lupe Velez have adopted children. Wallace Beery adopted a houseful of nephews and nieces at one big swoop. Babies, babies, babies—lately they simply get mixed up in everything but reviews.

Natural, human instinct to follow the crowd—is this sophistication?

The amazing thing is that they're all counting up what each star's child costs in the way of forfeited contracts and salaries.

Just the good old back fence checking of birthday gift price tags and bargains, except the game here is to make it a million-dollar baby. Helen Twelvetrees's

The little-girl-playing-house theory may account for the swift changing of mates.





Sophistication is the new "It" the players are all trying so hard to acquire. But is Hollywood really sophisticated?

By  
James Roy Fuller

\$50,000 baby is no longer in the running.

"Sophistication is the spoiling of the simplicity or naturalness of." But that's why we like the stars, bless their naïve little hearts, they're *not* spoiled.

Ordinarily when a woman becomes the head of a hundred-thousand-dollar home she has a few servants who are ruled with a stern hand. She is decidedly the mistress of the house; the servants speak when spoken to. Not in Hollywood. The chauffeur becomes a sort of driving and shopping companion, the butler an uncle-adviser and he and the cook provide excellent foils for one's occasional fits of temper. They talk right back just like members of one's family. Not at all grown-up. It's like a little girl playing house and getting herself in bad with her nurse or governess.

Hollywood is quite a bit more like little girls playing house than a group of rich young matrons you'd find elsewhere. Each star, as soon as she can afford it, builds a playhouse about twice as big as the house the girl across the road has to make out with. She furnishes it, for some reason I cannot fathom, as nearly like all the rest as it is humanly possible to do, if photos of stars' homes tell anything.

There's a big red rug and heavy velvet drapes; grand piano with a Spanish shawl thrown carefully across it; gaudy, curlicued lamps; gingerbread coffee tables with overfancy legs; portraits of themselves over the flossy mantel; built-in bookcases with a handful of spick-and-span books snuggled in one corner; and always the one pot of scraggly plants. Or artificial flowers in the land of blossoms. All this is jumbled together in such a way that it makes one fidgety just to look at the pictures.

After these dream homes the subject of husbands demands attention. How better to account for the swift changing of mates, official and otherwise, than to carry on the little-girl-playing-house idea?

Even when the gals kick up their heels and deliberately try to be naughty and unconventional they're quite ingenuous about it—naughty but naïve. That's why we think everything they do is cuter than naughty.



The butler is a combination of uncle-adviser and goat for the star's fits of temper.

Last summer I happened to attend a small-town high school graduation. About a dozen girls were in the class and every darn one of them wore her hair exactly the same way—not the variation of one lock or tuft could I see. It was the local version of the Garbo bob.

What about the individuality of our movie girls? They dress, act, make up, and smile just as much alike as this group of high-school kids. There is a standard Hollywood smile and few are the daring souls who have contributed an individual grin. They try to look as much alike as the proverbial peas in a pod. Even the talk as revealed in interviews is practically the same patter.

Are the men alike? As much alike as college freshmen. College "men" used to sport the long pipe and coonskin coats, and it was a clever coed who could spot her boy friend ten paces away. It's the same charming youthfulness of spirit, the same unspoiled desire to dress like the gang, that makes all Hollywood men wear pleated trousers gallused up to their shoulder blades, turtle-necked sweaters, suede shoes, bracelets, and camel-hair coats with a long belt twisted over and over in front.

Frank Fay—and how many others?—must have a radio in every room. Harold Lloyd has an elevator to play with in his home, to say nothing of other boyish embellishments like the telephone in every room.

Again, you can judge sophistication to a great extent by the kind of food people eat. The simple, unspoiled child of Erin likes his mulligan stew and corn beef and cabbage. A New Englander loves codfish cakes and baked beans and actually likes hash—until he has traveled around a bit and encountered French or Southern cooking; then he may acquire a taste for nicely seasoned and spiced dishes, more complicated ones.

When James Gleason has one of his famous hash dinners, it is hailed far and wide  
Continued on page 68

It's that charming collegiate youthfulness of spirit that causes our male players to dress exactly alike.





# They Say in

Radio City openings and the continued drifting of screen stars to the stage keep Manhattan fans on the jump.



Heather Angel was brought over from England as Fox's candidate for the all-round actress with girlish appeal.

PICTURE people may well point a determined forefinger—manners or not—at this past month as a milestone in its history. The RKO Music Hall, the biggest and most magnificent theater yet built, had to give up its all-stage show policy after one week's trial and clutch at films as an attraction. The longest, and possibly the dullest, vaudeville show on record was supplanted by "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," and previously reluctant customers swarmed there.

Its companion theater, the RKO Roxy, a veritable bijou dream of a neighborhood playhouse in comparison, since it seats only 3,700 or thereabouts, opened and convinced theatergoers that simplicity is preferable to splendor as the setting for entertainment.

"Cavalcade," a superb motion picture, proves that dignity, honor, tenderness, and reticence, those long-neglected factors, have more powerful appeal than all the rubbish with which pictures have lately been concerned. Never an ardent pursuer of trends, but willing as a rule just to take a picture as diversion and let it

go at that, "Cavalcade" leads me to hope that other producers will try to do something fine instead of concentrating on ways to elude the censors.

If you want a measure of the heights and depths to which the screen can go, just contrast "Cavalcade" with the smirking "Sign of the Cross." But no, I would not ask any one to see the latter to prove anything.

**Among Those Present.**—Amelia Earhart and assorted Rockefeller will do as an indication of the representatives of achievement who were present at the openings. Lily Damita and Irene Rich raised the general level of chic and comeliness. There was no hint of depression. Sables, ermines, emeralds, and Rolls-Royces became almost monotonous, they were so general.

If your town sets out to build a theater on which a fortune is to be squandered, you might consider the players who will ultimately have to fill that edifice, and seek to restrain the giddy financiers. It is the art of the actor that has to bring support to a playhouse after the first curiosity has been satisfied. If he has great individuality and appeal, he can express himself quite as well in a

shack as in a cathedral. It seems a little unfair to put the burden of support of a million-dollar building on him.

Of all the cast of "Cavalcade," only Ursula Jeans was present at the New York opening. The next night she was to make her bow on the New York stage in "Late One Evening." First impressions were by far the best. This play was the initial producing venture of Harry Bannister, former husband of Ann Harding. It will be all right with Broadway if it is his last.

Rumor had it that Miss Harding was in the first-night audience, but if she was, she was so cleverly disguised that no one could recognize her. This disguising business is getting so general, what with Joan



Lilian Harvey, introduced to American audiences in "Congress Dances," is here to begin her Fox contract with "My Lips Betray."



# New York—

By Karen Hollis

Blondell eloping in a wig, and Claudette Colbert eluding a welcoming committee by hiding behind Kate Smith, that fans are apt to rush up to Jimmy Durante and demand that Leslie Howard take that putty nose off.

**Hard-to-please Broadway.**—Ex-film players are having a fling on Broadway. Jacqueline Logan is featured in a blood-and-thunder play set in the Kentucky mountains called "Two Strange Women." Critics grew positively vicious in reviewing her performance. It was not that bad. It was merely puzzling. One—this one, at least—could not decide whether she was interpreting the rôle as a bundle of affectations or whether she was ill at ease on the stage.

Oh, well, she looked beautiful anyway, and there are voice coaches who can help you to decide whether to leave ol' Lunnor or the Rocky Mountain cadences in your voice. Douglas Gilmore, also from films, appeared in her support in a negative part and gave it much more polish and magnetism than it deserved.

"A Good Woman, Poor Thing" brought Irene Purcell from screen to stage. Starting out with promise of being another "Private Lives," the play dwindled out to spurts of goofy dialogue.

Miss Purcell has no claims to beauty, but she is about the prettiest girl you ever saw.

Most hilarious of stage offerings was "Twentieth Century" in which Eugenie Leontovitch, long promised to films, plays a screen star in such grand manner that the audience was limp with laughter. Gasping their approval were Tallulah Bankhead, Estelle Taylor, George E. Stone, Lily Damita, Lupe Velez, Irene Rich, and Sidney Fox.

Tallulah Bankhead is rehearsing a play, "Forsaking All Others," in which Mary Duncan, Ian Keith, and Anderson Lawlor will appear in her support. Keith has been welcomed back to Broadway with open arms. Producers would also like to lure his wife into appearing in a play. As Fern Andra she was the dominant picture star and theater favorite in Europe a few years ago. She has appeared, but all too briefly, in American films.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce has been displaying her husky voice and handsome wardrobe in a sketch at the Paramount Theater preparatory to going to Hollywood to appear in "International House," with Rudy Vallée. Persistence wins out sometimes. For the past two years or more *la belle* Joyce has been trying to convince producers that the screen needed her.

**Still in Debt to Broadway.**—Hollywood may lend us Tallulah Bankhead, Lupe Velez, Lyda Roberti, Lois Moran, Marguerite Churchill, Ian Keith, Conway Tearle, and various others, but they have gone and taken Jean Dixon away from us and we are inconsolable.

Continued on page 68



The night after Ursula Jeans saw the opening of "Cavalcade," she made her bow on the stage.

New York fans have a chance to check on Tallulah Bankhead's London fame before the footlights. Ian Keith and Mary Duncan play with her in "Forsaking All Others."





Photo by Stagg

# "I'M NOT CLOTHES CRAZY!"

Says

## TASHMAN

EVERY individual and every object has its own personality—magazines included. Picture Play has always seemed to me the most friendly and intimate of all the picture publications.

I've been a constant reader for too many years to count and have received many beneficial suggestions from its pages. So it was with a great deal of interest that I read Judith Field's article, "Is Lillian Tashman Clothes Crazy?" in the January number.

To be frank, my first reaction was a feeling of anger and some little resentment. I think that was only natural. But after a few moments my thoughts began to clarify and I sought to analyze the charges that had been made against me.

Now, having given complete consideration to the things that were said, I'd like to make my answer.

First I want to say that I appreciate the writer's apparent great interest in me. It's true, as she says in the beginning of her article, "If there is something wrong with me, I do not object to being told about it."

I have no illusions about myself. I think I see myself quite as clearly and am probably more aware of my own faults than any one else. And I've tried always to rectify them and to profit by any and all just criticism. In other words, I think I can "take it." It is with a very real and deep gratitude that I receive any suggestions for the improvement of my work.

However, Miss Field does not offer criticism of my work. Rather, she adopts an attitude of personal criticism and makes me feel that it is I, not my acting, to which she objects.

I have been accused of attaching too much importance to my wardrobe. Please believe me when I say that clothes are *not* of paramount importance to me. Never have they been so.

In fact, if you will recall various statements made by me in the past, I have always been most frank in admitting that

"It's true that clothes have always interested me. However, any reputation I may have achieved as an arbiter of fashion has been thrust upon me."

Edmund Lowe, my husband, is and has always been, the motivating power of my existence. Making a success of our marriage has always taken precedence over any other interest in my life.

Second in importance has been my career. I have tried always to give to every rôle the best that was



"Say what you will about my clothes, my husband likes them!" Thus Lilyan concludes a sparkling defense of her ultra-ultra wardrobe, which was challenged recently.

## By Lilyan Tashman

in me. And—be honest, now, Miss Field—can you name one instance in which my characterization has suffered because I was smartly and correctly garbed?

It's true that clothes have always interested me. I have always had an instinct for correct dressing. However, any reputation I may have achieved as an arbiter of fashion has been entirely unsolicited, the result of "honors thrust upon me."

Having always considered it the birthright of every woman to live up to her best qualities, I think I owe it to myself and my husband—as does every woman—always to look the best possible. The fact that I am aided in carrying out this intention by an inherent knowledge of clothes and how to wear them is only a happy and fortunate circumstance, surely not something for which to censure me.

You say that most photographs of me and stories about me have to do with clothes, rather than my love life, my

childhood sweethearts, my domestic or contract troubles, or my future rôles in pictures.

Now is there anything wrong with that?

In all honesty, Miss Field, don't you consider it infinitely better taste to confine my remarks to such conventional and above-reproach topics as hats and gowns, rather than to indulge in orgies of self-disclosures about those subjects which should ever remain sacred and personal to every woman? Such as love?

Don't you think it smarter, as well as more refined, for a woman who is happily married and loves only her husband, to discuss clothes rather than relate uninteresting and inconsequential anecdotes about youthful romances—if there were such things in her life?

You take me to task for talking about clothes rather than domestic or contract troubles. Omitting the obvious fact that it is ill-bred for a woman to disclose information about either, my answer to that charge is that I happen to have no domestic or contract troubles. Therefore, it would be impossible for me to discuss things that do not exist.

As to holding forth at great length about my future rôles in pictures, I consider it wiser to let my work speak for itself and let any talking that is done on that subject come from the public, among which I hope I can claim some as fans.

These fans, almost as much as an actress's husband, deserve the best. It is because of my wish to please them that I try to bring something different and smart to the screen.

Another thing, Miss Field. You quote the price that I am sup-  
Continued on page 65



The fans, almost as much as an actress's husband, have a right to expect her to look her best, says Miss Tashman, adding "It is because of my wish to please them that I try to bring something new and smart to the screen."





# DON'T CALL Her LADY

By Ben Maddox

Mae West actually courts gossip and your worst innuendoes are sweet music to her ears. Here's why the screen's newest naughty gal can afford to be like that.

CALL her sexy, call her siren. Call her savage. Say that she's a wild woman—the last word, and Mae West will adore you.

Innuendoes are the grist in her mill. Being a woman they talk about is her main object in life. It's the secret of her success.

The whole country is talking about her since she's gone celluloid, wondering if she's as naughty as she seems. You've no idea what sweet music this undercover hum is to Mae's ears. She isn't a bit like our old Hollywood settlers who want to cut loose and still be considered Park Avenue ladies.

Garbo, as you know, flees from gossip. Crawford suffers agonies from whispers. And Velez protests violently against rumors. They can't take it. Mae West can, and how!

As *Diamond Lil*, the bold Bowery vamp in her own play of the same name, she established herself as the most sensational star of the American stage. High-brow drama lovers fairly quaked with rage at her forwardness, while her out-and-out voluptuousness made her a box-office bonanza.

Now Broadway's bad girl has discovered a greater field for her million-voltage, red-hot mama personality. The screen fans have been electrified, as she anticipated, and she's rearing to be branded as Hollywood's hottest houri. "She Done Him Wrong" initiated her career as a Paramount star and she's currently in the midst of torrid follow-up pictures.

Underneath the platinum wig she dons for camera purposes is no baby face, but a challenging, openly alluring countenance. Her eyes are not extraordinary, but they are emphatically come-hither. There's a taunting curve to her lips. She's got the most peculiar rhythm to



Miss West has a brand-new kind of red-hot mama personality which fairly glitters in "She Done Him Wrong." She's now making follow-up pictures of her famed "Diamond Lil" flavor.

her walk and a shape which is one of those good old-fashioned feminine figures. Not strictly beautiful—strictly vital.

A sense of humor is her crowning attribute. Witty repartee is carefully figured out for her public appearances. And she delivers her smart cracks in an inimitable single-track voice which is devastatingly funny.

Whether or not you saw her in "Diamond Lil" or the three other snappy plays which she wrote to exploit her unique stage self, you must have read with curiosity about her in the newspapers. She told me the police had given her a million-dollar publicity campaign free by their habit of disapproving of the extremes to which her florid shows went. Every raid, closing, or censoring garnered headlines.

I found her relaxing in her dressing room between scenes one noon hour. Marlene Dietrich and Maurice Chevalier were coming in to hear her croon a new blues number, but she let them wait while she expounded her theories to me.

Minus the platinum wig and theatrical gestures, Mae West is an interestingly frank woman. She admits immediately that making folks talk about her is a business proposition. Personally, she lives a quiet life. It keeps her on the go manufacturing new tricks to attract attention to her public personality.

"Is it true you are making \$3,500 a week?" I asked her. Such a salary is rare nowadays.

"Why, I'm getting much more than that!" she replied in an astonished yet languorous voice. "I got \$5,000 a week for 'Night After Night.' I have a four-year contract with Paramount for two pictures a year at an increased rate. No, it doesn't seem an awful lot to me. When I pro-

duced my own plays my percentage was often \$10,000 a week."

"What do you do with all your money?" I demanded.

"Well, I save quite a bit. I've a place on Long Island to keep up. And I spend it"—she paused and finished vaguely—"for things. Oh, yes, I had to spend a lot on trials. Sixty thousand for one and forty for another." That was when police were trying to lock her up for giving too hot-cha shows.

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HIP, HIP, HOORAY! Mae West is the most refreshing personality to enter the movies since Heaven knows when! She doesn't try to be grand, she has no cultural chatter, no so-called philosophy and she doesn't pretend to be a lady. She just works hard "building up her personality" and making herself talked about. Read her frank and unadorned interview on the opposite page. You'll like her for it.





# LADY

NORMA SHEARER makes no mistake in the choice of her new clothes. They are quietly distinguished, with none of that theatrical flair found in her screen costumes. Yet, as you see, they are not conventional. But it is Norma's personality that sets them off.

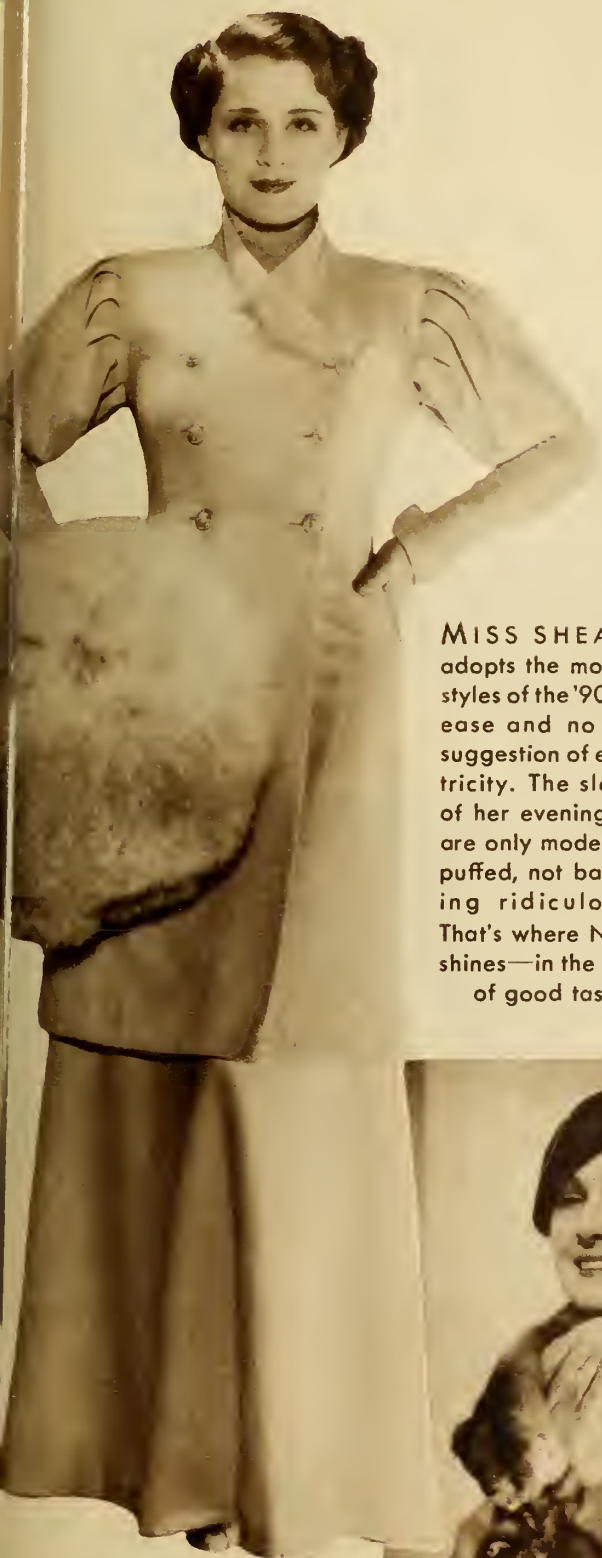
Photos by George Hurrell



FOR example, the wool ensemble pictured above. It's bright green, the furs blond fox. Isn't Norma a dream of tasteful elegance in black velvet, with her "pumpkin" muff of ermine? Her afternoon costume is gray, Persian lamb forming the odd bolero top of the coat.



# LUXURY



MISS SHEARER adopts the modified styles of the '90s with ease and no least suggestion of eccentricity. The sleeves of her evening coat are only moderately puffed, not ballooning ridiculously. That's where Norma shines—in the realm of good taste.



YOU see in the outer picture how Norma oddly uses fur to achieve a "different" effect. The epaulettes are very new. They are mink, which sets off deliciously the chartreuse crêpe of her frock. The inner picture shows Miss Shearer attired for a formal afternoon call.





# "STATE FAIR"



THESE glimpses of Jonet Gaynor's new film show her fans what to expect of the best cast she has ever had. Charles Farrell's walk-out gives her Lew Ayres as leading mon. Louise Dresser returns to pictures for the occasion, Will Rogers stops starrng to join the all-stor gang and Norman Foster fits in nicely. Sally Eilers, Victor Jory, and Fronk Craven are others.



GARY COOPER slings his coat over his shoulder and forsakes Paramount to hike over to Metro-Goldwyn—figuratively speaking, of course. He probably covered the distance in a Rolls with Signora la Contessa di Frasso minus Mary Pickford as chaperon. Well, anyhow Gary is paired with Joan Crawford in "To-day We Live," and that should be interesting.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee







AND here's Joan Crawford herself displaying one of Adrian's entertaining dresses designed for the new picture. The new trend in cotton evening gowns is here strikingly heeded. The dress is white silk crêpe, while the profusion of bows are of cotton piqué. Joan's new hair arrangement is becoming, isn't it?



DOROTHY JORDAN, fluffing her hair a bit, achieves a "new" personality. And that, as you must know, is what Hollywood is ever striving for. But Dat is not content with that—she wants stronger rôles, too—anything but gaga ingénues. Now let's cross our fingers and hope that she gets her wish in "Strictly Personal."







TO know her is to love her—  
Estelle Taylor. But ah, the pity of  
it is that casting directors don't love  
her enough. They let her languish  
in vaudeville or visit her grand-  
mother in Baltimore, when almost  
every picture would be better for  
her presence. Forgetting "Street  
Scene," they gave her a bit in "Call  
Her Savage." That's Hollywood  
for you.







NANCY CARROLL finds herself in an unusual situation. At a costume party aboard ship a mock trial is staged, with Nancy the defendant, John Halliday the prosecutor, and the charge murder. It is clever Mr. Halliday's way of finding out if Nancy killed his friend. And what he does find out provides the thrill of the show.



# TANGLED

Caught in the web of circumstantial evidence, Nancy Carroll plays her most dramatic rôle since "The Devil's Holiday" in her new film, "The Woman Accused."

Cary Grant made such a decided impression opposite Miss Carroll, in "Hot Saturday," that Paramount is teaming them again, with the assistance of John Halliday, Irving Pichel, Louis Calhern, John Lodge, and Gertrude Messinger. A strong cast for a strong picture, we'll say.





Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

ISNT it about time that Madge Evans played a worth-while rôle? Lacking not a single quality to make for reol success she is forever cast as the ingénue whose only claim to individuality is that she is femole. Her chorm, intelligence and beauty are wasted on ports that any one might play. Maybe "Hell Below" is different. Here's hoping.



"MEN Must Fight," must they? It happens to be Mary Carlisle's new picture, and Mary has that certain something which incites males to battle for her in or out of films. She'll probably succeed in making even croquet popular.







Photo by Bachrach



LEE TRACY isn't anything that a hero should be, except a fine actor, but did you ever meet anybody who could resist him in pictures? He probably doesn't answer letters, fan or otherwise, and his clothes need pressing, but his staccato vitality has the pulse of a dynamo. You'll get it again in "Private Jones."



# A PAIR OF ACES



Photo by Lippman



DO you remember Fredric March's first picture, Clara Bow's "The Wild Party," and how he fooled us into believing that he wasn't any great shakes, after all? Just another stage actor! But how times have changed, and Fred with them. Now we greet his pictures in hushed silence, marveling at his brilliant versatility.



WHO wouldn't greet the morning as cheerfully as Una Merkel does from her balcony? It isn't an effort for Una, successful, happily married and popular with the public. Anyhow, Una's sense of humor wouldn't permit her to scowl even if she felt like it.





ROLICKING, frolicking,  
devil-may-care Lupe!  
Loving and hating, rav-  
ing and ranting, tender  
and teasing, there's no  
one in Hollywood quite  
like *la Velez*—no one  
more like the old-time  
soubrette of palmy days  
when actresses were con-  
sidered beyond the pale  
and had to be talked  
about to be considered  
at all.



Photo by Hal Phylfe





THEY say that beauty is its own reward, and it's true. For the fans seized upon Irene Ware on her first appearance in "Chandu, the Magician" and wanted to know all about her. They learned that she came from the stage via the "Vanities" and that her next picture will be "I Am Guilty of Love."

Photo by George Hurrell





GLENDa FARRELL is as outspoken as you'd expect her to be after seeing her in "Life Begins" and all the other pictures that have enabled her to be hard-boiled and tough. She frankly prefers the stage to pictures and is homesick for Broadway. Her candor is refreshingly reported in the interview on the opposite page.



Photo by Elmer Fryer



# DISCONTENTED TOUGHY

Glenda Farrell is one player from the stage who isn't sold on Hollywood and its people.

ONCE a screen toughy, always hard-boiled?

Glenda Farrell is at work now on her seventh rôle and she's been in Hollywood only six months. Life is just a rush of rushes, but she finds time to nurture a terrible thought. She has established a unique type. Is it dooming her to a one-way passage through the new chapter of her career?

Brought from Broadway for the leading feminine rôle in "Little Caesar," Glenda hastened back to New York for a play. Then Warners called her back for "Life Begins," and she was the high spot of the hospital to many of us. Will you ever forget her as *Florette*, who toted her liquor in a hot-water bottle?

That outstanding characterization stamped her in the producers' eyes as a hard-hearted Hannah. Since then Glenda says she's been alternately wisecracking, dumb, or simply tough—never anything resembling a "lady."

Don't jump to the conclusion that she's pining to go grand. Not at all. She merely wants to avoid being thrust into a rut and a little gentility might turn the trick.

The demand for her services is so great this season that she has no opportunity to enjoy Hollywood. On occasions she works in two pictures at once. Three directors demanded her simultaneously, and Alice White's comeback was effected by subbing for Glenda.

On the seventh floor of an expensive apartment house she endeavors to feel at home.

"I still have all my things in my apartment in New York," she told me when I went up to inquire how her screen popularity seems to her. "I left everything there when I came west, for I didn't know whether I'd be asked to stay."

"Really, I don't think much of my picture rôles. They're too standardized. There's no art in repeating the same characterization. On the stage I did a variety of parts. I'm no ingénue and I don't mind playing bad girls. But smart-remarking women were never my line in the theater, and here I am ripping off bright repartee whenever I'm not menacing."

Blond and intensely real, if not beautiful, Glenda has undoubtedly hit the public fancy with her film work. She is twenty-eight and has a nine-year-old son. One of Hollywood's good points to her is that she can be with him more often. He attends a military school and comes home every week-end.

"I was married when I was sixteen," she explained as we settled into comfortable chairs for our talk. "And got over it long

By Dickson Morley

ago. I've lived in apartments and hotels all my life and I don't know whether I'd know what to do with a house.

"Mother and I had planned to settle down in a real house. We collected silver and linen, a regular hope chest. But last year I lost her and with her went most of my desire for a home. I gave away all the things we'd accumulated."

Glenda is not entirely sold on the pictures. She says she doesn't feel as sure of herself before the camera as on the stage. The work itself is not as interesting, lacking variety, and she's been kept too busy to sit in the sunshine or make many friends.

"I'm glad to be wanted in pictures, of course. But life here isn't as much fun as it was in New York. I've had my pick of parts on Broadway for the last five years. I always earned a good salary, as much as I'm getting now. There was always a job in the East, so I am no better off financially."

"They say the advantage of a movie contract is that you are paid every week, whether or not you work. I'd like to see one of those weeks you don't have to work."

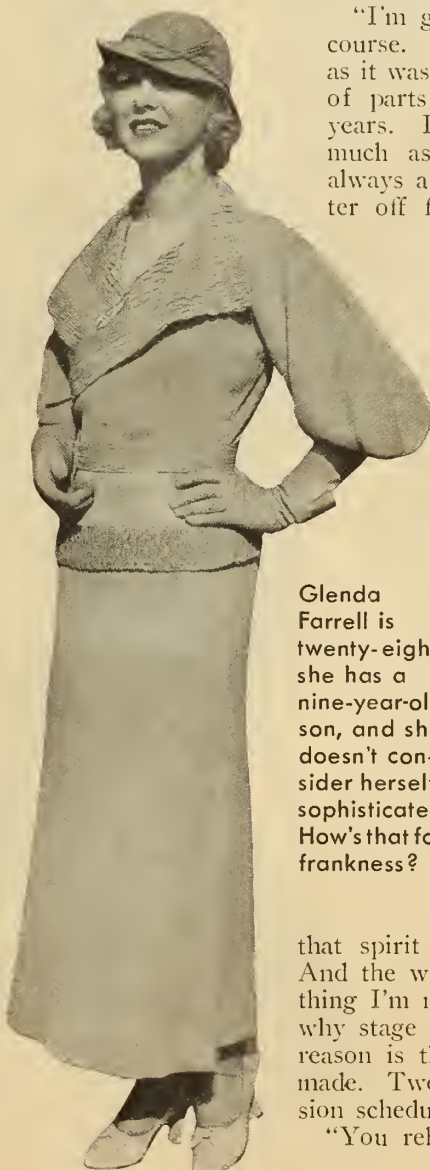
"When you are in a play you have your days wholly to yourself. In the evening there is the excitement of the theater and afterward a gang of friendly show people with whom you pal around."

"In Hollywood I work practically every day—twice as many hours as a play requires. I miss my friends in the East, and I haven't had time to make but a few here. Mary Brian is one of them. We did a picture together and I think she's great. We're scheming to sneak away to New York for a quick once-over of the town."

"Picture actors scatter at the end of the day and there isn't that spirit of camaraderie the theater has. And the way they turn out films is another thing I'm not too wild about. Fans wonder why stage people often flop in talkies. The reason is the speed with which pictures are made. Twelve to eighteen days is the depression schedule."

"You rehearse three or four weeks for a

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Glenda Farrell is twenty-eight, she has a nine-year-old son, and she doesn't consider herself sophisticated. How's that for frankness?



# HOLLYWOOD



Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy show how perfect ladies go on the loose. The funfest occurs in their new picture, "Twice Two."

**C**AVALCADE" has settled the question of who is the first big discovery of 1933. Diana Wynyard gets the honor. You'll see her often if the producers have their way about it. They fought to prevent her departure from Hollywood on a vacation trip to England immediately her success had been registered.

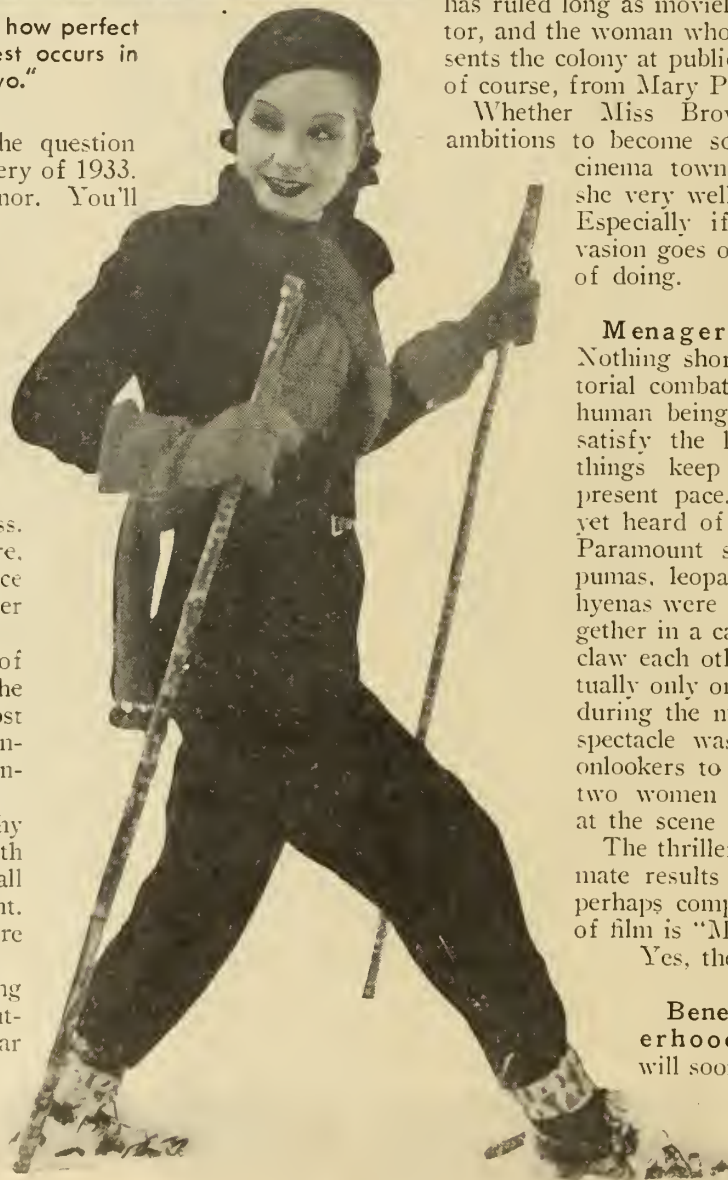
While the colony hadn't had a chance to see her in "Rasputin and the Empress" at the time, they made up their minds the day after her debut in "Cavalcade" that here was *the* actress. And interesting about that premiere, by the way, is the fact that for once intelligence of appreciation ruled over the great god ballyhoo.

Miss Wynyard was the belle of the evening. The applause when she was introduced was prolonged almost beyond record. At a party at Winfield Sheehan's following the opening she was the center of all eyes.

The party was the most Englishy ever held in Hollywood, what with the principals of the picture, and all their relatives and friends present. And those "Cavalcade" stars are really all rather notable.

Despite the number of fascinating people, Miss Wynyard quietly outshone them all with the singular

Sari Maritza finds in Hollywood a reminder of the St. Moritz she knows well when she weekends at Arrowhead.



## Jottings of the news and doings of the movie town.

warmth of her presence—a warmth that is felt even more offscreen than on. She is a radiant and glowing type—a Valkyrian woman compared with most old-time idols.

**A New Social Queen?**—Another brilliant member of the cast due to become much known in Hollywood pictures is Irene Browne, who reminds us of the beauteous Kitty Gordon when she was the joy of two continents for her perfect back.

Miss Browne has the savoir faire and elegance of manner which will make her outstanding among professional folk. And that's fair warning to Hedda Hopper, who has ruled long as movieland's society mentor, and the woman who most often represents the colony at public gatherings, aside, of course, from Mary Pickford.

Whether Miss Browne actually has ambitions to become social queen of the cinema town is debatable, but she very well could be in time. Especially if this English invasion goes on, as it gives signs of doing.

## Menagerie in Battle.—

Nothing short of a real gladiatorial combat or the tossing of human beings to the lions will satisfy the lust for thrills, if things keep moving at their present pace. The last is not yet heard of a wild day at the Paramount studio when lions, pumas, leopards, panthers, and hyenas were all turned loose together in a cage, and allowed to claw each other to pieces. Actually only one puma was killed during the mêlée, but the gory spectacle was enough to cause onlookers to grow pallid, while two women who were gazing at the scene fainted.

The thriller in which the ultimate results will be viewed in perhaps comparatively few feet of film is "Murder in the Zoo."

Yes, they had murders!

## Benedictions of Motherhood.—

Motherhood will soon become the fashionable thing in Hollywood if it isn't that already. The way in which



# HIGH LIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Helen Twelvetrees stepped right into a new contract promises to be a great stimulus. Paramount has high hopes for her career.

Helen's son Jack is the pride of her life, also Frank Woody's. The combination of the Woody-Twelvetrees name is causing the child to be called "chip off the old block."

**Lupe's Tribute to Gary.**—When will Lupe Velez cease being the little disturber? There was never any one like her for willfulness. Maybe this latest was only an accident.

Anyway, at the opening of "A Farewell to Arms" she went with Johnny Weissmuller and they happened to be seated right behind Gary Cooper and Countess di Frasso. And Lupe spent the whole evening raving and tearing her hair about the wonderful, wonderful Garee, going the full gamut of fiery Mexican enthusiasm, not to say emotion.

How did Weissmuller and the Countess take it? Don't ask us, for they both kept a discreet silence. So did Gary.

**Challenging the Romeos.**—Provocative, indeed, are these new foreign ladies who are coming to Hollywood. Wera Engels says that she thinks European men make love better than American. That's a nice challenging statement to fling into the world of romancers that dwell in the colony. Will they show her she is wrong?

In any event, Miss Engels isn't provocative only in her talk. She is lovely to look at, possessing a fuller face than the average Hollywood beauty, and shining and animated blue eyes.

**Voodooism Rampant.**—Latest party craze is for mesmerists, hypnotists, and telepathists, if those words are at all intelligible. Meaning that movieland has gone in for the black art with all kinds of embellishments.

We saw one weird demonstration where the performer went into a cataleptic fit

"Hollywood Première," a short film, gives these dancing girls plenty of exercise while the cameraman does his darnedest to think up new angles.



Claire Dodd is one of the new girls who makes small rôles stand out because of the peculiar "Itness" of her personality.

for five minutes, becoming perfectly rigid, whereupon he was placed in a prostrate position with his back upon two swords, and a huge rock was then broken in two upon his abdomen.

Coming out of the fit upon the dot, he then drank a full pitcher of water, which, we were informed, was necessary in order to bring the cells of his body to life again. It was all very mysterious, not to say gruesome.

The trick that caused even a hard-boiled film producer, not to speak of several ladies, to all but faint away was sticking a flower pin through his tongue.

**Ruby Rivals Al.**—Now it's Mrs. Johnson! Funny, this film game.

Al was the big shot of the early talkies, in fact, was the first talkie star. And now, following no end of trouble with the making of his comeback picture, "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," Ruby Keeler, his wife, seems to be headed for independent success in "Forty-second Street." She

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# GENTLEMAN

By Jack Austin



Photo by Phyfe

**I**N San Francisco, his home city, George O'Brien's successful career arouses surprisingly little comment among those who knew him in his school days. This is not in accord with the saying that a prophet is without honor in his own country. Rather, it is because whatever heights George may attain, his achievements will be no more than his old friends expected of him.

For George has always been colorful. When we were small lads, the fact that his father was a big shot in the police department was enough to set him apart from the rest of us, who held all cops in healthy awe. To hear George call the officers by name was to realize that one was in the presence of a superior being.

I was a classmate of his younger brother when I first

came to know and appreciate George. He had just completed a brilliant athletic career in both basket ball and football at Polytechnic High School, and he loomed large in the traditions of the institution.

To some people the center of the stage is a birthright and George proved early in life that he was one of this chosen few. We heard from him during the War, in which he served on a submarine chaser, and we learned that he had become light-heavyweight champion of the Pacific fleet. I saw him later while he was taking a pre-medical course at Santa Clara University and winning more athletic honors.

George was not destined to become a doctor. As a boy he had learned to ride at Louis O'Neill's ranch near San José. When his father, Daniel J. O'Brien, became chief of the San Francisco police, the picturesque mounted division became his special pride, and from these officers George learned the trick riding and roping which have featured his Western pictures. Tom Mix, whom he met at a rodeo, gave George the idea of trying his luck in Hollywood.

Meanwhile, I had become a police reporter in San Francisco, and soon was deeply indebted to Dan O'Brien for his assistance to a very green and very earnest young cub. Often while waiting for a story to break, the chief would speak of George's progress in pictures.

He was a cameraman for Fox. Then he decided that the cameras were not for him. He was working as an extra. He was doing stunts and small bits for Paramount. He was removed to the Long Island studio. He was back on the Fox lot. Then came "The Iron Horse," and the rest is screen history.

There was a special testimonial performance at the California Theater in San Francisco, and the general trend of the speech-making was that it was surprising that it had taken Hollywood three years to recognize the worth of George O'Brien.

When I came to Hollywood, George was firmly established as a star. In a business in which old faces disappear almost overnight, and new ones appear with clocklike regularity, George has not only survived the passing years, but has used them to intrench himself still more firmly in the favor of moviegoers.

"My word," gasped the English writer, "really you look more suited to the drawing-room than the ranch."

He is unchanged. Every one, from prop boys to stars, speaks affectionately of George. It is difficult to imagine any one who knows him at all calling him "Mr. O'Brien." It would be awkward to be that formal with one who persists in calling you by your first name.

When I renewed my interrupted friendship with George, I soon discovered that Hollywood, which is popularly reputed to deaden and stale its favored ones, and to give them a protective varnish of bored sophistication, had only added to O'Brien's zest for living. He is intense in his work and his pleasures—everything is vital to him.

His rôle in "Sunrise," with Janet Gaynor, is his favorite. "It is the best rôle I ever had," he claims. "It gave me greater chances for dramatic expression. I'd give a good deal for another one like it."

Although he likes his Western rôles, George has often expressed a restless desire for variety. "I know I'm best adapted to action stuff," he admitted one day. "but



# "COW PERSON"

So an English writer summed up George O'Brien, our star of Westerns. He is a most unusual screen cowboy.

I'd like to vary the action. A fight story, or a good sea story, or a football story." For this reason, "Salute" and "The Seas Beneath" are among his favorite pictures.

George tells an amusing tale of being interviewed by a writer from an English paper. She apparently expected the Western star to arrive in chaps and sombrero, for his appearance in tweeds completely robbed her of her composure.

"My word," she gasped, "really, you are not at all what I expected. You look more suited to the drawing-room than to the ranch." When the story appeared it bore a heading calling George a "gentleman cow person."

The English writer, although her reaction was extreme, was not entirely without reason for her surprise. George is, to the best of my knowledge, the only star of Western pictures with a background of a big city and a university, rather than that of ranch and rodeo.

George has been injured many times in the making of his pictures—six of these accidents being serious enough to put him in the hospital. His attitude toward these mishaps is a philosophical one.

"I figure I'm lucky when I'm not hurt," he told me as he was recovering from a gash in his head. "In the law of averages, accidents are bound to happen once in a while. It's like the professional fight game—you can keep it up for just so long. When I can't take it so strenuously any more, I'll do something else—play less vigorous rôles, perhaps. Or maybe write or direct.

"I do a good deal of my own dialogue now, you know, and I learned something about direction assisting one of the best—Murnau."

George's chief recreation is travel. To my knowledge he has made a trip to the Orient, two to Europe, two to South America, one to Central America, and five to Mexico. His recent destination was southern Italy. Most of these trips have been taken alone, usually on freighters.

"I like freighters because they poke into ports that passenger boats don't reach," he explained. "And they offer a better rest. You don't have to dress or meet a lot of people. As to going alone, I usually pick up congenial companions along the way. I met Murnau in Europe, and knocked about with him. In the Orient I met a Eurasian, a colorful chap, engaged to marry an Irish girl. I went to Canton with him, and lived with a Chinese family while there."

John Ford, the director who discovered George, was his companion for most of the trip.

Although romantic rumors flourish luxuriantly in Hollywood, George has never been definitely reported engaged to any of the girls he has taken about. Olive Borden, Marguerite Churchill, Cecilia Parker, and Conchita Montenegro have all received his attentions at different times. Marguerite, in fact, was his dancing

Continued on page 63

O'Brien's background is city and college, rather than ranch and rodeo, but he's the hard-ridin' hombre just the same.



George thinks that if he planned to get married he'd likely dodge the ceremony and run off to the beach.





# JUST A BAG OF TRICKS



Fans have complained about Joan Bennett's trick of pouting, of which she probably was not conscious.

**W**HEN Norma Shearer strolls onto the screen in daring gown cut down to here, riotous curls brushed seductively over one eye, hand on hip, chattering and giggling in her most sophisticated manner, her admirers murmur, "How charming!" and her knockers bristle with, "Razzberries! Why all the affectation? Can't she be *natural*?"

When Ruth Chatterton enunciates her lines in the king's choicest English with that familiar quiver of her lip and sidewise glance, her fans remark, "Superb acting," and the other half object with, "Pure technique. A bag of tricks—no feeling at all."

And that's the sort of thing that precipitates many of these arguments you readers stir up in "What the Fans

The Barrymore eyebrow goes up, Clara Bow winks, and Norma Shearer giggles—such are the trade-marks of the stars. Here are listed the mannerisms that draw both knocks and approval.

By  
Mabel  
Duke



Did you ever notice that William Powell swings his right arm in a wide arc when he walks across a set?

The fidgety hands and complaining whine color the portrayals of Zasu Pitts, but no fan would think of objecting to her mannerisms.

Think." regarding the acting ability of this or that player. For frequently the actors are judged not by their histrionic merits—or lack of them—so much as by their unconscious mannerisms that please some and annoy others—little things that the players are often unconscious of doing and that go unnoticed by the directors.



Photo by Flyer



But don't think the audience won't notice and register complaints such as, "Is it necessary for Joan Crawford to open her eyes so wide?" or, "Joan Bennett shouldn't pout so much," or, "Must Marlene Dietrich always curl her legs around every available chair and divan?"

Mannerisms become trade-marks of the stars.

Remember the way Lewis Stone pulls at his left ear? The way Marie Dressler always pushes her hat back on her head?

Wallace Beery invariably rubs his nose when he is thinking.

Barbara Stanwyck draws a tiny but audible gasp before delivering a line.

Will Rogers grins, pushes his hat to the back of his head and squints one eye speculatively.

Gary Cooper wrinkles his forehead and speaks through lips tight set.

Robert Montgomery turns on that roguish Cheshire cat grin at every opportunity.

William Powell swings his right arm in a wide arc when he walks across a set.

All little things, and so much a part of the player's own personal actions that they creep into his every rôle until he often becomes rubber-stamped by these familiar gestures.

Many a stage star who thought she was some punkins as an actress learned about mannerisms from film tests. The screen betrays vocal eccentricities and sweeping gestures that go unnoticed in the theater, but become painfully monotonous in the exaggerated medium of the screen. Emerging from the projection room after viewing rushes, many have been heard to cry, like the old nursery-tale lady, "Lawd 'a' mercy, can that be I?"

There has been much comment lately of Ruth Chatterton seemingly losing all feeling for her rôles and becoming an automaton through her sole dependence on her superbly mastered technique. The same gestures and inflections become tedious. And the effect is telling on Miss Chatterton's popularity.

Claudette Colbert might face the same charge. This actress has mastered one trick that few players can boast—the ability to laugh during the delivery of a line. The average player, in tossing off a gay *mot*, laughs either before or after speaking the phrase. But Claudette can laugh and talk at the same time, as you've doubtless noticed.

She admits it is a vocal trick that required long hours of practice to master, but now it's become second nature to her on and off the screen or stage. An effective trick, but somewhat overworked, perhaps.

Also, one can invariably anticipate Miss Colbert's gestures in any situation, whatever the part she is playing—always those same sweeping gestures from the elbows, with palms upturned, or else, in moments of stress, that clinched right hand. There is no denying that Claudette is a capable actress, but she should not forget that variety is the spice of life—and of acting as well.

Her laugh has brought criticism to Norma Shearer,

too. Hers is a sort of self-conscious little titter, but the fans object to her "silly giggle" or "giggle and gleam," as two of them expressed it. Since Norma went sophisticated, fans have also objected to her "continual hair-pushing and head-tossing," and the way her left hand will invariably find its way to her hip when not in use.

That hand-on-hip gesture irritates some of Joan Craw-

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Barbara Stanwyck draws a tiny but audible gasp before delivering a line.



Photo by Longworth

Genevieve Tobin gazes enraptured into the face of her leading man and blinks her eyes while he is speaking.



Photo by Ellis

John Barrymore, and Lionel, too, throw mannerisms and affectations all over the place but get by with it.



# CRICKET on

That's the kind of bride Joan Blondell is—happily chirping about everything but "lahve" and how to be a sophisticated young matron.



Photo by Feyer

"Why, Joanie!" her husband might say, "don't you know the man called you a nice homy little cricket?"

THE bridal suite was slightly upset. Ashes, ashes, everywhere, like a Greenwich Village apartment on Sunday morning. A big vase of flowers towered over the ashy coffee table, though they too looked a bit smoky. A small vase of flowers on the coffee table looked definitely stale. Van Loon's popular geography lay on the table beside the big vase of flowers, as if to offset some impression or other.

My companion in the invasion of the bridal suite, having a responsible position with Warners, began immediately to tidy up. One well-filled ash tray was topped by the stub of a black cigar. "Ha, Edward G. Robinson's been here," he guessed.

Enter the bride. "I'm awfully sorry—but we had friends in," apologized Joan Blondell—Mrs. George Barnes of a week's standing. There was nothing stale about Joan. On the contrary, she looked blooming with round-eyed enthusiasm for the day's problems, with that same expression that wins the fans—a second's wide stare and then the sudden grin that's of the engaging home-grown variety, not studio made.

The first problem was a before-breakfast interview. Karl Kitchen was to phone any minute now, but another Mr. Kitchen phoned first, and why *two* Mr. Kitchens? Rehearsal of Joan's personal-appearance act at twelve. Packing to do in order to make a four-o'clock train.

An aunt and cousin had to be seen, for aunts and cousins can't understand that one has a lot of engagements. The place was rapidly getting on its ear, and you'd think Joan wouldn't take time to talk. But she did in livelier fashion than any player I have interviewed.

"Well, I finally got married!" I protested that her age didn't permit her to say "finally," by way of keeping up the tradition of gallantry among us fan writers. "I met Georgie when we were making 'The Greeks Had a Word for Them.' He's a cameraman. I've never had any other big romance and was beginning to think I was too choosy. And then we started going around together and lately we've been wanting a few days off so we could get married, but when I could get off, George couldn't, and when he could, I couldn't. We got married in Phoenix, Arizona, on January 4th and headed for New York."

Joan is already packing her surplus dresses and shoes in George's suitcases, and getting his ties and socks lost. She's taking to matrimony as easily as she took to the screen. And she looks like a homy sort of girl who would never once think of giving out interviews about the old getting-adjusted line. She's too sensible.

Cross-questioning for some possible pretensions that didn't show on the surface, I learned that she has no ambition to write a book or anything at all, nor does she read anything her neighbor Hollywoodians write. She has heard that Elissa Landi can write, but had never heard that said of certain others who have taken to literary outlets. This with a grin. Somebody came up to ask for a job as caretaker of her Hollywood home and you must guess whether that grin meant anything.

She doesn't have that old yearning for a farm, either. "If I did, there's plenty for sale." Nor does she approve of the new fad of adopting babies. "Just doing something for the kids would be better for all concerned—or have one of your own."

I hurriedly got back to the matter of reading. "I like good salty sea stories best of all, or something like Thurber's 'Seal in the Bedroom and Other Predicaments.' I hate those things you're supposed to read for culture or 'keeping up on books.'"



# the HEARTH

By Lee Smith

What of Van Loon's geography? That's considered a heavy subject sometimes. "Oh, a friend of ours at the publishers sent us an autographed copy."

In view of the interest in Technocracy everywhere, one naturally wonders which of the players would be the first to hold forth on these tantalizing theories. I offered Miss Blondell this honor, which she declined with a hearty laugh.

"I phoned my mother the other day and asked how she was.

"'Pretty tired.'

"'Why, what's the matter?'

"'Sat up till four o'clock last night.'

"'What!'

"'Yes, with Technocracy.'

"'Technocracy? What's that?'

Joan did not say that mamma told her all about it. She merely explained how Technocracy kept her mother up far beyond her bedtime. Joan's younger sister is in high school and had come home all bubbling with this strange new talk she had heard in class. A regular little disciple, she had tried to convert her mother.

Joan told how seeing herself on the screen slightly disturbed her one day. "Too fat here and there. I decided to do something about it and sent out for one of those professional pounders. A big chesty Swedish woman in mannish clothes stalked in, threw down a bag and looked me over. 'Oh, yes, I see. Down on that couch.' She almost pounded the life out of me. When she took up her bag again she asked when she was to come again. 'Never!' I yelled. I swear I was black and blue for a week. As long as I'm let alone, I'll never reduce that way."

Joan doesn't diet. "I don't eat much, though, so I don't have to." She had only a cup of coffee for breakfast. She took two lumps of sugar, broke off half of one and put it back in the bowl. "You see I'm just naturally plump and it would be awfully hard to reduce."

Joan has a white house of six or seven rooms on Look-out Mountain, not far from her studio. The back porch is the official quarters of three dogs—"The Thundering Herd," she calls them. One of them is scared to death of colored people and her big home problem is to keep peace between him and the colored cook.

She says her home is a simple one. A husband, a home, a cook and a car comprise the four-point ambition she has been working toward. She now has them all, and asks nothing more than to keep on working for some years to come.

She and her husband have a great time together. They've been romancing for about two years. They like to drive into the desert on Sundays. Here in New York they saw three plays in their four-day visit. But



Photo by Fryer

Joan has no cultural ambitions. Work all you can and use your spare time for play is her plan, and she doesn't call it her "philosophy," either.



Photo by Acme

Joan's husband is George Barnes. She's been in so many pictures lately she had a terrible time getting a few days off for a honeymoon trip.

most fun of all is playing the little game about the dead horse.

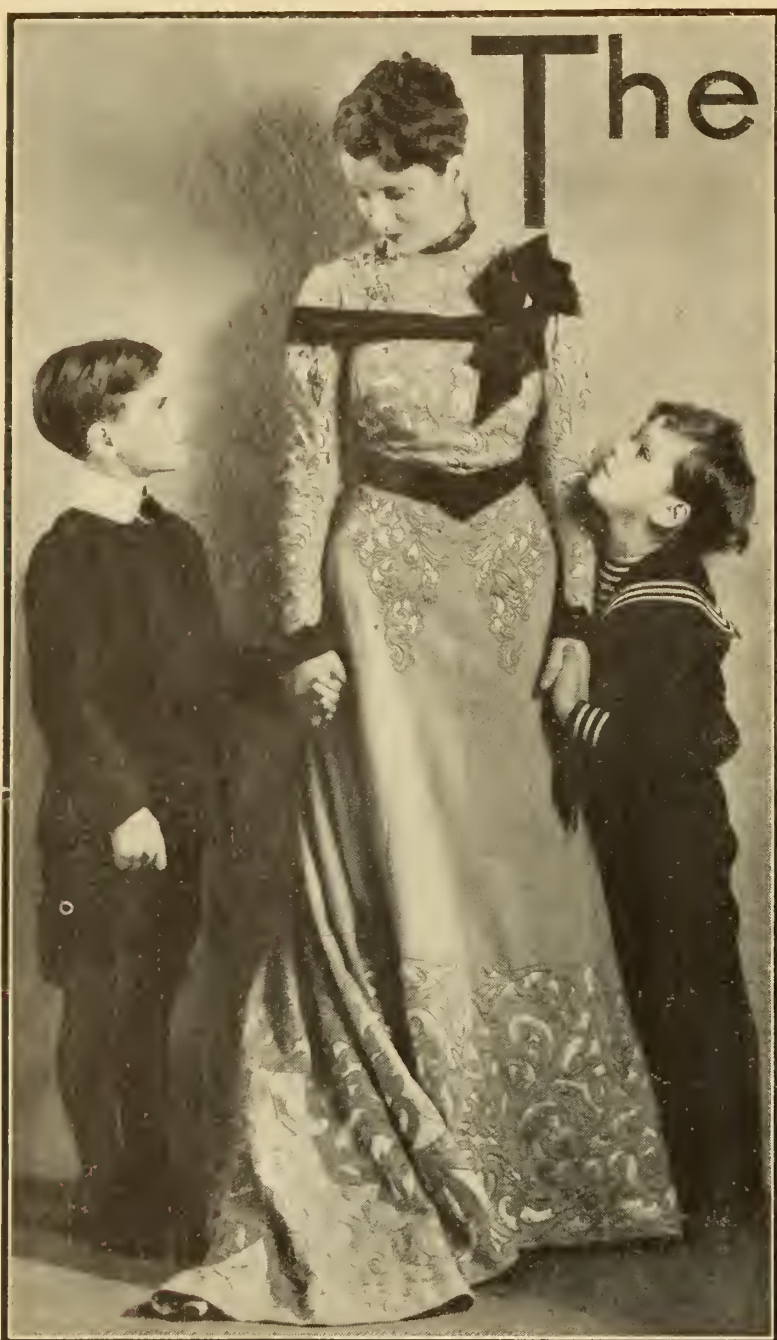
That sounds rather raw, but here are the innocent details.

Sunday morning at two or three is the only time to play dead horse. You look through the telephone directory and find a foreign name, preferably one like Whoo Flung. The less English you expect to find at the other end of the wire the better. Ring the number and a sleepy voice says "Hallo." Then you say, "This is the Wells Fargo Express Company. That horse shipped to you has died in the street. What do you want done with him? The company can't pay to have him hauled away, so it's up to you to move him."

The sleepy voice will exclaim "What's that?" and you go through the story again. The voice says "Horse?" You assure him it is a horse, and a dead horse at that, and will he pay for carting him away? The voice then wakes his spouse, and you go through the same thing again. Perhaps the spouse will awaken other members of the family. The record score so far made by Joan and George was getting six different voices on one call,

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Diana Wynyard's beautiful portrayal of motherhood in "Cavalcade" is all the more tender and real because of the young actors, Dick Henderson, Jr., and Douglas Scott who play her sons.

#### "Cavalcade."

Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Ursula Jeans, Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Merle Tottenham, Irene Browne, Beryl Mercer, Frank Lawton, John Warburton, Margaret Lindsay, Tempe Piggott, Billy Bevan, Desmond Roberts, Frank Atkinson, Ann Shaw, Adele Crane, Will Stanton, Stuart Hall, Mary Forbes, Montague Shaw, Lionel Belmore, Dick Henderson, Jr., Douglas Scott, Sheila McGill, Bonita Granville, Howard Davies, David Torrence, Lawrence Grant, Winter Hall, Claude King.

WE of the critical fraternity who see many pictures consider this the finest achievement of the talkies and one of the few truly great ones of the screen. It is virtually without a flaw in writing, casting, acting, and direction. Needless to say, every one should see it and so unquestioned is its sweeping success that almost every one will. I cannot conceive of any disappointment as often happens when a picture is praised to the skies.

The narrative has all the essentials of screen drama in

# The SCREEN

addition to a splendid surge of incident spanning many years from 1899 to the present, everything being set forth with poignant simplicity and conviction.

Instead of being episodic, a series of high lights, the events are closely knit into the lives of the characters. The spectator feels that he has followed them day by day from the beginning, his imagination and sympathy forming a bond of friendship for persons whom he accepts as real at first sight.

This is writing, casting, acting, and direction of superior quality in perfect coördination, flowing smoothly and surely toward the end of telling a story. That is why, fine though the acting is, the players are secondary to the narrative, which is as it should be. For this is no star show, no parade of actors grasping at every opportunity, but a richly peopled panorama of life replete with natural emotions and totally minus conscious plotting, climax, frustration, and triumph. There is no villain and no self-proclaimed hero and heroine nor an apple-blossom ending, the picture concluding with the hopeful toast that "this England which we love so much will some day find dignity, greatness, and peace again."

But lest you think this restricts the appeal of the picture to Britishers, let me assure you to the contrary. Though the characters are British and are played by British actors, their problems are universal and their final eloquent toast will be echoed in the hearts of all who hear it in this country or elsewhere.

The simple story traces the history of *Robert* and *Jane Marryot*, their children, friends, and servants, from the Boer War through the world cataclysm, and the social and economic upheaval following it, down to the disturbed present.

The players, many of whom acted in the London version, are mostly strangers, of course. Diana Wynyard is appealing as *Jane Marryot*. Her beautiful performance, and all the qualities that make it memorable, must be seen to be believed. Clive Brook is ideal as her husband, his best portrayal of what I think is his most congenial rôle, and I am sure you will

share my enthusiasm for the positive brilliance that sparkles from the characterization of Una O'Connor as *Ellen Bridges*, the *Marryots'* servant.

You may find your favorite elsewhere in the long cast and I shall agree with you. All are my favorites in this embarrassment of histrionic riches. Let us not forget, however, Noel Coward, author, Frank Lloyd, director, and Fox, the producer nor, indeed, any person who shared in this glorious revitalization of the screen.

#### "The King's Vacation."

George Arliss, Florence Arliss, Marjorie Gateson, Patricia Ellis, Dick Powell, Dudley Digges, Vernon Steele, O. P. Heggie.

George Arliss is the casual, humane monarch of a mythical kingdom who abdicates because he is weary of pomp and ceremony. He plans to live the simple life of a country gentleman with his queen until she suggests that he return to the wife he had divorced.



# in REVIEW

By  
Norbert Lusk

Whatever else new pictures reveal, they bring to light one truly great one.

So the ex-king looks her up and meets his ingénue daughter, discovering that they live showily and excitedly and that the wife he used to love is vain, selfish, and a little silly. He furthers the romance of his daughter with a worthy young man, reunites his ex-wife with the man she really loves and returns jubilantly to his queen who has been patiently awaiting the end of his experiment.

All this makes for a deftly acted, unexciting picture that is distinctly middle-aged in pulsation and appeal. Politely played, there isn't a rude inflection or an awkward gesture, but I'm afraid it's a bit too placid for younger picture-goers. There's no other fault to be found with it, if that's a fault indeed.

Mr. Arliss gives his customary smooth performance and Mrs. Arliss cozily suggests 'tea by candlelight after an afternoon nap. Patricia Ellis, a screen debutante, is piquant and spirited and Dick Powell does exceedingly well with his small rôle.

## "The Mummy."

Boris Karloff, Zita Johann, David Manners, Edward Van Sloan, Bramwell Fletcher, Arthur Byron, Noble Johnson, Leonard Mudie.

Striving for supremacy as leading make-up specialist, Boris Karloff succeeds in capturing this doubtful honor and leaves all competitors far behind. And in acting the rôle of a mummy restored to life he is equally impressive. The picture, too, is impressive though it isn't quite clear on all points. But it is enough of a novelty to rank among the most entertaining of the month. Mr. Karloff's characterization leaves nothing wanting in determining this verdict. It is the development of the story that finds threads askew.

For example, when *Im-ho-tep*, the mummy, comes to life and begins to search for his lost love, a priestess who died thousands of years before, it is not quite clear why he should find her reincarnation in a modern girl while his own soul should have remained in his mummified body. Also, with the secret of restoring life in his hands, the spectator asks why he does not put his power to the test by attempting

to revive the mummy of the priestess which reposes in a museum. However, it seems that he won't be satisfied till he kills the modern girl and then brings her back to life as the priestess. Confusing? You said it! But it is interesting in an unreal way and Mr. Karloff's slow, stately movements and hollow speech communicate the uncanniness of the situation.

That fine actress, Zita Johann, makes the most of her underwritten rôle, David Manners is good as her rescuer, and Bramwell Fletcher expresses terror with chilling effect at sight of the mummy coming out of his long sleep.

## "The Son-Daughter."

Ramon Novarro, Helen Hayes, Lewis Stone, Warner Oland, Ralph Morgan, Louise Closer Hale, H. B. Warner.

The combination of two such fine artists as Ramon Novarro and Helen Hayes is bound to be interesting, even though their picture is only tolerable fare, slow, compli-

Helen Hayes and Ramon Novarro play with delicacy and great charm in "The Son-Daughter."

George and Florence Arliss move gracefully and pleasantly through the placid waters of "The King's Vacation."







Barbara Stanwyck, miscast in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," takes second place to Nils Asther's superior portrayal.

cated and cumbersome. Therefore we must look to individual performances and separate scenes for true and moving beauty rather than to the picture as a whole. Such scenes are numerous although, curiously enough, neither star gives more than a fleeting physical suggestion of a Chinese in spite of elongated eyes, slanting brows and Oriental psychology and deportment.

This may be said of the entire cast, with especial emphasis on Louise Closser Hale whose *Toy Kah* emerges, for some reason, as an Irish duenna. But so pronounced is the magic of Mr. Novarro and Miss Hayes in evoking interest in their rôles by sensitive, perceptive and richly poignant acting that mere make-up doesn't matter at all. The very nature of Miss Hayes's part requires her to be cute, coy, and whimsical, and with an accent, too.

Given such a free hand in coquetry, a lesser artist would become intolerable, but Miss Hayes is always a charming, irresistible little figure until, swept into tragedy, she commits murder with the high purpose of a full-fledged tragedy queen. Sold in marriage to a wicked old Chinaman, she strangles him with his queue on their wedding night after the death of the youth she loves.

Mr. Novarro, as *Tom Lee*, the son of a Chinese prince, is at his best in his tender, bantering courtship, but his admirers will be quick to see that his is the secondary rôle, yet surely they must acknowledge the luster of his

brilliant associate and congratulate her on playing opposite the only star who could match her in the sheer perfection of a difficult assignment.

**"The Bitter Tea of General Yen."**

Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Toshia Mori, Walter Connolly, Gavin Gordon, Lucien Littlefield, Clara Blandick, Richard Loo, Helen Jerome Eddy, Ella Hall.

At last Barbara Stanwyck appears in a superior picture and is overwhelmed by it. This proves that in spite of her decided talent she shines as a star in the less subtle drama. Obviously this conflict between a New England girl and a civilized Chinese war lord is beyond her.

She permits not only Nils Asther, who plays the Oriental, to take first honors, but finds herself subordinated by players of lesser rôles. In short, Miss Stanwyck's honesty and simplicity cannot cope with a complex, mental character. True, the speeches put into her mouth are neither complex nor mental, but the character somehow is. Consequently, when she blurts out to the suave and sinister Chinese, "You yellow swine!"—one accepts her as a silly young woman who should know better than to believe that she can frustrate her captor by snapping childish invectives at him.

It all starts when Miss Stanwyck invades China to marry her missionary fiancé and attracts *General Yen*, who kidnaps her. Detaining her in his luxurious household, he tries to overcome her resistance by every means except force.

He is tender, cajoling, solicitous, and his politeness is unfailing, but all he gets is ugly looks,



Fredric March and Claudette Colbert force themselves to a romantic pitch in "To-night Is Ours," which might be renamed "Much Ado About Nothing."

bridling comebacks, and the aforementioned reference to a pig. Meanwhile other things are going on. *General Yen's* Chinese concubine plots with his subordinate, whereupon Miss Stanwyck foolishly takes the girl's part and saves her from the firing squad only to have the girl betray her and escape with her lover. *General Yen*, facing capture as a result, sips his bitter tea, his suicidal draft, as Miss Stanwyck decides that she loves him. But it is too late.

You feel that everything always will be too late with the New Englander. And you don't particularly care. You feel that *General Yen* is better off in a Celestial heaven.

Unsatisfactory though the end may be to some, the proceedings are interesting. Mr. Asther is grand in a

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**HAIL** the "new" Claudette Colbert! Formerly only a graceful, melodious actress, she is now a fiery one. If you haven't yet seen her in "The Sign of the Cross" you cannot guess how greatly she has changed—and improved.

Perhaps Hollywood has done it, perhaps her ambition is responsible, perhaps new friends have spurred and molded her. Joan Crawford, with whom she is pictured here, is a new friendly influence, and Joan's eagerness to improve every moment undoubtedly inspired Claudette to do likewise.

At any rate she is no longer sedate as you will see in "I Cover the Water Front," her new picture with Richard Arlen.





# It's Smart to be Smooth

"Glamorous" was once the word that expressed highest approval, covering even all sorts of invisible qualities of the screen great. Now if you're not smooth, you must be messy or perhaps even crude.

IN Hollywood not only stars come and go; words, too, have their hour—though brief one.

A recently reigning vocable was "glamorous." Actresses were glamorous. Careers were glamorous. Roles were glamorous.

Came option time. By the looks of things I should say that the option on "glamorous" has been allowed to lapse. Last year a publicity man who wished to be impressive could be so by saying, "Connie Bennett—ah, she's *glamorous*!"

And with the proper inflection he could goose-pimple his listeners. To-day that remark doesn't goose-pimple anybody. Exit "glamorous."

In casting about for a word to take its place, Hollywood has to keep up with the times. This is an era of economy. "Glamorous," with its three syllables, was suited to the days when people were extravagant. Committed to a policy of retrenchment, a one-syllable word must do.

What's in sight?

When making the rounds, one hears these days a great deal about a smooth cocktail. A cocktail, well-blended, well-temperated, a just-so cocktail, is called smooth.

"Smooth" is used in appraising other things. Gary Cooper's foreign car is adjudged a smooth-looking bus. Norma Shearer throws smooth parties. George Raft is a smooth worker.

Really! I do believe "smooth" stands a chance of becoming the new vogue word that displaces "glamorous." Maybe it's already doing it.

As I mull the matter, I recall a remark somebody made about Jean Harlow. "She's a smooth woman," he said.

There was a note of admiration in his voice, of admiration verging on awe. A note difficult to get on paper, even though the ear perceived it immediately. *Kringelein* sounded it when speaking of his marvelous new room in the Grand Hotel. As children watching the fireworks we cried, "Ah!" just like that. A note, the exhalation of a deep feeling, the kind a real publicity man felt last year, saying, "Connie Bennett? Ah, she's glamorous."

Honestly, the similarity is unmistakable. The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that "smooth" is the coming word.

One thing about "glamorous" has always annoyed me. I've never really known what it stood for. The few times that I've tried to explain what it stood for to somebody else who also didn't know what it stood for, I had to supplement my "I means" and "it's like thises" with a generous amount of gesticulation.

As regards "smooth," I'm in a better position. I know why Jean Harlow is tagged a smooth woman.

She's the ideal girl to be taken out by him who abhors messiness. With the exception of a faint scent of per-



A smooth woman herself, Carol Lombard expresses admiration with "smooth," "sporting," "subtle," and "adult," and disapproval with "sentimental," "messy," "crude," and "conspicuous."



## By George Kay

Press agents used to goose-pimple their listeners by the way they said, "Connie Bennett? Ah, she's glamorous!" The new vogue word must be trilled the same way.

Jean Harlow is the very opposite of messiness—she never tags a dancing partner with wisps of platinum hair, nor indorses the lapels of his coat with powder—a smooth gal indeed.



Photo by Bachrach



Photo by Hurrell

fume—she uses a special blend, a mixture of spring flowers and oriental aromatics—that may linger on, no traces are left on her escort's person when the date is done.

There are no strands of platinum hair on his sleeves. Jean wears a hairnet. No hairpins between the upholstery of his car. She doesn't use them. On his right lapel and shoulder there will be no chalky places advertising the fact that a heavily powdered face has brushed against them.

Jean can dance all night with a man and never indorse him. Nature has given her the kind of skin that needs but the least touching up to be presentable. What little powder she dusts on could never leave a mark on anybody's coat.

And, of course, she goes in for indelible lipstick. There's no crimson ring around the stub of her cigarettes.

Jean Harlow is a smooth woman because she *glides* through life, leaving as few vestiges and clews behind as if she were wrapped in cellophane.

They call Carol Lombard a smooth woman.

She's that, and in the sense that Jean is, but let's skip that. There is something else here that deserves being pointed out: Carol has a smooth vocabulary.

You can tell an awful lot about a person by her vocabulary. But what is a smooth vocabulary?

To denote approval Carol uses the following adjectives: smooth, sporting, subtle, adult.

The aforementioned, well-blended cocktail will rate a "smooth." Lending one's man to grace a chum's party is the *sporting* thing to do. It is *subtle* to go in for blue when your eyes are green. If you refuse to let a faux pas ruffle you, you're acting *adult*.

Disapproval she expresses with sentimental, messy, crude, conspicuous.

Expecting a honeymoon to last forever is being *sentimental*. If in the attempt at prolonging it unduly there are tears, that's being *messy*, speaking of a technique ever so *crude*. Only women who are neglected at home enjoy being *conspicuous* in public.

You notice what this list extols is the kind of trait that, like Jean Harlow's personality, will have you *glide* through life. It champions "smooth" and that whole cluster of adjectives that seems to go with it: subtle, adult, sporting.

And it decries those afflictions that will have you, to continue the analogy, *splash* your way about: messy, conspicuous, crude, sentimental—all imply a kind of ambulation the very opposite from smooth.

Smooth, then, is the central notion around which the whole list pivots. And a vocabulary, thus formed and oriented, is a smooth vocabulary.

Lilyan Tashman's claim to being a smooth woman rests primarily on the fact that she can look as peeled and glossy at five o'clock in the morning as the ordinary party girl does at eight the preceding evening—and still doing all the things that the others are, without stinting herself.

A few years ago a heated argument divided Hollywood. Who was the film capital's best-dressed woman?

Some hailed Miss Tashman, some put forth other candidates. Not wishing to take sides, I should, nevertheless, like to commit myself as believing that no matter who is Hollywood's best-dressed woman during the prosaic hours, at the romantic hour of five o'clock in the morning, Lilyan Tashman certainly is that gal. There's something positively glorious in the way she can live and yet not rub off. More than Jean Harlow even she seems to be wrapped in cellophane. [Continued on page 69]



# Their SECRET

What do the stars do when they go to New York? Some of them have the strangest hideaways where they throw aside all dignity and do as they please.

Sari Maritza would like to spend a quiet week or so on top of the Empire State Building.

Richard Barthelmess sneaks away to German restaurants on the East Side and fairly wallows in sauerbraten and potato dumplings.

Constance Cummings spends a great deal of time in book stores and funny downtown restaurants.



Photo by Fryer



lars a month the year round. In this little flat, on First Avenue between Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets, Barbara fusses about with paints, plaster, draperies, color charts, and assorted samples of chintzes.

She finds that since she's got to experi-

ment with interior decorating she saves money by doing it there. When her experiments are finished she applies the results to her Hollywood home.

Barbara, after a long day with her experiments, goes down to Cherry Street, in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, to eat Spanish food as cooked and served by Spaniards. She walks alone for hours in the garment district watching the bustle and confusion, listening to curb conversations about buttonholes and latest models, trying to understand the lives of that strange tribe of men who produce the nation's ready-to-wear.

Maurice Chevalier is a vacationer who journeys regularly to Greenwich Village. He takes, or rather used to take, his famous smile down there to drop in at the Eighth Street Playhouse and see a foreign picture. On his last visit he found that the theater had changed to American films and all he could see was familiar faces. Now he contents himself with a ringside seat at any good fight at Madison Square Garden.

VACATIONING in New York, lounging around Manhattan, is comparatively simple for an ordinary tourist, but for a Hollywood star a vacation isn't all rest and relaxation.

They've got to live in the smart hotels or people will say they're broke. They've got to go places or the newspapers will say they're aping Garbo. They've got to be interviewed or the publicity departments will raise a howl.

But stars are made of sterner stuff. Kings and queens of the screen have their own ideas of what's fun and what isn't. They won't deny enjoying the collective stare of Gotham, but they put their feet down at a certain point and dash off to find their choice of entertainment. And most of their individual amusements have nothing to do with films or appearing in smart places at the psychological moment to produce that well-known hand.

Barbara Stanwyck rents a seven-room duplex apartment on Central Park South. That takes care of appearances. Then she settles down to having her own kind of fun. She spends days at a time alone in a tiny apartment on the East Side for which she pays fifteen dol-



# RETREATS

By Frances Fink

Ann Harding is another vacationer in Gotham who ducks for the Village. She heaves a sigh of relief once the news photographers and sob sisters have posed her and questioned her. When that ordeal is over she

shakes the dust of Broadway from her feet and hies downtown to the scene of her first appearance on any stage, the little uncomfortable Provincetown Playhouse where there is no marquee for a star's name to be displayed in bulbs.

She never fails to make a side

plenty of mustard. The magnificent Bennett has even been seen negotiating one of those drippy frozen sweets.

Jean Hersholt makes a dive for Danish restaurants as soon as he hits New York. He found one on Forty-eighth Street that serves those golden pastry confections just as he likes them, and at a tiny Scandinavian night club on Fifty-fourth Street, probably the only place of its kind in the country, Jean discovered the kind of cold table he appreciates, scores of hors d'œuvres—cold meats, strange fish, and open-face sandwiches that only Scandinavians can prepare.

Johnny Weissmuller goes Harlem almost immediately when he inhales his first breath of Manhattan air. The first thing he asks is, "Where's there a good swimming pool?" Once he's exercised those much-vaunted legs, he goes touring along Lenox Avenue. At a dance hall up there he sits for hours, watching the contortions of the coffee-colored boys and girls. He has a soft spot in his heart for a colored rendezvous specializing in fried chicken, and he doesn't blush too noticeably at the songs at Gladys's.

Bette Davis, we inform you sotto voce, does blush and copiously when she's taken to Gladys's. Bette doesn't like Harlem lyrics with her steak sandwich.

Sylvia Sidney rushes out to Belmont Park to slap down a few of her hard-earned dollars on the nose of a nag. She spends hours walking alone on Broadway and another good chunk of her vacation time visiting her relatives who are scattered through the boroughs of greater New York.

Buck Jones always lives in a hotel overlooking Central Park so he can see a horse or two from his windows. When he isn't riding in the park he's up in Harlem listening to the Mills Brothers singing their saxophone songs.

George Bancroft goes sticking his nose into newspaper offices whenever he's in New York. His boast is that he knows at least one person on a newspaper in every city he's played in.

Manhattan is a favorite stamping ground for Bancroft because there are so many newspaper offices for him to visit and because the city editors let him hang over the telegraph machines by the hour. He loves watching the machines where news flows into type.

Sari Maritza lounges blissfully atop the Empire State Building. Her am-

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Foreign picturehouses and prize fights provide Chevalier shelter from autograph collectors and glad-handers.

Paul Lukas, like Gary Cooper, finds peace as well as his choice food in the heart of the East Side.



Bette Davis blushing basks at some of the stars' favorite retreats—Harlem night clubs.

Photo by Fryer



trip to the Hedgerow Theater near Philadelphia where she plays a guest performance with the Jasper Deeter Players, her training school for stardom.

Richard Barthelmess hops off a train and into a cab bound for the Yorkville section. Up around Eighty-sixth Street and Third Avenue Dick wallows happily in German food, lots of *sauerbraten* and potato dumplings—and a few steins of lager. The waiters are often too busy to notice him and he loves not being recognized because it leaves him in peace with his dinner and his beer.

Constance Bennett lets down those bars when it comes to Coney Island. We can't go so far as to say that Connie hangs her Paris frocks on rusty nails in a fifty-cent bathhouse and swims alongside the Bronxites and Brooklynites who infest the beach. But she's been glimpsed in a rolling chair on the boardwalk. And she's been seen eating hot dogs, with



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perfectly congenial rôle at last, Walter Connolly is fine as his American adviser, and the Chinese actress, Toshia Mori, through speaking commonplace Los Angelese, is highly pictorial.

#### "To-night Is Ours."

Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Alison Skipworth, Paul Cavanagh, Arthur Byron, Ethel Griffies, Clay Clement.

This is about a queen's vacation from affairs of state and a night with her lover before her intended marriage to an unwanted prince. It is a prolonged duet of endearments, kisses and embraces that is only fairly interesting and not as romantic as every one strives to make it. An early work of Noel Coward, author of "Cavalcade," it shows little of his gift for character drawing and revealing dialogue. But if you are willing to accept it at face value you may find more in it to admire than I do.

The worn story has Miss Colbert in Paris, a voluntary exile from court life, about to marry Mr. March, a romantic commoner whom she met at a masked ball, when she is recalled to become queen of her mythical kingdom. He follows and saves her from an assassin's bullet and pleads for a clandestine night. Both fervidly insist that they will "die" when she marries the prince, but as they are healthy and uninhibited we accept their declaration as a figure of speech. And so it becomes. The revolutionists see to that. A timely uprising makes it possible for queen and commoner to have things their own way.

All this is as unreal as a picture post card and it has none of the brilliance to make it a sophisticated comedy. It is played as if the lovers saw themselves as *Tristan and Isolde*.

Claudette Colbert and Fredric March are properly ardent, but you feel that they are forcing themselves in an effort to believe what they are saying. I don't know how queens conduct themselves in love affairs with a Hollywood background, but to my inexperienced eyes Miss Colbert has none of the dignity that must cling to royalty even in moments of abandon. It is Alison Skipworth and Paul Cavanagh, really, who strike the only notes of worldly humanness found in the picture.

#### "No Man of Her Own."

Clark Gable, Carol Lombard, Dorothy Mackaill, Grant Mitchell, Elizabeth Patterson, Tommy Conlon, George Barbier, Paul Ellis.

Old situations embellished with smart, up-to-date dialogue, a new set of players and clear-cut direction

## The Screen in Review

give this more than ordinary popular appeal, not to mention the most congenial rôle Clark Gable has had since it was discovered that he could play only himself well.

Here he is a card sharp who fleeces rich gamblers. Forced to seek refuge in a small town, he encounters a discontented librarian who is fair game



for Mr. Gable and enables the director to show the possibilities of libraries after hours. The librarian outsmarts him, however, and he marries her, expecting to use her as a decoy in place of the cast-off innamorata. But his wife's seeming trust and ignorance of his business cause him to go through the motions of being honest. Eventually he is reformed by her trustfulness and in order to clear his conscience voluntarily serves a prison sentence, after which he returns for the happy ending to find that his wife has learned about his self-imposed punishment. The ending is still happier because of it.

Though this is flashy, unsound, and unbelievable, it is entertaining and Mr. Gable's sex menace is exploited with all the stops out. He gives an attractive performance. So, too, does Carol Lombard although she seems too clever and resourceful to be bored and too worldly not to suspect Mr. Gable's status from the first. However, she matches wits and sex consciousness with him—and properly forgets the library while she's about it.

#### "Employees' Entrance."

Warren William, Loretta Young, Wallace Ford, Alice White, Albert Gran, Ruth Donnelly, Frank Reicher, Berton Churchill, Hale Hamilton.

Goings on in a big department store are here pictured somewhat in the manner of "Grand Hotel," except that everything is thrown toward the manager, this making all the other characters distinctly secondary. But

the result is interesting, lively, and novel, the latter because of the background. Certainly the manager isn't a sympathetic character. Far from it! He's just about the meanest and most contemptible lead ever seen. Probably he's a composite of a hundred managers. Surely he can't be drawn from the life of one.

Warren William, who plays the rôle, attacks the task of self-defamation with gusto. He may make you hate *Kurt Anderson*, but you must admit he's interesting. This is because of Mr. William's acting and because he is peculiarly fitted to portray ruthless men of affairs who never seem as bad at heart as they would be if played by an actor less smooth and compelling.

There's hardly anything Mr. William doesn't do to strip the other characters of self-respect and he gets away with it, too. On the point of being ousted by financial backers of the store, he triumphs over his adversaries. Involved in a liaison with a married employee and shot by her husband, the wound is only a surface one. And so it goes.



The story need not be recounted. It's lacking in continuity and climax. One's interest is captured by separate scenes and characters. Wallace Ford and Loretta Young are the nominal hero and heroine, but they are dominated by the manager. Alice White comes back to the screen as a pert shopgirl who is used by the manager to compromise one of his enemies. Miss White gives a good account of herself. So does every one.

#### "Frisco Jenny."

Ruth Chatterton, Donald Cook, James Murray, Louis Calhern, Hallam Cooley, Helen Jerome Eddy, Noel Francis, Pat O'Malley, Robert Warwick.

This is a frank attempt to duplicate the success of "Madame X," which provided Ruth Chatterton with one of her more striking portrayals in the



early days of the talkies. As such it fails though it manages to be interesting, if less than important. That is because Miss Chatterton herself is interesting no matter what her vehicle.

Here she plays an unsympathetic part for all it is worth, waiting until it is too late to ask us to pity her. She is a woman of San Francisco's underworld enriched by her leadership of organized vice, her son the district attorney who prosecutes her for the murder of the man *Jenny* killed as he was about to reveal her relationship.

Convicted, she goes to the chair rather than save herself by telling the truth. She contents herself with haggardly kissing her son's hand. Now Miss Chatterton does this well, but it is machine-made drama without the breath of inspiration or sincerity.

Beginning with the earthquake in 1906, *Jenny's* colorful history is pictured in gaudily authentic detail, not an opportunity lost to make it clear that she is aware of all that is base



in mankind and knows how to profit by it. Then, too late in the proceedings, she is dominated by mother love and we are asked to believe that she did everything for the sake of her boy. It doesn't work; she has made us hard boiled by then. Instead, we admire the actress whose use of the symbols of compassion is far more dependable than the stories provided for her.

Miss Chatterton's choice of players is admirable and the production is elaborate.

#### "Hot Pepper."

Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Lupe Velez, El Brendel, Lilian Bond.

If you are interested, or have ever been interested, in wrangles of those

friendly enemies *Quirt* and *Flagg*, you should enjoy this continuation of a familiar theme. Lively, up-to-date, and amusingly boisterous, it is of course well acted. It packs a punch in every sequence, as they say.

This time the rival marines leave the service to go their separate ways, but not for long. *Quirt* is knocked down by a car driven by an ex-marine. It is El Brendel, who is chauffeur for *Flagg*, now a rich night-club proprietor. *Quirt* poses as a prohibition officer and nicks him



for \$10,000, then loses it to some one smarter than himself. And so it goes.

Lupe Velez, who is *Hot Pepper*, appears midway in the proceedings on a runrunning craft and soon is seen in *Flagg's* speakeasy. It is she who revives their old-time competition for feminine favor and finally throws them both over.

All this makes good entertainment, if you like elemental fun cleverly put together by those who know how.

#### "Island of Lost Souls."

Charles Laughton, Bela Lugosi, Richard Arlen, Leila Hyams, Kathleen Burke, Arthur Hohl, Stanley Fields, Robert Kortman.

A crazy surgeon performs a mysterious operation on animals which transforms them into half humans. His further experiments include attempting to mate a nice young American with a "panther woman" and a sweet American girl with an "ape man." Finally his monstrosities rise in revolt and kill him. All this takes place on a tropical island where *Doctor Moreau* has things his way.

Naturally, it is fantastic and unreal, but is horrible by implication rather than conviction. You feel that a lot of extras who would not otherwise be employed are perfectly cast in congenial jobs. However, it is not they who make the picture

worth while but Charles Laughton, the amazing British actor, who gives a superb performance as the mad scientist. He dominates the picture by the originality of his portrayal. Scorning the methods of Hollywood's



favorite exponents of horror rôles, who dilate their eyes to frighten children, he masks his morbid mind with a charming amiability suggesting his first appearance in "Devil and the Deep."

Richard Arlen and Leila Hyams, who play well the wholesome hero and heroine, seem very juvenile and futile by the side of his superior cunning. You feel that they never would have had the wit to escape *Doctor Moreau* if the scenario writer hadn't seen to it.

Kathleen Burke, the *Panther Woman*, is sad-eyed and rather pathetic in a negative way, but the animal strain in her nature isn't evident.

#### "Air Hostess."

Evalyn Knapp, James Murray, Arthur Pierson, Thelma Todd, J. M. Kerrigan, Jane Darwell, Mike Donlin, Dutch Hendrian.

"I have the *emptiest* feeling," says Evalyn Knapp in the course of her emotions and thus inadvertently she expresses my opinion of her efforts as well as those of her associates in a picture that is practically a vacuum. Its only claim to novelty is the fact that it deals with a girl who acts as chaperon to passengers aboard a transcontinental airplane, but her only activity—which she calls "avviation"—appears to be serving one cup of bouillon, which she mispronounces. The rest of her time is given to her love life with an uncouth aviator whom she marries and quarrels with when he consults a blond widow who lures him to her ranch on the pretext of backing his nonstop flight somewhere or other.



ford's admirers, who have written her about it. Even her portrait photographers complain of it. Cecil Beaton, for example, says you practically have to tie her hands behind her to avoid that "manikin gesture," as he calls it.

Joan explains that she developed the habit when she first began acting. She was so self-conscious she didn't know what to do with her hands.

Other players have had similar experiences prompted by nervousness or stage fright. Walter Huston recalls that in the early days of his career he always managed to carry a cane on the stage and twirled it nonchalantly about while he read his lines, as this solved the problem of what to do with his hands. One night he forgot the cane. He walked nervously up and down the stage putting his hands first in his pockets, then behind his back, and even clasped across his chest, Napoleon fashion.

"I never saw such a useless pair of hands in my life," he laughs now in recalling the incident. "I never before knew my hands could be so much in the way and after that performance I threw my stick away for good and practiced hours before a mirror to learn how to make my hands behave."

Tallulah Bankhead almost invari-

## Just a Bag of Tricks

ably has a cigarette between her fingers while she's acting a scene, and one fan wrote suggesting that she "act more and smoke less." That remark amused Tallulah who explains that it isn't nervousness that prompts the cigarettes, but simply the fact that she smokes incessantly, on and off the screen.

Sometimes a certain piece of business is consciously developed for a particular rôle and adopted by the player for subsequent characterizations. There's Clara Bow's wink and George Bancroft's laugh—the trade-marks of their personalities.

Remember the impudent nod of finality of Jean Harlow's that always brought a laugh in "Red-headed Woman"? I'll wager we'll see that repeated in future Harlow characterizations.

Two players who throw mannerisms and affectations all over the set and get by with it are the Barrymore brothers. Both work their eyebrows overtime, but their characterizations always emerge triumphant above whatever personal affectations they indulge in.

Another player who has developed highly individualized mannerisms that color all her portrayals is Zasu Pitts. Those nervous, fidgety hands are trade-marks.

The most highly individualized

players all have mannerisms that are easily remembered.

James Cagney is apt to break into a tap-dance step on entering a scene. His belligerent scowl and right fist, ever ready for a fight, are trade-marks, too.

John Gilbert rocks on his heels and toes when he is talking. And Clark Gable, as one fan pointed out in "What the Fans Think," sways slightly from side to side during an intense dramatic scene, "as if he'd like to haul off and knock you down." This same fan calls attention to Lawrence Tibbett's trick of tilting his chin up and "the humorous, upward quirk of his eyebrows."

Genevieve Tobin gazes enraptured into the face of her coplayer and blinks her eyes rapidly while he is speaking.

Miriam Hopkins sticks her chin up defiantly in the air for no apparent reason.

Wynne Gibson squints her eyes and works her mouth nervously when she's thinking.

Trade-marks, all of them. Effective eccentricities. And when newcomers and lesser players begin copying them, as they frequently do, isn't it a pity those trade-marks can't be patented for exclusive use by the originator alone, like trade-marks for pork and beans or tooth paste?

## Hollywood High Lights

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showed loads of personality when the preview of the production was given, and will test her talents further in "High Life."

**Kate Weeps Farewells.**—Some people may find film studios a place of heartbreak, but Kate Smith managed to "just love" the colony until the moment she went away. Movie folk are supposed not to have taken to her, but that isn't exactly correct. Newcomers from other worlds than the stage are never greeted with open arms in Hollywood, and the welcome to Kate was as genial as to most people who are new in pictures.

Anyway, she wept her way out of the colony, and if success attends "Hello, Everybody!" she will be back again in April. Also, the angling is on for dozens of other radio celebs, which will cause no end of grief to already overcrowded studios.

**Why Not Say It in Verse?**—A formal statement of separation is gradually becoming a fad with all those who desire to settle their marital difficulties quietly. Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck chose this way, following the Harding-Bannister pre-

cedent. The divorce announcement was wanting in the drama of the earlier event, but that's explained by the fact that an attorney offered the recitation of the difficulties, rather than the two principals in this latest marital smash-up.

Still this is pretty good: "It is simply another case in which husband and wife have looked at the situation frankly and honestly," declared the attorney, "and they have determined that if they cannot live happily together, they should be separated."

Which makes us believe that it will soon become a literary pastime, the business of writing these matrimonial obituaries. Maybe it's a job for a scenario writer.

**High Jinks at Pickfair.**—Don't ask us who did the honors—we prefer to cling to our early Pickfordian illusions—but Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford dedicated a new Western bar at their New Year's party. Guests wore California pioneer costumes.

**Tracy Matinée Idol.**—Can it be that Lee Tracy is to become the new matinée idol? We hear that he is

the favorite actor with a huge majority of the girls employed in the studios where he has worked. They all want to glimpse him in person, and if the fever is as catching as it gives indications of being, it may spread to the public, too.

**Bad Break for Renaldo.**—Convicted of falsifying a passport, Duncan Renaldo was sentenced to four years in Federal prison and fined \$2,000. The government proved to the satisfaction of the court that Renaldo was a Rumanian subject, although he maintained that he was born in the United States. Under the terms of the sentence, Renaldo faces but two years' imprisonment, or possibly only deportation.

**Mysterious Jewel Thefts.**—Have your jewels been stolen yet?

This may soon be a familiar form of greeting in Hollywood, if it doesn't also become the password to the group of mysterious robbery victims—meaning that the victims are mysterious as well as the robberies.

Stars report robberies, and then appear sorry that they said anything

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## Gentleman "Cow Person"

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partner during his last New York visit. But marriage? George usually fights shy of even discussing the matter for publication.

"It's like this," he once confided to me. "I like to dance, and I've had some mighty fine friendships among the girls here. But I don't think I could do justice to marriage. I know myself well enough to know that I'd feel more like lying on the beach at Malibu when the day arrived for the ceremony.

"And if I were married, I'd be apt to call up home and say, 'Honey, John Ford's gone to China, and I'm going out there to meet him. See you in three or four months.' A wife wouldn't like that very well, do you think?"

Which means, if I know George as well as I think I do, that he has yet really to fall in love. He is the sort who will take it big when he does fall. He will be as enthusiastic in love as he is at present in his work and horses, trips to China, and flying, to say nothing of coffee.

George has a single fear in Hollywood, and one which is not unusual. He has spoken of it often. "I'd hate to have any one think of me as being high-hat or affected," he said earnestly. "And sometimes it's hard to avoid it."

The topic in which George is most interested is his father's work. The elder O'Brien is now head of the State bureau of penology and the crime commission, and chairman of the pardon board and the highway patrol. In addition, he handles George's financial affairs. George accepts his father's advice on contracts and such matters as final. One of the reasons for his father's management is that George's many generous and unheralded charities were consuming a more than reasonable portion of his income.

Each of the two, father and son, worries lest the other is overworking. George is always planning to inveigle his father to rest at his Malibu beach house. Dan O'Brien often suggests that George take another trip. Each takes an obvious and not unreasonable pride in the other's work.

In fact, George confided to me that one of the principal pleasures of his frequent trips to San Francisco was the fact that in the city of the Golden Gate he is not a star to be stared at and commented upon. There he is merely Dan O'Brien's boy George who has done well for himself in Hollywood—just as every one expected him to do.



## Thin? New way adds firm flesh quicker than BEER

*New discovery brings astonishing gains. Imported beer yeast, richest known, concentrated 7 times. Adds 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.*

HERE'S the last word in scientific weight-building! An amazing new discovery that is quickly rounding out scrawny arms and legs, flat chests, hollow cheeks and bony shoulders for thousands.

Everybody knows that for years doctors prescribed beer for skinny, rundown men and women who wanted to put on flesh. But now with this new scientific discovery you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands gaining pounds of solid beauty-bringing flesh in a few weeks—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy quickly vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

### Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then *ironized*—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

### Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs

round out pleasingly. And along with that firm, attractive, long-desired flesh will come a radiantly clear complexion—glorious freedom from digestion troubles—new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

### Skininess dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

### Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not more than delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 74, Atlanta, Ga.

### 14 Lbs. in 2 Weeks

"Before taking Ironized Yeast I was skinny, weak, my skin muddy. In 2 weeks I gained 14 lbs. and my skin cleared." *Maria Jacoville, Bronx, N. Y.*

### 22 Lbs. in 2 Months

"I have gained 22 lbs. in 2 months with Ironized Yeast. Now in perfect health." *F. R. Bowers, Winemucca, Nev.*

### 29 Lbs. in 6 Weeks

"Ironized Yeast gave me pep. I gained 29 lbs. in 6 weeks." *Anna Stumbras, De Soto, Ill.*



## Their Secret Retreats

bition is to have enough time in New York to spend a week up there with a pair of binoculars so she can study the sky line, watch planes taking off from airports and poke her little nose into skyscraper offices. Sari adores window-shopping on Fifth Avenue. She'd much rather scuttle in and out of shops than be guest of honor at a luncheon at the Waldorf.

Edward G. Robinson eats practically all his New York dinners on Second Avenue where he frequents a side table at a Rumanian rendezvous. He sits back after dinner, lights a cigar, and listens all evening to the impresario of the place playing the cymbalon.

Jack Oakie spends most of his time walking into Broadway haberdasheries and drug stores to slap the backs of old pals. He breezes into a Broadway drug store where he used to eat night lunch in his chorus days, yells "Hi, boy," grins, asks about the wife and kiddies or the cute redhead, and then breezes out with a nonchalant salute. He goes up and

down Broadway doing that and smiling happily.

Ruth Chatterton, as much the lady offscreen as on, delights in shopping by herself. She loves to wear the most inconspicuous clothes she can find when she's on vacation, never hits the high spots of local entertainment, and likes to go places where no one will recognize her, or just stays at home and has dinner in her suite with a few friends.

Helen Twelvetrees drops her career and reputation when she lands at the far end of Brooklyn Bridge. She fusses about in her mother's kitchen making tiny sandwiches and giving teas and bridges for her old chums of Erasmus High School, like any young matron of Flatbush.

Gary Cooper and Paul Lukas make a point of eating at Mannie's on Chrystie Street in the heart of the cluttered East Side. Wallace Beery goes big for the pumpnickel sandwiches at Lindy's on Broadway where he hangs around and eavesdrops on the conversations of the

music pluggers and radio people who make the restaurant their hangout.

Constance Cummings spends afternoons walking in Central Park. Evenings she rounds up her friends after the theater, buys them all ice-cream cones, and takes them strolling on se-date Fifth Avenue. She buys books by the ton and pounces on lists of best sellers.

Put them all together, the stars, their chosen pastimes, their strange meals in strange places, their indoor and outdoor sports in New York, shake 'em all around, and what have you? A grand vacation, a real relief from Hollywood parties and Malibu week-ends.

A film of stars' vacations would be the most natural reel ever shot. Though it would give you an hour's entertainment it would spoil the fun for the hard-working Hollywoodians, so we'll leave Dick Barthelmess bending his elbow and Constance Cummings sucking her ice-cream cones and Barbara Stanwyck painting and plastering and matching chintzes.

## Hollywood Drama

"BEG pardon." He touched his hat. "But you look familiar to me."

"I ought to be." She smiled. "I was once married to you."

"That's right. You were my second."

She shook her head. "No, I was your first. At least that's what you told me. Then I married you again."

"I remember now. I married you again for the second time. When did I marry you again?"

"Before you married Mona la Monica. Don't you recall? That was the time you remembered to bring the ring."

"I recall now. You looked so sweet in that—that—what kind of a wedding dress were you wearing that time?"

"My usual one. But there's one thing I'll bet you do remember."

"What's that?"

"Last night you promised to marry me again."

"Last night I promised. . . . I thought I promised Mona la Monica I'd marry her again!"

"But you're married to Mona la Monica now."

"That's right. So I am. So I am. By the way, who's that woman across the street. The one that's looking this way. She looks familiar. I'd better be going. Glad to have met you. Good-by. See you some more. Good-by."

HARRY EPSTEIN.

### EVENING WITH GARY

You may have your noisy racketeers  
To make the public wary,  
But I will take for happiness  
An evening spent with Gary.

Chevalier has to grin a lot  
And Fairbanks leap and prance,  
But Gary has them all washed up  
With just his melting glance.

Some say his eyes are blue, some gray;  
I can't tell, I will confess;  
But I don't care what others say,  
I like their tenderness.

I'd walk through Bagdad unafraid,  
And if a thug grew bolder,  
I'd never even turn a lash,  
If I had Gary's shoulder.

Though sometimes I doze at the movies  
And wake in a sort of stupor,  
Believe you me, I don't close an eye  
When watching Gary Cooper.

BETTY FORSYTHIE.

### AND MEN MAY GO—

A veteran of silent days,  
Clive Brook's still going strong;  
And I, for one, am hoping  
His career continues long.  
Apologies to Tennyson—  
But Clive, you must endeavor  
To emulate that other brook  
And just go on forever!

RUTH R. MAIER.

### LOYALTY

My sun has slipped behind the clouds,  
The sky looks dark and gray.  
I won't go near a movie show  
Since Garbo's gone away.  
I'll save my nickels one by one,  
My home I'll not be leavin'.  
But I'll be a movie fan again  
When Garbo comes from Sweden.

JEAN DOUGLAS.



## "I'm Not Clothes Crazy!" Says Tashman

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posed to have paid for a gown. Did you happen to be with me when I purchased the frock to which you refer? How do you know what I pay for my clothes?

But the real reason for concentrating on clothes as I admit I have done to some extent, has not been to achieve an effect or a reputation. It has been to bring to picture audiences my small share of service.

Merchandising records and statistics prove that the biggest sellers in the department stores during the past year were dresses copied from models worn on the screen. Therefore, it becomes increasingly apparent that pictures influence trends of fashion all over the world more than do any other factors.

Because of that, I consider it only fair that the styles that are brought to the public be authentic. Ofttimes it is necessary to exaggerate a current style for pictorial effectiveness before the camera.

Screen gowns are designed not only to enhance the actress who wears them, but also to harmonize with the design of the room—or "set" in studio parlance—in which they appear.

They are designed not only to suit the actress, but also to personify the character she is portraying. There-

fore, many of my screen gowns are a bit more extreme than those I choose for personal use. But the basic idea of everything I wear is fundamentally correct in style and in good taste. My fans can depend upon that. Anything that I wear on the screen can be modified slightly and adapted to everyday life.

Lately all fashions have been extreme. That is due to Paris, not to me. Paris still sets the styles—but Hollywood popularizes them and adapts them to the needs of the American woman.

Padded shoulders were introduced by Schiaparelli, the hats that are only half hats by Agnes. Smart women in European capitals were enchanted and adopted both miniature bonnets and wide shoulders.

Some of the portly matrons would have done well to avoid such whimsies, but had they done so, perhaps those of us who managed to look smart in them would not have attracted so much attention. And would not have received your reproaches.

I have but one more argument to make in my own defense. Say what you will about my clothes and choice of hats, *my husband likes them!* What more could a woman desire?

## Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 62

about it. After considerable hullabaloo, the gems are returned and everybody, even the police, tries to forget the theft.

In another day this would have been called a publicity hoax. Now all the mischief is attributed to gangsters. The ransom paid for the return of the jewels is said to be twenty per cent of their value.

Stars who have parted with their jewels, or paid ransom, include Helene Costello, Mae West, Betty Compson, and Zeppo Marx. Miss Compson got the most front-page breaks on her loss of some \$37,000 in gems, and wasn't taxed a bit, she said, for their return. Miss West got good ballyhoo out of her loss, but doesn't feel so cheerful. Her glittering rocks were not returned, and she's pretty mad about it.

**Prowling Husbands.**—Current domestic problem is to keep husbands home at night. Bobbe Arnst found Johnny Weissmuller nocturnally elusive, when she got her divorce a few

months ago, and recently Lola Lane offered a similar complaint against Lew Ayres as cause for their legal separation.

The Ayres-Lane marriage always had Hollywood guessing as to whether it would last, and when Hollywood guesses it's usually a sign of trouble in the future.

**Doug and Joan.**—Things have been seething maritally with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford, though the rumors of their separation have been constantly denied. Doug and Joan appear at such functions as premières together, lending conviction to their announcements that absolutely nothing is the matter between them. Still it appears to be in the cards that theirs will be one of the forthcoming smash-ups. The most curious phase has been the threesome seen in public recently. Doug, Joan, and Ricardo Cortez. Is Ricardo by any chance the peace-maker?

Continued on page 67



# SICK!

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This is but one of the many similar letters I am constantly receiving. Post yourself! I paid Mr. Manning, New York, \$2,500.00 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740.00 for some old coins. I paid W. F. Wilharm of Pennsylvania \$13,500.00 for his rare coins. I paid J. T. Neville of North Dakota, \$200.00 for a \$10 bill he picked up in circulation. In the last thirty years we have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

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**Huge Premiums for Old Stamps**

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## Don't Call Her Lady

Continued from page 26

She wears her own blond hair in a waved, boyish bob and dresses in very feminine fashion. No mannish garb for this canny Cleo. Her one eccentricity is her fondness for big diamonds. She generally sparkles like a Christmas tree.

Since she's been in Hollywood she has lived in one of our swankiest apartments. Writing, casting, directing, and starring in her plays require all the energy she can muster. No other woman has ever combined all these jobs. However, regularly one night a week she attends the prize fights in Pasadena, presenting a Mae West cup to the winner of the main event.

"I like Hollywood," she explained to me, "because of the sunshine. Gosh, this is my first view of it in ages! Pictures will mean an easier life for me. Last summer when I came here I had my first vacation in six years.

"I hadn't thought of the movies before, because I was a big success on the stage. Then Paramount kept after me for 'Night After Night' and bought 'Diamond Lil.' My agent said, 'Mae, you ought to go to Hollywood. You'd be a riot in pictures and make a lot of money!' I had nineteen costume changes every evening in my last play and was feeling pretty worn out. So I took the offer."

Though there is no financial advantage for her, she is glad to gain a larger audience.

Her stage debut occurred at six. She hails from Brooklyn and is neither old nor young. She's ageless.

"I joined a stock company when I was six," she recalled. You can imagine Mae West being quite efficient even at that tender age. "I was in it for five years. Then I went into vaudeville, plays, and into my own productions."

Her schooling was evidently fragmentary. When queried about it she answered, "Oh, you mean where did

I learn to write? Well, I had a tutor to teach me writing and reading and I studied German, too."

Her playwriting is a direct, unconventional procedure. "I don't bother with any arty approach. I just sit down at my typewriter and write the kind of a show I'd like to see myself. I evolve the main character around the Mae West type that I've created. I've gradually adopted mannerisms and ways that folks like.

"The way to be a theatrical success is to get the public talking about you. If they're whispering and gossiping about you before the curtain rises your entrance has a big build-up. I always used to put things in the first night that I knew would have to be cut later. It sure aroused enthusiasm about me."

Her desire to give you your money's worth was demonstrated by a brief conversation she had with a song writer who came in for a minute.

"I'm going to do those songs for the picture again. The front office liked them, but I had to sing without rehearsal. I told the executives a dramatic star might get by just reading the words off a blackboard as she sang. But the public expects me to be perfect. I must have time to rehearse so I can sing with feeling."

The stage's prime exponent of passion, she has never married.

"Too busy to settle down as a little woman. Producing shows and building up a personality is plenty for one person to tackle. Of course, I've had sweethearts but they were a side issue."

Mae West's professional line may not be the height of good taste, yet she is undoubtedly a great entertainer. Here in wholesome Hollywood there are few actresses so bold as to court gossip. They've all cooled down but Mae. She's a dynamite dame with wicked wit, and I think she packs an unforgettable punch.

## Upstage Go the Stars

Continued from page 17

ing to invade any other field for monetary gain. It may be worth noting that, despite the fact he has stuck to that single track, he is reckoned one of the wealthiest men in movieland.

Some stars have far less reason to be snooty to interviewers than those who cultivate writing as a remunerative side line. They just don't want to be interviewed for a variety of

reasons. In the past a few have regarded it as simply too much trouble, but their careers have generally been short-lived, because their indolent attitude didn't meet the approval of the studios.

Garbo has been the only really successful one of the "don't-want-tos." And it all started because she got mad about a certain story that pur-

Continued on page 70



## Knocks That Help

Continued from page 19

Many of Mary Brian's fans advised her to let her hair grow, but Mary compromised by wearing a long bob.

When Ruth Chatterton's fans observed her blond coiffure in past pictures they asked her to stop using peroxide, though it was a yellow wig that caused all the excitement, the use of which Ruth abandoned.

"Don't let your hair grow," the fans commanded Kay Francis, reversing the advice they had given little "Goody-two-shoes" Brian. "You look so distinguished with your boyish bob."

So Kay, who doesn't seem to give a whoop whether or not she is liked by the Hollywood press, decided to humor the fans—and perhaps herself—by putting the shears to her growing locks.

Marian Nixon is a nice little person, but some time ago, before her temporary retirement, she was feeling pretty cocky over a nice new contract. An appointment had been made for her to have some pictures taken, and when she reached the studio and found that it would be necessary for her to wait a few minutes she put her tiny nose in the air and walked out. When her press agent heard of the incident he gave her a sound verbal spanking and considerable unasked-for advice. Marian took the lecture in the right spirit and since her comeback she has been as meek as the proverbial lamb.

Robert Montgomery, who finds it difficult to pass a mirror without looking at himself, has become a somewhat more tractable actor because of a director's criticism. The company was on location and many people had gathered round to watch. Montgomery seemed unable or unwilling to make a certain scene as the director explained it. He seemed indifferent and read his lines without expression. Finally the director completely forgot the teachings of psychological experts, and in the presence of the crowd delivered a stinging rebuke that left Mr. Montgomery somewhat wilted.

Although he never did do the scene correctly and the sequence was eliminated from the picture, Bob has

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since been more careful with his acting and the delivery of his lines.

And then there was the time a local magazine writer was to interview Lupe Velez for Picture Play. An appointment was made for eleven in the morning. Upon arriving he was told Miss Velez was quite upset at the moment. Would he come back at five? Sure.

When he returned to the studio, Lupe stalled again. The writer himself showed some temperament and sent in word that, since he was there at her request, she could expect a roasting if she kept this up.

Pondering this, the secretary returned to headquarters. In a few minutes Lupe appeared, probably more nervous than ever, but very gracious and subdued. The interview was concluded harmoniously—tra la!

So you see that although some children may be spared the shock of direct orders, the players must take them on the chin. Whether or not such criticisms are socially or psychologically correct, they are at least effective and, in most cases, beneficial.

## Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 65

**New Divorce Custom.**—Eleanor Boardman, in her divorce, came right out in the open and named a co-respondent. The person named was Betty Hill, a script girl.

Naming a co-respondent is done so rarely in Hollywood that Miss Boardman's action attracted much attention. Probably it will now become a popular custom.



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## "It"—1933 Brand

Continued from page 21

as proof that there's no dust on Hollywood men. He is called a chef. Lew Cody is locally famous for his corn beef and cabbage dinners. He is hailed as an epicure. I've even heard of canned spaghetti dinners in movie homes that boasted a cook.

And speaking of dinners, what can you make of Mary Pickford's printed menus and individual menu lights but a naïve pleasure in a new toy, or else a little innocent show-off?

I'm about to decide that Garbo is our only sophisticated star, in the sense that she has outgrown all these little natural urges of the group. There was some hope of Helen Hayes, but she and her husband took to ringing strangers' doorbells and she must be eliminated.

Imagine Garbo dashing down to the orphanage and bringing home a howling infant, just because Miriam Hopkins and Lupe Velez did. Not Garbo. Or hand over her bank accounts to a blond secretary, as Clara Bow did—Clara, the naïve little roughneck. Or building a half-million-dollar stucco Spanish barnlike residence just because the girl across the street had a two-hundred-thousand-dollar one. Or putting sixteen ping-pong tables in her basement to show up a neighbor who has only half a dozen.

Garbo is too sophisticated to allow these little rivalries to bother her. There's nothing naïve about Garbo. She has all the higher simplicity of the true sophisticate.

## They Say in New York—

Continued from page 23

She is to appear in "The Kiss Before the Mirror" for Universal.

Miss Dixon has never been starred, but she is the favorite actress and human being of lots of people who get around and meet Who's Who. Lately she has been playing in "Dangerous Corner," but she will always be remembered for the vaudeville actress who turned voice coach in "Once in a Lifetime"—the play, not the picture.

Her manner is so candid, so natural, that on the stage or off she makes others seem affected and ridiculous. Her most casual comments are packed with dynamite. She will get a royal welcome in Hollywood, for Lucille Gleason and Helen Hayes are two of the legion of Dixon enthusiasts.

ton as "Frisco Jenny." "She acts," my fifteen-year-old companion remarked, "like Lupe Velez burlesquing Chatterton."

**We Hope They're Right.**—In every producer's prayers is the wish that he may find an unknown girl in her teens who has the wistful appeal of Janet Gaynor, the dramatic power of Barbara Stanwyck, the melodious voice of Ann Harding, and all-round acting experience. In short, they seek a Helen Hayes who is not yet well enough known to demand big money. Fox has found a likely candidate in Heather Angel, an English girl who has trouped through the colonies since she was a child—which was not long ago.

**Latest Cargo.**—Benita Hume, a favorite on the English stage and screen, has been brought over by M.-G.-M. to make pictures here. She played in "Reserved for Ladies," with Leslie Howard, which was shown here and made quite a hit.

She seems natural and sincere.

If she escapes the standardizing process which Hollywood make-up experts put almost every one through, she has a fair chance of making an impression. But pull out eyebrows to a fine line, bleach and wave the hair, pound the figure into the Hollywood mold and I defy you to distinguish her from a dozen others.

Wera Engels, who has made pictures in France, now under contract to RKO, and Sidney Fox, formerly with Universal, who has just made pictures in Europe with Emil Jan-

**Lupe No Like.**—While "The Half-naked Truth" built up Tracy, it planted the suspicion that Lupe, like the girl she played in the picture, was just an accidental success, built up by ballyhoo. Lupe has abandoned pictures for the moment, and will appear in a Broadway musical with Jimmy Durante and Hope Williams.

For some time Lupe has been giving devastating imitations of picture stars in shows, pictures, and at parties. Now she is no little annoyed that June Knight, who played with her last year in "Hot-Cha!" is giving in a revue called "Take a Chance" a brief impersonation of Lupe that is quite as malicious.

Lupe and her viciously effective imitations are to be thanked for my favorite comment on Ruth Chatter-



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nings and Chaliapin, came over on  
the *Bremen* with Mrs. Paul Getty,  
who used to be that pretty brown-  
eyed Ann Rork in films.

Neither one caused any great stir  
among the passengers, as film favor-  
ites are supposed to do. Miss Engels  
is very tall, slim, svelte, and chic.  
The daughter of a German officer  
and married to an Englishman, each  
country's film producers looked on  
her as alien labor. France, however,  
welcomed her and gave her a few pic-  
ture engagements, but nothing spec-  
tacular.

She is said to be a marvel at that  
childish game of facial contortions.  
Fellow passengers were hilarious over  
her imitations of Queen Victoria and  
a Chinese girl, without benefit of  
make-up.

The first day at sea Sidney Fox  
bounced out on deck in nautical blue  
pajamas, but getting the idea immedi-  
ately that the staid air of the *Bremen*  
does not encourage such Hollywood  
informality, she appeared in conven-  
tional dress afterward.

She arrived in New York to find  
that her contract with Universal had  
not been renewed. So the poor girl  
had to content herself with a per-  
sonal-appearance tour at twenty-five  
hundred dollars a week. After a  
week of try-outs in New Jersey, she  
came to New York and Charles Bea-  
han, a determined suitor, persuaded  
her to elope with him.

Beahan is scenario scout for a pic-  
ture company and an exceptionally  
clever play doctor. When a young  
playwright has slaved over a brain  
child until he wonders why he ever  
started it, Beahan steps in and with  
a little deft rewriting whips it into  
shape for production.

They met two years or so ago when  
Sidney was rehearsing a play that  
Beahan was repairing. About a year  
ago his wife divorced him and since  
then he has been Sidney's attentive  
shadow.

## It's Smart to be Smooth

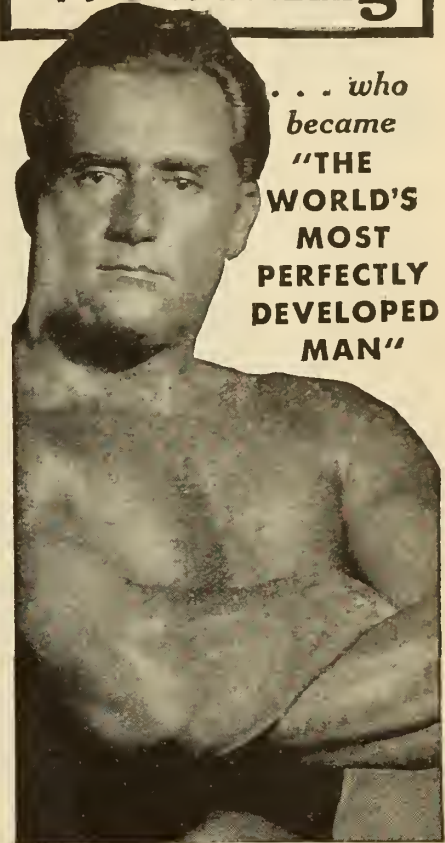
Continued from page 57

There are other actresses who are  
called smooth—many, in fact so many  
that their very number testifies to the  
probability of the word's having been  
launched on a career.

I should like very much to see it  
land a contract in the movies. Apart  
from conveying a notion truly civil-  
ized, smooth has a fine history. Col-  
legiate background!

As a popular nifty during the time  
of the World War and afterward, it  
flourished greatly in the Eastern  
schools. At Amherst a decade or so  
ago the height of an undergraduate's  
ambition was "To drag a smooth  
woman to a dance."

# The 97-lb. Weakling



... who  
became  
"THE  
WORLD'S  
MOST  
PERFECTLY  
DEVELOPED  
MAN"

By CHARLES ATLAS

THEY used to think there wasn't  
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girls, the best jobs? *Give me just 7 days!* I can  
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**FREE**  
Just send your name and address and I will tell you FREE how to reduce your bust, reduce flabby fat and lift the sag. Don't miss this wonderful FREE opportunity.

## Upstage Go the Stars

Continued from page 66

ported to delve into her love life. She declared the reports were inaccurate, and that she would never talk to a reporter or writer again, after having seen her words all jazzed up.

The studio regarded it simply as a display of temperament, and thought it would pass over. But it was found that the Garbo reclusing act was attracting more attention than all her talk did. She wasn't such a hot interview subject because of her reticence.

What probably was merely a whim at the start turned out to be a swell idea and soon a definite policy. Garbo hasn't spoken to any writer, at least not more than very casually, for about four or five years, and has vouchsafed nothing for publication, exclusive of a rather lame statement of her marital convictions recently appearing in a magazine.

Gloria Swanson is the closest approach to Garbo. She has been difficult to "intrude upon" at various stages of her career. She particularly adopted the lofty attitude when she was under contract to Paramount in the latter days. Afterward, when she started to make her own productions, she eased up and became very talkative. She had to see to the welfare of the pictures more herself.

Alla Nazimova followed almost the same orbit in the old Metro days. Queenly silence! Then when she made "A Doll's House" and "Salome," she welcomed all scribes. She risked all on those productions.

For no very good reason, Miriam Hopkins is upstage. She has always been considered poor copy, and as she recently blazoned out as a writer, maybe that's the reason.

Marlene Dietrich opposed interviews mostly on studio counsel. She could go Garbo very easily, because she has very strong solitary inclinations. However, the no-interview policy gave promise of being a bust with her, and so was rescinded. She talks to accredited writers, and quite freely.

Constance Bennett will talk, but not about money. She is obdurate, too, about whom she will see and whom she won't. One can't blame her entirely for that, as she had one experience not long ago which irked her considerably.

She was in the midst of one of her hardest scenes in "Rockabye," when a dowdy-looking woman, who said she was from a magazine, managed to gain entrance onto the set where Connie was working. Laying hold of her arm, and putting on a cry-

ing scene, she told Miss Bennett that she must have an interview to save the lives of her *starving children*.

Connie blew up. And the incident all but upset her for the whole day, and cost the company thousands of dollars in lost time. One thing Connie doesn't like is a sob act. She'll meet anybody on a straightforward, heads-up basis, but woe betide the sentimental plea, particularly what she considers a straight business deal put on a charity level! And above all, nobody's going to stage scenes on a set but Connie when she's around.

Clark Gable is shy and evasive. Barbara Stanwyck becomes very defensive on approach, and also obstinately noninterviewable when she feels that way.

Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., favor staging a show. When they went to Europe they wouldn't be interviewed in New York, because they didn't want to spoil their grand entrance on returning.

Helen Hayes, on the other hand, talks intelligently and freely to the right persons.

So, too, did Ann Harding before her divorce from Harry Bannister. She started hiding out because she didn't want to rehash her matrimonial troubles, and has kept it up with questionable benefit to herself.

George Arliss and the Barrymores all "submit" to interviews, but don't care for them greatly, except John who has become very friendly of late years. Richard Barthelmess generally hires a press agent to attract the nice interviewers and keep off the blasting ones. It's a hard job.

Let a star have a few bad pictures and he will soon change from the noninterviewable status. Ruth Chatterton on a recent visit to New York was the most engaging hostess in the world to reporters, the reason doubtless being that the memories of some of her poor films for Paramount still hung in the atmosphere.

Ronald Colman's suit over being misquoted is regarded as strange and fantastic, but was brought, it is understood, to impress his many English fans. The British papers have taken up his cause avidly. Incidentally, he has always been considered a poor subject for literary dissection.

Al Jolson, on the other hand, is hail-fellow-well-met at any time. So, too, in the long run, are most people who become genuinely and humanly great in the movies or anywhere.



## Cricket on the Hearth

Continued from page 51

all bewildered about the dead horse on their hands and practically ready for the nut house.

Joan has had little spare time in Hollywood, dashing from one film to another. After a week's personal appearances in Chicago, she was going on to the Coast to resume work. And incidentally to get a little rest from New York, she added. They were so rushed they didn't have time to look at the Empire State Building. George really wanted to go up to the observation tower, and complained that he hadn't even seen the structure. He wouldn't think of taking his bride down to see the aquarium, as out-of-town newlyweds are supposed to do, for he used to be a New Yorker himself.

Their home was all furnished, ready, and waiting. I wanted to inquire into this, but on second thought decided that Joan might think further details were none of my business or yours. And I'd like to think that her home is furnished casually and simply, for that seems to be the way she goes about her other affairs.

Here's to the bride! May she never spoil her refreshing naturalness by going highbrow or sophisticated, and for Heaven's sake, keep those Swedish pounders away from her door. And George, if real-estate agents and interior decorators start coming around to sell Joan the Hollywood mansion idea, just sick the Thundering Herd on them.

## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 14

Why doesn't Evalyn Knapp do something she's fitted for instead of trying to act?

Where's our little Dorothy Lee?

Why can't a talkie of "Stella Dallas" be made?

Why don't the male leads keep their hair a bit more carefully cut?

Why doesn't a magazine as popular as Picture Play come out weekly instead of monthly?

HAROLD SCHNEIDER.

426 South Third Avenue,  
Washington, Iowa.

### Let Madge Lead Them.

IF the public would clamor loudly enough and get solidly behind the clean-cut, wholesome, and sincere players, and clean and charming pictures like "Smilin' Through," we'd soon see an era of finer pictures.

There is one charming little actress that I would like to call the fans' attention to. I have seen her in five pictures and in every one she gave an artistic and beautifully finished performance. She doesn't spoil the effect of her work by making herself hideous with excessive make-up.

I refer to Madge Evans. She is not only a splendid actress, but she is so cultured, charming, and appealingly beautiful that one can derive pleasure from just watching her.

I appeal to all of you who have seen Madge and liked her work to get solidly behind her. Don't just tell your friends how much you like her. Write to Metro-Goldwyn and write to Madge. That's the way to help her. M.-G.-M. should give you plenty of Madge Evans if you'll only show that you want her. They're out to make money, aren't they?

Let's get going!

J. V. HAMLIN.

346 Johnson Avenue,  
Newark, New Jersey.

### Just Keep on Writin'.

CLARK GABLE doesn't answer his fan mail? Surely G. I. H. must be mistaken, for I have written Mr. Gable several times, and he never has ignored my letters;

indeed, he has been most charming, gracious, and kind. He probably does not have time to answer every letter he receives, but I am sure that any letter which is constructive and helpful he will not ignore. Then again, perhaps you have not given him enough time to answer. Did you stop to think that he gets hundreds of letters a day, which means that all cannot be answered promptly? We fans should not be so quick to criticize our stars for neglecting to answer our letters—give them half a chance and they will be fair to us.

I have almost always received responses to my letters to any player, but if I don't, I just keep trying. It took me a year to get a response from Adolphe Menjou, but when he answered, it was one of the choicest I have received from any star, and accompanied by a huge picture autographed to me.

ALICE ANN SHUE.

188 1-2 Camp Street,  
Providence, Rhode Island.

### Buddy's Big Mission.

BEING a Buddy Rogers fan, it was with genuine pleasure, of course, that I read of his proposed return to the screen.

As the youthful leader of the "California Cavaliers," Buddy has been an acknowledged success. His playing of all those musical instruments during the "Twelfth Street Rag," over the radio, is sufficient to thrill even hard-boiled listeners. However, I maintain that Buddy's rightful place is on the screen, as he must be seen to be fully appreciated.

His unforgettable performance in "Wings" is still fresh in our memories. In that play we saw, in Buddy, the ideal type of American youth—strong, handsome, virile, and clean cut.

I believe the appearance of this splendid specimen of manhood on the screen will do much to influence the young men of the nation to better and cleaner living, as practiced by Buddy Rogers.

GEORGE MICHEL, JR.

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## Discontented Toughy

Continued from page 43

play. Here you learn your daily script the night before. Then when you arrive on the set it is very apt to be scrapped, and you learn new dialogue as you go along. As a result a talkie is comparable to the first rehearsal of a play."

People are disappointed in her when they meet her, Glenda insists. She doesn't say funny things or act hard-boiled.

"I don't consider myself sophisticated, either. Though I'm old enough to be. I've been advised to live up to my screen illusion. It would be better business, but I've been an actress since I was seven and when I'm acting I love to act. And when I'm through with a job I'm through."

"This isn't Hollywood's idea. They act more effectively away from the

sets. Even when you have a date you get the impression that your boy friend believes it's a 'take.' You can't make them stop acting."

There has been a man in her heart for some time. He is a vaudeville star. She misses him. Also her citified abode on the thirty-second floor of a New York building. And the easier life of the theater. She doesn't care for Hollywood's sports.

Let's wish, for our sake, that Glenda's bosses will diversify her rôles so she'll not get bored with Hollywood and leave us. And why not give her a few days off to discover the climate and meet the local folks who want to meet her? I guarantee no one will be disappointed. Glenda may not reel off wit, but she's so darn real you can't help liking her.



## Information, Please

Continued from page 8

"Born Reckless," "To-day," "Behind Office Doors," "Defenders of the Law."

**RONALD COLMAN CLUB.**—There have been no Ronald Colman fan clubs formed since I sent you our list. Sorry that you failed to hear from a number of the clubs. Frankly, that is one of the reasons we discontinued announcement of clubs in the magazine. Too many readers complained that their letters were ignored when they wrote to those in charge of the clubs. But there is just nothing I can do about it.

**PADDY LOCKINGTON.**—Bela Lugosi was born in Hungary, October 20, 1888. His father was a doctor and Bela planned to follow in his footsteps. However, he always felt the urge to act, so his father sent him to the National Academy in Budapest, where he learned the profession thoroughly. Before he was twenty-five he made a name for himself on the Continental stage. He fled to America at the time of the Bela Kuhn uprising in Hungary. After appearing in a number of stage plays, he made his screen debut in "Dracula." I understand that he has been married and divorced three times.

**KAY.**—Your letter gave me quite a start. Aren't you a little hard on some of the players? You know, we all have our favorites and just because you dislike certain stars is no reason why you should not consider the feelings of those who do like them. Aren't you sorry now that you were so harsh? Come on, a nice cheery letter the next time and no brickbats.

**THERESA.**—The Wampas Baby Stars for 1932 were Dorothy Wilson, Mary Carlisle, Lona Andre, Eleanor Holm, Dorothy Layton, Toshia Mori, Boots Mallory, Ruth Hall, Gloria Stuart, Patricia Ellis, Ginger Rogers, Lilian Bond, Evalyn Knapp, and Marian Shockley. Beautiful—every one of them.

**RUTH EDGETT.**—Kathleen Burke, the *Panther Woman* in "Island of Lost Souls," comes from Chicago, and has never worked in pictures or on the stage. She is five feet six, weighs 120, and has brown hair and eyes. Others in the cast are Richard Arlen, Charles Laughton, Leila Hyams, and Arthur Hohl. Claudette Colbert signed a new contract with Paramount and is now with Fredric March in "To-night Is Ours."

**JACK S.**—My, but you are a keen Constance Bennett fan, aren't you? How do you manage to work, with her on your mind so constantly? Well, watch for her in "Our Betters," with Charles Starrett and Gilbert Roland.

**J. SCHNEIDER.**—Now that you've become acquainted with Picture Play, I hope I may be of service again sometime. Sally Eilers is a native New Yorker, having been born there December 11, 1908. She is five feet three, weighs 110, and has auburn hair and dark-brown eyes. "State Fair" is her latest, with Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, and Louise Dresser.

**HARRY C.**—Yes, I give information to every Tom, Dick, and — Now what can I do for you? The players in "A Farewell to Arms" are Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou, Mary Philips, Jack LaRue, Blanche Friderici, Henry Armetta, George Humbert, Fred Malatesta, Mary Forbes, Tom Ricketts, Robert Caunterio, Gilbert Emery. Miss Hayes is also in "Son-Daughter," with Ramon Navarro.

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**REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS., INC., Dept. D-28, 395 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**



# The POETS' Corner

## BETTE DAVIS

She's a dual personality.  
She has frank and eager eyes,  
The happy smile of a little child,  
Yet her poise is womanly-wise.

On the screen she's a woman of the world,  
A sophisticated coquette;  
So hats off to Bette Davis,  
Hollywood's best Bet.

E. H. RHETT.

## JOEL McCREA

There are scores of ardent lovers  
In Hollywood, known to fame.  
There's Richard and Gary and Ronald,  
And others I could name.

But Joel's the lad I'd choose for mine;  
All others he excels,  
For he kisses—no doubt he kisses—  
But he never, never tells.

ELIZABETH LOWRY.

## PURELY PERSONAL OPINION

Whether nothing's in a name  
Or there's really quite a lot,  
My conclusion is the same—  
Certain names are not so hot.

Maybe beauty lurks in Greta,  
Yet I say in solemn tone,  
Take your Sari, Tala, Jetta,  
Give me Norma, Constance, Joan.

BROCK MILTON.

## RETURN

She's subdued, she's cooled her kissing,  
But there's little else that's missing—  
Clara's back!

Her coiffure is new, exciting,  
And her eyes are deep, inviting—  
Clara's back!

Her lips are still heartbreaking,  
And there can be no mistaking  
Clara's back.

B. B.

## SONG IN EXILE (England)

Faces strange and streets so queer,  
Sheets of rain to make things drear;  
Nothing comes along to cheer,  
Till in a bookseller's stall,  
My homesick eyes delighted fall  
On Picture Play, best of all.

DOROTHY GARBUTT.

## CALUMNY

They tell me Garbo has big feet,  
And fans must ever talk.  
I smile and turn my head away  
For, oh! that panther walk.

They say her hands are big and coarse,  
I cannot listen much,  
For there's a lingering tenderness  
In Garbo's lightest touch.

They say she's cold and frigid,  
But who in life would miss  
The beauty in the ecstasy  
Of Garbo's kiss?

They say that she's moody  
And criticize her styles,  
But, oh! the sun comes smilin' through  
When Garbo smiles.

What though they say her hands are big,  
Her figure far too lean,  
With all these so-called handicaps  
She's still the movies' queen.

JEAN DOUGLAS.

## JUDGMENT DAY

There's the rush and the roar of many feet—  
Young maids, old maids, sour, sweet.  
They're clamoring, they're yammering,  
They are glad that they are born,  
For romance is resurrected

When Clark Gable blows his horn.

DYOLL SEMAY.

## VERY GOOD, EDDIE!

Oh, Eddie Lowe is flying high;  
Why shouldn't he these days?  
Depression doesn't bother him—  
"Sez you!" to use his phrase—  
For other stars may flash and go  
While he goes on with Lilyan  
Quite steadily to look just like  
And make about a million!

R. R.

## THE WHY OF IT

It is not the feature playing,  
It's not even Mickey Mouse;  
It is not the girl friend praying,  
Or the comfort of the house.

It is not the price of going,  
Which is often pretty harsh;  
There's just one thing to be knowing—  
Will I see that blonde, Joan Marsh?

B. M.



# Win \$3500.00

## or Auburn "12" Sedan and \$2,000.00 Extra

I will give \$3,500.00 to some deserving man or woman, \$1,000.00 to another, \$500.00 to a third—225 Grand Prizes all at one time—and thousands of Special Rewards. Sounds too good to be true, **but it is true.** I am giving away such fortunes in one of the most gigantic advertising campaigns you ever heard of. Everyone who takes an active part will be rewarded in cash. **Think what \$3,500.00 would mean to you!** Your worries gone — Your dreams come true. All the joy and happiness you have been longing for, may now be yours. So qualify for this opportunity by sending me a name for my wonderful Skin Lotion.

### I WILL PAY \$250.00 JUST FOR A NAME

What a wonderful, new satiny Skin Lotion! It's the best ever! Everybody is wild about it. But it has no name. What shall we name it? What do you suggest? I will pay \$250.00 to the person sending the name we will use in advertising this Lotion. Nothing fancy is needed. Any simple, easy name may win—either one, two or three words—like "Perfection-Bloom of Youth," "Perfect Skin," or "All-Weather Lotion." The name that flashes through your mind right now may be the winning one.



#### What An Alluring Skin Lotion!

It softens the skin, causing it to retain the attractive, satiny, velvety texture. Protects against exposure to heat, wind, rain, sun, and cold. Keeps the skin firm, soft and delightful to touch. Delicately scented. Truly a marvelous Skin Lotion. Suggest a name. Do it today. Win the \$250.00 Cash Prize. Send your suggestion on the coupon below or on a one cent postal card. Everyone suggesting a name will be qualified for the opportunity to win the \$3,500 Cash Prize.



## Name this Skin Lotion

### IT'S EASY TO DO—COSTS NOTHING TO WIN

You can't lose—nothing to buy—nothing to sell to win this big \$250.00 Cash Prize. It's easy to send a name. It doesn't have to be a fancy name, or a big-sounding name—just a simple, easy name. Hazel Hinesley, Logansport, Ind., sent the name "Fem-a-lure" for our Beauty Cream and won \$150.00. Now I will pay \$250.00 just for a name for our satiny Skin Lotion. Just sending a name—any name—also qualifies you for the opportunity to win \$3,500.00.

**RULES:** Only one answer accepted from a family. You must be over 16 years of age and reside within the United States (territories excluded). The answer must be postmarked not later than May 20, 1933. \$250.00 will be paid for the name the judges select as most suitable for this Skin Lotion. Penmanship and neatness in writing not considered. Duplicate prizes given in case of ties. All name suggestions become exclusive property of TOM WOOD.

Nothing To Buy or Sell For This

## \$250.00 CASH PRIZE

Just Send a Name on This Coupon

TOM WOOD, Manager,  
H-O Building, Dept. AL-56-D, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Here's my suggestion for a name for the Skin Lotion.

Name suggested.....

My name is.....

Address.....

Town.....

Date I read this offer.....

State.....

**BE PROMPT!** . . . . \$100.00 CASH CERTIFICATE AT ONCE!  
Write at once. We want your reply quickly. Therefore, if you mail your answer and name suggestion within three days after reading this announcement you will receive a \$100.00 Cash Certificate at once, entitling you to \$100.00 Cash Extra, should the judges declare your name the prize-winning one.

TOM WOOD, Manager, Dept. AL-56-D,  
H-O Building Cincinnati, Ohio



# MOST AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER EVER ATTEMPTED!



**WITOL'S COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO.**

A wonderful hair and scalp cleanser. Aids to remove excess oil and dandruff. Very popular. Price, 75c.



**WITOL'S BRILLIANTINE** gives hair that natural looking lustre and brilliant, healthful glow. Price, 75c.



**WITOL'S LIQUEFYING TRANSPARENT CLEANSING CREAM.**

This cream is all the rage now, having deep pore cleansing properties. Helps keep skin soft, smooth and youthful looking. Price \$1.00.



**WITOL'S SPECIAL DOUBLE STRENGTH ASTRINGENT.**

Remarkably efficacious in tightening the skin on the face and neck, and reducing enlarged pores, also very refreshing. Price \$1.00.



**WITOL'S ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH** (Double Strength)

Aids healing, is astringent, antiseptic, and deodorizing. Price \$1.00.



**WITOL'S BEAUTY PASTE.**

Clears and makes skin white, ivory-like, beautiful. It promotes lily-white, ivory clearness, as if the skin had been bleached. Price, \$1.00.



**WITOL'S INDELEBIL LIP PASTE**

Very adhesive and smooth. Not affected by moisture. Blends to any complexion. Price, \$1.00.



**WITOL'S NEW SKIN FACE POWDER**

gives skin that smooth, clear look and the complexion that youth-like spotless appearance. Delightfully perfumed. All shades. Price: \$1.00 large box.



**WITOL'S "FLOWERS OF SPRING" PARFUM** Exquisite de luxe perfume. Fascinating odor. Alluring. Price \$3.00.



**WITOL'S HIGH GLOSS NAIL POLISH.**

A rich rose color, transparent, water-proof liquid. Very lasting. Price, 35c.

**\$10.85 WORTH**  
for  
**98c**  
Plus Postage

## \$10.85 WORTH of TOILET PREPARATIONS for 98c

Plus Postage

**THIS VALUABLE COUPON**  
Brings You the Complete Set of  
**10 ARTICLES**  
AS ILLUSTRATED

Marvo Beauty Laboratories Inc.  
Dept. PP-1  
1709 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the 10 regular full size Witol's Toilet Preparations, as illustrated and described in this announcement. Upon arrival I will pay the postman only 98c plus postage. My money is to be refunded if I am not absolutely satisfied.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Shade of Face Powder?

Ten thousand Picture Play Readers will surely receive some bargain if they act promptly. 10,000 sets of these high grade Toilet Articles will be sent out to the first 10,000 readers who send in the Coupon. No more can be promised. Every preparation shown above is full size, much larger than illustrated. They are not samples or trial packages, but standard large sizes, sold for the past nine years at regular full prices.

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT ABSOLUTELY SATISFIED.**

Over \$1,000,000 of Witol's Toilet Preparations have been sold throughout the United States and Europe. You are taking no chances when you are buying Witol's Products, for only the best of ingredients are used. This exceptionally low advertising offer is made to get you acquainted with Witol's products. Every Picture Play reader should take advantage of this offer. Be one of the lucky 10,000.

**SEND NO MONEY**

Just Clip & Mail Coupon.  
All 10 Witol Preparations  
For a Limited Time Only

**98c**

Plus Postage

**ONLY 10,000 SETS—NO MORE CAN BE PROMISED—ACT QUICKLY!**

Copyright, 1932, by Marvo Beauty Lab. Inc.



STREET & SMITH'S  
**PICTURE PLAY**

MAY 1933

**C**  
ENTS



KATHARINE  
HEPBURN

IRVING  
SINCLAIR

THE STRANGE CASE  
OF  
BOB MONTGOMERY





## BACK AGAIN— With All Brand-new Stories!

NICK CARTER, ace detective, is here again to entertain you with the clever, amazing feats of this master detective. In his own magazine, NICK CARTER MAGAZINE, with a complete, book-length novel in every issue, with every story brand-new, with every problem facing this master mind a problem of to-day's complex conditions of gangdom and the underworld, Nick Carter goes through adventures that will thrill even the most hardened reader of detective stories.

It's a new magazine, modern in every respect, from cover to cover. Every line breathes new life and the fast action of to-day. Not a dead line in it!

Be one of the first ones to thrill again to the excitement of the criminal chase; experience, with Nick Carter, all the dangers that a modern, fearless detective must encounter in battling the organized hordes of gangdom.

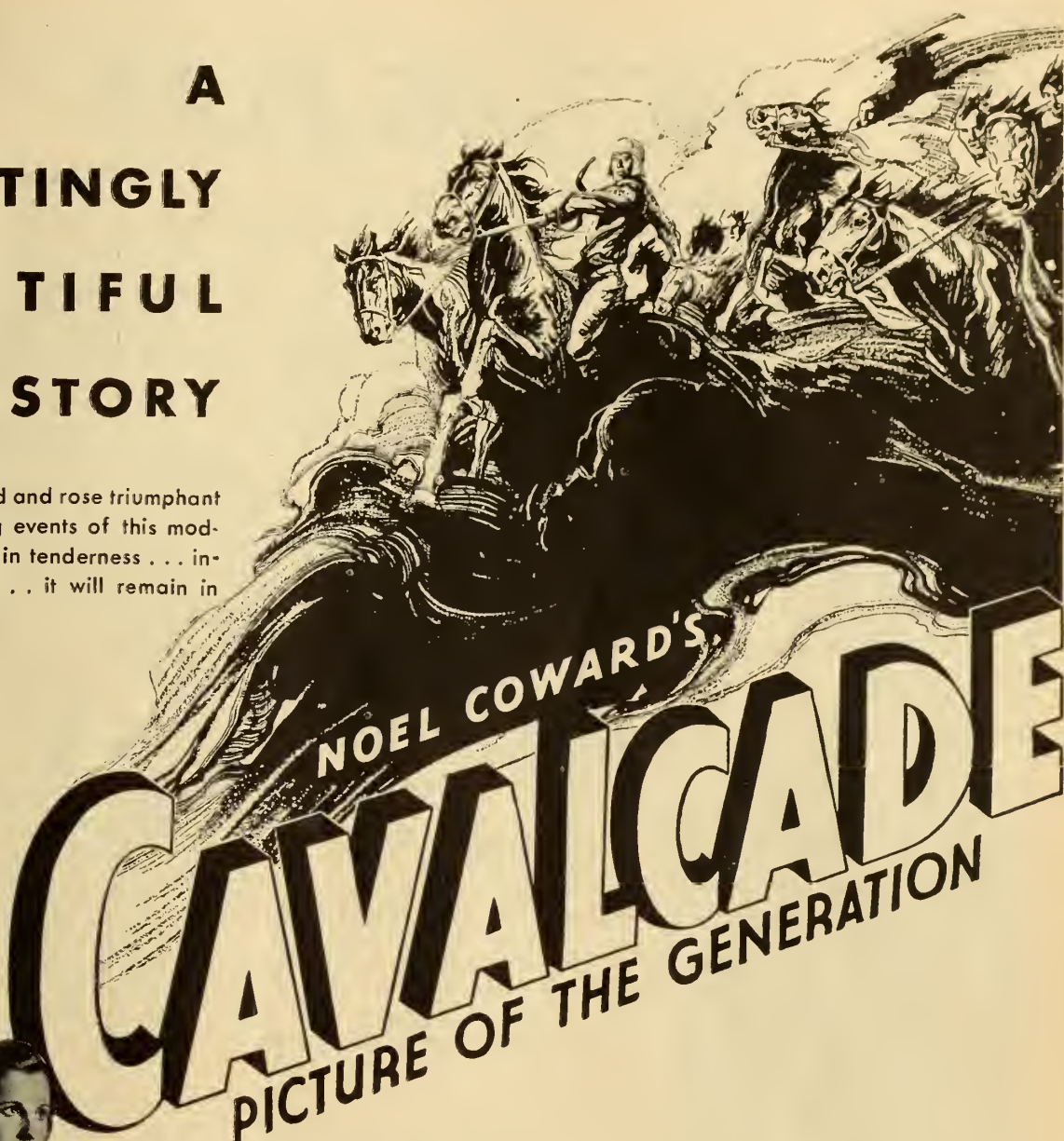
IT'S NEW—IT'S FRESH—IT'S FAST-ACTION!





**A  
HAUNTINGLY  
BEAUTIFUL  
LOVE STORY**

A love that suffered and rose triumphant above the crushing events of this modern age . . . Strong in tenderness . . . inspiring in loyalty . . . it will remain in your heart forever!



**Now YOU can see the Picture the whole world acclaims as the Greatest Ever!**

**LOUELLA PARSONS:** Greater even than "Birth of a Nation." Drama beautifully real and splendidly told. Truly magnificent.

**PHILADELPHIA Public Ledger:** If your budget calls for but one film a year I recommend "Cavalcade."

**ST. LOUIS Post Dispatch:** The cinema triumph of modern talkies . . . a tremendous and magnificent picture. By all means see it.

**ATLANTA Constitution:** It stands

supremely above criticism. A capacity audience sat spellbound.

**NEW YORK Herald Tribune:** The finest photoplay that has yet been made in the English language.

**BOSTON Herald:** It is, without fear of contradiction or dispute, the greatest film production since speech was given to the screen.

**CHICAGO Tribune:** "Cavalcade" IS, unquestionably, one of the screen wanderers of the age—it has everything.

**FOX**

"Cavalcade" will be shown in your city soon. Your Theater Manager will be glad to tell you when.





STREET &amp; SMITH'S

YEARLY  
SUBSCRIPTION  
\$1.00

# PICTURE PLAY

SINGLE  
COPIES,  
10 CENTS

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## Strange Woman

Katharine Hepburn is that. You must have guessed it when you read her denial of practically everything that had been printed about her.

She even dismissed her husband, Ogden Ludlow Smith, into obscurity by vaguely classifying him as a cousin or something.

Why should so brilliant a success on the screen assume such a far-fetched attitude? It was to get herself talked about, believe it or not! It was part of a well-thought-out campaign.

Would you like to know what her friends and former stage associates think of her? How they look upon her frank denials of fact? Then by all means read Regina Cannon's article in next month's Picture Play.

In an investigation covering nearly a month, she has unearthed little-known facts about Miss Hepburn which cannot fail to interest her admirers.

They throw revealing light on a strange woman who has yet to learn if it pays, or does not pay, to hoax the great public of fans.

## Their Best Friends Don't Know Them!

That is what Helen Pade says of certain stars in Hollywood. Whether before the camera or miles away from it, they act a part constantly, and often so skillfully that even their best friends do not know them!

Imagine the feeling of being well acquainted with some one and suddenly finding that the person isn't real after all, but only a make-believe character realistically portrayed! It could only happen in Hollywood.

In June Picture Play Miss Pade relates startling instances of this harmless deception and reveals an offscreen side of certain stars we all know in a way to make eyes pop.

Don't miss this one—it's good!

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STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



JOAN: "I love my role in 'TODAY WE LIVE'. No part ever thrilled me so deeply, touched my heart so keenly. Do you think the public will like me in it, Leo?"

LEO: "My child, the public always appreciates genius. It's a great emotional part. You are perfect in 'Today We Live'."

JOAN: "If that's so, then we must thank Howard Hawks' marvelous direction for his greatest picture since 'Hell's Angels', and the inspired playing of Gary Cooper."



The finest picture Joan Crawford has yet made. Gary Cooper shares the stellar honors. The scene at her home, where the sweetheart she believed dead returns and finds her the mistress of another—is as powerful an emotional scene as the screen has ever witnessed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is very proud of "Today We Live"!

*With Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns. Story and dialogue by William Faulkner. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor.*



---

# It pays to read advertisements— It will pay you to read this one

THE other day a friend gave my wife a recipe for a new Frozen Orange Pudding. We had it last night for dessert.

"This is something new," I said. "Where did you get it?"

"Mae gave me the recipe yesterday. She clipped it from an advertisement."

My wife didn't read that advertisement. If her friend hadn't read it what a treat we would have missed.

Do *you* read the advertisements? It will pay you many times over to do so. From them you may learn about all sorts of new things. New foods, new ways to use them, new recipes which will add variety to the daily menu.

Right in the advertisements in this magazine there are countless things to interest you, to save you money, to bring you the most value for what you spend. And now, as a reward for reading this advertisement, here is the recipe that inspired it.

## *Recipe for Frozen Orange Pudding*

Ingredients. 2 egg yolks (beaten); 1 cup orange juice; 1 cup cream (light cream or top milk will do); 4 teaspoonfuls flour; 1/8 teaspoonful salt; 1/3 cup sugar; 1 teaspoonful grated orange rind.

Blend thoroughly egg yolks, sugar, flour, salt and add orange juice and cream. Put in double boiler until thick. Add orange rind, cool and pour into freezing tray of refrigerator — or three or four hours on ice. When ready to serve, top each dish with meringue made by beating two egg whites stiff and adding 1/4 cup sugar. Garnish with orange segments.

*It pays to read all the advertisements*

---



# Around the Cuckoo Clock

Some merry goings-on in Hollywood, most of them true while the others may happen any day now.

By James Roy Fuller

**P**RODUCER wires Eastern office to sign up D. H. Lawrence—dead two years. Another says, "What! Hire that pluto-highbrow?" Lilyan Tashman christens locomotive *No. 1050*, smashing bottle pseudo-water over cowcatcher. Sylvia puts Kate Smith on diet of two psyllium pseeds a day.

Neil Hamilton discovers for fourteenth time a cave one hundred yards from kitchen door. Photographed studying script in cave, costumed as *Rustico*, celebrated hermit of a past age. Toluca displays bunting as Dick Arlen and Joby replace a broken tile in their patio, and fire department touches off a salute at first stroke of the trowel.

Constance Bennett kisses male fan-magazine writer. Garbo tank she stay home. Lois Moran takes up study of conditioned reflexes of water bugs. Robert Montgomery promotes himself into rear admiral's seagoing uniform, Boulevard flotilla.

Says Billie Dove, "Stars find that they can have both babies and careers simultaneously; their public is sticking. When fans approve of an actress they imitate her, so watch the country's birth rate from now on. It's going up." Billie Dove's pet turtle wins race at beach tournament.

Pickfair lights turned off two minutes on anniversary of Mary's speech to workhouse prisoners. Just before the lights went off the major-domo, in the presence of the assembled guests, solemnly chanted the high point of the speech: "The depression is really a privilege. You boys and girls should consider your time in prison really a privilege, too, a sort of exercise for your spiritual muscles." Clara Bow's pet mouse, Pinkie, sent East to greet her on arrival from Europe.

Studio conference to discuss statue of theater manager who gave out handkerchiefs to women customers at "Sin at Sunrise." Conference split up over question of what should be handed out at showing of crooner films. Quote from Vice-president Curtis read into minutes of meeting: "Talking pictures are valuable because they give you a chance to see

and hear at the same time." Dorothy Wilson, RKO ex-stenog find, tries to break herself of habit of wiping silverware when dining in Hollywood homes.

Betty Boop, Mickey Mouse, and Asthma and Riding clubs progressing nicely. Lew Cody publishes following paid ad in *Hollywood Reporter*:

Some banks and some pictures are still doing well. . . .  
IT IS SAID.

LEW CODY.

"From tenements to tournaments in one generation," says Groucho Marx of himself as a tennis player. Sid Grauman loses twenty dollars on bet that more men at a party are wearing suspenders than belts. Observes Nancy Carroll, "We public idols must foster the illusions our public has about us." Polly Moran breaks ground for the Jolly Smack candy factory.

Anniversary of Aileen Pringle's domino game with Joseph Hergesheimer celebrated at Brown Derby. Joan Crawford announces that she is in love with her husband. Barbara Stanwyck follows suit. Six magazine writers good for next month's rent. "A career in films is the most terrible thing that can happen to young people," says Mary Pickford. "My fingers ache to produce from clay works of art which will proclaim me a great sculptress," complains Joan Crawford. Joan changes mind and chafes to be a great paintress.

News item: A former comedy star, separated from his second wife and broke, has moved into the home of his first ex-wife as a nonpaying boarder. "I do not like women. I like little birds and flowers, and green grass and trees much better than I like women."—Maurice Chevalier. Ruth Chatterton has jig-saw evening with husband and ex-husband.

Fred Datig, famous casting director for Paramount, announces the discovery of the great Thespian law of eyebrow lifting. "A person who can elevate one eyebrow while the other stays undisturbed has the facial mobility required of a successful film actor," says Mr. Datig. "Only one

person in eighteen can do the trick." Jimmy Gleason discovers recipe for corned-beef hash in old Spanish mission dungeon.

Failing to find suitable type for casting in a picture, Casting Director David Werner looks into mirror and discovers the right type in his own face and the problem is solved. Fred Datig, ever a jump ahead, announces need of an actress who can change instantly from "beatific spirituality to fiendish malevolence, without aid of make-up."

Christmas greetings sent out by Alfred Santell, printed on a postal card: "The money usually spent on Christmas cards has been given to those less fortunate than I in the hope that their Christmas might be made a bit happier—a bit merrier. You don't mind if my sterling wishes come to you on this copper card—do you?" Many leading players refuse to give one half of one per cent of salary to M. P. Relief.

Ad in Hollywood trade sheet:

WANTED — ADVENTUROUS YOUNG ACTRESS to play leads in two features. Some screen experience necessary; 100 lbs. Salary and expenses.

DUTCH EAST INDIES EXPLORING CO.

On the hoof or dressed?

Richard Arlen spent Easter eve with friends, then drove to Palm Springs in time for a desert sunrise. Then he rode horseback and ate an outdoors breakfast, terminating, says the p. a. "one of the most original Easter ceremonies in the film colony." Shivered "in the solitude of his own originality."

Art ever stands tiptoe on Beverly Hills: "For the first time in America a composition of music has been put on the screen in such a way that you can see it as well as hear it . . . a combination of music and figure movement which illustrates the patterns which your mind forms as your ears are hearing the piece." Carl Laemmle disarms rival studios with the announcement, "The plain truth is, unless we hang together we shall hang separately."



# WHAT THE FANS THINK

A wide variety of raves this month is spiced with disgusted howls about Dietrich's male attire.



Nils Asther is complimented on his chivalry and acting in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

## Sugar In Her Tea.

**I** HAVE just seen "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." Despite the excellent cast, the perfect types, Nils Asther's superb performance is outstanding. His perfect portrayal of a very difficult rôle held me spellbound. What a pleasure again to see excellent acting combined with chivalry, instead of vulgar he-men slapping and otherwise mistreating women. Such pictures are so repulsive they keep me away from the theater.

Let us have a lot more of Mr. Asther. His perfect manners, true sophistication, and, of course, personal appearance, are a delight to the eye.

MARILYNN URBAN.

872 N. Richmond Street,  
Chicago, Illinois.

## Tarzan, Watch Your Step!

**I** LIKE Johnny Weissmuller, but he has behaved abominably toward Bobbe Arnst, publicly flaunting that he doesn't love her any more, and more cruel still, never did.

Since he thinks he is a big shot, Bobbe isn't good enough for him, but remember this, Johnny, m'lud, it will take more than "Tarzan" to put you over as one of the reigning lights in Hollywood.

Don't misunderstand me, "Tarzan" is a fine picture,

but all it requires is a good physique. Wait until you get a rôle where you wear clothes and we don't get a glimpse of that figure, then you will have to do some real acting. Do you think you can? You know, there are better-looking men in Hollywood than you.

Johnny Weissmuller is bawled out for getting puffed up over "Tarzan" and kicking his real-life mate out.



Did it ever occur to you that Lupe might be laughing up her sleeve? You know you were easy, too easy, for a smart girl like our Mexican cyclone to waste much time on. After the smoke from this "Tarzan" business clears away, I don't think she will have much use for just another leading man. Lupe likes to be in the spotlight.

D. PLUFF.

425 N. 13th Street,  
East St. Louis,  
Illinois.

## Constant Reader Abhors Hash.

**B**EFORE half finishing March Picture Play I want to register a protest as emphatic as I can make it. For what do I see but the honest, the uncompromising, above all the individual magazine of the screen, becoming imitative!

For years Picture Play held the interest of the

more earnest fans because of the representativeness of its fan forum, the infallibility of its departments, the subtle consistency of its editorial policy. Then it suddenly began to change. The size was cut down and the price reduced first. All right—economic necessities must be faced in these times. Then we lost priceless *Fanny the Fan*. O. K. again, since her place was taken by the equally fearless and incisive Karen Hollis. But now we have a more significant and inexplicable move.

The time-honored preview section has been combined with the rotogravure section to make an unattractive and confusing hash and, worst of all, a fashion department has been thrown in. The obvious inspiration of this change is to be seen in the more sensational film publica-

Continued on page 10



# Now..... is the ideal time to **REDUCE**

*The Ventilated Perfolastic Girdle Is Guaranteed  
To Reduce Your Hips At Least 3 Inches In 10 Days*

"I have reduced my hips nine inches" writes Miss Healy... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" writes Miss Brian... "Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away"... writes Mrs. McSorley... and so many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this PERFORATED RUBBER REDUCING GIRDLE that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

## *Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly*

• This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit... Its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.

## *Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh*

• The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, it will not chafe, itch or irritate you, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

## *Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today*

• You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results... and your money will be immediately refunded... including the postage.

Send coupon for FREE BOOKLET and sample of the VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER.



## SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

### "I REDUCED 20 POUNDS"

After convalescing from severe illness this Spring, I found I was putting on considerable weight; 20 pounds above normal. My physician advised against any reducing diet or strenuous exercise —so I used your girdle instead. You might be interested to know that—I reduced almost twenty pounds.  
MRS. JOHN W. NOBLE  
Rye, New York

### "I REDUCED 9 INCHES"

I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results of my Perfolastic girdle—it seems almost impossible that since last May, when I first started wearing the corset, my hips have been reduced nine inches. I think this is perfectly marvelous—at least twenty of my friends are now wearing the Perfolastic girdle. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.  
MISS JEAN HEALY  
299 Park Ave., New York City

### PERFOLASTIC, INC.

Dept. 665, 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic and particulars of your 10-day FREE Trial offer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



# Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

## By The Oracle

**ANGELA SESSIONS.**—Miss Constance Bennett has completed "Our Betters," with Charles Starrett playing opposite, and is now making "A Bed of Roses." Constance was born in New York City, October 22, 1905; almost five feet four, weighs 112, and has golden hair and blue eyes. Loretta Young comes from Salt Lake City, Utah, where she was born on January 6, 1913. Yes, she, and Sally Blane are sisters. Gwili Andre is a native of Denmark, and was twenty-four on February 4th.

**ROSE GENEVIEVE.**—Clark Gable's latest is "The White Sister," with Helen Hayes. For his photograph, write to the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901; six feet one, weighs 190, and has brown hair and gray eyes. His wife is the former Ria Langham.

**ERIC MILLER.**—Since her appearance in "Goldie Gets Along," with Charles Morton, Lily Damita has been devoting her talents to the stage. Perhaps Paramount Studio, Hollywood, will supply her photo. She was born in Paris, September 10, 1904; five feet one and a half, weighs 112, and has golden blond hair and brown eyes. Her right name is Lillian Carré.

**O. M. H.**—No doubt you have already seen Robert Young in "The Kid from Spain," so watch for his next, "Hell Below," with Robert Montgomery, Jimmy Durante, Walter Huston, and Madge Evans. Bob was born on February 22, 1907, in Chicago, Illinois, and is not married. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn.

**FRANCIS LEARY.**—In "Pride of the Legion," Jerry Brewster, the nerve-shattered policeman, was played by Victor Jory. Perhaps you may have noticed him in "The Big Pay-off," "Secondhand Wife," and "State Fair," and you might look for him in "Sailors' Luck" and "Broadway Bad." He is under contract to the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California. Since her marriage to Charles Beahan, scenario editor and former play broker, last December, Sidney Fox has been inactive in pictures.

**MARY EVANS.**—Your questions about Constance Bennett have been covered. Write in care of the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. She is married to the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, and she has an adopted son, Peter.

**GLORIA BARNETT.**—Helen Hayes, who has been active on the stage for eighteen years, is now one of the foremost actresses on the screen. Born in Washington, D. C., as Helen Brown, on October 10, 1900; five feet, weighs 99, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her films include "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "Arrowsmith," "A Farewell to Arms," "Son-Daughter," "The White Sister."

**STELLA SCHMIDT.**—Here's a bit of information for you about Irene Dunne. Her

first picture was "Leathernecking," released in 1930, and followed by "Bachelor Apartment," "Cimarron," "The Great Lover," "Consolation Marriage," "Symphony of Six Million," "Back Street," "Thirteen Women," "No Other Woman." Born in Louisville, Kentucky, July 14, 1904; five feet four, weighs 115, brown hair, with blue-gray eyes. She married Doctor F. D. Griffin, a New York dentist, on July 16, 1928.

**J. H. PATTERSON.**—Lupe Velez gives her birthdate as July 18, 1909, and Lily Damita, September 10, 1904.

**MAY Y.**—The only address I have for Lee Tracy is Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. His birthdate is

When sending questions to this department, the letter should be addressed to The Oracle, Picture Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Communications to other departments should be written on separate sheets, if included in the letter, so the answer man can retain your questions.

April 14, 1898. These are his films to date: "Big Time," "Born Reckless," "Liliom," "She Got What She Wanted," "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," "Love Is a Racket," "Doctor X," "Blessed Event," "Night Mayor," "Washington Merry-Go-Round," "Half-naked Truth," "Private Jones," "Clear All Wires."

**MRS. D. SCOTT.**—Although Billie Burke made her talkie debut in "A Bill of Divorcement," she will be remembered for her early silent films starting with "Peggy," in 1916, for Triangle, then "Gloria's Romance," "Arms and the Girl," "Land of Promise," "Eve's Daughter," "Let's Get a Divorce," "In Pursuit of Polly," and so on. Her latest for RKO is "The Great Desire," with Katharine Hepburn and Colin Clive.

**SALLY COLBY.**—Perhaps you were more pleased with those pictures of Madge Evans which appeared in the April issue. The May, 1932, number, with her portrait, may be had by sending your order and remittance to our subscription department. Madge is a native New Yorker, born July 1, 1909; golden hair, blue eyes, five feet four.

**BETTY SHERWOOD.**—Joan Bennett's daughter, Adrienne, whose name was changed recently to Diana, is five years old. Her father is John Marion Fox, whom Miss Bennett divorced in 1928.

**MAUD ESTHER.**—Sorry if you think we've been neglecting Charles Starrett. Anyway, here's the information for which you asked. Born in Athol, Massachusetts, March 28, 1904; six feet two, weighs 180, dark hair and brown eyes. He married a

nonprofessional in 1927, and they have two boys, twins. For his photograph, write to Paramount Studio, Hollywood. Began as an extra in Richard Dix's "The Quarter Back," after which he played in "Fast and Loose," "Royal Family of Broadway," "Damaged Love," "The Viking," "Silence," "Age for Love," "Touchdown," "The Wiser Sex," "Sky Bride," "Lady and Gent," "The Mask of Fu Manchu," "Our Betters."

**LOWELL MENTZER.**—Robert Montgomery's latest is "Hell Below." Bob comes from Beacon, New York, and will be twenty-nine on May 21st. He is six feet, and weighs 160. W. C. Fields played the part of Rollo in "If I Had a Million." Buddy Rogers is in vaudeville again. Colleen Moore is making "Lost," with Jackie Cooper.

**M. DAVIS.**—Edna May Oliver is five feet ten. I understand that Greta Garbo wears a 7-AA shoe, and Joan Crawford size 4-D, but I have no record of the size of the other players. Stuart Erwin celebrates his birthday on February 29th; Charles Butterworth, July 26th; Jimmy Durante, February 18, 1893; Buster Keaton, October 4, 1896; Adrienne Doré, May 22nd; Helen Hayes, October 10, 1900; Rose Hobart, May 1, 1909. Warren William's right name is Krech; Barbara Stanwyck's, Ruby Stevens; Bebe Daniels's, Phyllis Daniels; Richard Dix's, Ernest Brimmer.

**MARGARET D.**—Mary Jane Irving and Helen Chandler are from South Carolina. Here are those birthdates: Adrienne Ames, August 3rd; Zasu Pitts, January 3, 1898; Claudette Colbert, September 13, 1907; Frances Dee, November 26, 1908; George Brent, March 15, 1904; Roscoe Ates, January 20, 1895; Lewis Stone, November 15, 1879; Ethel Barrymore, August 15, 1879. Chic Sale is in his early thirties, if I'm any kind of a guesser. Here are some players born in November: Robert Armstrong, November 20, 1896; Nancy Carroll, November 19, 1906; Marie Dressler, November 9, 1872; James Dunn, November 2, 1905; Boris Karloff, November 23, 1887; Harpo Marx, November 21, 1893; Joel McCrea, November 5, 1905; Jack Oakie, November 13, 1903; Genevieve Tobin, November 29, 1904; Dorothy Wilson, November 14, 1909; Roland Young, November 11th.

**VON.**—Phillips Holmes's current picture is "The Secret of Madame Blanche." Born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, July 22, 1908; six feet, weighs 155, and has blond hair and blue eyes. Not married. For his photo, write to the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

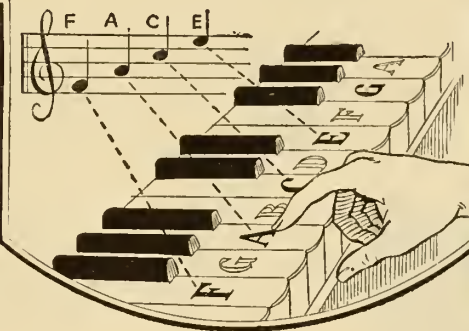
**MERCEDES K.**—Constance Bennett was Richard Barthelmess's leading lady in "Son of the Gods," released in 1930 by First National.

**BETTY M. LEONARD.**—In "Chandu, the Magician," the part of Abdullah was played by Weldon Heyburn, and Albert

Continued on page 12



# Half a Million People have learned music this easy way



You, too, Can Learn to  
Play Your Favorite Instrument  
Without a Teacher

## Easy as A-B-C

**Y**ES, over half a million delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this quick, easy way.

Half a million—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

Surely this is convincing proof of the success of the *new, modern method* perfected by the U. S. School of Music! And what these people have done, **YOU**, too, can do!

Many of this half million didn't know one note from another—others had never touched an instrument—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music *amazingly easy*. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

It is like a fascinating game. From the very start you are playing *real* tunes, perfectly, by *note*. You simply can't go wrong, for every step, from

beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of the U. S. School of Music get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast* as those who study old-fashioned plodding methods.

You don't need any special "talent." Many of the half million who have already become accomplished players never dreamed they possessed musical ability. They only wanted to play some instrument—just like you—and they found they could quickly learn how this easy way. Just a little of your spare time each day is needed—and you enjoy every minute of it. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the

Don't miss any more good times, learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends! Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Music is the best thing to offer at a party—musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Get your share of the Musician's pleasure and profit! Start Now!

### Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

If you are in earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a "big hit" at any party—if you really do want to play your favorite instrument, to become a performer whose services will be in demand—fill out and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit, U. S. School of Music, 535 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirty-fifth Year (Established 1898)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
535 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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.....Instrument? .....

Name .....  
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### What Instrument For You?

Piano	Piccolo
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Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	Steel Guitar
Clarinet	Drums and Traps
Flute	Mandolin
Harp	Ukulele
Cornet	Trombone
	Saxophone
	Cello
Sight Singing	
Voice and Speech Culture	
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Juniors' Piano Course	

same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.



Continued from page 6

tions which, having no body, no life, must depend upon a bizarre arrangement to catch the eye. *O tempora, O mores*, that this should come to Picture Play!

The editors may defend themselves by saying that they must keep up with the trends if the magazine is to retain its circulation. To which I reply with a question. Is Picture Play dependent upon the casual reader who picks up the flashiest magazine he sees on the news stand, or upon the regular fans who read the magazine from end to end—nay, memorize it? To any one who reads "What the Fans Think," and then sees how swiftly interviewers and department writers react to the opinions expressed therein, the answer is obvious.

I hope that other readers will write in and back up my opinion, so that we may see Picture Play return to its old size and status—a twenty-five-cent magazine that is price-

## What the Fans Think

more. Prostitutes are glorified, every heroine seems to have at least one indiscreet affair. Men don't seem to care if the girl they marry is manhandled or not. Boy, I'm through!

And besides, when will they canonize Fatty Arbuckle? Every movie magazine but Picture Play has had some heart-rending paragraph about his crucifixion, the injustice of the public, blah, blah, blah. They make me sick.

PAULINE HELEN BRUCE.

12605 Lowe Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

### That Spine-chilling Ricardo.

**W**HY all this fuss about Gable, Crawford, Shearer, Garbo, Dietrich, and others? Why doesn't some one speak up for the man whose name, even, doesn't often appear in any screen magazine? I'm speaking of Ricardo Cor-

tez. Here is a real artist. He, with exception only to Ramon Novarro, is Hollywood's best bet. But he is being wasted in weak stories.

I recently saw Ricardo in "Flesh," with Wallace Beery and Karen Morley. He was a most lovable scoundrel! He is real! He possesses a charm that Gable, Montgomery, and the whole flock of male stars—again excepting Novarro—could never hold for a minute. He is the kind of actor who sends little chills down one's spine.

Did you notice the way he punched Karen Morley? And they rave so much about Gable! Say, this man Cortez not only has a charming personality but he has looks! His eyes—they pierce you when you look at him. His hair—who would want better? His physique—not bad. I

don't mean to say that he is built like George O'Brien or Weissmuller, but I'd be satisfied to look like Ricardo. Did I say satisfied? Why, I'd be in love with myself if such a thing were true.

So here's to the two perfect artists of the screen, Ramon Novarro and Ricardo Cortez!

525 York Road, Towson, Maryland.

### Psalm of Harlow.

**T**HE screen firmament, like the illuminated heavens, is studded with many stars. Some twinkle faintly, others sparkle brightly, a few shine forth in brilliant splendor.



Ricardo Cortez is the "lavable scoundrel" who thrilled one fan when he biffed Karen Morley, in "Flesh."

One fan is inspired to sing by Jean Harlow's dazzling personality, while another sees only her out-of-date beauty spot.



less. And to show that I'm not averse to progressive changes, let me suggest one.

I should like to see Norbert Lusk's reviews occupy three times as much space as they do now. After all, evaluating pictures and artists is the most important function of a screen magazine and Mr. Lusk is the ablest and best informed critic in America. I'd be willing to read a whole magazine full of reviews like that of "The Animal Kingdom."

R. E. GRIFFITH.

15 Founders' Hall, Haverford College,  
Haverford, Pennsylvania.

### Women in Pantaloon.

**H**AS Hollywood gone haywire altogether? Recently I picked up a paper and there was the self-satisfied Marlene Dietrich dressed as a man, standing between Chevalier and Gary Cooper. I'm surprised they would have their picture taken with Marlene. And now Marlene is dressing her daughter in male attire. Is this plain goofiness or a cheap play for publicity?

Will the men in Hollywood dress like women soon? And will our women stars have their pictures taken with them, smirking into the camera? And what man star will start it? I'm surprised they haven't done it already.

I tell you, I'm fed up with the movies. I used to be a rabid fan, one of those a-movie-every-night kind, but no



The screen also has its Milky Way—its thousands of performers who play bits and parts, their luminous rays dimmed by the halo of the stars.

And the screen has its meteors and its comets—its brilliant personalities that burst effulgent into view, sweep flaming across the film sky, and then go out in Stygian darkness.

Jean Harlow is a cinematic phenomenon.

Her rise to popularity has been fleet like the meteor, her personality flaming like the comet, her career fixed and permanent like the sun.

This slender, violet-blue-eyed girl from Kansas City, without dramatic training, without a theatrical background, caught our attention as a vamp in "Hell's Angels."

Jean Harlow is a great artist, capable of comedy, satire, drama, tragedy. She is a dramatic spendthrift. And what a comédienne! She spends everything—her beauty, her mind, her soul, upon her art. And the more she spends, the richer in an artistic way she becomes.

ANDY BLASCO.

P. O. Box 3711,  
Santurce, Puerto Rico.

#### Off with the Beauty Spot!

I AM not a Jean Harlow fan. Far from it. Her poses and lack of decent wearing apparel is irritating, but I can stand that. The too numerous stories of her private life I read, and can stand that, too, for after all, what a star chooses to do or to be offscreen is really no business of the filmgoer.

But Jean, if only you would pick off that absurd beauty spot which is sadly out of date, unless you are trying to start another craze, I *might* revise some of my opinions of you.

DORIS M. LUMSDEN.

89 Springfield Road,  
Walthamstow, London, E. 17,  
England.

#### The Truth About Novarro.

I HAVE been a reader of Picture Play for many years, and for me the most diverting department has always been "What the Fans Think." The letters create an intimate and delightful note that is to be found in no other magazine.

Of all the letters, those inspired by the Novarro controversy have struck me most. Ever since I became a fan his name has stood out from the hosts of others like a beacon light. At first it was Novarro versus Valentino. When Valentino went, it was Novarro versus Gilbert. When Gilbert faded, it was Novarro versus several others. Now it seems to be Novarro versus Gable. When Gable goes, it will be Novarro versus somebody else.

Taking another angle of the Novarro question, I have never thought of Novarro as a great actor, and I don't suppose I could, in the full sense of the word, be called a fan of his, but his personality has intrigued me, and I've found myself wanting to know what he really is like.

Living in the film city as I do, where the stars' private affairs and personalities are everybody's property, I am in turn puzzled and amused by the different opinions passed on him by those who profess to know him.

It is amazing how differently he is regarded here from the way he is publicized in the magazines. When one reads about him, one is given to understand that he is the gods' own pure gift to an underserving world, a saint with all the accouterments. But when one *hears* of him the rumors are—well, pretty spicy.

Continued on page 13



## COMPETE FOR AN ART SCHOLARSHIP!

... Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win A COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs (16 years of age or more), so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

### PRIZES

**Prizes for Five Best Drawings — FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfit. (Value of each course \$185.00.)**

**FREE!** Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and also expert advice as to his or her chance of success in the art field.

### RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 5½ or 6 inches wide, on paper 6½ inches square. Draw only the girl and not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by April 25, 1933. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

The quality of instruction in the Federal Course develops your natural talent to a practical earning ability in the shortest possible time. It has been the start for many Federal Students, both men and girls, who are now commercial artists and illustrators, earning \$2,000, \$4,000 and \$5,000 yearly—some even more. The Federal Schools has won a reputation as the "School famous for successful students". Enter this contest . . . a splendid chance to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA



## Information, Please

**Miggles** by Herbert Mundin. Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn were married on March 30, 1932, but they have since separated. Address Lee Tracy in care of Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. He is five feet ten, weighs 145, has blue eyes, sandy hair, and was born in Atlanta, Georgia, on April 14, 1898. Dick Powell has been married and separated. Write him at Warner-First National Studio, Burbank, California. Edward G. Robinson is forty; Bob Steele, twenty-seven and unmarried. Most of the players send photographs on request.

**SHERRY.**—Your letter came too late for the April issue, so hope you weren't too disappointed. Gwili Andre was born in Denmark, February 4, 1909. She has made but three pictures, "Roar of the Dragon," "Secrets of the French Police," and "No Other Woman." Address her in care of RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. It is true that Rochelle Hudson attends the RKO School. She is only eighteen. Randolph Scott and Cary Grant may be reached at Paramount Studio, Hollywood; Russell Hopton at Universal Studio, Universal City, California; Thelma Todd at Hal Roach Studio, Culver City, California.

**JUNE.**—Your favorite, Buck Jones, was born in Vincennes, Indiana, December 4, 1889; six feet, weighs 174, and has brown hair and gray eyes.

**VIC S.**—It took days to look up all these films of Norma Shearer's and William Haines's. Well, here they are. Norma's: "Man Who Paid," "Channing of the North," "A Clouded Name," "Man and Wife," "The Stealers," "Leather Pushers," "The Devil's Partner," "The Wanters," "Pleasure Mad," "He Who Gets Slapped," "His Secretary," "The Waning Sex," "Upstage," "The Devil's Circus," "Demi-bride," "After Midnight," "The Student Prince," "Latest from Paris," "Lady of Chance," "Trial of Mary Dugan," "Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Their Own Desire," "The Actress," "The Divorce," "Let Us Be Gay," "Strangers May Kiss," "A Free Soul," "Private Lives," "Strange Interlude," "Smilin' Through," "La Tendre." Bill's: "The Midnight Express," "Memory Lane," "Brown of Harvard," "Lovely Mary," "Tell It to the Marines," "Mike," "A Little Journey," "Slide, Kelly, Slide," "Spring Fever," "West Point," "Smart Set," "Telling the World," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "Excess Baggage," "Show People," "The Duke Steps Out," "Man's Man," "Speedway," "Navy Blues," "The Girl Said No," "Free and Easy," "Way Out West," "Remote Control," "A Tailor-made Man," "Just a Gigolo," "New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "Are You Listening?" "Fast Life."

**PEGGY LOU ANDERSON.**—George Raft is under contract to Paramount. Born in New York City, September 27, 1903; is five feet ten, weighs 155, and has black hair and brown eyes. George O'Brien and Pat O'Brien are not related. Lawrence Tibbett is on the operatic stage and radio.

**MICHAEL ANN.**—I believe the actor you refer to in "Seas Beneath" and "Suicide Fleet" is Henry Victor, a free-lance player. Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry appear occasionally in independent films.

**MARGARET D.**—Their right names are: Marlene Dietrich, Mary Magdalene von Losch; Cary Grant, Archibald Alexander Leach; Helen Twelvetrees, Helen Jurgens; Florence Lake, Florence Silverlake. Sylvia Sidney was born in New York City,

August 8, 1910; Aline MacMahon, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, May 3, 1899, five feet eight. Irene Rich is five feet six.

**GILDA GRECO.**—Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck are separated. It is obvious that Lyda Roberti and Jean Harlow touch up their hair. Lilyan Tashman comes from Brooklyn; Charles Farrell, Walpole, Massachusetts; Maureen O'Sullivan, Ireland; Joan Marsh, Porterville, California; Anita Louise, New York City; Anita Page, Flushing, New York; Lyda Roberti, Poland; Robert Montgomery, Beacon, New York; Joel McCrea, South Pasadena, California; Dorothy Lee, Los Angeles.

**FANNIE MELTON.**—You do ask a lot of questions, but since it is your first offense, I'll forgive you. Hoot Gibson was born in Tekamah, Nebraska, July 21, 1892; Bob Steele, in Portland, Oregon, in 1906. He is unmarried, and may be reached at the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California. Warner Baxter in Columbus, Ohio, March 29, 1891; Lillian Roth, Boston, Massachusetts, December 13, 1911; dark-brown hair and eyes. Marian Nixon has chestnut-brown hair. Dorothy Wilson is five feet one and a half, weighs 103, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Bill Boyd comes from Cambridge, Ohio.

**M. T. O.**—In 1922 a picture called "The Wall Flower" was released, with Colleen Moore, Richard Dix, Gertrude Astor, Laura La Plante, Tom Gallery, Rush Hughes, Dana Todd, Fanny Stockbridge, Emily Rait. Thelma Todd was born July 29, 1907, is five feet six, and weighs 117; Rita LaRoy on October 2nd, but she doesn't give the year; five feet seven.

**RAY L. MILLER.**—James Cagney was born at Eighth Street and Avenue D, New York City, July 17, 1904; five feet nine, 155; Eric Linden, on July 12, 1911; five feet nine, 140. Loretta Young is five feet three and a half, weighs 100; divorced from Grant Withers.

**MADLINE SILVERMAN.**—Ralph Bellamy comes from Evanston, Illinois, birthdate June 17th; Marie Dressler, Canada, on November 9, 1872. As far as I know, the stories you mention were never produced on the screen.

**JERRY.**—The officer you mention isn't listed in the cast of "A Farewell to Arms." Address Gary Cooper at Paramount Studio, Hollywood. His dude ranch is in Helena, Montana.

**LEON JANNEY FAN.**—Leon has been playing in vaudeville since "Fame Street." *Charlie*, in "Handle With Care," was played by George Ernest.

**L. F. E.**—These Ramon Novarro pictures were released as follows: "Scaramouche," in October, 1923; "Thy Name Is Woman," February, 1924; "The Red Lily," August, 1924; "The Student Prince," October, 1927; "Across to Singapore," May, 1928; "Forbidden Hours," July, 1928; "Devil-May-Care," December, 1929.

**LOUISE BASEL.**—Indeed I shall be glad to keep a record of your John Boles Musical Club. Write to him at the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California. Watch for him opposite Lilian Harvey, in "My Lips Betray."

**ETHEL RADIGAN.**—Loretta Young's real name is Belzer. She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1913; five feet three and a half, weighs 100, and has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Joan

Blondell is five feet four, weighs 115, blond hair and gray-blue eyes. Ann Dvorak is five feet five, weighs 110, and has black hair and blue-gray eyes. Mary Astor's right name is Lucille Langhanke; born in Quincy, Illinois, May 3, 1906, five feet five, weighs 120, auburn hair, dark-brown eyes.

**CHERRY.**—You will be glad to know that Lilian Harvey's first film for Fox is opposite John Boles in "My Lips Betray." Hertha Theile, star of "Maedchen in Uniform," plans to make American films. Nancy Carroll has played in "Abie's Irish Rose," "Easy Come, Easy Go," "Chicken à la King," "Water Hole," "Manhattan Cocktail," "Wolf of Wall Street," "Shopworn Angel," "Sin Sister," "Close Harmony," "Dance of Life," "Illusion," "Sweetie," "Dangerous Paradise," "Honey," "Devils Holiday," "Follow Thru," "Laughter," "Stolen Heaven," "Night Angel," "Personal Maid," "Broken Lullaby," "Wayward," "Scarlet Dawn," "Hot Saturday," "Undercover Man," "Child of Manhattan."

**H. P. F.**—Joel McCrea is a great favorite with the ladies, all right—and the men, too, for that matter. Born in South Pasadena, California, November 5, 1905, six feet two, weighs 185, and has blue eyes and brown hair. He isn't married. For his photo, write to RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, inclosing the customary twenty-five cents in stamps.

**V. A.**—Hartford, Connecticut, is Katharine Hepburn's home town. Maureen O'Sullivan with Johnny Weissmuller, in "Tarzan and His Mate." Cary Grant with Nancy Carroll in "The Woman Accused." Watch radio programs for broadcasts by picture stars.

**GAY DOUGLAS.**—Arthur Pierson was *Felix Cornwall* in "Hat Check Girl." Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1908; five feet four, weighs 110, dark-red hair and blue eyes. January 18th is Cary Grant's birthdate. Yes, he's still single.

**SOL TULLY.**—The principal players in "Street Girl" were Betty Compson, John Harron, Ivan Lebedeff, and Ned Sparks. "The Lost Squadron" included Richard Dix, Mary Astor, Erich von Stroheim, Dorothy Jordan, Joel McCrea, Robert Armstrong, Hugh Herbert, Ralph Ince, Dick Grace, Art Goebel, Leo Nomis, Frank Clark.

**ELZA HOLLIS.**—Aline MacMahon is under contract to Warner-First National Studio, Burbank, California. She was born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, May 3, 1899. Married to Clarence Stein, a New York architect. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Katharine Hepburn is with RKO. She is a brunette with bright-gray eyes, married to Ludlow Smith, broker.

**GENE WATSON.**—Wish I could help you out, but the bell hop in Nancy Carroll's "Personal Maid" isn't listed in the cast.

**J. E. C.**—Bessie Love is devoting all her time to her daughter, Patricia Love Hawks, born a little over a year ago. Ann Harding was born on August 7, 1901; Dolores del Rio, August 3, 1905; Norma Shearer, August 10, 1904; Leslie Howard, April 24, 1893; Jean Harlow, March 3, 1911; John Barrymore, February 15, 1882; John Gilbert, July 10, 1895; Janet Gaynor, October 6, 1907; Loretta Young, January 6, 1913; Bette Davis, April 5, 1908.

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# What the Fans Think

Continued from page 11

I would love to know which person he really is, the one I read about or the one I hear about. True, the latter information is given personally by those who come in contact with him, so it should carry most weight. But then, as every one knows, this is a city of gossip where even stainless reputations may be torn to shreds. Still, on the other side again is the fact that I have seen him several times, and I must say that the innate reserve and modesty that I have read about was totally absent.

On almost every occasion, owing to the fact that he dresses quite differently from everybody else, or that his large dark eyes have a way of seeming to stare at every one individually, he has been the most conspicuous person present. One would be aware of him even if one didn't know his identity. Then, too, he doesn't exactly keep quiet and reflective, as he is thought to do.

All I ask now is for some honest, brave writer to come forth and give us a true picture of Ramon as he is without fuss or trimmings. He might lose some of his pathetically worshipful fans that way, but I believe he would win more new ones.

D. BARRINGTON.

Los Angeles, California.

## Worse than Savage.

THE irresponsible flapper of the screen, the Clara Bow of some years ago, returns in "Call Her Savage." Though Miss Bow appears sincere, and that is not without its virtue, this film probably will not help her future on the screen.

The director again chooses to commercialize Clara's blatant sex appeal, in high and low society. He has her to run the whole gamut of histrionics, which is rather hard for digestion in one picture. Miss Bow is permitted to appear as a lady of means, a down-and-out, as a poverty-stricken mother, then again as a divorced woman of wealth.

The result of this illogical mix-up is that Clara shows up plainly as an incipient lightweight champion, never as an actress. She acts like the daughter of Mrs. Jiggs. Even her cameraman hindered rather than helped, else why could he not have toned down that excess poundage?

Much training has been given to her voice. The tones of Brooklyn have been eliminated, leaving nothing but a flat medium for speaking a piece. The whole film, including direction, theme, lighting, supporting cast, technique, and photography is so consistently bad and inexcusable that one may be pardoned for feeling that something more sinister than ignorance lies behind it all.

"JE VOUS SOUVIENS."

Montreal, Canada.

## Ramon's Alarm Clock Awards.

MY blood having boiled for at least two years, here's a letter for Novarro, his fans, and his brickbatters.

Firstly I have been an admirer of the seior for some years now, and, apart from "Ben-Hur" and a few others, his films, during that period, have not been what you might term stupendous! Unfortunately for him, Novarro is not a Garbo who *acts* all the time she indulges in her career. He is just merely a man with a power for impersonation which is so natural that he falls wide of the mark of so-called "natural" actors—names are better left unmentioned!

Nevertheless, since his talkie days Novarro has only made two outstanding successes, "The Pagan" and "Call of the Flesh," the first one being only so-and synchronization. May I, then, throw a friendly missile at this gentleman and beg him to cast aside the traditional *mañana* for that fiery, Latin temper that must surely rage within? Thalberg wants a flash and Novarro must learn that life is not merely a sea upon which one is tossed at random. Where would ideals, ambition, religion be, if it were, señor?

All of his fans must surely know by now that Novarro has received another clock for his umpteenth year at M.-G.-M. He received one last year, if I remember correctly. Where does he put them all? Or does brother Angel take them to bits? Whatever happens, however, I do think we might urge Mr. Thalberg, et al., to think of a more original present. Brains are washed out and served up with tripe where Ramon is concerned! Thalberg should wake up to the fact that one alarm clock is more than enough in one bedroom. He might notice, then, we want stories, good, clean, wholesome stories for Novarro—not sentimental, sexy "slosh."

As to his brickbats. I am sorry, but the writers' names have fled from my memory. Such intelligence as theirs is enough to swamp a lunatic asylum. The personal remark concerning his weak chin is outruled in the determined obstinacy of his upper lip. But don't you think this rather showed the lack of breeding on the part of the critic? And please, where are his flirtations, divorces, and scandals? Again, for pity's sake, dear brethren, do not imitate Shakespeare! He is, I know, the greatest of English poets. (We are very patriotic here in England!) But, even the scum of scums know that puns are the lowest form of wit. *Barreltone* is certainly a nasty word but, somehow, I think this invention will act as a sot's blubber in a barrel of beer! Anyhow, do you mind if I tell you that the officials of the Scala of Milan would call Novarro's voice a light tenor, a word which I think our "Voltaires" will find a little more difficult to pun.

LYDIA MAE.

3, Allington Road, Hendon Central,  
London, N. W. 4, England.

## Magnetic Plainness.

SHE'S the most fascinating plain person I have ever seen. These are the only words I can find to describe Katharine Hepburn. I've never seen any one like her.

No more shape than a match, long-necked, hollow cheeks, high cheek bones, a cruel mouth, and a gaunt figure, she comes close to being the least attractive girl on the screen—in appearance.

But I didn't know—or notice—these things when I saw her on the screen. I knew she was odd-looking, but under the spell of her magnetism I didn't or couldn't, see her defects. And she is magnetic, more so than any one on the screen, except Dietrich. When she is in sight you never look at any one else. You can't; you're too fascinated.

Never have I felt sorrier for a character than I did for *Sidney* portrayed by Hepburn—an unusually fine, understanding portrayal for a beginner.

ELEANOR STEWART.

327 Commerical Street,  
East Braintree, Massachusetts.

Continued on page 68



"I will add **2** INCHES TO YOUR BICEPS ... or it won't cost you one cent!"

Signed: GEORGE F. JOWETT

**T**WO solid inches of tough, sinuous muscle added to your biceps... or it won't cost you one penny! That's my unqualified guarantee... it means that I'll take you, whether you are big or small, strong or weak, thin or fat, and add two full inches of muscle to YOUR biceps! If I hadn't accomplished this for thousands of others... if I wasn't absolutely sure that I could do it for you... I wouldn't dare make such a startling guarantee!

You will not only increase your biceps, but every part of your body will be developed proportionately... I will add at least 3 inches to your chest... I'll give you lithe, muscular legs that will be columns of power for speed and endurance... I'll make your whole body vibrate with muscular energy, pep and health!

Take my full course and I will guarantee to add 3 inches to your chest and 2 inches to your biceps or it won't cost you one penny!

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*Introducing...*

filmdom's newest favorite in the stardom she earned in "Cabin in the Cotton" and "20,000 Years in Sing Sing"

# BETTE DAVIS in "EX-LADY"

With Gene Raymond, Monroe Owsley, Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd, Kay Strozzi . . . Directed by Robert Florey . . . One more in the sensational series of 1933 hits from  
WARNER BROS.



VOLUME XXXVIII  
NUMBER 3

STREET & SMITH'S  
**PICTURE PLAY**

MAY  
1933



HOW would you like Ramon Novarro to show you the sights of Egypt? That's his task in "Man on the Nile," in which he plays a merry, prankish guide to fortunate tourists of whom Myrna Loy is one. The insistence of Mr. Novarro's fans have accomplished their hearts' desire, a song from Ramon—at least one—called "The Moon Is on the Nile" and the title suggests that it may be another "Pagan Love Song." Ramon is now in Europe on that long delayed concert tour following one night of song in Carnegie Hall, New York.



# The STRANGE CASE of



By Romney

Scott

Photo by International News

**M**ANY players wonder what to do to become a great star. Few concern themselves with wondering how to stay at the top after they reach it. Each seems to assume that all he needs is a chance to project his personality before the public and people will never get enough of him. They're all wrong. There are more causes for death at the box office than there are "don'ts" in the Decalogue. Look at Robert Montgomery.

About four years ago he came to Hollywood to enter pictures. He made a quiet, inconspicuous entrance and, for a time, played quiet, inconspicuous rôles in a way that made it seem he would be just another quiet, inconspicuous leading man.

Suddenly fans and writers began noticing him. The magazines were flooded with articles, and letters about him began pouring into the studio. His popularity grew by leaps and bounds. The studio, realizing they had a find, made him the recipient of the most concentrated attention a player could receive from an efficient organization.

A writer couldn't get away from the M.-G.-M. publicity offices without first promising a story about Robert Montgomery. And, what made it nicer, all of them were not only willing but anxious to write about him because they liked him at first.

Look at Mrs. Montgomery and try to explain Bob's theme song at every interview, "Leave my wife out of this."

And he was plugged not only from a publicity standpoint, but he was built histrionically. That is, he was used in supporting rôles, when his success first became marked, only when the rôle and vehicle were sure-fire. And in the early days of his stardom, the most careful

attention was given his stories and their production.

Yet now, almost as sudden as his success came, there is a marked indifference to him. It's appalling.

Though nobody of importance on the stage, he came to pictures and scored a tremendous personal success. He has never got used to the fact that he *is* a success. Apparently he can't realize that there have been other equally great successes before him—and will be after him.

When Bob first came to Hollywood, no one noticed him and he spent his spare time chatting with electricians, sound men, and cameramen, in an effort to learn as much as possible of the technical end of picture-making. But now, to listen to him, there is nothing left to learn.

In the old days, close friends were apt to be told all the troubles with which he was confronted and made to feel they were partly responsible for his ultimate success. Nowadays one is much more likely to hear a recital of the clever retorts he makes to people who cross him. Or if not that, a detailed account of his conversations with Hunt Stromberg, who supervises Bob's pictures.



# BOB MONTGOMERY

This talented player had no sooner won over the public than he as quickly maneuvered himself out of favor. Here the stumblingblock erected by himself is bluntly pointed out.

While on the stage in New York, although comparatively obscure, Bob developed quite a reputation among his acquaintances for being a politician. In Hollywood it is the same. Here is an example of Bob's political maneuverings:

There is a long table in the M.-G.-M. restaurant reserved for the publicity men and visiting magazine and newspaper writers. When Bob first arrived he lunched

sincere. Whether Bob realizes it or not, no small part of his success is due to the publicity he received as a result of those early luncheons at the press table. Publicity that broke when he needed it and which was at least partly responsible for creating fan interest in him.

Writers all gave him a helping hand in the beginning, but no sooner was he definitely established than he began cautioning friends and newcomers to the screen to be careful what they told writers—that you couldn't trust any of them.

If ever an actor has had the integrity and consideration of the press demonstrated to him it is Bob. From the start of his picture career he has sung a theme song starting, "Leave My Wife Out of This." Just why, no one has ever been able to learn.

Every actor knows that once he steps into the glare of the Hollywood limelight, he automatically gives up anything resembling private life. Richard Arlen, Fredric March, Chester Morris have always been ready and willing to tell the world anything it wanted to know concerning their wives and children. They're proud of them. Besides, they realize the futility of concealment. Nor has it hurt their popularity. Publishing an occasional picture of Mrs. Montgomery wouldn't have made her less Bob's.

But he wanted no publicity about his marriage and there has been precious little concerning it printed, even though the information has always been available to any one who cared to make a few inquiries.

And he has a great habit, when he accidentally finds himself in the company of a writer at any social function, of prefacing his remarks with "Now, this is *not* for publication." What he doesn't realize is that not a tenth of what he says is worth publishing.

Here is another example of Bob's lack of tact. When the studio was ready to start casting "A Family Affair," Bob approached three different actors at different times, in the following manner:

"Would you have any objection to playing in a picture with me?" he asked.

"Of course not," said the flattered actor. "Why should I?"

"Oh, I didn't know how you would feel about supporting a male star, but there is the part of my brother in my next picture that's a honey. I'll speak to Hunt Stromberg about you and I think I can fix it."

The fact that none of the three got the rôle wouldn't have mattered. Each would have believed Bob had done all he could to fix it, and each would have gone to his grave believing that Bob was his best friend—if they hadn't accidentally compared notes.

His smugness can be illustrated by the following: Alfred Lunt, who is regarded as one of the foremost

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Photo by Bull

Robert Montgomery is the only polo player on record who can "sell his ponies for charity" and still have them.

at that table almost daily. The publicity men were made to feel they were his pals and he was more than happy to make the acquaintance of any writers who happened to be there.

Bob has a great sense of humor, he *is* amusing, he *is* likable, nice-looking, and charming—when he wants to be. It was an easy matter for him to make a favorable impression on his fellow lunchers. But since becoming successful, he has apparently forgotten that there is such a table. It would be safe to wager that he has not eaten there once in over two years, possibly longer.

Many writers dislike him now, feeling that he is in-



# APPETITES GO

By  
Myrtle Gebhart

Illustrations  
by  
H. Giesen

**C**AVIAR and celery for breakfast! Bananas sprinkled with salt! Pancakes smothered in catsup!

On such food, approved by neither doctor nor dietitian, does a large part of Hollywood start the day.

Frank Fay can drink thirty cups of coffee daily with never a nervous breakdown. Miriam Hopkins can lunch on a bowl of sour cream and continue to turn a sweet face toward life.

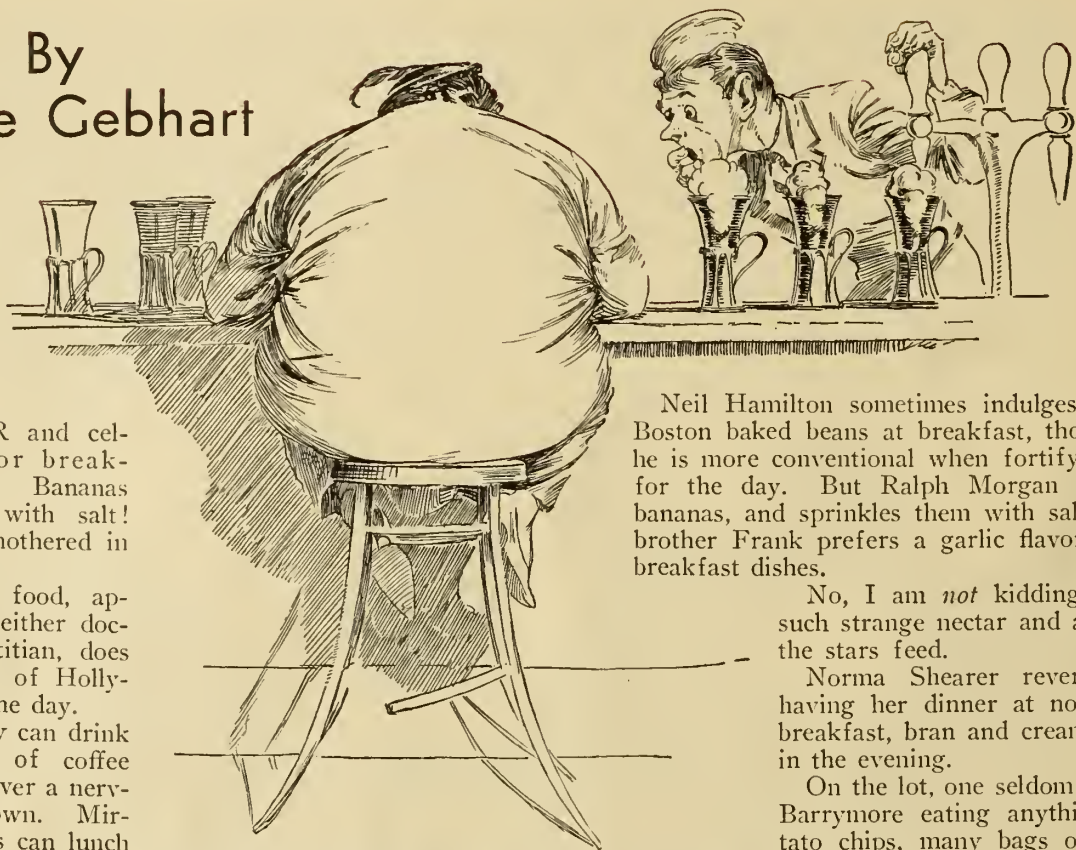
Shades of all that publicity about how the stars guard their health! The will must be the strongest factor in the human frame, for many players disregard all the laws of health with charming indifference—and apparently suffer no consequences except a persistent appetite.

Sports are indulged in spasmodically, when in the mood. They all motor too much, walk too little. The strain of long hours on the set, the monotonous repetition of scenes, the preparatory chores of learning lines and fitting costumes, leave them as fresh and bright as though they had just stepped forth into the morning. Following an arduous day the majority are ready for a party or a personal appearance.

Breakfast for some may consist of good old bacon and eggs, but there's Walter Byron, whose pancakes must be swimming in *catsup* instead of sirup. Mae Clarke eats only the cake left over from dinner the previous evening, and a cup of coffee.

Joan Blondell can eat crab salad and Gwili Andre a steak for breakfast, and John Miljan can butter, not sweeten, his coffee and dip his roll in it, and no ill effects, seemingly, are noticed.

In fact, the results may be called actually beneficial—to careers, anyhow. For such food fancies are considered expressions of the artistic temperament and serve to emphasize the actors' individualities. To you or me they would mean just so many tummy aches. So it must be, as the psychologists say, all in the mind.



Kate Smith really should lay off those chocolate ice-cream sodas, now that she's dallying with movies, but she's a regular addict.

Neil Hamilton sometimes indulges a yen for Boston baked beans at breakfast, though mostly he is more conventional when fortifying himself for the day. But Ralph Morgan reaches for bananas, and sprinkles them with salt, while his brother Frank prefers a garlic flavor on all his breakfast dishes.

No, I am *not* kidding you! On such strange nectar and ambrosia do the stars feed.

Norma Shearer reverses things, having her dinner at noon and her breakfast, bran and cream and fruit, in the evening.

On the lot, one seldom sees Lionel Barrymore eating anything but potato chips, many bags of which he consumes each day. Munching the chips would keep any other man awake. Those Barrymores, however, are singularly gifted. Habit has be-

come art, enabling Lionel to eat them while, apparently, snatching his frequent forty winks.

Frank Fay's coffee record is forty-two cups. When there is no special need to feel stimulated and alert, thirty cups suffice. A coffee table is beside his chair wherever he may be, an electric percolator bubbling constantly. He even "perks" on the train.

These Barrymores are so gifted that Lionel can eat bag after bag of potato chips while taking his studio nap.





# HAYWIRE

The artistic temperament may cause the stars to eat crab salad or salted bananas for breakfast, and then this may develop the artistic temperament. Anyway, here's what they eat.

Other coffee fiends are Joan Crawford and Bebe Daniels. Joan has lived through more diets than any other girl, those transient menus being made necessary by that shadow of a pound which she periodically thinks is flirting with her figure. During one spell she had only a salad at noon, with four pitchers of French dressing.

Memory recaptures her dietetic idiosyncrasies: Joan asking for raisin bread but gouging out only the raisins to eat; Joan lunching on cottage cheese and pineapple; Joan making a meal of one lettuce leaf.

If there's any diet you want to know about, its origin, ingredients, and effects, just ask her; she's tried 'em all. She now eats sensibly, passing up only bread, butter, and potatoes, which she has not tasted for three years.

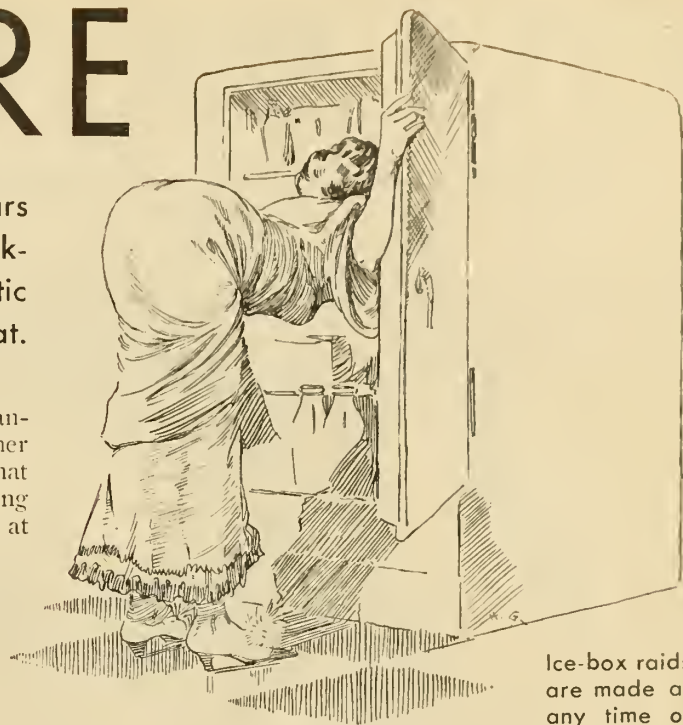
Evelyn Brent orders just sour cream with chives and caraway seed. Marlene Dietrich bakes German coffee cake and shares it on the set. As an antidote to avoirdupois, she drinks raspberry juice. Edward Everett Horton eats prunes three times a day.

Mitzi Green eats her spinach not only dutifully but appreciatively, if it is well seasoned with garlic. Getting milk down that child, however, is a problem.

The elegant Ethel Barrymore goes after corned beef and cabbage with enthusiasm. When the Joseph Cawthorns entertained her at dinner, they served her favorite dish.

Here's another contrast: Ann Harding, who photographs so ethereally, takes her "pot likker"—beans with a ham hock—very strong, as they used to dish it out at mess around the army camps where she grew up.

Frank Fay keeps a pot of coffee brewing wherever he is, though he doesn't drink more than thirty cups a day.



Ice-box raids are made at any time of day or night, for anything from caviar to cold beans. Yeah, Hollywood diets.

Bebe Daniels demolishes beefsteaks and chops and much coffee. Garbo finds a thick, juicy steak swimming in onions very delectable. She still favors her native cooking, *koldommer* being a special pet. It is ground steak well seasoned, mixed with raw eggs, folded into boiled cabbage leaves and stewed in tomatoes.

Interwoven in Hollywood's history is a chronicle of diets, for the sake of slimmess. Nita Naldi started it all, I believe, with some freak menu. There was the era of the baked potato, when stars lived for weeks on nothing but tubers. To Ethel Barrymore is accredited that hard-boiled egg and tomato one. Winnie Lightner led the buttermilk brigade.

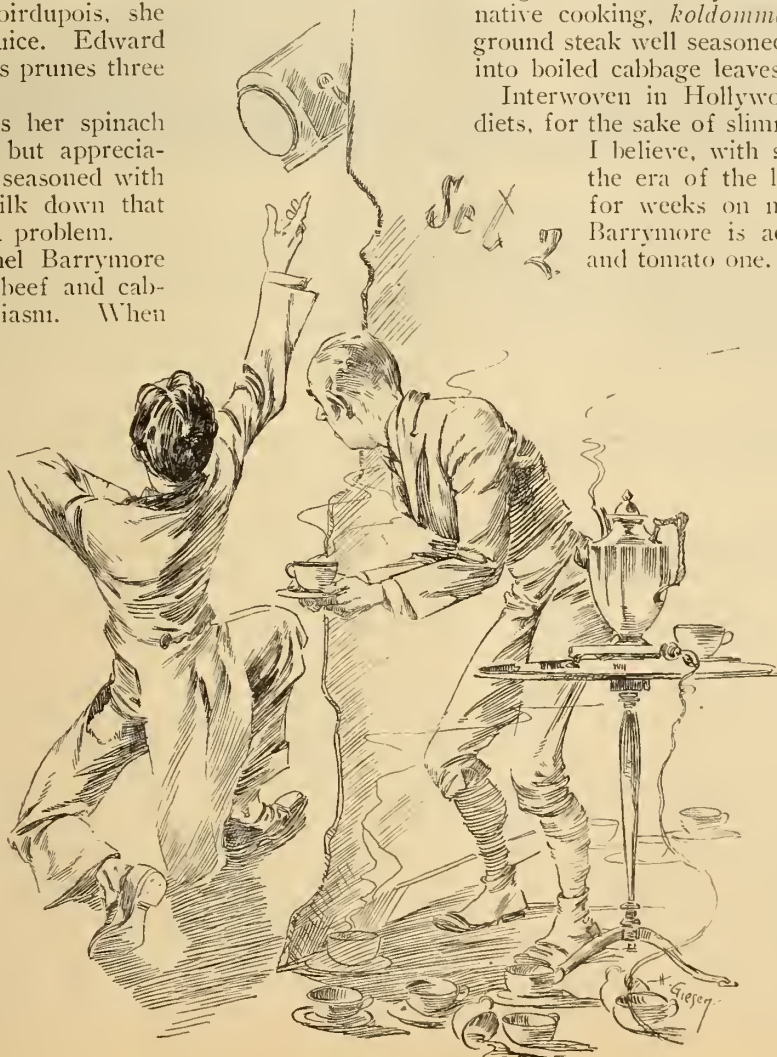
We have had our potassium broth devotees, our cucumber fiends. For a time, restaurants featured the eighteen-day diet.

Vivienne Osborne occasionally goes on a fruit-juice jamboree. Garbo's sole gesture toward that bugaboo of all actresses is an occasional fast of a couple of days, when she eats nothing, or very little.

Jeanette MacDonald balances her diet, but in the novel and easy way of avoiding mix-ups. She eats one fruit meal a day, one protein and one made up wholly of starch. That, she says, averts interior warfare.

Constance Bennett seems able to eat what she pleases without fear of putting on weight, due probably to the fact that her preference is

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# GEORGIE AND

George Raft attends a party and introduces his mother, but that isn't all. He reveals himself more fully than in any previous interview.

TEN years to walk three blocks! And the last block was 6,000 miles long!

"What's that you say?" some one asked, when we were discussing the meteoric rise of George Raft.

"That's the way Georgie puts it himself," I replied. Ten years it took him to go from Tenth Avenue, New York, to Broadway, just three blocks east. And the last block, only a few hundred feet long in actual dimension, stretched into a 6,000-mile hop-scotch jump when you consider that Georgie had to go all the way to Hollywood 3,000 miles away, and all the way back to New York before he made the last lap of that little journey to theatrical paradise—Broadway.

George Raft has been so new to the movie public and his rise to stardom so very sudden, that few of us who know stars and their intimate lives had had the pleasure of knowing him as well as his stardom deserved.

So we decided to give a little party for George when he was in New York, to get a close-up of this inimitable portrayer of underworld rôles.

Now, if you think George is the kind of actor who gets all puffed up when he realizes he's important enough to be in demand, you're greatly mistaken.

He is so human, so darn regular, so typically a New Yorker—the kind born and raised among the masses—that his charm makes you remember him forever after.

For instance, George came to the party escorted by what at first impression appeared to be a couple of secretaries, managers, or what not. He introduced his friends. Their titles did not accompany their names. So when some one asked just what these gentlemen stood for, George explained.

"Just a couple of pals from the old neighborhood. Good guys who never let a feller down when he needed a friend. So why should I let them down now?"

And good guys they were, too. Most of Raft's old pals regard him with an idolatry that is truly impressive. They never thought that George was slated to be the big noise he's turned out to be.

Why, they all remember him when he was the most bashful kid in the parish. He could lick any boy who made a wisecrack about his pals, and he had a mean sock in his right fist. So mean that when George began



**Born in Hell's Kitchen, George Raft decided early that he could never get anywhere unless he got out of the mob and stood face to face with the "big" people. And he did.**

to grow up, he made his first few dollars in the prize ring.

And then, as people usually do, we found ourselves chatting together, away from the others. I wanted to get a good close-up of Raft—the boy from Hell's Kitchen, the toughest neighborhood in New York, a sore spot for the police department, where cops are considered enemies the minute the sound of their nightstick is heard on a warehouse door.

"Tell me, George, do you believe in fate? Do you really think it was all in the cards for you to become a star practically overnight? Or do you think you brought about this good luck yourself?"

Raft eyed me for a moment, his brown eyes snapping quickly as if a panorama of his past had flashed before his mind.

"Yes, I believe in fate. I really believe success or failure is destined

for each one of us. But I believe that many of us who might have become successful have brought on our own failure by not making use of the old gray matter God gave us. We gotta use that too, you know, or all the luck in the world won't haul us uphill.

"Many's the time I was one of those dancing kids who jig for pennies outside the theaters when the crowd's coming out. A whole bunch of us would trail over from Tenth Avenue and Forty-first Street, where we lived, and come back with a couple of dollars after showing off how cute we were to the ermine-wrapped ladies. I made up my mind then that you never get anywhere unless you get out of the mob and stand face to face with the big people in any line you go for."

Raft stood looking out the window at the Broadway crowds who were sloshing along in the winter's snow. The day George told me all this, the snow had begun to melt and it was messy and ugly. It brought another idea to him.

"That's it exactly," he said excitedly. "That's what I mean about life. If you stay around with the mob and never wish for anything better, you find yourself all wet—slushy, pushing along through dirt and dregs—just one of a million. I think that's how my ambition to become successful at something kept driving me on," he explained.

"You see, I'm a funny guy. I always had it in mind to meet big shots on their own level. It doesn't do any



# MOM

By  
Virginia Maxwell

good to stand on the side lines and watch the parade.

"When Lindbergh made his sensational flight and was being entertained in London on his return trip, I happened to be working over there in a night club. Some of the fellers were getting together to drive out to Croydon to see Lindy—from a distance.

"They told me I was driving my ball too high when I said I'd meet Lindy personally or not at all. You see, it wasn't ego on my part. It was my own little way of chasing out inferiority complexes which had haunted me all my life. And, sure enough, I did meet Lindy.

"We were introduced at a reception in London. And maybe he'll never know it, but his holding out his hand to me broke down all fears of my own inferiority. From that point on I kept saying to myself, 'Georgie, you're a sap if you don't stop belittlin' yourself. We're all made of the same flesh and blood and you can make yourself whatever you want.'"

Later George confessed he had the same experience seeing Marlene Dietrich. She was in New York for a personal appearance and Raft saw her from the audience. He refused to hang around the stage entrance with others. He told himself that if Lindbergh thought him good enough to shake hands with, Marlene Dietrich would some day feel the same way.

And, written down in his memory of unforgettable thrills is the day, a few years later, when Raft was playing only a featured rôle on the same lot, Marlene made it a point to come over and shake his hand in a welcome to Hollywood.

Raft says that was the day of days for him. And I'm sure it was, for he's just a big kid at heart, with all the zest for life which has made him the Cinderella boy of the movies.

When he speaks of his "Mom" I don't wonder the girls adore him.

There is no sickly sentiment to Raft. He'll tell you that his Mom is the greatest gal in the world, but she picks on him something terrible for staying out late, not wearing his rubbers, running around with girls, and the many other things about which mothers the world over become solicitous.

Small wonder that Mrs. Raft thinks her Georgie is the grandest boy in the world. For he is the only surviving member of a large family—eleven boys—and all of them snapped out of this life through death, except George, her sixth born.

"I'm taking Mom out to Hollywood with me this time," George said, with a proud little smile. Then his face clouded a little.



"Mom's just an old-fashioned lady," says George, "and she's used to washing out little things for me. She likes to do something personal that'll make me seem like her kid again."

"I'm not sure she's going to like it, though. You see, Mom is just an old-fashioned lady. She'll get lonesome for the neighbors and the city noises she's used to. You know how it is. When she wouldn't feel well, she could knock on the wall for the woman in the next flat to come over. She'll miss that in Hollywood.

"And her pulley line from the kitchen window. Mom's used to washing out little things for me. She likes to know she's doing something personal that'll make me seem like her kid again. Lots of my things she wouldn't let any one touch but herself. Mom's like that."

Lovable? Well, girls, when you hear George talk like that, it's a true line on the real Raft underneath the grease paint and the gangster rôles.

He says he wants to get married and have a bunch of kids of his own. But the girl has got to be okay, strictly on the level and be as nice to his Mom, with no kidding.

Continued on page 67



# WHAT MEN WANT

Peggy Hopkins Joyce should know, but she insists she doesn't. However, her list of things men *don't* like is campaign material for any would-be Cleopatra.

ALL men are hogs," Peggy Hopkins Joyce exploded. "They want *everything*!"

I had gone to see her with stories ringing in my ears of her many husbands and her famous jewels, expecting to find a petulant, spoiled woman. I was greeted by a young woman—vital, charming. Her charm envelops you as you come within talking distance of her, an intangible something you can't fight against—even if you were foolish enough to want to.

She is probably the most famous siren since Gaby Deslys. Who better qualified to know what men want from women?

She was occupying the dressing room of Paramount's other menace, the torrid Mae West.

"What do men want?" she repeated. "I don't know. Some men want one thing, some another. No woman appeals to all men."

She paused a moment, thinking. "What *do* men want from women? Love? Companionship? Understanding? Sympathy? Mental stimulation? I'll tell you," she burst forth. "Men are hogs; they want *everything*. They expect a woman to be a paragon of all the virtues.

"Of course," she added, "no woman is. But let a man find one quality in a woman that captures his interest, and if she is clever she lets him invest her with all the others."

"What do you think there is about you that attracts all men you meet?"

"Nothing," she answered. "I don't. One man may come

By S. R. Mook

through that door, take a look at me and go *bloomp*!—fall for me just like that. But right behind him may

come another man who would take a

look at me and not get a single extra pulse beat, and, believe me, there are plenty in that class. He might think, 'She's charming. I'd like to know her,' but that would be all.

"I'm a firm believer in first impressions. When two people meet, there is an instant vibration that attracts them strongly to each other—or nothing ever happens. They may perhaps become good friends, but without that vibration there is never anything romantic."

"Suppose," I persisted, "you went *bloomp* yourself looking at that second man and felt he wasn't as interested as he might be. How would you go about arousing his interest?"

"I wouldn't," she retorted. "I've never tried to interest any man in me. They're like street cars—there'll always be another one along in a minute. Why run after one you've missed?"

"Perhaps it's your indifference that attracts them," I suggested.

"I don't know," she answered. "Perhaps I could tell you better what men *don't* like in women. For one thing, they don't like gold-diggers. I haven't a single piece of jewelry that was given me because I tried to talk a man out of it. It was all given me by those who cared enough about me to want me to have it."

Irrelevantly, a line of Mae West's ran through my head: "Goodness had nothing to do with it." I snickered.

"They love women who know how to receive a gift. And, take it from one who knows, there's an art to that. You have to know just how much enthusiasm to display. Too much is as bad as too little.

"They hate to be kept waiting—long. And the worst thing woman was ever burdened with was the idea that men like to be kept guessing. That's a fallacy that was exploded so long ago it isn't even funny any more. Men loathe it.

"Men don't like cattiness. You may gossip delightfully, and they may laugh with you and think you frightfully amusing at the moment. But when you're gone they're vaguely disappointed or uneasy.

"And the minute a woman becomes catty she has every other woman she knows on her neck. So when people ask what I think of this one or that one, I say, 'Ooh, I don't know him.' Then if they say, 'But I saw you with him,' I say, 'Oh,

The most famous siren of this country to-day is deserting private life for a while to lend her charm to the screen.

Photo by Richee







Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story," forsakes the sophistication of the boulevards to recapture the mood of his first picture, "Innocents of Paris," which is remembered for its simplicity and naïve charm. Here he is with Baby Leroy, who plays a big part in the new film.

yes! I did meet him, but I don't know him well enough to like him or dislike him.' You can never be hanged for what you *don't* say."

Wise Peggy!

"They don't like aggressive women," she continued. "I think, regardless of all the talk about modern women, men like a feminine girl. I ride horseback and play tennis a little, but not much. I'm not the athletic type. I think men like women who wear feminine clothes, but by that I don't necessarily mean a lot of frills and ruffles."

I regarded the simple brown woollen dress she had on at the moment, with a yellow vest and tie of the same color, knotted and knotted and knotted. A severely plain brown hat perched on her yellow hair. Nothing could have been plainer or in better taste. No one could have been more feminine than Peggy as she sat with her feet tucked under her. Yet another woman in the same outfit would have looked like Mrs. Pankhurst.

"I don't believe," she resumed, "that men want to be exploited. I mean, if I happen to meet a celebrated man and he asks me to go out with him, he wouldn't like it if, as we entered a theater or crowded dining room, I looked all around as though I wanted to say, 'Look! See what I've got!' No. I look only at him and try to make him realize I feel our surroundings are only incidental and he is all that really matters.

"Nor do I believe men like to be made conspicuous—not the nice ones, anyhow. They hate scenes.

"And that reminds me of something else very important. You have to know how to conduct yourself in public—how to enter a theater, how to seat yourself at a table, how to order dinner, and all those little niceties. If you don't learn them, you're pretty apt to find yourself one of the girls whose friends come to spend the evening at your home. They may like to talk to you, but they won't care about taking you out."

She paused a moment to light a cigarette. "Men don't like to have a woman's intelligence obtrude itself on

their consciousness. I don't mean they still want the clinging vine of the '90s. They want a woman who can understand what they're talking about, but they don't like to believe that their companion knows more than they do.

"And giggling and baby talk went out of style with ruffled petticoats."

Peggy went pensive and gazed mournfully at her hands. A diamond-studded wedding ring adorned them, nothing else.

"I wish," she murmured sadly, "I could have brought some of my jewels along with me, but I was afraid to. They're in safety-deposit boxes all over the world. I have a string of pearls in Paris that I can't bring over here on account of the duty. It would cost me \$80,000 duty just to land them in this country.

"In a few years, when things have got back to normal, I'm going to sell all my pieces, the whole million-and-a-half-dollar collection, and put the money in bonds."

"Why don't you have a few pieces sent out here?" I wondered.

"I don't go out enough," she answered promptly. "I came out here to work and see celebrities."

"See celebrities!" I echoed. "You know practically all the famous people in the world and want to see the stars?"

"Sure," she smiled. "I'm not blasé. I get a tremendous thrill out of it."

Suddenly she stopped speaking and rushed to the window. "Look! There's Richard Arlen! My, he's handsome! Is that Mrs. Arlen with him? Isn't she pretty?"

"Is it true," I asked after Dick and Jobyna had passed, "that you mean to buy a Ford?"

"Of course, I'm going to get a Ford."

"No big car?"

"No big car," she repeated patiently. "What would I want with one? I can drive a Ford myself. I don't

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# They Say in NEW



Marian Nixon, still genuinely girlish but maturely poised, arrived in town a honey blonde.

**U**NTIL a crazier sequence of events comes along, this may justly be known as the most upsetting month in film history.

Jig-saw puzzles became such a rage that fans stayed home to put together photographs of their favorites.

Companies went into the hands of the receivers of the receivers, but John and Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney and several Florida financiers announced that they were willing to invest in production.

"Hello, Everybody," starring the radio singer, Kate Smith, echoed in sparsely filled theaters, and old films starring Ed

A month of upsetting events threatened to end with the Dietrich pantaloon revolution, but Mae West's hourglass figure saved the day.

Wynn, Morton Downey, and Rudy Vallée were dug up for reissue.

Marlene Dietrich launched the fashion of wearing men's suits and smoking cigars, and admission to theaters dropped to half its former price.

A national movement to "Buy American" was launched—on Canadian newsprint—and newspapers received thousands of inquiries a day asking when Greta Garbo was coming back.

Al Jolson, who created a sensation just five years ago, saw his new picture received with apathy and slight bewilderment.

Eugenie Leontovitch, in a hilarious and vicious portrayal of a film actress who just cannot resist acting all the time, nightly looked out over the footlights at "Twentieth Century" to see film belles on the verge of collapse from laughter, instead of taking her performance as possible criticism of themselves.

It was all so confusing that I actually went to see a Tom Mix picture, just to make sure that there were some things in the cinema world that stayed just as they always had been.

**Out Where Mae West Begins.**—Nothing short of inspiration was responsible for putting Mae West into pictures, or of bringing her back to New York to brighten Broadway with her personal appearances. She is brash, lush, gaudy, garish—all the things that simpering ingénues and mysterious sirens are not. In a word, she is swell.

When she was playing in vaudeville and later on alternate nights producing plays and being arrested for them. I was under the influence of people who would not tolerate such a vulgar exhibition. What a lot of fun I missed!

From the moment she stepped off the train and climbed into a Victoria to be driven to her hotel, she has treated New York to a reincarnated vision of the flamboyant '90s. And she isn't a brazen old lady, as I had always expected, trying to recapture the glamour of a day that is past. She is young and lively and provides the most gorgeous escape from the monotony of contemporary types. She might be an old picture from the *Police Gazette* come to life.

The town won't be flooded with self-conscious imitations of her as it is when Joan Crawford rouges her lips a little wider or Garbo fluffs out her hair a little more frowzily. No woman would be so foolish as to think that she could be as colorful as Mae West.



Kate Smith's "Hello, Everybody" echoed through a practically empty theater.

Photo by Richee



# YORK—

By Karen Hollis

**Better Than the Original.**—Some of Broadway's most practiced cynics got the shock of their lives when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., came out on a stage to entertain them at a benefit show—and did. They were prepared for some of those cute little personal-appearance tricks such as the never-dying story about the fan who wanted six of his pictures to trade for one of Clark Gable.

What Douglas, Jr., gave them was three brief, sharply effective imitations of his father, Maurice Chevalier, and John Barrymore. However much you may adore the originals, you could not have helped shrieking at the imitations, so deftly did he adopt their mannerisms and exaggerate them.

If "Design for Living" is played in California—it probably won't ever reach the screen while Papa Hays is watching—Douglas, Jr., should surely play the part done here by Noel Coward, the author.

Incidentally, young Douglas is writing a novel. If he will just let his sharp power of observation run loose and restrain his use of words to standard practice laid down by dictionaries, it probably will deserve to be on every one's must-be-read list.

**Brief Visitor.**—It is characteristic of Marian Nixon that during the few days she visited in New York and renewed old friendships, there was no mention of her marital troubles that culminated in a suit for divorce from her husband when she returned to Los Angeles. Marian always takes the attitude that she does her acting on the screen, and it's the audience's turn to talk when she meets any of them offscreen.

She is a lovely young person, less worldly, less blasé, less self-important, than any other professional I know. If you can imagine any one genuinely girlish and yet maturely poised, you have a faint picture of Marian.

Her hair is honey-blond now, bleached but not in the least brassy. She would not have done it if the studio hadn't decided that a little girl should be a blonde. Even though she was seeing all of New York that could be crowded into three days, she looked fresh and radiant.

When we left Sardi's, a crowd of autograph seekers rushed up and she was curious to know where they had



Photo by Jones

Night clubbers were entertained seeing Lupe Velez running her fingers through Johnny Weissmuller's hair.

rounded up pictures of her. They told her about the store down the street that sells them and when she mentioned that she wished they would get better ones, the boys seized the opportunity to ask if she would send them photos that she liked. She took down their names and addresses, put them away systematically in a memorandum book, and I am fairly sure attended to them in her efficient way.

Just down the street a woman rushed up to us. "You're Marian Nixon, aren't you?" she asked as if a big bet depended on it.

Marian was as delighted as if she had never been recognized before. I kidded her about it.

"But I haven't had any good films in a long time. They're good-natured to speak to me nicely like that."

Marian does not complain about the rôles Fox gives her. I wish that she or some one else would.



The new lush and rowdy favorite, Mae West, arrived just in time to save a lot of women from inferiority complexes about their figures.

**Fox Imports Another.**—There won't be a young and talented film favorite left in the European studios if Fox doesn't stop waving contracts at them. Now it is Henry Garat—pronounced *Garrrrrrrah*—that they have brought over. You may have seen him in "Congress Dances" or

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# A PLAIN BEAUTY

Diana Wynyard has upset all traditions in her quick rise to the top, being neither beautiful, daring, nor cute.

ARE Hollywood's dazzling daughters surprised?

You've no idea how much. For just as the screen had been made safe for the glittering, superficial sophisticates, along comes Diana Wynyard to smash all the sacred traditions of heroinehood. A very different person, this lady from London.

Glamour, mystery, temperament, headline romances—they are the stuff of which stars have been made. The more wallop you packed in these flashy lines, the further you got. Without these aids you were doomed to be merely among those present.

Yet Diana Wynyard has triumphed with none of these essentials!

Evidently Lady Luck decided to remind our ultra-ultra lassies who strive so hard for exaggerated effects that pride still comes before a fall, and that every newcomer, no matter how harmless she looks, is a potential rival.

That Diana could possibly compete with the spectacular reigning beauties occurred to no one, not even Diana herself. And think what's happened!

Last summer's sunflower is today's rose of the M.-G.-M. rancho. Having launched Jean Harlow and Helen Hayes as stars, this studio is now concentrating on Diana. She is completing her fourth film, "Reunion in Vienna," and in it you will see her for the first time as a gay, emotional heroine.

I went to the studio to see her and where do you suppose I was led? To Garbo's dressing room! Yes, Diana is regally installed in the Great One's quarters, and this, more than anything else, indicates her astounding progress.

There was no excited whispering when she arrived last summer. A quiet, inconspicuous person was desired to furnish what little love interest was necessary to the three Barrymores' epic of *Rasputin* on the rampage. Studio scouts had sighted this plain but effective English actress in a New York play.

They gave her a test and, Ethel Barrymore having known her abroad and approving, they sent her West to fit demurely into the background of the

When Miss Wynyard played her minor rôle with the three Barrymores, no one dreamed that she would soon be an ominous rival of the reigning screen beauties.

By Ben Maddox

famous brothers-and-sister team's story.

Diana brought with her an intelligent understanding of the business of acting, garnered in six years on the stage. She has an excellently trained voice and is attractive in a normal manner. Which, you know, is hardly Hollywood's way.

In the city of dyed hair, weird eyebrows, seductive gowns, and exciting pasts and presents, her naturalness is almost unbelievable.

Her overnight hit is already history. It came when Fox resolved to film "Cavalcade" and determined upon an all-English cast. Some one suggested Diana Wynyard for the lead. She hadn't had a chance to display extraordinary talent with the Barrymores, but her theatrical record was a recommendation. Besides, she looked exactly like the dignified, unaffected good woman this great picture had to have.

Acclaimed unanimously, she confesses she is mighty glad she wasn't discouraged by all the bewildering beauties and artificialities she saw on every side when she was plunged into Hollywood.

M.-G.-M., astonished but quick to realize they had a sensation under contract, rushed her into a similarly noble rôle in "Men Must Fight." And then, so she won't be stamped as too good for intrigue, they cast her as the smartly gowned, vivid lady in the tale of Viennese nights.

"I can very well guess," Diana, a model of modesty and discretion, said with an accusing twinkle in her honest blue eyes as we lunched in Greta's ex-suite, "that you are wondering how on earth I shall portray a sophisticated, glamorous woman."

It is difficult to imagine her doing the part Lynn Fontanne and Ina Claire created on the stage, isn't it?

"The fact is that I usually played women of the world when I was on the stage. 'Cavalcade' was the most marvelous job I have ever had, and yet it was more of a novelty for me than this dashing rôle."

Having proved that the public likes a good woman with stamina as well as the lurid girls with passionate pasts, Diana is anxious to illustrate her scope. She is actually a sophisticate in private life, the English reserved type rather than Hollywood's florid conception of the cosmopolitan woman.

If she can make this inner sophisti-

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DIANA WYNYARD is the last person in the world to call herself a beauty, yet she actually is one by reason of her graciousness, intelligence and well-bred charm. You feel all these qualities in the interview on the appasite page which also relates her brief, uneventful history. Or rather, it was uneventful before she went to Hollywood and became the sensation of the hour.







Photo by Elmer Fryer

ALINE MacMAHON, grand actress and swell person! Claiming neither the manner of a star nor the self-consciousness of a beauty, she makes every part she plays stellar, and every mood beautiful because of her inescapable sincerity and realness.

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OH, land of make-believe! Even Hollywood's Easter bunny is sophisticated deception, a creature of cloth and stuffing. Ah, but the piquant beauty of Patricia Ellis is real. Only nature could mold that profile.

Photo by Elmer Fryer





EVEN if Kay Francis did high-hat the press while in New York once upon a time, she atones for it by offering these striking photographs of herself and promises to tell all to a certain interviewer whose candid reports have burned up some stars. You'll be reading the result soon.



Photo by Elmer Fryer





WERA ENGELS, the German actress, daughter of the commander of the raider *Emden* during the War, is pretty enough to invalidate the "Buy American" campaign, isn't she? See for yourself in RKO pictures.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach







**STUDY** the expression of loving pride on the face of the operator who hovers over Jean Harlow, then you will realize one of the reasons stars love their work and the fame it brings. Jean is next to appear in "Bombshell," by the way.



Photo by International News





Photo by Ray Jones

JOHN BOLES will soon live up to the promise of his open mouth and the piano, for he's to sing again, girls, sing. This is just his "teaser" campaign preceding the great event in "My Lips Betray," which will introduce Lilian Harvey in a Hollywood picture. She's something of a singer, too.





Photo by Bert Longworth

JUST a man about the house—it's seldom that you see the formal and reserved Richard Barthelmess so pictured. But here he is in his home, which is as unostentatious as its owner and which, none but intimate friends enter. Dick's new picture, "The Bread Line," is timely but not depressing.



# ANIMALS AT LARGE!

"Murders in the Zoo" is the latest in horror pictures, with all the caged beasts let loose by a murderous maniac.



KATHLEEN BURKE, erstwhile *Panther Woman*, can't seem to escape the animal influence one way or another. She's the heroine here, with John Lodge and Charles Ruggles, who is seen timidly staring at a python. Lionel Atwill is the man who goes berserk in the zoo.



# CRYSTAL BALL

Warren William, who is winning fame as a por-  
trayer of ruthless men, shows what he can do with  
the fortune-telling racket in "The Mind Reader."  
Needless to say, he leaves nothing undone to pro-  
claim Chandra a thoroughgoing scoundrel and  
himself a fine actor.



IN the picture at the left are  
Allen Jenkins, Mayo Methot,  
Constance Cummings, and  
Mr. William, while in the  
large picture Chandra is  
seen in the process of agon-  
izing a client.





PICTURE PLAY votes Myrna Loy the most commendable girl in all Hollywood. Why? Because by sheer ability, without benefit of publicity, politics or selling her soul, she has evolved into a skilled and sensible artist who can hold her own with veterans of the stage, yet she has never been east of the Rockies. She is opposite Ramón Novarro, in "Man on the Nile."



BENITA HUME, the lovely British actress now in Hollywood, has been made, not marred, by those touches of make-up and costuming that only standardize most newcomers. That's because her individuality will not be downed. If you didn't see her in "Clear All Wires," then make a note to look for her in "Service." She's a honey.



Photos by Clarence Sinclair Bull







"SHE-WEARS-THE-PANTS" Dietrich—surely not a dignified prefix for Marlene as one of the foremost screen luminaries. But she brought it on herself by parading the lot and elsewhere in masculine attire, sometimes with her little daughter, Maria, also in trousers. We don't know what it all means except that Marlene is mistaken if she thinks she can make hips popular again.

Photo by Aetne



# IN MAYFAIR



CONSTANCE BENNETT has a whirl in London society for a change, in "Our Betters," one of the most truly sophisticated plays ever written. It narrates the experiences of a rich American girl in the fast set of London. Miss Bennett is seen here with Charles Starrett and Gilbert Roland, the latter playing a Latin gigolo.



# HEAVENLY LOVE



KATHARINE HEPBURN gives you glimpses of herself in "Christopher Strong," the picture everybody's waiting for. Again Miss Hepburn is a very modern heroine as she was in the memorable "Bill of Divorcement." She is an aviatrix whose love for a married man causes her to sacrifice her life in a flight to the clouds. Colin Clive, who was fine in "Frankenstein," is the man, with Billie Burke, Helen Chandler, Ralph Forbes, and Jack LaRue, the young priest of "A Farewell to Arms."





# SCAPEGRACE

Richard Dix is a lovable profligate in "The Great Jasper," who breaks hearts but doesn't lose them.

AGAIN Mr. Dix has a rôle which covers many years as in "Cimarron" and "The Conquerors." Here he is concerned in no epochal conquest of the soil, however, but the capture of women and the shock of discovering that his son has followed in his footsteps. His wife is played by Florence Eldridge and his son, as a boy, by David Durand. They are seen on the right, while Wera Engels is Mr. Dix's charmer in the upper picture and also in the circle.







Photo by Bertha



YOU think that James Cagney is a tough guy, do you? As tough as he is on the screen? Tut, tut, children, that's all acting. Jimmy is soft-voiced, sensible, wholesomely sentimental and he dresses as a conservative gentleman. Barbara Barry's interview on the opposite page describes Jimmy as he was on his visit to Picture Play.



# AFTER the STORM

The lull following James Cagney's upheaval gives you a chance to see what kind of man he really is.

By Barbara Barry

**I**N view of Jimmy Cagney's reputation for hard-boiled cockiness, you'll find it hard to believe that at heart he is incurably romantic.

Not maudlin, mind you. Not a bit of it. Nor does he go about writing sonnets or being photographed in moonstruck poses. And Jimmy'd be the first to clip any dare-devil unwise enough to suggest it. What he has—and he admits it—is a genuinely wholesome regard for the Grand Passion—lahve to you radio fans.

The "Hard to Handle" kid sat on the back of his neck in a comfortable chair and regarded me pleasantly.

"I was always falling in love," he sighed. "Can't recall a single period of my life when I wasn't drooling over some female. If all the books I've carried to school for pig-tailed Pollies were laid end to end—nobody'd care much."

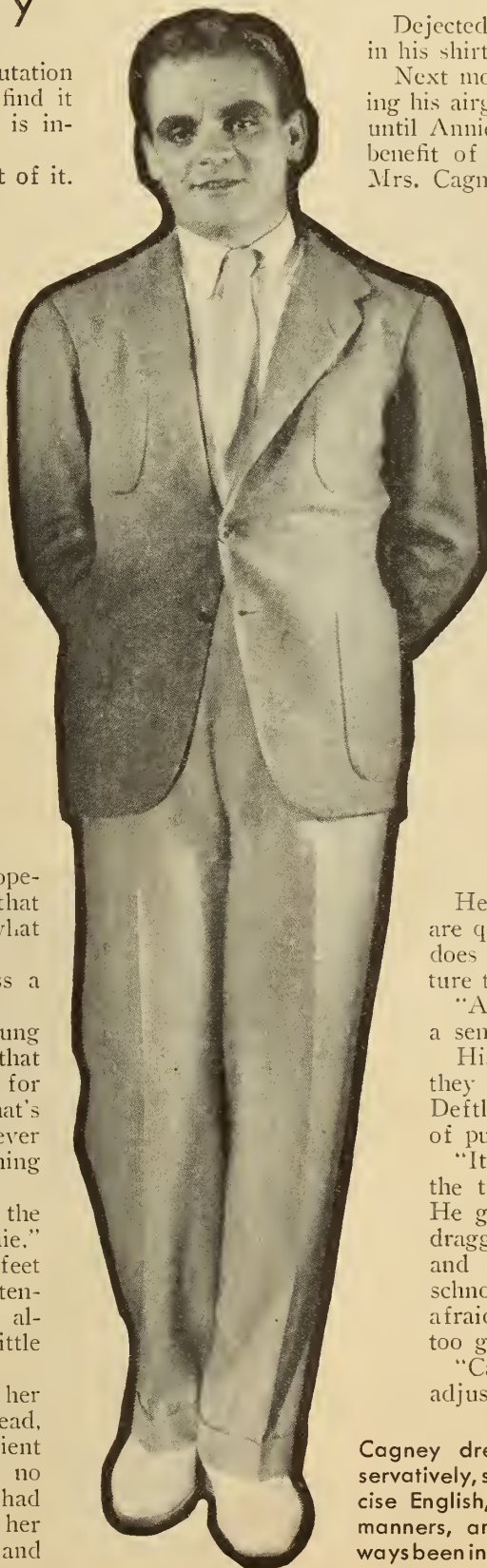
There was one girl—her name was Annie. She had long blond braids and lived over the neighborhood pawnshop. Only twelve years old, Annie already had what it takes to make men suffer. And if you were ever six years old and hopelessly in love with some one twice that age, you'll have a rough idea of what Jimmy suffered.

Every morning Annie had to pass a certain corner on her way to school.

And every morning found young Jimmy standing, goggle-eyed, on that certain corner, watching hopefully for his Dream Girl to pass by. And that's all she did. Just passed by. With never a smile nor a glance for the languishing lad in faded overalls.

With a piece of soft coal, he traced the startling declaration, "Jimmy loves Anie," on the pavement over which her feet must tread. But Annie trampled the tender legend as carelessly as she had already trampled our hero's palpitant little heart. Ah, woman!

Desperately Jimmy strove to win her attention. He stood on his red head, propped perilously against a convenient lamp-post. But apparently he was no more attractive upside down than he had been right side up. For Annie went her serene way, tossing her taffy braids and indifferently flipping her short skirts.



Dejected, Jimmy righted himself, tucked in his shirt—and was his face red?

Next morning he had a better idea. Taking his airgun to the trysting place, he waited until Annie was near enough to get the full benefit of his histrionics. Then *pop!*—and Mrs. Cagney's boy bit the dust as it hadn't been bitten in years.

With maternal concern, Annie picked him up, brushed him off, tied his dangling shoe strings, and—horror of horrors—wiped his little nose!

It was the final crushing blow. After all, masculine dignity can stand just so much.

From the very beginning, women played an important part in Jimmy's life.

He laughs at the implication that he is hard to handle.

"My mother took that out of me with the flat side of a hairbrush years ago," he said, smiling. "There were seven of us, and what with keeping our feet dry and our noses clean, Mom didn't have time to spoil any one of us."

Jimmy isn't much like the tough mugs he characterizes on the screen. Rather to the contrary.

He uses excellent English, his manners are quietly correct, and he emphatically does not slough the missus, as his picture tactics may have led you to believe.

"Any man who hits a woman hasn't a sense of humor," he avers definitely.

His screen slaps aren't as hefty as they look from a fifty-cent seat, either. Deftly he demonstrated the technique of pulling a punch.

"It's the facial expression that does the trick," he explained. "Like *this*." He grimaced fiercely, at the same time dragging a left hook up from nowhere, and missing my all unsuspecting schnozzle by less than an inch. I'm afraid my backward bounce wasn't any too graceful.

"Call your shots," I suggested feebly, adjusting my new hat, a late Tashman

model, by the way, and not built to rest easily upon the brow of a sparring partner.

Jimmy grinned. Continued on page 64

Cagney dresses conservatively, speaks precise English, has good manners, and has always been in love. Is this your Jimmy the Mugg?



# TINSEL TALENT



Joan Crawford is more concerned with effects than sincere acting.



The battle for supremacy is raging between the natural actresses and the exotics. Which is your choice?

are actresses, or authentic, either, for that matter. For instance, I would match Helen Hayes against Constance Bennett any day. What chance has Connie's arrogant eyebrows, haughty head, and disdainful manner against the winsome appeal and modesty of Helen Hayes?

That high-hat manner has been Connie's trade-mark, and the only time she seemed to have forgotten it was in "What Price Hollywood." She had warmth and charm in that rôle, but in all her other films she has just been Constance Bennett going through her lines. And rather bored and indifferent about it at that. Yet it isn't, according to Constance, really her fault that people consider her upstage.

"People get the impression that I'm high-hat from my face," she explained to a New York columnist. "My face and my frankness seem to be my cardinal faults. I've never been able to be tactful with people I don't like. If I don't like them, I show it and they resent it."

Richard Bennett's eldest has become widely known as "Hollywood's most misunderstood girl," but to what screen performance can she point with particular pride? She is not typical of anything or any one except herself. When she first appeared in pictures she was natural, piquant, and animated. Now she is an aloof, glittering novelty, and her rôles are as implausible as herself. A little too exaggerated to be real.

But Helen Hayes isn't an exaggeration, nor is she glittering and novel. She is an actual person who doesn't color her interviews with any affectations or illusions about herself. Her reactions are the same as yours or mine would be.

How many fans can see themselves in Lilyan Tashman's portrayals?

How we loved her when she admitted her first fears that "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" might be a flop because

**T**HERE is a fight going on in Hollywood. Don't be alarmed; it is a very polite, serene-on-the-surface fight, but underneath there is a struggle as deep and intense as the fiercest battle ever waged. Yes, and as dramatic as all that, too. I'm speaking of the competition between those two schools of actresses, the "naturals" and the exotics. Which is your choice?

It is up to moviegoers to decide which are the best actresses. The players who are reflections of our better selves, intelligent, normal, flesh-and-blood human beings, or those who are as much like you and me as we are like animated puppets. As you'll gather, I've already made my choice.

It is an exciting business, though, so let's line them up and argue about it. Foremost on one side are Helen Hayes, Barbara Stanwyck, Norma Shearer, Kay Francis, Ann Harding, and Miriam Hopkins. And leaders of the opposition are Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, and Lilyan Tashman.

Come on, fans, are you ready?

The best way to start an argument is to make comparisons. Of course, comparisons are odious, but let's be odious for a while.

In the first place, the exotics have had to depend upon certain personal trade-marks in order to fix themselves in the public eye. However, that doesn't mean they

Constance Bennett's aloof, glittering screen shadow is typical of no one but herself.

Although Jean Harlow cries for naïve rôles, she is still painfully passionate in her dramatic moments.





# VS. REAL

By Judith Field

she had failed in the rôle. Most actresses would rather have admitted anything than the fear of mistakes Helen willingly confided. Or after the picture's success, they would have acted as if they had expected it all along.

Her three successive pictures, "Arrowsmith," "A Farewell to Arms," and "The Son-Daughter" have contributed further proof of the versatility of her talent. In each rôle she was different and each character was outstanding. Her artistry is so eloquent that an audience feels she is not acting the part, but living it. That is fine acting indeed.

Helen Hayes could be Exhibit A of that rare and charming species of humanity who can be amused at themselves. She called herself the homeliest girl on the "Madelon Claudet" set. And when she was taking the test with Gary Cooper for "A Farewell to Arms," she was a bit disturbed by his height, though she was delighted with him. And to a friend she whispered, "We'll look like Mutt and Jeff."

She can also be unashamedly sentimental, too, as we discovered with satisfaction when we heard about Charles MacArthur and the bag of peanuts. There ought to be more like Helen Hayes!

But one should think twice before asking for more Joan Crawford. At least for the Joan as is at present. Young Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., certainly has created a lot of comment lately with her tragic eyes and blackly made-up, suffering mouth, even if it has been mostly along the line of protestation. But think how disturbing another Crawford would be. For Joan's rôles and her acting have grown to be as affected and extreme as her make-up. In that first dramatic film of hers, "Paid," she was human, sincere, and interesting. Since then she has appeared less interested in acting than effects.

However, Joan gave us hope when she lately admitted, "I very nearly lost my sense of humor." And, "I was taking myself far too seriously."

Perhaps that means Miss Crawford is going in for a change. She may be ready to tear aside the mask and

Kay Francis remains in the human school of acting, although she could easily go artificial.

Helen Hayes is not glittering or novel. She is always an actual person.



Ann Harding's conservative behavior, on screen and off, puts her in the class opposite the dazzling Tashman and Harlow.



reveal to a waiting public what the film magazines have been playing up with variations for more than a year—"the real Joan Crawford."

When this happens I am sure it will have nothing to do with a girl who glibly confesses to interviewers the calamitous details of her soul's aching void. And what a relief that will be!

While Joan is making up her mind which way to turn, fans in quest of sincerity will go to see Barbara Stanwyck's pictures. For this girl, no matter how weak her stories may be, makes her offerings real and believable. She is honest and straightforward to the point of pugnacity. No poses for Stanwyck on screen or off.

Barbara is the fighting blade of Hollywood. Her fight for recognition deserves just as much glory as Joan Crawford's publicized, praiseworthy struggle. But somewhere along the way Joan has lost her sense of values and become a combination of various other people besides herself, while Barbara has continued to be Ruby Stevens—and a mighty fine actress.

Seriously, fans, aren't you getting a little fed up with the glamorous girls, their heavy-lidded eyes and inscrutable, if a bit vague, expressions? The time has come, I think, for all good actresses to go human.

Barbara Stanwyck is still just Ruby Stevens and a good actress. That's why her rôles are believable.

Maybe Marlene will feel that way, too, since Von Sternberg is gone, and with him the likelihood of further annoyance from those neurotic *Trilby-Svengali* stories. [Continued on page 66]



# MUST SYLVIA GO HIGHBROW?

**B**EFORE Greta Garbo had hardly vacated her Hollywood film throne, some twenty-odd candidates for her fame were stealing all her stuff.

All, that is, except her success.

As a result, a large number of to-day's crop of stars are blond, brunet or red-headed imitations of Garbo. They look as alike as railroad ties. Gone are the old days when you could flip over magazine pages and say, "Ah, there's Gloria, there's Pola, there's Fifi, and Mary, and Bebe."

Now you have to read captions to tell one star from another!

Fortunately, there still remain Marie Dressler, Minnie Mouse—and Sylvia Sidney.

Of the three, Syl-



"Yeah, she's funny—and cute," said a scenario writer of Sylvia, who caught only the surface. Directors see her as an intense, serious actress.

Sylvia is more concerned about the movements of the stars of the sky than the everyday screen variety.

via is the most "different." In fact, she is quite the most different girl in Hollywood, without trying to be, or following any rule but an inborn passion for individuality.

There is a secret about Sylvia that few people know. Superficial studies of her leave the impression that her real nature is a merry, clowning one, quite unlike the serious characters she portrays on the screen.

Although some writers have realized that her clowning is only the happy mask for a character as serious as that she enacted so unforgettably in "Street Scene," no one has given an adequate impression of just how serious she really is. And no one has explained the reason for her clowning guise.

She is a melancholy Slav by race and temperament. Her father's native Rumania is just as Slavic as her mother's native Russia. And if you do not believe Slavs are melancholy, read Russian novels! Beside their blues, the Garbo-Scandinavian melancholy is a mere

wisp of white cloud in a smiling sky.

Association with theatrical people in New York taught Sylvia that she must follow one of two roads. One was the Garbo trail, leading to mysterious se-



Miss Sidney's gay clowning is said to be only a screen to hide her melancholy scientific blues from unappreciative fellow workers.

## By Mary Alcorn



Hollywood has been fooled by Sylvia's light-hearted nonsense and indifference to her off-screen appearance.

clusion, surrender to mood, and sacrifice of human society.

She didn't imitate Garbo. She chose the other way—fought down her moods, sought company and merriment, and chased away her own blues by sheer clowning. The whole story is written on her face. With this clew, study a good portrait of her and you will see it.

Her merry pose brought another, a quite unexpected reward. It gave her common ground on which to meet theatrical and movie people, and it made her socially popular with them. Until she discovered it, her tastes, beliefs, and training had been so different that they isolated her socially and mentally from the members of her profession.

To imbibe science with A B C's; to have elderly professors of this and that for playmates; finally, to develop passions for and delve deeply into such studies as astronomy and medicine, hardly fit a girl for social mingling with the queens of Broadway and Hollywood.

Some amusing anecdotes are attached to the period before she learned backstage social arts. My favorite is this:

Sylvia was jotting down some notes from a monograph on astronomy. Her dressing-room mate burst in singing, but paused in amazement at the sight of the pamphlet, notebook, and pencil, and the figures and diagrams.

"Watcha doin', dearie?"

"Just studying a bit of astronomy."

"Astronomy, eh?" Plunking herself down and beginning a hasty costume change. "Sa-ay, I was always interested in that. Signs of the Zodiac and all that. Gimme a reading some day, will yuh, dearie?"

Hollywood and Broadway actresses who have been around the world many times on their wits, as our old-fashioned authors call it, and who in some ways know enough to be Sylvia's grandmother, believe implicitly in numerology, palmistry, astrology, seers, and the dire results of whistling in dressing rooms, breaking mirrors, and so on. They are also well versed in what to wear, what to drink, and in the racier sporting events.

Of these things, strung together with, "I told him," and "He says to me," and "I'd like to see a man get away with that with *me*!" their daily conversation is made up. That, and a surprisingly small amount of shop.

If Sylvia spoke seriously on these matters, it would be to brand herself a heretic, a know-it-all, a highbrow,

and any number of bad things, so her part in such talks is now simply harmless, merry, clownish nonsense.

While most feminine stars patronize professional seers, attend séances, and have horoscopes cast in deadly earnest, Sylvia does so in fun.

"It's a kick to let them think they're fooling me," she explains.

"Isn't she quaint?" chuckles Hollywood tolerantly.

She is a serious student, and cannot understand why so many old troupers memorize a line of patter about every science and art, and recite it to impress others.

Her own lack of what Hollywood styles showmanship—meaning pretense—sometimes offends those who do pretend. For instance, she once heard some psychology lectures that had fired the imaginations of some of her friends.

When some one asked what she thought of them, she replied that she understood little

of the subject, adding, "When they were over, I had to go to the zoo to feed peanuts to my ancestors, in order to get my mind back into working order again."

In like manner, she unintentionally threw a bombshell into Art, when a group of Hollywood culture aspirants were raving over the concert antics of one of the world's foremost pianists.

"I suppose it was very good technically," Sylvia admitted, "but it didn't mean much to me; it seemed too mechanically perfect."

At least a dozen Hollywood actresses are sure they understand Doctor Einstein's theories, but Sylvia is not one of them.

To avoid injuring the feelings of any of these good people in whose natures the instinct of showmanship dominates that of sincerity, Sylvia usually avoids giving a serious opinion on anything. Her sense of humor comes to the rescue.

Yet even here, frankness sometimes gets her into trouble. She has yet to learn the Hollywood art of laughing at ancient jokes, for while she enjoys every sort of humor from the most obvious pun to the most subtle bit of ironical phrasing, it has to be new to amuse her. Unless it really amuses her, she doesn't laugh.

An unusual—and in Hollywood, strikingly different—phase of Sylvia's clowning is laughing at her own weaknesses. She created such jolly but sarcastic self-portraits as "Sure-footed Sidney," because she frequently stumbles, and "Eagle-eyed Sylvia," because she is near-sighted, and her eyes are set unusually far apart.

Sylvia is not the sort of person to gaze in awe at her reflection in a full-length mirror and exclaim in a hushed voice, "Gawd! What an actress!" Despite claims for modesty and a sense of humor advanced for almost every star by her press agent, many a Hollywood pier glass has heard similar words.

I think this difference between Sylvia and so many others is due chiefly to the fact that she is a fascinated spectator of life. She remains unaware of herself as an artist, so great and absorbing is her passion for catch-

Continued on page 71



# HOLLYWOOD

**S**MACK goes the high cost of movie stars! And isn't it about time?

Along with the rest of the world Hollywood is feeling the depression's pinch in a real way. It looks as if the day of million-dollar contracts were over.

The theater receiverships gave the colony the jitters in earnest, and the closing down of a couple of studios is adding to the pall hanging over movieland.

Prosperity and a bold front have been maintained in pictures longer than in almost any other game, but the balloon is busted now.

However, that well-known cinemoptimism can't be killed. All the stars who are out are figuring on stage engagements, radio contracts, or getting into the various independent productions that are increasing in numbers.

So it more or less simmers down to the usual movie hysteria.

**Ax Hits High.**—The stars whose salaries will be hit include some of the biggest. A number of their contracts are expiring, including those of Maurice Chevalier, Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, the Marx Brothers, and John Gilbert. These have all been big-money contracts: Chevalier, about \$10,000 a week; Marlene Dietrich about \$5,000; Ann Harding, \$200,000 per picture; Ruth Chatterton and William Powell averaging around \$7,500; the Marx Brothers \$200,000 per picture, and Jack Gilbert \$250,000 a film.

There isn't enough money in film receipts to-day to justify these stipends. It is a very lucky picture that grosses \$500,000, even though some of the exceptional ones like "Cavalcade" with a big foreign income may still run to \$1,000,000 or more.

**Maurice Chirrup to Infant.**—Chevalier will in the future probably make one picture in France and one in America each year. He looked a little morose when we saw him on the set of "A Bedtime Story," but the gloom was lifted when he and Edward Everett Horton and Earle Foxe commenced to talk in baby dialect to the infant star, Baby Leroy.

Chevalier thinks "A Bedtime Story" will be just the sort of film to please his French fans. He resents his long session as a boudoir Casanova, and is anxious to recover some of the favor of his own countrymen, who do not like him as a great lover and who also have a grudge against the large amount of money he has been making.

**Must Top Mae West.**—Peggy Hopkins Joyce tried to top Mae West's big publicity campaign. She would! She relied on versatility, whereas Miss West never stepped out of her character as queen of the Bowery. Peggy announced herself as a writer, a potential—we

The drive against foreign players and salary cuts are the favorite topics of the month.

think—director, became very much the social figure, and essayed to organize a club called "Off to Buffalo," composed of ex-chorus girls.

She got the ritz from Ruth Chatterton on this last enterprise when she suggested filmdom's foremost lady as a member. The only show Peggy didn't put on while in the film colony was that of her famous jewels. She probably read about Mae West losing hers. But even if Peggy didn't have the diamonds she slept under an ermine bedspread.



Photo by Wide World

Lilyan Tashman can't put anything over on Edmund Lowe in the way of snappy clothes. Just look at that shawl!

**Rogers Turns Actor.**—Will Rogers is likely to quit making pictures with gags and witty sayings for a while. His success in "State Fair" has changed both his ideas of film-making and those of Fox. He may specialize hereafter in rural characters, as this appears to be his best line. He opposed a film that undertook to tell about his own life, called "Arizona to Broadway." Will figured it would be just another back-stage story, but he may make it sometime.

"I'm not much for this biography idea," he said. "They've been after me for years to write one, but I don't think it would be interesting even to my own family. A man's better off when he's not talking or writing about himself. Same way about acting on the screen. It's better to play a character. That's why I'm at last turning into an actor."

**Not-so-sweet Charity.**—Only fifty per cent of the film people in Hollywood support their own pet charity, the Motion Picture Relief Fund. This disillusioning fact was revealed at a meeting held to get more money for aiding the down-and-outers in pictures, the cash on hand having proved to be about \$30,000 short of actual needs.

All the players, directors, and writers are asked to contribute is one half of one per cent of their salaries. The contribution is not compulsory, and a surprising number evaded it for one reason or another. The drive for more money woke up a number of the laggards.

The amount handled for the year by the Motion Picture Relief Fund totaled approximately \$200,000.

**The Sparkling Miss Harvey.**—Gay, capricious, and smartly naïve, Lilian Harvey has everybody guessing as to what she will do in American pictures. She's a personality utterly different from those previously brought



# HIGH LIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

from Europe. Certainly a long way from the grandly theatrical Pola Negri.

She is the most energetic screen prima donna, numbering among her accomplishments the ability to speak French, German, and English, and the desire to learn Spanish as soon as possible, an elusive attitude on the subject of men and romance, and the ability to walk a tight-rope not too high off the ground.

She denied all matrimonial reports upon arrival, including the supposed marital alliance with Willy Fritsch, and intrigued the cinema populace by being seen with such contrasting figures as Maurice Chevalier and Gary Cooper. Yes, Lilián is ingenious in attracting attention, and is one of the youngest and nicest-looking stars sent from abroad besides.

**Aliens on Griddle.**—Just on principle there's lots of opposition to foreign invasions of players.

The American group think that insult has been added to injury in the way they are being slighted in favor of the imported talent. For this reason, many Hollywood actors, including those who could afford it, declined to see "Cavalcade."

The picture succeeded very well despite this resistance, but that in itself did not help the morale of the players who are against all foreigners. And the feeling was sufficiently strong to compel the film companies to suspend importations for a time.

Meanwhile, a drive was instituted against the alien actors who did not have proper credentials for entry into the country, and there was an immediate scramble to secure quota numbers so that they could remain here. The quota numbers necessitate their becoming American citizens at some future time.

The principal arrest was that of John Farrow, the writer, Continued on page 62



Photo by Longworth

Jayne Shadduck is positively the first screen actress ever photographed in long woollens, and now even The Oracle is wondering what next.

Here is Chic Sale himself minus the alfalfa whiskers and hick postmaster's glasses. Doesn't he look more like one of those city slickers than the Yankee farmers he likes to play?

Some months ago Picture Play had occasion to exclaim, "Mercy! It's Mary!" And now—yes, this is Mary Brian.





You'll be seeing Gene soon in "Zoo in Budapest," with Loretta Young.

Raymond is a strange mixture of laziness and energy. He may spend a day in a rocking-chair, or he may get up at six o'clock for a horseback ride.



# GENE

The blondest man of the screen has puzzled even his best friends when they try to tell what he's like. Now the Raymond mystery is solved.



**I**F you have read all the interviews about Gene Raymond since that handsome blond youth clicked in films, your curiosity must have been aroused to the danger point.

Mine was. In addition to gathering a general impression that he must be just what the doctor ordered for languishing ladies, I pictured him as a sort of human chameleon.

One of the little color-changing lizards, running over a patchwork quilt or a Navajo blanket, couldn't present a more varied aspect than Gene seems to have shown to his different biographers. While one observer calls him husky, another says he's slight. One praises his finesse, another his

cave-man directness. One says he dislikes girls, another that he's crazy about them, and so on.

Even Nancy Carroll, Frances Dee, and Lila Lee told me contradictory things about him. Good heavens! All they agreed upon was that he is the sort of boy who makes the feminine heart do a syncopated tap.

Now here was a mystery deeper than that of Garbo. What strange power did Gene possess to make every one who saw him form a different idea of him? I determined to ferret out his secret.

Fate played into my hands. I had opportunities to study him at close range, first on location, then at the studio, and finally at Malibu Beach.

It took me all that time to solve the Raymond mystery—time enough to have interviewed the cast of "If I Had a Million." Yet I found that Gene's secret is simple enough. He is just one of those almost mythical creatures—an actor who doesn't talk about himself.

No wonder interviewers have been baffled. About himself Gene confesses, at length and in many words—nothing. Probably, too, it is because his reticence so stunned them that they failed to note accurately even his physical appearance.

What I found out about Gene, by dint of baiting and persistence, came piece-meal, a scrap here and a scrap there, until the whole pattern became clear, like a completed jig-saw puzzle. I pass it on in the same casual manner, because, after all, that is the way one person gradually learns to know another in real life.

Despite denials that he is a platinum blond, it's true. His eyes are blue, and he has a clear, rosy complexion that, oddly enough for a blond, tans readily. He seems larger than his measurements indicate: five feet ten, one hundred and sixty pounds. Perhaps that is because his shoulders are wide, and his body tapers down from them in the wedgelike shape correct for your athletic man.

It is characteristic of Gene to deny that he is an athlete, yet such is the fact. He is a fine swimmer, an excellent track man, a polo player, and the winner of a State trophy for horsemanship.

Along with athletic prowess, he has a healthy appetite inherited from his French parents, the Guions. Although "Gene" Raymond Guion was raised in America, he learned in childhood not only the French language, but such good old customs as eating two or three helpings of soup at a meal.

He still clings to the Continental habit of enjoying a hearty meal three or four times a day, with often a snack between.

His breakfast, by Guion standards, is light—toast, waffles, a few soft-boiled eggs, either ham, bacon, lamb chop or pork chop, and coffee.

His lunches are heavier, but still what the Guions soberly call a bite. When dinner time comes, however, Gene is really hungry. Then he eats a meal that would be called hearty in any language. Later in the evening he often has supper.

His appearance of good health often prevents him from



# Keeps 'Em GUESSING

By Helen Pade

receiving deserved sympathy. On those mornings every gregarious youth experiences, when he awakes with a brown-cotton taste, and jittery nerves, no one pities him. He always seems too clear-eyed and calm.

Gene is a strange mixture of laziness and energy. He likes a rocking-chair in the shade—and a half-day's horseback ride beginning at six a. m. His conversation emphasizes the same traits. Sometimes it is crisp and energetic. At others it is slow and drawling. He frequently punctuates conversation with short laughs or chuckles that have no bearing on the subject.

It is hard to get Gene to talk about himself, still harder to get him to praise himself, and almost impossible to get him to admit that he is a good actor or has had anything but luck in climbing to success.

Here is a typical self-depreciating remark:

"To-day I had that sleepy scene to do, and it was a cinch. You see, four mosquitoes kept me awake last night, so I really *am* sleepy."

Gene's hidden love affairs, past or present, are naturally an unapproachable subject. Yet he told about one freely enough.

"Her name was Daisy. Short and squat for her age was Daisy, pig-tailed, snub-nosed, and freckled—divinely beautiful. She was six or seven years old and I was eight. I adored her but, alas!—she never knew. I was afraid to tell her."

There were many more sweethearts, for Gene was undoubtedly a ladies' man in his boyhood. He wasn't happy unless he had a love affair going, but they made him miserable just the same—he couldn't tell his adored ones of his passion. He envied these brazen kids who could say, "Hey, sweetheart, yuh still love me, don'cha?"

He has overcome all of this early bashfulness, yet he is wise enough to admit that he knows as little about



Gene is afraid that his present popularity is just an accident like his platinum hair—he denies that his hair is platinum, but it is.

women now as he did when distantly adoring Daisy. Every time he learned about "women" from one of them, along came another to contradict her! Hence, individually and en masse, they fascinate him with their mystery.

Hollywood thinks that Gene's current flame is Frances Dec.

"What's a fellow to say when asked, 'Are you in love?' 'Are you engaged?' and all that, when the lady in question is a film favorite?" Gene demands. "Regardless of the real state of things, he simply cannot answer without getting in wrong."

"If there's nothing to it, and he says 'I'm not even interested in her,' the girl has a right to resent it—and it may injure her popularity with some of her fans. And if he says 'Yes,' it's equally likely to cause complications."

Quite chatty, that, for Gene, but note that he wasn't speaking about himself then, just about what a fellow—any fellow—should do. He can be positively loquacious when skillfully steering questions away from himself to safer, more general channels.

Frances frequently teases Gene in various ways, even accusing him of being egotistical, something he indignantly maintains he is *not*.

Perhaps Gene's freedom from egotism—his humanness and naturalness—may be credited to his younger brother, Robert, a stage actor. The brothers have a pact between them. They have promised each other never to let conceit "get" them, and the least sign of it in either brings punishing ridicule from the other.

Gene has a peculiar theory about screen success. He is distrustful of what he has achieved so far, because he thinks that a good deal of his present surprising popularity is based directly on personality, which, like his blond hair, is an accident of nature. He wants to be recognized for his acting ability.

During the Olympic games at Los Angeles, some Fin-

Continued on page 67





Don Alvarado's career has come to a halt while he dances attendance on Marilyn Miller.

# Are APOLLOS

Although favored by the gods in looks, the handsomest actors are hounded by all the bad luck that pesters ordinary mortals.

**A** YEAR or so ago I wrote an article for Picture Play entitled "Home Sheiks versus Foreign," in which I took it upon myself to name the twelve handsomest actors in movieland, six foreign and six home-grown.

These twelve Apollos were Robert Montgomery, Ramon Novarro, Nils Asther, David Manners, Lew Ayres, Neil Hamilton, Don Alvarado, Ralph Forbes, Walter Byron, Duncan Renaldo, Buddy Rogers, and Victor Varconi.

Now don't be alarmed. I'm not going to take up the subject of masculine pulchritude again. I merely wish to point out a few of the dramatic or interesting things that have happened to a number of these men since that article was written. It will all go to prove that good looks are no charm against accidents, jail sentences, alimony, and kindred disasters.

The latest of the twelve Apollos to face a dramatic and painful crisis is Lew Ayres.

Lew recently joined the ranks of husbands who pay and pay. After a year of marriage, Lola Lane departed from under Lew's roof, taking with her \$33,500 as property settlement. Moreover, the debts she had accumulated at the time of her marriage were paid by her loving bridegroom. These items, together with the luxurious living Lew provided and the two thousand dollars he handed over to defray traveling expenses and purchase clothes while on her trip to New York, indicate that the gal can hardly complain of the financial rewards from her brief matrimonial venture.

In asking for a divorce, Miss Lane charged Lew with "studied indifference" toward her. Great guns!

But in spite of having been a martyr in a poor cause, Lew now appears more stable, more poised, and more resolute than I

Robert Montgomery's popularity has waned and he lost his infant daughter.



have ever seen him. With an ill-advised marriage off his hands, let's hope that he gives us some more of the fine performances which distinguished his early pictures.

Nothing of outstanding dramatic interest has happened to Neil Hamilton recently. He remains cordial despite my assertion that he is conscious of his attractiveness. Maybe I was wrong, and because he is such a fine fellow I am willing to give him all the benefit of the doubt.

Robert Montgomery's life and career have also continued smoothly except for the death of his infant daughter. Bob and Neil, for all their personal charms, remain successful husbands.

David Manners has become a better actor though threatened by a double chin.



Nils Asther met his second matrimonial defeat when divorced by Vivian Duncan.

Apparently this cannot be said of Nils Asther, who was recently divorced by Vivian Duncan. That divorce marked his second matrimonial defeat. Still Nils is a grand person. A one-word description of him is—magnificent. Magnificence is revealed in his lonely, searching disposition, in his mental capacities, in his great dramatic possibilities, and in his impressive physique. Ungroomed and clad in overalls, he would still be quickly spotted as a man of quality.

More important than his divorce is the fact that he recently achieved a real triumph in pictures in the difficult rôle of *General Yen*. May this characterization be only a sample of what his fans can expect of him in the future.

Considerable has happened to Don Alvarado during the past two years.

Don's wife was as beautiful as he was handsome. Their lovely daughter was born when Don was but nineteen years old. The youthful parents were happy for a number of years and Don became a popular leading man.

This exotic-looking actor was devoted to his child, and one could always provoke a pleased smile by mentioning little Joan. Once when she had been put in a boarding school he told me in detail the conditions under which she



# JINXED?

By Madeline Glass

lived, even describing the appointments of her room and her dainty clothing.

But the time came when the Alvarados just "couldn't get along," as Don described it, shrugging his shoulders eloquently. Mrs. Alvarado filed a divorce suit and before the ink was dry on the interlocutory decree Don began going about with the wealthy and conspicuous Marilyn Miller.

Alvarado had been through a siege of difficulties. Contracts became as scarce as total abstainers at a press party. Apparently Don felt that his dwindling career was well lost for love of the dancer. When Marilyn

a life of single blessedness.

Ralph Forbes, aside from going through the divorce mill, also lives quietly. To-day one seldom hears of him except in items concerning his amicable relations with his former

wife, Ruth Chatterton, and his successor, George Brent. Such news has about as little dramatic value as anything I can imagine. As for Ralph's career, it seems to have gone into eclipse.

The past two years have been filled with unmitigated trouble for Duncan Renaldo, climaxed by a court conviction for alleged illegal entry into the United States. The sentence carries a penalty of deportation or imprisonment.

Renaldo appears to be a man without a country. The situation is ironical since he is a person of whom any country might approve.

The long-drawn-out court battle has impoverished Duncan and ruined his career. Just before the Hollywood opening of "Trader Horn," Duncan's wife, thirteen years his senior, betrayed him to the immigration authorities. The actor seemed to sense the disaster that soon overtook him, but he accepted the situation like a thoroughbred.

A reporter who described that glittering premiere wrote of him, "He walked up to the microphone like a king going to his execution." And the words Duncan spoke to the radio audience were in the nature of a prophecy. "To-night is the end of a wonderful dream," he said with an unforgettable inflection.

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Lew Ayres paid \$33,500 to end his stormy interlude of married life.



Walter Byron's classically perfect nose was shattered in a motor accident.



Duncan Renaldo was sentenced to prison or deportation for falsifying a passport.

went to New York Don, who had never been east of the Rockies, went along.

At this writing headlines tell of their being accidentally carried off to Europe while seeing some friends off, and it seems that he will become her third husband.

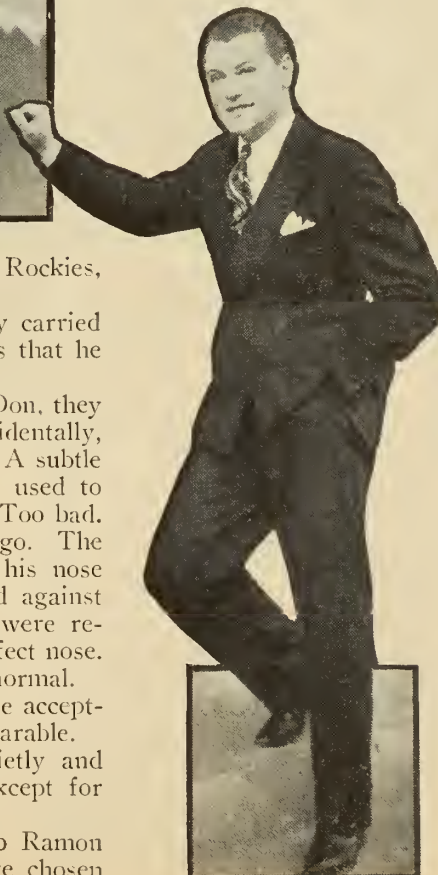
While the intervening years brought a new romance to Don, they brought a peculiar disaster to Walter Byron. Byron, incidentally, has changed in more ways than one since I first met him. A subtle disintegration seems to have attacked this actor whom I used to describe as possessing all the virtues of the human race. Too bad.

As for the "peculiar disaster," it occurred about a year ago. The debonair Irishman met with a traffic accident in which his nose was broken and his face, which he had always protected against injury, was considerably battered. When the bandages were removed the face was as good as new except for the once perfect nose. The best efforts of plastic surgeons failed to restore it to normal.

Fortunately, careful make-up renders the injured feature acceptable for professional purposes, so the damage is not irreparable.

David Manners goes along about as usual, living quietly and working steadily. His original handsomeness holds up except for a threatened double chin.

Nothing of dramatic importance has occurred either to Ramon Novarro or Buddy Rogers, both of whom appear to have chosen



Ralph Forbes is rarely mentioned except for his amicable relations with his ex-wife and her husband.



Mary Brian, Ruth Donnelly, and James Cagney make "Hard to Handle" laughable, but it is a triumph only for Miss Donnelly who steps out as a *comédienne de luxe*.



Myrna Loy and John Barrymore unite in making "Topaze" the most unusual film of the month although the excellence of the material has much to do with it.



Gloria Swanson and James Cagney return to films and rural drama is set for a revival.

"Topaze."

John Barrymore, Myrna Loy, Albert Conti, Reginald Mason, Jackie Searl, Jobyna Howland, Frank Reicher, Luis Alberni.

By Norbert Lusk

THE most unusual film of the month should attract those who are bored by staple pictures. It is for the occasional picturegoer who is hard to please, and it is a reassuring boon to the reviewer who wears the iron cross bestowed—by himself—for surviving non-descript films and still being able to cheer the good ones. In the eyes of the majority it may fail because it deals with French characters which have no counterpart in this country and their story is unlike Hollywood's prescription for what is easiest to take. It is, in short, an amusingly different ironic comedy. Though based on a stage play it is more effective than the original because the producers have not been content to photograph it as it stood, but have rounded out and balanced it.

The principal character, *Monsieur Topaze*, a kindly, idealistic school-master teaches copy-book maxims because he believes that virtue is its own reward, that honesty is the best policy—until he is dismissed for giving bad marks to the worst boy in school whose parents are the richest. His innocence of the world causes him to lend his name to a mineral water which contains none of the virtues claimed for it, but when *Topaze* wakes up and discovers how he has been duped he beats his masters at trickery. Returning to school as a distinguished visitor, he lectures his former pupils on the wisdom of worldliness, not forgetting to give the rich boy the proper punishment due him.

John Barrymore plays with great cunning, never once permitting himself those exaggerations invited by the sharp transitions of *Topaze's* moods. This is his best exhibit of comedy. Myrna Loy fits perfectly the deli-



cate values found in her subtle rôle, other players are splendidly chosen, and the settings express perfectly the mood and manner of the piece.

**"Hard to Handle."**

James Cagney, Ruth Donnelly, Mary Brian, Allen Jenkins, Claire Dodd, Gavin Gordon, Emma Dunn, Robert McWade, Louise Mackintosh.

The return of James Cagney is important because he is one of the most dynamic and original players ever to vitalize the screen. Unfortunately, the vehicle chosen for this calculated comeback is unimportant except to establish Ruth Donnelly as a first-rate comédienne with a rousing sense of broad humor.

Not that Mr. Cagney is submerged. Far from it. Only the picture is thin in spots and, more surprising still, gives the star a rôle lighter than any he has heretofore played, evidently to force recognition of him as a comedian. Though he is lively, glib, and positive, Mr. Cagney's true forte is stronger than this gesticulating press agent. It is a forced characterization because Mr. Cagney isn't a comedian.

Miss Donnelly is. She gives a hilarious burlesque of a domineering mother who greedily horns in on her daughter's affairs and who plays one admirer against the other while she listens at keyholes for cues to further

**"Perfect Understanding."**

Gloria Swanson, Laurence Olivier, John Halliday, Sir Nigel Playfair, Michael Farmer, Genevieve Tobin, Nora Swinburne, Peter Cawthorne, Rosalinde Fuller.

Gloria Swanson's long-awaited British picture is nicely done, but it isn't unusual nor is it worthy of her brilliant talent. It will serve as a means of permitting us to see her again, but it will not endure as a cherished memory.

No fault can be found with Miss Swanson, the production nor the cast in general, and yet she should bear the brunt of blame for offering us a trite story. The old theme of modern lovers who shy at the old-time marriage contract and draw up instead an agreement which permits both to do as they please in perfect understanding.

You know what happens, what always does happen in film arrangements of this kind. On the verge of divorce, they meet in court and tiptoe out of the room for some more perfect understanding in the corridor.

There is more to it than this, of course. So much more, indeed, that the picture becomes tiresome as the principals pause for breath in their arguments, regain it and go on talking. By the time they achieve their second, third, and fourth wind one is all out of breath himself.

The production is interesting, what with British interiors, foreign locations, particularly at Cannes, and new faces, especially Sir Nigel Playfair and Nora Swinburne, and Miss Swanson gratifies the natural curiosity of fans by presenting her husband, Michael Farmer, in a secondary rôle, the picture obviously having been cut to display him as a personality rather than an actor.

**"The Great Jasper."**

Richard Dix, Florence Eldridge, Wera Engels, Edna May Oliver, David Durand, Walter Walker, Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, James Bush, Dorothy Gray.

Richard Dix plays his best rôle since "Cimarron," but don't mistake this for a twin of that memorable picture. It covers a great deal of ground slowly and tries to be interesting rather than thrilling, succeeding up to the middle point and then losing its grip.

I think it is because one tires of the characters and the length of their journey through life, although three children relinquish their rôles to the grown-ups. Also, it may be because

Mae West, in "She Done Him Wrong," is funny beyond words.



Lew Ayres, Janet Gaynor and a notable cast cause "State Fair" to be the most popular film of the month, its success reviving interest in homy rural drama.

her interests. She never lets her daughter out of her sight and dresses as her twin. The characterization is bitter in spite of the laughter Miss Donnelly encourages. Hollywood knows such mothers.

The story opens with Mr. Cagney sponsoring a dance marathon and unable to pay the prize money to Mary Brian—and her screeching mother. He plunges into other schemes, always getting into hot water by overplaying them and there isn't any sign that marriage to Miss Brian will tone him down, not with her mother to goad him. Outstanding is Allen Jenkins, whose bit as a radio announcer is a masterpiece of satire.





Mc character played by Mr. Dix remains the same likable scapegrace, making no spiritual progress and arriving at no conclusion except a death bed. Therefore it is only in moments that the picture is interesting. As a whole it does not satisfy.

*Jasper Horn* begins as a street-car motorman who by force of personality becomes a division superintendent, loses his job, drifts to Atlantic City, inherits the business of a fortune teller and succeeds as a fake astrologist.

His illegitimate son inherits his flashy characteristics and wins away the fiancée of *Jasper's* other boy. In trying to prevent the intrigue of the young people from going any further, *Jasper* is struck by his unacknowledged son and harshly denounced for the reprobate that he is.

The acting is good. Florence Eldridge is lifelike as *Jasper's* nagging, gloomy wife, but the character is tiresome. Edna May Oliver is striking as the rowdily human fortune teller and David Durand, best of all boy actors, is touchingly natural as *Jasper's* son in his youth. Wera Engels makes her debut as *Jasper's* innamorata and is intelligently pleasing, if unimportant.

#### "Mystery of the Wax Museum."

Lionel Atwill, Glenda Farrell, Fay Wray, Frank McHugh, Arthur Edmund Carewe, Gavin Gordon, Allen Vincent, Edwin Maxwell, Pat O'Malley.

This entertaining fantasy would convey some of the horror intended if it had the flavor of reality. Lacking that desirable quality, it can only be judged as a diverting curiosity handsomely photographed in Technicolor with a highly original, if incredible, story.

Its chief character is the mad proprietor of a wax works who kidnaps corpses—and living persons, too—for their fancied resemblance to historical characters. Then the bodies are preserved in chemicals and given a waxen bath, appropriately costumed and placed on exhibition. This goes on for years until *Ivan Igor's* collection is enormous. He makes the mistake, however, of attempting to transform Fay Wray into *Marie Antoinette*, but she is saved from the vat of boiling wax and *Igor* is embalmed instead.

The mystery starts when the body of a chorus girl is stolen from the morgue and a girl reporter stumbles upon the first clue which leads to the discovery of the madman's secret crimes. Efforts to provide comic relief by making the reporter slangy and hard-boiled are not en-



Gloria Swanson's British film, "Perfect Understanding," has the advantage of John Halliday's sensible acting in a trite story.

tirely successful. She is a preposterous character all out of key with tradition, but Glenda Farrell does wonders toward making her tolerable. Lionel Atwill achieves extraordinary make-up as *Igor* and his careful performance compels admiration.

#### "State Fair."

Janet Gaynor, Lew Ayres, Will Rogers, Norman Foster, Sally Eilers, Louise Dresser, Frank Craven, Victor Jory, Frank Melton.

The most popular picture of the month because of its appeal

to the majority, I recommend this to one and all excepting, of course, those who profess to scorn rural life and all that pertains to it. But even they are apt to lose their prejudice and enjoy the sincerity of this, because all the characters are natural, credible, and the incidents involving them are believable, while every resource of illusive photography is used to give the backgrounds beauty and charm.

Best of all, there is no condescension on the part of author, director or players nor any self-conscious striving for simplicity which is often noticeable when Hollywood attempts an adventure into the commonplace. There is novelty besides for city dwellers who know nothing of fairs and the importance of this distinctly American social attraction to smaller communities.

Here we have the *Frake* family of prosperous Iowans, neither Hicks nor citified sophisticates, but natural, unpretentious humans whose prototypes are found in every State. They leave in their car for the fair, Mrs. *Frake* hopeful that her mince meat and pickles will win prizes in the competitive exhibit and *Abel Frake* absorbed in *Blue Boy*, his prize-winning pig. Their children, *Margy* and *Wayne*, enter upon the annual pilgrimage hopeful that it will bring something new. It does—it brings romance.

*Margy* encounters a small-town reporter and *Wayne* is captivated by a trapeze performer. Both these characters have the glamour of extreme worldliness to youth spent on a farm. What romance does to them and how their respective love affairs terminate is not for me to say here. Enough to remind the doubters that they react like human beings and their youthful love is poignant, as it should be.

Too much cannot be said of the acting of the well-known players. I think that all will surprise you, often as you have seen them, and two newcomers, Victor Jory and Frank Melton, will instantly convince you of their skill. Mr. Jory, as a barker, is vibrantly effective

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Richard Dix's vigorous portrayal in "The Great Jasper" is matched by Edna May Oliver's rowdy characterization.





# PARIS IS HERS

An authentic report of Jeanette MacDonald's amazing success in Europe.

By Cruikshank

IS it that some queen arrives?" queried the French equivalent of an old lady from Dubuque, gently yawning at the mob thronging the Parisian Gare de Lyon.

"But, yes, my old cabbage," was the response, "it is a queen, an American queen, a cinema queen! *En fin, maman*, it is Jeanette MacDonald!"

As, indeed, it was.

Nor was the regal appellation malapropos. For now we have the news that the Philadelphia girl who made good in American movies probably will duplicate that success abroad. And that the first of her European pictures will be called "The Queen."

Whether or no Jeanette is among the Americans who "have to see Paris," she is one whom Paris must see. Which goes for the entire Continent, for no less an authority than Ernst Lubitsch declares that throughout Europe Jeanette shares fan affections equally with Greta ("Tank-aye-go-home") Garbo and Mar-lay-na ("She-wears-the-pants") Dietrich.

No matter if it be along the celeb-crowded Riviera, in the swank of London town, along the chestnut-shaded boulevards of gay Páree, or Berlin's Unter den Linden, she is the idol of press and public. Even in China, between wars and revolutions, the Celestial warriors have a yen or two for Jeanette.

When Jeanette arrived at Cannes, the head man, Mayor Gazagnaire, outdid the best *beau geste* of the late lamented James John Walker by presenting her, not with the key to the city, but with the city itself. But Jeanette, knowing she would feel foolish taking Cannes back to Hollywood, accepted the will for the deed to the town and left with only pleasant memories.

Among these was her visit to the Che-

Herbert Marshall is to be Jeanette's film hero in "The Queen."



Photo by Chidnoff

Jeanette took the French capital by storm, over ten thousand persons being turned away from her concert there.

valier villa, where she was entertained by Maurice's brother and sister-in-law; the flower festival, where she was honored in having one of the most beautiful floats portray "La Parade d'Amour," as they call "The Love Parade"; her party at the Casino with the Marquis and Marquise de Meyronnet de Saint Marc as hosts, with Lord Cecil Manners, Count and Countess de la Serre d'Aroux, and any number of benedaled generals, colonels, and captains among the guests. There wasn't a lieutenant within miles of the Casino that night.

Wherever she went reporters flocked like fans at a première. Flash lights boomed, cameras clicked, and queries were fired. Once, indeed, when Jeanette sought the feminine refuge of a beauty parlor, it was to find that this last sanctuary had been invaded by a vandal sob-sister. And before the very chair in which the star

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# SHE WAS RUDY'S

By Regina  
Cannon



"Jaan Crawford seems to radiate the message, 'Well, you haven't seen anything yet!'" says Miss Naldi.



"George Raft? Just a night-club slymbal. When beer comes in, he'll ga out."

WHEN it comes to rare good judgment," remarked Rudolph Valentino a long time ago, "many a producer could profitably learn a thing or two from Nita Naldi."

And indeed at precisely that moment, in fact, even as the screen's greatest personality was heaping praise on the sleek black head of his most potent celluloid siren, she had again proved her ability to guess right. Yes, the company to which Nita was under contract grudgingly admitted it, for had she not advised them a whole year ago to sign up Dolores Costello, when the present Mrs. John Barrymore was playing mere bits on the lot out on Long Island?

"Why, she's a youthful, glorified Elsie Ferguson," declared Nita, who invariably reaches for a figurative soap box when singing other people's praises. "Can't you see it?"

Evidently the powers that be could not, at the time, anyway, and so they were leisurely repenting their short-



If given half a chance, Aileen Pringle should be top-notch, Nita thinks.

"Rudy had a spiritual quality none of the others have. That's why the 'second Valentinas' die by the wayside." Here Nita is with Valentino in "Blood and Sand."

sightedness by paying a rival film firm \$1,000 a week to borrow the pensive Dolores for "Mannequin."

This incident flashed through my mind recently as I stood before Miss Naldi's picture on display in the lobby of a Broadway theater, for Nita has returned to the stage she left some eight years ago when the cinema waved a tempting check and the promise of a career in a new field, before her handsome face.

As I studied the photographed likeness of Valentino's friend and favorite actress, a bright idea struck me and, such thoughts appearing only too rarely in this arid brain, I decided to act upon it. Why not drop backstage and ask Nita Naldi to pass a little friendly judgment on the crop of present-day picture celebrities?

She was seated before a dressing table removing some stubborn eye shadow with a wad of wet cotton and



# PAL

Valentino's friend, Nita Naldi, looks over today's screen favorites and sees plenty of talent but no "great lover."

Ronald Colman has that elusive something that keeps you guessing till the last reel.



"I feel sorry for Katharine Hepburn. Speedy success can be a stumblingblock. She's going to have an awful time trying to follow 'A Bill of Divorcement.'"

appeared as stunning as in the days of long ago when she lured the dashing Rudy from a wide-eyed ingénue.

"I'm an ardent movie fan." Nita became enthusiastic at once. "I think talkies are great entertainment and that the players deserve plenty of credit to hold their own with competition as keen as it is. You know, the old idea that you are as good as your last two pictures most certainly goes to-day. It is a case of the survival of the fittest, not the luckiest, in the talkies."

"Who," I asked, "is your favorite?"

"Helen Hayes," returned Miss Naldi promptly. "There's a girl who doesn't have to paste on eyelashes nor worry about which side of her face is turned to the camera. She can *act*. Her technique is so perfect that she can disregard the rules. She *is* the character she portrays and not merely Helen Hayes playing a nurse or a disappointed Chinese or Heaven knows what!"

"Marion Davies fills a similar place in comedy," continued Nita. "Marion is as beautiful to-day as she was ten years ago and a natural comédienne. Her performance always appears to be spontaneous, even though you realize it has had to be studied and worked out in detail. She brings a freshness to the screen that no other actress possesses."

"What about the men?" I inquired hopefully.

"Ronald Colman is first with me," Nita replied promptly. "He has that elusive something that keeps you guessing. You are never quite sure whether or not

the girl will get him in the last reel—neither is she. In fact, no one knows the outcome except the scenario writer, and I bet he would like to let Ronny give the heroine the slip if it wouldn't upset all the laws of hackneyed plot-making.

"Clark Gable has got it. No doubt about that. In a different way, of course, for you realize he is headed for the altar right from the word 'Go.' All he-men are. They are big blusterers, but when the calm sets in, it's there to stay. Gable is a good actor, which he has proved has nothing to do with ears or eyebrows."

"What about George Raft?"

"He is a night-club symbol. When beer comes in, he'll go out. By the way, isn't Raft the man they suggested to play Rudy's rôle in a revival of 'The Sheik'? Well, the poor boy probably didn't seek the honor, so he's not to blame. I feel sorry for any one who tries to fill that bill.

"You know, the reason Rudy will always stand apart is because he possessed a spiritual quality that none of the others have. That's why all these 'second Valentinos' die by the wayside. It takes much

more than a Latin-looking gentleman with so-called smoldering eyes to make 'the screen's great lover.' Mind, you, that's no startling statement of mine. It cost a lot of producers plenty to learn its truth."

Nita was lighting a cigarette and, since she doesn't really care for it, she smokes like an amateur.

"What do you think of Joan Crawford?" I asked.

"Now there's a girl who has done remarkably well," returned Miss Naldi thoughtfully. "Her pictures themselves are a record of her progress, so there's no reason why she should work so hard at acting. Every time I see her on the screen she seems to be radiating a message. You know, 'Don't you think I'm doing this well? Haven't I improved? Well, you haven't seen anything yet!' And so I get tired watching Miss Crawford work."

"On the other hand, Marlene Dietrich seems to take everything easily. She is a tall, radiant Jeanne Eagels with much of Jeanne's dramatic ability. Miss Dietrich has that perfect combination for success on the screen—beauty and talent. If she doesn't become the victim of bad advice, she will surely go far."

"You know, there's one girl who should be a top-notch star if given half a chance, and that is Aileen Pringle. When I returned from Europe she was the first actress I looked for on the screen. Now she's a gal who can speak English—and not 'as she spoke,' either. Aileen is beautiful, too. Why some producer doesn't give her a break is beyond me. He wouldn't have to have much imagination."

Nita flicked ashes from her cigarette as I cast about in my mind for another prominent player.

"How about Novarro?"

"A very good actor, but limited," was the reply. "Why they should put a foreign romantic type like Ramon in

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and Mr. Melton, in his brief sequence as *Margy's* unwanted sweetheart, is curiously real.

#### "Child of Manhattan."

Nancy Carroll, John Boles, Jessie Ralph, Buck Jones, Clara Blandick, Luis Alberni, Jane Darwell, Gary Owen, Betty Grable, Tyler Brooke.

Fellow admirers of Nancy Carroll will join me in cheering her splendid work in the early part of this picture and sympathize with her as opportunities wane in the latter portion. She acts with verve, intelligence, humor, and charm as the romance of a taxi dancer and a millionaire gets under way, but once the story settles into dull routine the gifts of Miss Carroll go for naught.

Originally an unimportant stage play, it has been filmed without taking the trouble to fill the gaps existing between acts, consequently much is unexplained. Yet I don't think it could be remedied if Noel Coward himself tried to patch it. He would be appalled by the illogical doings of the characters.

Miss Carroll's mother seems unreasonable when she violently ejects her daughter from home because of the nice millionaire whose cash gifts she keeps, nor does Miss Carroll explain why she settles down in his penthouse without a struggle. John Boles, who plays the rich man with oaken composure, doesn't tell why it requires Miss Carroll's announcement of an expected blessed event to spur him into marrying her. Anyhow, one gathers that the death of the child causes Miss Carroll to believe that he married her for less than love and thus she is suddenly found in Mexico bent on unselfishly freeing him. Not bothering to glance at the document drawn up by the lawyer, she is aghast on discovering that money is mentioned and is about to marry an old suitor out of ennui when her ex-husband appears to claim her. You are welcome to make of all this what you can.

Buck Jones, a truant from West-erns for the nonce, plays *Panama Kelly*, the suitor left in the lurch, and plays him so well that you sympathize with him as much as Miss Carroll for the handicap of a silly picture.

#### "She Done Him Wrong."

Mae West, Cary Grant, Gilbert Roland, Noah Berry, Owen Moore, Rafaela Ottiano, David Landau, Rochelle Hudson, Louise Beavers.

Ribald, rowdy, and unashamed, Mae West succeeds brilliantly in her first starring picture, the little girl having been given the reward of merit for her bit in "Night After Night." It is extraordinarily funny.

## The Screen in Review

As queen of the Bowery in the days of wasp waists, bicycles, pompadours and a wide-open town, Miss West recaptures the spirit of the time more surely than any of her predecessors in films of the gay '90s.

She swaggers with brazen assurance uttering speeches that should make one's hair curl by their implications, but they don't. Instead, you laugh at her crudity and applaud her lack of hypocrisy. There isn't an unseemly word in the piece nor even the sort of kissing found in ninety-nine out of a hundred films which haven't the courage to say what Miss West does without subterfuge or subtlety.

Another virtue is that Mae—let's drop formality—remains likable and humorous in all her outrageousness. She makes you feel that she doesn't take herself seriously and that she won't make a bid for your tears by attempting repentance and refinement in the end.

The story, a tactful adaptation of her stage "Diamond Lil," shows her as the star performer in a Bowery drinking place, with her gaudy living quarters above the saloon, a marvelous reflection of the taste of such a character in that period, even to ornamental Pampas grass. You don't know what Pampas grass is? Well, youngster, it's just a touch of verisimilitude that intrigues those of us who remember.

Anyhow, she's mixed up with various underworld evildoers, including a convict lover, who escapes to discover that his wayward lady-love has not been idly downcast in his absence. She has rolled an eye and swung a hip in the direction of a mission worker only to discover that he is a detective. But if you think she is defeated by this, you should see how she meets it. You'll see the picture anyway. It's one of those things that can't be escaped.

The entire cast is admirable as one discovers when his eyes reluctantly leave Mae.

#### "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum!"

Al Jolson, Madge Evans, Frank Morgan, Harry Langdon, Chester Conklin, Tyler Brooke, Bert Roach, Edgar Connor, Dorothea Wolbert, Louise Carver.

Least satisfactory of all touted pictures is this, Al Jolson's return to the screen being nothing for any one to brag about, least of all the star whose face probably is red with embarrassment over what must be called, for lack of a better word, a flop.

Classified as pretentious whimsy, the picture frequently is vague and confusing, the latter because it attempts to inject realism and satire

into a story that is purely fanciful and mostly operatic. The latter quality is apparent when characters link arms and stomp all over the place singing in chorus.

The scene is Central Park and little or no attention is attracted by Mr. Jolson and his hobo cohorts, believe it or not. At the same time Mr. Jolson pleads for sympathy when the girl who has fallen in love with him during the loss of her memory, regains it and repulses him. However, it is too late to sympathize—all is musical comedy.

Mr. Jolson is a hobo who calls himself the Mayor of Central Park and is on intimate terms with the real



mayor of the city. They become rivals in love when the mayor's girl attempts suicide in the lake and Mr. Jolson saves her. He makes her comfy for the night in one of those dells within view of skyscrapers which policemen never patrol and where ingénues in dripping satin never catch cold.

This gives you an idea of the story though it doesn't convey the futility of the picture nor Mr. Jolson's playing of the stellar rôle. He attempts cuteness and a sort of self-pitying charm, with close-ups of himself in singing tearfulness over the loss of the girl. They are, to put it politely, not nice to look at. In fact, Mr. Jolson takes no pains to conceal his years. The youth of Madge Evans invites interference from the Children's Society, even though her natural loveliness seems deliberately obscured by bad photography. All told, this is a strange picture and stranger still when it is credited to the director of "All Quiet."

#### "The Secret of Madame Blanche."

Irene Dunne, Douglas Walton, Lionel Atwill, Phillips Holmes, Una Merkel, Jean Parker, C. Henry Gordon, Mitchell Lewis.

The pleasant though limited Irene Dunne revives one of Norma Talmadge's best rôles as seen in "The Lady" about ten years ago. While



it may be good practice for Miss Dunne, it is indifferent exercise for the critical moviegoer. To him it is a tryout for a beginner in acting and a futile resurrection of outmoded material on the part of the producers. It is a melodrama of what is called, for lack of a harsher term, mother love. In the movies this means but one thing, the inevitability of suffering for mother and work for the make-up man. For mother must age as she is buffeted by life in order that she look properly seedy for the big moment when she faces the son that was torn from her because of her unworthiness. It's all here, only mother is blameless. The only thing her inhuman father-in-law had on her was a sedate dance in a dive. And though her son grows up to be a cad, mother love will not be frustrated longer. She proclaims herself guilty of the murder he committed.

In the early episodes Miss Dunne is charming—as the American show-girl in London, but loses her indi-

are buddies late of the marines, calling themselves *Bill* and *Toodles*. Their names indicate that Mr. Fairbanks is the hero and Mr. McHugh comic relief, and right you are. They become mixed up with a gangster who employs them to transport



liquor in planes, but they are really carrying dope without knowing it. Pursued by a government aviator, they have a crack-up without, however, being badly hurt and Mr. Fairbanks is paired off with Bette Davis.

She first appears in Central Park, a tidy victim of the depression with no bed of her own till Mr. Fairbanks offers one where she is, of course, ready and eager to defend herself against insult. But you feel it is more for the sake of a "hot" scene. Earlier in the picture Mr. Fairbanks, a rose thrust above his ear, frolicks in a Central American joint. If you can bear it, this is your picture.

#### "Nagana."

Tala Birell, Melvyn Douglas, Onslow Stevens, M. Morita, Everett Brown, Noble Johnson, Frank Lackteen.

An undecided mixture of jungle animals, scientific experiment and heavy vamping, this combination



makes for nothing but confusion and futility, not even uniform photograpy giving visual satisfaction.

A doctor attempts a serum to cure sleeping sickness when a former flame appears and diverts him from his humanitarian labors. He penetrates the jungle and comes upon a tribe of natives who are dying of the sickness. Succeeding in winning their confidence, his redoubled efforts are defeated by the reappearance of the lady who antagonizes the tribesmen, mixes the serum and, for all I know, releases the animals that wreck his laboratory. Anyhow, she is condemned to be devoured by crocodiles but is rescued by the patient doctor who escapes with her.

Tala Birell, a plain and pleasant person, is miscast as the devastating charmer, and Melvyn Douglas carries on as a leading man should. Onslow Stevens is arresting, vital, and superior, his magnificent voice striking fire from the brief words allotted him before passing out. A Japanese, M. Morita, is excellent as the doctor's devoted aid.

#### "What! No Beer?"

Jimmy Durante, Buster Keaton, Phyllis Barry, John Miljan, Roscoe Ates, Henry Armetta, Edward Brophy, Sidney Bracy.

Buster Keaton's farewell to Metro-Goldwyn gives major opportunities



to Jimmy Durante, but we needn't inquire into this.

Though hardly a comic masterpiece, the picture provides almost continuous laughter. I believe that is what the majority hope for when they go to see a comedy, caring not at all for implications of genius in the actors or cosmic significance in their vehicle. Never mind, then, about faults found in this. It is funny and timely, haphazard, rough-house, and down to earth.

It has to do with a pair of nitwits who buy a brewery on the supposition that the thirty-second amendment will soon become a fact, and they proceed clumsily to operate the plant. Their innocence as law-breakers causes racketeers to mis-

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#### "Parachute Jumper."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Frank McHugh, Bette Davis, Leo Carillo, Claire Dodd, Sheila Terry, Harold Huber.

Any one interested in Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.? If so, here is your opportunity to see him in a program film apparently devised for smaller theaters where presumably critical enjoyment is at a low ebb.

Mr. Fairbanks and Frank McHugh



## The Strange Case of Bob Montgomery

actors on the American stage, if not *the* foremost, came to the studio to make "The Guardsman." Although it received only the most glowing praise after its release, when it was previewed Lunt's work was not so highly regarded by the Hollywood sharpshooters. And for days afterward Bob went around telling any one who would listen that he would have given his eyeteeth to have played Lunt's part.

That Lunt is a far, far better and far more versatile actor than Bob will ever be, gave him no pause for thought. That it was one of Lunt's most successful rôles on the stage and that he knew every turn of the head, every lift of the eyebrow, every trick and gesture connected with it, didn't bother Bob. It was a star part and *he* wanted to play it. It never seemed to occur to him that he could fail to be better than any one else.

Bob has a tendency to show off and it reflects itself in his work on

the screen. Not long ago at a party he was addressing a group of actors equally as prominent as he. One by one they drifted away. "Holy mackerel," muttered one of them, "can't that guy talk about *anything* except himself?"

Last spring Bob was operated on for appendicitis and couldn't play polo for a few months. Immediately stories were circulated to the effect that he thought it wrong for a man to own a string of polo ponies when there was so much distress in the world and that he was selling his ponies and donating the proceeds to the poor.

Bob got a good many pats on the back for that. But he didn't sell the ponies. They were out on pasture where he thought no one would see them. And he still hasn't sold them—or hadn't a few months ago. I saw them in their stable—all six of them.

As I remarked, there are more

causes for death at the box office than there are "don'ts" in the Decalogue. Poor stories have slowed up interest in Lew Ayres. Studio indifference or mismanagement has hampered Richard Cromwell. Too much publicity and too few rôles militated against Rochelle Hudson and Sari Maritza. Stories circulated about her temperament—whether true or untrue—have hurt Nancy Carroll. But the only thing that has hurt Robert Montgomery is himself. His smugness and apparent insincerity obtrude themselves on his screen characterizations to the annoyance of the paying customers.

The worst of it is that when Bob drops his pose and gives himself half a chance, there is no one anywhere more likable.

If he would ever permit himself to be Robert Montgomery the man, instead of Robert Montgomery the star, I don't believe anything could stop him.

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who has been a colony beau in days gone by, with Lila Lee, Maureen O'Sullivan, and others as the belles. Farrow was dramatically arrested while dancing with Mona Maris at the Coconut Grove.

**Connie Rides Freighter.**—The Marquis de la Falaise, Connie Bennett's husband, was also investigated during the onslaught on alien residents, but proved that he has had a nice safe quota number since 1928. Just the same, he and Constance went on a voyage to Europe, and chose to travel on a freighter. They wanted a comfortable and slow cruise, with plenty of chance to rest. Also, Connie never throws her money away on anything.

**Poor Little Free-lancers.**—Out in the cold, cold world of free-lancing are the following: Anita Page, Dorothy Jordan, Creighton Chaney, Gwili Andre, and Julie Haydon. Many others are being dropped these days from their contracts.

Notable among the big stars who will seek new fields is Gloria Swanson, unless she decides to make a picture on her own for United Artists. And that is difficult to-day.

**The "Au Revoir" Countess.**—"Always Good-bye" may become the theme song for the Countess di Frasso. She seemed to have a terrible time tearing herself away from Hollywood. She even got halfway across the continent and then decided to turn back again, illness of her father being given as the reason.

## Hollywood High Lights

Gary Cooper's engagements kept him in Hollywood on the departure of Mary Pickford, the countess, and others who expect to have a reunion in Europe, but with the Countess back again, rumors circulated that Joel McCrea might take the jaunt across the Atlantic instead of Gary. The idea is to have the get-together in the countess's home in Rome.

**Jazzing the Classics.**—We saw Elissa Landi, Marjorie Rambeau, and Helene Madison, sport star brought to the films, cavorting as Amazons of the Grecian era on a set one day, and the production called "The Warrior's Husband" looked very colorful and different, and is also scheduled to be very funny. Miss Landi seemed to be impersonating Sir Galahad and doing it very competently.

Right in this same vogue is Eddie Cantor's next musical show, which will be a version of the fable of Androcles and the lion. Only departure is that instead of a Christian being thrown to the wild beasts of the arena, it will be a sad-eyed Jewish boy.

**Hi-jacking a Contract.**—George Raft has joined the ranks of players who get a taste of success and demand a big raise over the contracted salary, or else. Raft demands \$2,500 a week, or he'll go to Europe. He has been getting \$750. But Paramount may suspend him rather than give in, and already Jack Larue has been assigned the Raft rôle in "The Case of Temple Drake."



Gaynor's contract with Fox comes up in June, and that will be a time for the big decision for the eternal *Cinderella* girl. She is receiving about \$3,250 per week, and undoubtedly almost any organization would be glad to pay her a higher figure even than that, because of her box-office charm. Still we can't see Fox and Janet parting company, either, since she has been the most consistent hit among their sparklers.

**Ballyhoo for Norma.**—Norma Shearer has engaged a personal press agent for the first time in all her long association with pictures. That's significant, for there have been rumors that Irving Thalberg, her husband, might leave M.-G.-M. and embark on an independent venture. Norma naturally would like to be associated with him.

All announcements, however, say that Irving will be back at the studio early in the summer, and so this press agent manifestation on Norma's part



may be just because she'll be away from pictures for several months and doesn't want people to forget her.

**Just Skirting Around.**—Now that the pants craze in Hollywood is well launched, the skirts craze has started—and for men! Wearing 'em is a good way, some of the stars have found, to attract attention.

There were Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, for instance, who recently invaded the Brown Derby wearing skirts, and caused the favorite restaurant to go into an upheaval.

Ernest Truex wore his skirtish costume for "The Warrior's Husband" to the Assistance League tea room one day, just to save a lot of bother changing to street clothes, and then felt very embarrassed about it. To top it all, his wife, discovering his trepidation, opined, "Well, you shouldn't mind. The other women don't."

"And that from a man's own wife!" exclaimed Truex.

**Frank Fay's Hoodoo.**—The old hoodoo is still pursuing Frank Fay. He recently appeared in an ill-fated stage show called "Tattle Tales," which is reported to have involved about \$35,000 of Barbara Stanwyck's money.

Fay started as master of ceremonies for the show in Los Angeles, and after a very hectic opening week was taken ill, and the undertaking was abandoned. Sad part of it all was that the show was a hit at the time.

**Shy Henry Garat.**—Very quiet and rather shy is Henry Garat, new

French arrival for pictures, who is playing in "Adorable" with Janet Gaynor. Garat was so retiring at one of the typical coming-out parties to signalize his advent in Hollywood that scarcely anybody got acquainted with him. Mrs. Garat didn't show up at all, as she is even more shy than her husband. She was formerly a dancer in Paris.

Prior to his arrival in America, Garat was hailed as a terrific lady-killer, and no Mrs. Garat was mentioned. Just another instance where advance publicity went completely screwy.

**Doug-Joan Harmony.**—Doug, Jr., has given Joan Crawford an emerald and diamond ring, and everything appears to be sweet and lovely again. They are partying much together nowadays.

**Cagney Lets Drive.**—Jimmy Cagney apparently isn't pulling his punches. Alice White had several teeth loosened while working with him in a scene for "Picture Snatcher."

Most extraordinary thing about Jimmy is that he recently walked into the front office and said that in view of the hard times he would take a cut in salary. And here he was only a few months ago fighting for an increase.

**More Free Souls.**—The way contracts are having finis written to them for one reason or another these days is a caution. Constance Cummings got her release from Columbia to go free-lancing, although not without a struggle, while Buster Keaton and M.-G.-M. came to the parting of the

ways following Buster's costarring engagement with Jimmy Durante, in "What! No Beer?" Buster just hasn't seemed like himself since the break-up with Natalie Talmadge Keaton.

**Britishers Departing.**—What will George Arliss do when his contract expires, as it will after he finishes "Voltaire"? He has just finished "The Adopted Father," and starts work on the story of the French satirist almost immediately. Thereafter he'll go on a vacation to England, and the future beyond that is hazy.

Another English star is soon to be homeward bound—none other than Ronald Colman. His plans, too, remain very vague, but we can easily imagine him retiring to a secluded country estate and staying there indefinitely. Colman probably always intended doing this eventually.

How much will these two stars be missed?

**Celestial Arrival.**—The most striking arrival in the colony of late is the Chinese wife of Harry Lachmann, a new picture director. She is a beautiful Oriental whom he married in Paris. She possesses a lovely contralto voice and can look forward at any time to a career as a singer. She has been the center of attention at many parties. She wears white almost exclusively, and affects a very pale make-up on her face with shadowed eyes. Her finger nails following the Celestial fashion, are of extraordinary length. The first American picture made by Lachmann was "Face in the Sky."

## Appetites Go Haywire

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for salads and vegetables. Hedda Hopper's favorite salad consists of dandelion, watercress, spinach, and tomatoes, with oil and lemon juice.

Lunch time at the M.-G.-M. commissary finds Ramon Novarro negotiating not tortillas and tamales but vegetable plates, Nils Asther involved in spaghetti with anchovies, Jack Gilbert beginning with broth and ending with watermelon, when the latter is available. Karen Morley's problem—rare in Hollywood—being to give her shadow more substance, she eats eggs and drinks milk.

Richard Dix gets a fever for chili, Roscoe Ates has an affinity for scrambled eggs and cheese. Dolores del Rio orders beef broth and green salads. Joel McCrea accepts anything, just so it's food and not skimpy. Chevalier frequently orders turkey at the noon recess.

Luncheon means soup, salad, and coffee for conventional Warner Baxter. Will Rogers begins with soup at some one's table and ends with a large slab of apple pie across the room, stopping for dishes at each friend's table en route, talking volubly all the while, and staying the longest at the one where he connects with chili.

The mid-afternoon lull, when one feels so let down, is tea hour on several sets—though few drink tea. George Arliss and Ruth Chatterton prefer to brew instead of brood. Kate Smith got that way by wrecking four chocolate ice-cream sodas daily.

Ruth Chatterton soothes her nerves with many glasses of milk during the day. When bothered by insomnia, Clara Bow forages in the ice box for leavings.

If an apple a day keeps the doctor away, the arithmetical problem before Tommy Conlon is, will thirty-seven apples a day keep thirty-seven doctors away, or just one doctor for thirty-seven days? That was the freckle-faced Tommy's chore in a recent film. Having a cast-iron stomach, fourteen-year-old Tommy felt no ill effects, but he did show an interest in peaches after it was over.

Mary Boland once had to eat a whole cake at each performance of a play. So her lack of enthusiasm for sweets is understandable. And it's a wonder that Joe E. Brown fancies any food. All of his recent plays on the Los Angeles stage have required a lot of eating. Mrs. Brown must save on groceries at home.

And so they *guard* their health! Ye-ah?



## After the Storm

"Sorry," he said. "Didn't mean to come so close. But it wouldn't have hurt, even if I'd connected. You see, it's the way you throw the wrist back, like this."

"Sure, sure!" I backed away hastily, interrupting a possible repetition of that left hook. The life of an interviewer is just full of those things.

Before the stage claimed him, Jimmy was all set to give Millet, Corot, and John Held, Jr., a run for their money. Naturally gifted, he studied at an early age to improve his talent. But before he had gone far, the theater reached out and dragged him through the stage door.

After that, crayon and brush were neglected for a career far more exciting and remunerative. Aren't you glad, you lucky people? Imagine our Jimmy daubing fried-egg sunsets in somebody's attic, obliging Père Cinema—and you—to struggle along without him?

I was afraid of that. *Tck-tck.* Now I've got you all sniffing.

He leads a quiet life. Hollywood parties hold no interest for him. I mean, they really don't. According to Hoyle, I should tell you right here that he likes nothing better than an evening at home with his pipe, his

book, and his dog. But, alas, and alack! Jimmy defies convention.

He doesn't smoke, has no dog, and, while he has a book, he just can't sit still long enough to read it. So what?

"You—er—probably have no objection to—er—light wines and beer?" I persisted doggedly.

"None at all," he assured me, "so long as I don't have to drink any. Don't get me wrong. I'm not a Blue Nose. If I liked it, thought it would do me any good, hah! Try and stop me! No," he smilingly anticipated the obvious question, "I don't play bridge, either. Sorry."

"I'll bet you take cold showers!" I muttered nastily.

Apparently we had finally got together on something. He does take cold showers.

"Not *too* cold, see?" he warned me.

"Anything under eighty degrees is too cold," I shivered. "But we'll skip that. Haven't you any other unforgivable qualities?"

"Well"—he considered—"I'm the world's worst worrier. It's sort of a complex, I guess. And it worries me worrying like that all the time."

Is there a doctor in the house?

Joking aside, Jimmy Cagney is one of the most thoroughly ambitious lads in pictures. Each new rôle is studied conscientiously. When he was playing a taxi driver, Jimmy haunted the taxi stands for days, listening to the peculiar jargon of the drivers, copying various mannerisms, until he was convinced that he could give an entirely comprehensive performance. And didn't he, though? Remember "Taxi"?

Directors like Jimmy for this very reason. Lacking that explosive temperament so characteristic of genius, he is one grand guy to work with.

Not that Jimmy doesn't stand up for his rights. If you think he wouldn't, you just don't know the Irish. But his salary altercation with Warners was highly exaggerated by the newspapers.

Not a loud word was spoken. Quietly Jimmy said, "I want—" And a little less quietly Warners said "No!"

That was that. But, as the millionaire said when he discovered the foundling on his front porch, "Why bring *that* up?"

Jimmy's back. Nothing else matters.

## They Say in New York—

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"Two Worlds." Or you may have seen him on the stage here in "A Night in Paris." He trouped the highways and byways of the States in it for three years.

Fox put on a big reception for him. The spacious Jansen suite in the Waldorf-Astoria was the setting and there was music and drinking and general hullabaloo. Mr. Garat is tall and handsome. He looks like a somewhat less sleek Ricardo Cortez and has a broad, candid smile.

The guests were impressed by him, but you should have heard them rave about his wife. She is an English girl, a dancer. They were married last April. She is smart and dashing and stunning, and she carries her clothes with the easy manner of Kay Francis. She professes to be a little worried about those Hollywood sirens, but I wouldn't be surprised to have her prove to be the ranking siren of the lot. Mr. Garat's first picture will be a Janet Gaynor sweetmeat called "Adorable." After that there are big plans for him.

**The Queen Went Too Far.**—When word was flashed Eastward that Marlene Dietrich was dressing like a man and smoking cigars, New York stores rushed to provide trousered suits for women. One hundred

and eighty were reported sold in a day, but only a girl reporter out to get a story was discovered wearing them on the streets.

Meanwhile Mae West arrived and buxom ladies with hourglass figures lost their inferiority complexes and strode about happy to be in vogue again.

**Will You Take It Now?**—A picture that dies usually stays dead, but somebody figured that Ed Wynn's popularity on the radio would make you flock to see "Follow the Leader," which you would have none of two years or more ago when it was released. In the theater where it was shown I seemed to hear the hollow, mocking laughter of Norman Taurog who directed it. If ever a man made a picture with general interference from every one, this was it. He thought Wynn would be awfully funny if people would just let them alone long enough to make the picture. But no one would. Every one in the company had a friend or a relative that they thought would bolster up Mr. Wynn.

Now Metro-Goldwyn will make a picture with the old "Fire Chief," and I just hope that they let him and a director get together and make it

in his own crazy way with Wynn all over the place.

**Coming and Going.**—All the while Mary Duncan was in Hollywood she wanted to come back to New York to do a play. So she joined Tallulah Bankhead and Douglas Gilmore in "Forsaking All Others," and it had hardly opened out of town when a call from Hollywood said she was wanted to support Ann Harding in "Declassé" and she was eager to leave.

Mary Pickford arrived in New York on the first lap of a jaunt through Switzerland and Italy with the Countess di Frasso. She'll pause here long enough to launch "Secrets."

The night clubs are duller because Johnny Weissmuller has been recalled to Hollywood to make a "Tarzan" sequel, and he'll no longer be squiring Lupe Velez about and crabbing at her for her new trick of running her fingers violently through his hair.

**A New Contender.**—If Lilian Harvey, just arrived from Berlin en route to Fox in Hollywood, creates the sensation expected of her, we may expect a whole flock of curly-headed, fragile blond imitators to fol-



low her. That will, I am afraid, come under the head of just too bad. For, while Miss Harvey reminds one of the early Pickford days, she is not merely a fluttering birdlike creature. She has that ironic gift of seeming to caricature herself and all her type by skillful exaggeration. If you like sheer, dazzling prettiness, you will find that in her. If you like stylized acting in brilliant form, here is one of its rare exponents.

Ordinarily a new star is introduced to the New York press at what is known as a tea held in a crowded room. A few guests surround her, clutching at her and pulling her this way and that as guests come up to be introduced. For Miss Harvey, Fox commandeered a long suite of rooms with small tables set around a dance floor, a marimba band, and an army of impresarios to pilot her from table to table. She paused at each table to chat with guests, accepted it all like a little princess and was polite, if a little vague.

She brought her own retinue, including costume designer, advisers, maid, chauffeur, and racing car. She looks to me like one of those lucky girls who will get what she wants.

### What Men Want

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want to be bothered with a big car and a chauffeur.

"I didn't come out here to put on a show. I came out to make money and I intend saving it, too. Of course, I've got enough that I don't have to worry over nickels and dimes, but they offered me such a nice contract I'd have been silly to turn it down. Besides, I'm tired of doing nothing."

Suddenly she became excited. "Oh, I almost forgot to tell you that my new book, 'Transatlantic Wife,' is coming out next month. It's my first novel and I'm terribly enthusiastic about it. The publishers want me to come to New York so they can have a press party for me and have all the critics and newspapermen."

"I like newspapermen," she added ingenuously. "They've always been pretty nice to me, so I play ball with them, too."

Her secretary interrupted. "I'm sorry, Miss Joyce, there are some other people waiting to see you."

I rose to leave. Peggy smiled. "Have you found out what men want?"

She turned the battery of her eyes on me. "No," I admitted, "but whatever it is, you've got it!"

"Come to see me again," she murmured. "I mean it."



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## A Plain Beauty

cation register on the screen, she will be a valuable contributor to pictures. Don't you agree with me that the true sophisticates have little in common with the posturings of movie queens who depend on camera angles and tricky make-up?

"My main regret is that I've gathered no husbands or lovers en route to this interview," Diana continued. "I feel as though I should produce a love life. Honestly, I've not had any. Never been in love at all. Am I mortified!"

Aha. Sheik Durante has been teaching her his slang.

About twenty-seven, she came to America a year ago last November. She is leaving shortly to visit her parents in London for two months. When she returns she plans to settle down in a comfortable home.

"My real name is Dorothy Cox; my father is a London business man. No one in my family ever acted. They're not even musical. I was sent to a private school and was ex-

pected to emerge a domestic-science teacher.

"School plays were the first fatal step. As soon as I could wind up my allotted classroom span, I enrolled under a tutor for voice and acting lessons. My very first job was just a walk-on. That was in 1925 and I was a 'guest' in a cabaret scene in a London show.

"Since I knew no one of theatrical influence, I had to get on without pulling any strings. I toured England with a stock company, doing forty different characterizations, as my second step up the ladder."

Recognition from London managers followed several years in stock. And the play which crossed the ocean to Broadway with its English cast was the magic link to Hollywood.

"I never tried to act in pictures in England because movie actresses seemed either beautiful, daring, or cute. And I'm neither of the three. Anyway, I was busy on the stage. But I'm converted to the talkies now."

She is glowing with the enthusiasm of the sudden success who is getting a studio build-up. As long as she is assigned intelligent rôles she is bound to score. If she is put in silly parts and has to rely entirely on personality, what then? At least she will learn why many able stars grumble.

Diana, who came to fill an unimportant gap in the Barrymores' picture, has stayed to conquer Hollywood and to delight the fans who have been crying for a gracious, dignified heroine to admire. What will her film career do to her? Well, at present she attends movie parties alone and she may discover the joys of falling in love in Hollywood.

In any event don't credit that rumor that Diana Wynyard smokes long black cigars. As Garbo's ghost hovered over us in the blue-and-gold dressing room, this lady of the hour assured me definitely that even a short cheroot would give her *mal de mer*.

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## Tinsel Talent vs. Real

Dietrich is always exquisite, but on the screen she is difficult to understand. She performs her wonders in too mysterious a way for human comprehension, even though one may feel she is being a bit rash. After all, how would one regard in real life a "Blond Venus" whose instincts were as indiscriminate though noble? As charming but unsound, I'm afraid.

How much greater would be our enjoyment if we could glimpse the lovely lady as she actually is. The real Marlene, who can be seen lunching in the studio restaurant while giggling like a high-school girl, and who enthusiastically goes in for non-sensical party stunts, and giddily plays on the beach with her daughter, Maria. The Marlene behind the false front of gauntly made-up cheek bones, enigmatic eyes, weirdly angled brows, and now male attire!

Until that happens, though, we have Norma Shearer to satisfy our longings with a charm just as delicate, and a radiance just as thrilling. Here is an actress whose characterizations have been amazingly varied

and warmly human. Norma never grows monotonous in her rôles. She can be dramatic, amusing, sophisticated, poignant, and touching—all without the aid of distorting make-up.

It's a pleasure to watch this girl who, offscreen, never takes advantage of the star's prerogative to be late for an engagement. And is also so considerate that when she poses beside her husband, Irving Thalberg, she bends her knees so that he may appear taller.

You can't help relaxing with a relieved sigh before the spontaneous sophistication and natural grace of Kay Francis. She is a real-life enchantress whose fascination is not forced; and who tempers her rôles with intelligence and her attitude with humor.

Then there are the two platinum exotics to consider. First, Jean Harlow who, although some say she cries for naïve rôles, acts painfully passionate in her heavy moments. And Lilyan Tashman who—dare I say it?—often unfortunately verges on the comic in her siren scenes. Their cold blondness shows up unfavor-

ably, it seems to me, against the fine, unaffected personality of Ann Harding, or the exciting cleverness of Miriam Hopkins. Are you with me?

Producers are giving us the exotics only because they think we want them. And now it is up to us to show we don't care to be humbugged any longer. The screen has developed and so has the public's point of view. Real actresses no longer have to act offscreen to gain recognition. Those who do are old-fashioned—whether they like it or not. Imagine calling Constance Bennett and Lilyan Tashman old-fashioned!

Movies are supposed to be reflections of life. And how can the reflections be clear and true unless actresses are our prototypes? More interesting, talented, or lovely, of course, but essentially *us*.

Now which do you prefer? The actress whose beauty is naturalness that turns her shadow self into a real character and sends the members of the audience away saying, "Why, that's me," or the exotic who is no more than a typed, two-dimensional illusion?

### MIRACLE

Three cheers for the old-time movie queens

Who keep so fit and fine!

They use a certain kind of soap,

And they're *only* thirty-nine!

JEAN DOUGLAS.

### FIDELITY

I'm weary of the movie throng.

Their scandals and divorce.

The only one I find true blue

Is Tommy Mix's horse.

BETTY FORSYTHE.



## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

take them for master minds. There you have it. There's a girl, of course, Phyllis Barry, who made an excellent impression in Ronald Colman's "Cynara." In this she wears handsome gowns and is bewitching.

### "Luxury Liner."

George Brent, Zita Johann, Vivienne Osborne, Alice White, Verree Teasdale, C. Aubrey Smith, Frank Morgan, Henry Wadsworth, Theodor von Eltz, Barry Norton.

A duller group of passengers and a duller voyage could hardly have been arranged by conspiracy on the part of author and director, not to mention the adapter of the German



novel which serves as the inspiration of a boring picture.

Heaven knows enough happens aboard to make some excitement, but nothing that occurs leaves the least ripple of interest. This is because the characters are hazily outlined and they express themselves in bromides. Alice White is the unofficial life-saver

because of her pep and pertness, but unfortunately there isn't any life to the picture to save. Miss White is a venturesome third-class passenger who manages—try it yourself next time you are traveling—to get into the first-class section for a flirtation that sends her scurrying back to where she belongs.

Other characters are the ship's doctor whose wife—yes, she's aboard—has an affair with a millionaire passenger, and the ship's nurse, who admits that she killed her two children, in love with the doctor. But their concerns, while stressed for importance, are of no account in arousing interest. In fact, the stodginess of the proceedings make the fact that George Brent is improved by a haircut an item of interest, and that Barry Norton is present.

### "Whistling in the Dark."

Ernest Truex, Una Merkel, Edward Arnold, John Miljan, Johnny Hines, C. Henry Gordon, Joseph Cawthorn, Nat Pendleton.

Photographing a stage play is the severest test for it shows up frailties not apparent otherwise. Even film producers are deceived. How otherwise to account for this lame comedy on the screen? It contains a novel situation, yes; one quite good enough for the limitations of the footlights, but without the scope required for an entertaining film. Thus when the novelty has worn off and the end of the picture is not yet, the proceedings become tedious, tenuous, and trite.

A writer of detective fiction stum-

Continued on page 70

## Gene Keeps 'Em Guessing

Continued from page 51

nish athletes visiting the studio were introduced to him. They immediately began jabbering to him in Finnish. That brought the total nationalities that have claimed him to seven, which doesn't include the Scandi-

navian. But Nancy Carroll's nickname for him is "Swede."

Gene retaliates by calling her "Irish." He calls many of filmdom's beautiful ladies by impudent nicknames—and they like it!

## Georgie and Mom

Continued from page 21

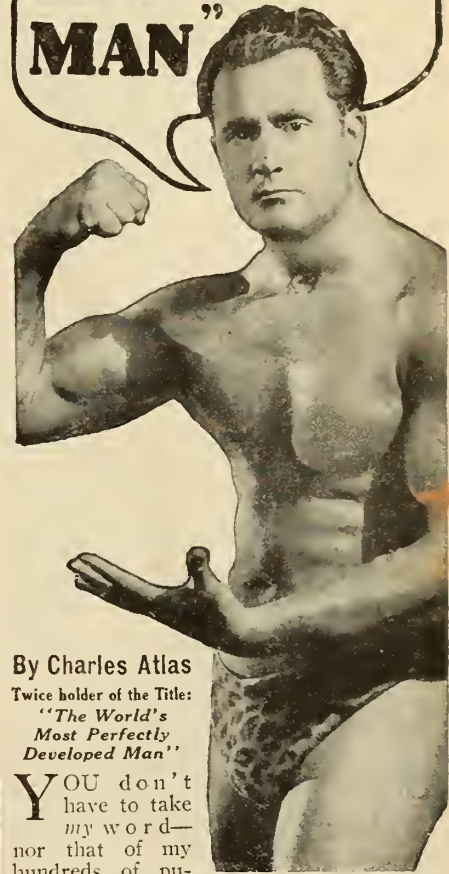
either, as she would be to the best friend in the world. Knowing his mother, this would not be difficult.

He says he's looking for a wife who is not too good-looking, mind you, but she must be a good pal through thick and thin. For George claims the true test of loyalty and

devotion comes when both parties stand up and swear—and mean it—that they'll love each other, "through sickness or health, for richer or poorer, till death do them part."

Some boy, this George Raft, and lucky the girl who qualifies as his bride-to-be, I'd say.

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## Paris Is Hers

Continued from page 57

was to undergo a wave, a facial, and similar aids to pulchritude, a camera stood in grim readiness, its forbidding eye focused with deadly accuracy. And again when Jeanette sought a manicure, the event was hailed in the day's editions, together, if you please, with an artist's sketch of the proceedings.

In Monte Carlo, Jeanette was the guest of Sir Francis Towle at the Casino. But Jeanette's Scotch blood isn't hot for gambling. So on she went to Paris to sing for the *Gueules Cassées*, the unfortunate young men whose faces were destroyed or terribly disfigured in the War.

Then one sunny day Jeanette slipped out to Le Bourget and was whisked across the channel as the honor guest at a Dorchester House luncheon, attended by Ambassador Mellon, British nobility, and the social, professional, and literary lights of London.

There it was announced that there had come into being a Jeanette MacDonald production unit, organized to produce pictures under the aegis of British and Dominion Films for America and United Artists. For the present, the assemblage was told, the unit will concentrate on two MacDonald vehicles. In the first, "The Queen," Herbert Marshall, seen recently in "Trouble in Paradise," will be Jeanette's hero. And later she will make a screen version of Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet."

With congratulations still echoing, Jeanette dashed off to St. Moritz, where Gloria Swanson, Vilma Banky, Michael Farmer, Rod La Rocque, Clara Bow, Rex Bell, Edmund

Goulding and others of Hollywood were holidaying.

All this activity, mind you, was during a "rest period." It was really a vacation for Jeanette, who was having her fling while preparing for a concert tour that will take her to Belgium, Spain, Holland, Italy, and England. The tour is a return engagement, for Jeanette panicked 'em over a similar route last season.

Ah, romance! It seems those sentimental Europeans cannot rest with Jeanette wandering about heart-whole and fancy-free. There must be an attachment. She must sigh for love—and a lover. And who should he be but Maurice Chevalier? Whenever she went the question was put to her. Would she become Madame Chevalier? No, she would not. But, name of a black cat, was it not true that she was *engagée* to Monsieur Chevalier? No, it was not. At which there were winks and shrugs and wavings of upturned palms. *C'est impossible!* Fifty million Frenchmen couldn't be wrong.

The smart messieurs spent transatlantic telephone charges to ask Maurice, but his denials added fuel to the flame. And that is why Jeanette altered the plan to accept Chevalier's invitation to stop at his villa. But even though to top this Jeanette reannounced her engagement to Robert G. Ritchie, despite its year-old antiquity, there are still MacDonald-Chevalier murmurs. However, there is more peace in the bosom of *la belle France* now that Jeanette has confessed to romance. For, at home or abroad, Jeanette is synonymous with romance.

## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

### Overhaul Those Bureau Frames!

THERE is a young actor who I think will make you girls forget all about Clark Gable and Cary Grant. His name? No other than Lyle Talbot. Is he handsome, and can he act? I ask you. You certainly will be convinced when you see him. His latest is "No More Orchids," with Carol Lombard.

Louise Closser Hale is another about whom not enough is written. She is one of the finest actresses on the screen. Good luck, Miss Hale, and many, many more years of success. ENA CARROLL.

Woodmount Avenue,  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

### A Duel Brewing?

I AM kindly a boy of fourteen, but I think I have a right to express my opinion about a certain part of an article in February Picture Play concerning Maureen O'Sullivan. I am criticizing the player

who insulted Miss O'Sullivan. He is sadly lacking in chivalry.

In the first place, I don't believe Maureen did get high-hat after her success in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," but if she did, she deserved to. I demand apologies from the man who insulted her, if he is a man of honor.

DONNIE JONES.  
609 Kansas Avenue,  
Hiawatha, Kansas.

### England Discovers Muni.

WHERE on earth have you Americans been hiding Paul Muni? I didn't think America could have produced the world's greatest actor. At last an occupant of the vacant throne of Jannings!

You should have seen the bored and blasé audience, puzzled and fed up with the mushroom growth of new and ever new exotic and impossible creatures, sit up and take notice, and hear the following ejaculations: "Good Lord, there's an



American actor who looks like a man!" "He actually doesn't mind what he looks like!" "Heavens, what eyes!" "Thought he was too good for America to take much interest in, but they're waking up all right."

If an actor's future depends on fan interest, then we depend on American producers to up and capture Muni for the salvation of the tottering talkies.

MARY REIDY.

18 Withington Road, Whalley  
Range, Manchester, England.

### Crawford, Be Sweet.

JOAN CRAWFORD compels my admiration. Now Hollywood's most dynamic star, a few years ago just a little dancing chorus girl. Good work, Joan! She has the honor of having climbed to popularity on mostly punk stories, and with ordinary supporting casts. Good stories scheduled for her have been given to one or another of the court favorites, "Black Oxen" the last to be mentioned. A secondary and ordinary rôle was given to her in "Grand Hotel," and yet by sheer force this wonderful girl made it outstanding.

Although I am eagerly awaiting "Rain," I do wish the studio powers would give her a chance to be a "good girl" for a change. The fans are eagerly calling for intensely romantic and unsophisticated rôles again. We are growing tired of the overdone sex stuff.

I suspect that Joan would show 'em if she had a sweet old-fashioned story.

EDITH M. ADAM.

Sunbeam Avenue,  
Burwood, Sydney, Australia.

### Doug, Go Get a Shave!

WHAT is happening to Doug, Jr.?

That too-early marriage with the too-ambitious Joan seems to be taking from him all of that charming individuality that he once had.

Why on earth doesn't he break out and do something or go somewhere just once on his own, instead of tagging along, always slightly in the rear, while Joan occupies the spotlight.

And that new mustache is about as becoming as his hair cuts used to be. Must they sprout mustaches? Why cultivate these disgusting masculine characteristics?

E. CLINTON.

Massena, New York.

### Save Only Your Favorites?

I NOMINATE for the Hall of Oblivion:

Greta Garbo, because she pretends to hate publicity when she is really publicity-mad. The newspapers and magazines are always full of her press agent's nonsense about her loathing publicity, and that European trip of hers was just one long

Continued on page 74

## She Was Rudy's Pal

Continued from page 59

a football picture is just one of those things, I suppose. Novarro does the thing he can do better than any one else. That should be enough to suit any studio. He is a dreamer, yet he has fire and a certain spiritual quality, too."

"Oh," said I, almost forgetting, "what about Garbo?"

"You've got to hand it to her," returned Nita quickly. Which, gentle reader, spoke volumes. "She may be a *poseuse* all the way from her clothes to her preference for seclusion, but she puts it over in a manner that makes it ring true. There is a young woman who made the most of her opportunities and they included Mr. Stiller's guidance and Jack Gilbert's fan following. But, as I said, you've got to hand it to her.

"And apropos of Garbo, I would like to have seen Nazimova play the dancer in 'Grand Hotel.' Wouldn't she have been divine? To me, Garbo was neither temperamentally nor physically suited to play it. Incidentally, Nazimova is another actress who should be making talkies."

On which point I heartily agreed. "Let's see." I didn't want to omit any of the more important players. "Oh, yes. Katharine Hepburn. Do you like her?"

Nita reflected a moment. "You know," she said, "I feel sorry for Miss Hepburn. Starting a picture career from the top with a splendid

rôle in a fine story like 'A Bill of Divorcement.' She's going to have an awful time trying to follow that one. Speedy success can be a stumblingblock. Somehow it seems to circle around and hit you like a boomerang.

"However, this girl's luck may hold out. Let's hope so. She's certainly distinctive and has a Garboesque touch—which isn't exactly a handicap with audiences—without in the least being an imitator.

"You know, you can't be bigger than your opportunities. Ruth Chatterton, for instance. When she gets the right rôle no one can touch her, but when she doesn't, she flounders around with the rest of them. However, Miss Chatterton has more than a bowing acquaintance with diction, which is always helpful."

And so, as the Hollywood roll had about been called, it was time to call it a day, especially since our hostess was drawing on her gloves preparatory to making a dash for dinner, with the prospect of an evening performance still ahead.

Nita plans to appear in another Broadway production before hitting the trail to the once gold Coast and making a movie comeback, which should not be at all difficult, for she is remembered as one of the most vivid personalities of the silent days and a good judgment of the talent surrounding her.



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## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 67

bles upon a group of gangsters and is kept a prisoner while his captors experiment with the scheme they force him to devise for circumventing the police. The author's fright is comically accented by having him small, timid, and uncertain, romantic interest being presupposed by having his fiancée with him. Almost all the action takes place in the shuttered hideaway of the crooks, this making for monotony of background.

More than this is the monotony of the chief character and the repetitious antics of Ernest Truex, who plays him. A comedian sea-

the only virtue of the picture being its shortness, less than an hour.

Charles Bickford is a mill worker and Irene Dunne is his wife, Eric Linden her brother who lives with them. He is a boyish inventor whose contraption puts the three on Easy Street and you know what that means in the movies: a home that only a studio would build. Mr. Bickford, now a power among business men, with big deals, conferences, and hasty trips, becomes enamored of Gwili Andre who persuades him to divorce his wife. Accordingly she is framed in the most incredible of all courtroom sequences, but the husband's timely confession clears up everything and Miss Dunne takes him back.

In view of the lack of opportunities in characterization and dialogue, it is unfair to criticise the acting.



### "They Just Had to Get Married."

Slim Summerville, Zasu Pitts, Fifi Dorsay, Roland Young, Guy Kibbee, Verree Teasdale, C. Aubrey Smith, David Landau, Robert Greig, Elizabeth Patterson.

This old-fashioned comedy has hilarious moments and is played by a cast such as one rarely finds in farce. It is unusual, to say the least, to discover Roland Young supporting Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts, not to mention playing second fiddle to Fifi Dorsay, now isn't it?

Mr. Summerville and Miss Pitts are servants who inherit the fortune of their masters and proceed to rearrange their lives on a high, wide, and handsome plan, going in heavily for society and suchlike manifestations of sudden wealth. Their antics are genuinely amusing and they constitute an unusually congenial team, especially in their experiment with horseback riding and in the sequence where Mr. Summerville is compromised by Verree Teasdale who thrusts a pair of her stockings in his pocket.

Incidentally, Miss Teasdale, virtually a newcomer, is strikingly handsome and her voice is uncommonly smooth and seductive.

### "The Death Kiss."

David Manners, Adrienne Ames, Bela Lugosi, John Wray, Vince Barnett, Alexander Carr, Edward Van Sloan, Harold Minjir, Barbara Bedford, Alan Roscoe, Mona Maris.

**"No Other Woman."**  
Irene Dunne, Charles Bickford, Gwili Andre, Eric Linden, Buster Miles, Theodor von Eltz, Leila Bennett, J. Carroll Nash, Brooks Benedict.

A heavily conventional triangle story engages players who are identified with happier undertakings, con-



sequently their efforts are wasted here. There isn't a vestige of originality in action or dialogue, about

A murder mystery of the Hollywood studios is the rather original background of this moderately entertaining picture, with an excellent cast which acquits itself well.



An actor on a movie set is discovered by the script girl to be dead when the director orders a retake and headquarters tries to fasten the crime on the leading lady. She is protected by a young scenario writer who kids the efforts of those in charge of the investigation and goes about solving the mystery in his own way. Another murder and a suicide occur before the riddle is cleared up.

All this is reasonably suspenseful and neatly dovetailed.

David Manners is intelligently flip-pant as the scenario writer and Adrienne Ames satisfies as the bewildered actress, while Bela Lugosi dispenses with horrifying make-up to look himself and play a studio manager very well indeed. In fact, all the players give smooth, convincing performances.

## Are Apollos Jinxed?

Continued from page 53

Whether he was born in New Jersey or Rumania, the fact remains that Renaldo is a brilliant and interesting person who has had more than his share of misfortune. Trouble follows him like a shadow.

In one accident he was badly injured; in another he was only slightly injured, but his companion was killed. When arrested for a traffic violation, his personal jinx caused him to have

to pay the fine not once but three times.

So if you sometimes feel that you have received a bad deal at the hands of Lady Luck, just remember that she plays no favorites. The old girl is as unemotional as the Statue of Liberty when it comes to dealing out trouble to us mortals, including handsome actors.

## Must Sylvia Go Highbrow?

Continued from page 47

ing, interpreting, and passing on to others what she sees in the real-life show before her.

Asked baldly what she thought of herself on the screen, Sylvia was not embarrassed or coy, but gave her answer a good deal of consideration.

"It's so hard to say, because there are two opinions in my mind about that Sidney on the screen," she replied. "When I'm aware that she is *myself*, I'm a bit ashamed of her, and disappointed in her work. But when I think of her only as the character she is playing, I'm encouraged—and I enjoy watching her."

Because of her really deep feeling for her work, and her idea of herself as a spectator and a mere vehicle, not the big show itself, she is careless about clothes offscreen, and about her personal appearance in general. She dresses for comfort, and does not bother to stay strictly in style, or deliberately out of it, methods which divide the rest of Hollywood into two distinct classes.

Sometimes she uses make-up when not before the camera; often none at all. When she uses it, one application serves for the day. A shiny nose bothers her not at all. Neither

does the stain of spilled food on her dress; she wipes it off as best she can, and forgets about it.

But she makes a sharp distinction between private-life Sylvia and "that Sidney on the screen." Her film costumes must be *right*, make-up well done. At the time she was filming "Madame Butterfly," several other actresses were doing Oriental rôles.

Only Sylvia preserved the Lon Chaney tradition, "Make up for the part no matter how much it hurts."

Due probably to Sylvia's passion for her work, she is not only an earnest and tireless actress, a regular director's favorite in this respect, but an excellent judge of story values. She was enthusiastic about "Madame Butterfly" after it was decided to modernize it entirely.

Too logical and clever for her twenty-two years of age? Perhaps, but she must have Hollywood fooled. A famous screen writer, who gets a young fortune for whatever he contributes to pictures, fumbled around for words to describe her. What he finally brought forth was this:

"Yeah, she's funny—and cute."

## IT CAN'T BE LONG NOW

Here's to the day, and it's bound to come soon,  
When the trumpets all play and the critics, in tune,  
Echo praises 'mid blazes and boomings and drummings  
To the whirl of a girl who is called Constance Cummings.

B. M.

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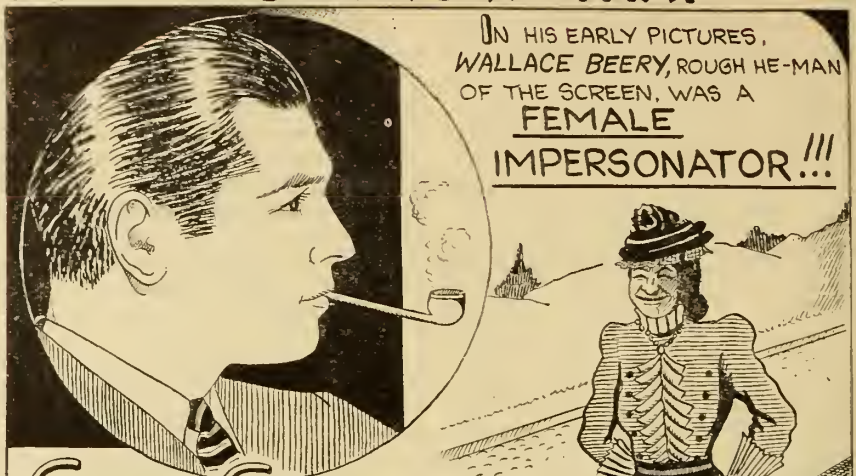
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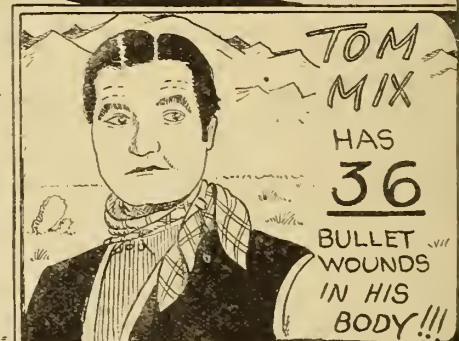


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## Information, Please

Continued from page 12

M. C.—Janet Gaynor certainly couldn't be expected to answer each fan letter personally.

sonally. She just wouldn't have time to play in pictures if she did. She has naturally wavy auburn hair and brown eyes.

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GRACE.—Most of the stars are as beautiful offscreen as on. Of course some photograph better than others. Perhaps "Scarface" was banned from Canada. Peggy Hopkins Joyce is making "International House" for Paramount. No doubt that studio can supply her photo. Gene Raymond is from New York, where he was born on August 13, 1908; five feet ten, weighs 157, and has platinum hair and blue eyes.

ETHEL.—Your namesake, Ethel Shutta, who played Mary Custer, in Eddie Cantor's "Whoopee," is a former Ziegfeld "Follies" girl. She is married to George Olsen, who conducts an orchestra. They are both now popular on the radio. Cary Grant comes from England and celebrates his birthday on January 18th. He is six feet one, weighs 172, and has black, wavy hair and dark-brown eyes. Right name is Archibald Alexander, known on the stage as Archie Leach.



**MRS. L. A. B.**—There has been no denial of the report that Ramon Novarro's sister, Carmen, is working as a dancer in Los Angeles. This is considered a good profession nowadays.

**SUE HART.**—Yes, Karen Morley is one of Anita Page's closest friends. Kathryn Crawford has played in "King of the Rodeo," "The Kid's Clever," "Señor Americano," "Modern Love," "Red-hot Rhythm," "Climax," "King of Jazz," "Hide-out," "Mountain Justice," "Safety in Numbers," "Concentrate Kid," "Flying High," "Emma," "Polly of the Circus," "New Morals for Old."

**DANCING SENORITA.**—George Brent's real name is Nolan; Paul Lukas's, Lukacs. Alexander Kirkland celebrates his birthday on September 15th; Charles Bickford, January 1st; Irving Pichel, June 24th; Melvyn Douglas, April 5th; Karen Morley, December 12th. Tom Mix has black hair and brown eyes.

**CLAIRE WESTON.**—Mary Brian is five feet two, weighs 109; I have heard nothing of her intention to exhibit some of her water-color paintings in Paris. She has made these films: "Peter Pan," "Enchanted Hill," "Behind the Front," "Paris at Midnight," "Brown of Harvard," "More Pay, Less Work," "Beau Geste," "Prince of Tempters," "Stepping Along," "Her Father Said No," "High-hat," "Children of Divorce," "Alias the Deacon," "Man Power," "Shanghai Bound," "Two Flaming Youths," "Partners in Crime," "Under the Tonto Rim," "Big Killing," "Harold Teen," "Forgotten Faces," "Varsity," "Some One to Love," "Black Waters," "Man I Love," "Kibitzer," "River of Romance," "The Virginian," "Marriage Playground," "Burning Up," "Only the Brave," "Light of Western Skies," "Social Lion," "Captain Applejack," "Only Saps Work," "Royal Family of Broadway," "Front Page," "Gun Smoke," "The Run-around," "Homicide Squad," "It's Tough to be Famous," "Blessed Event," "Hard to Handle." Madge Evans was born July 1, 1909.

**D. M. H.**—After a year's absence from the screen, Alice White is now playing in "Employees' Entrance" and "Luxury Liner." "The Match King" was produced by Warner Brothers with Lily Damita, Warren William, Glenda Farrell, Harold Huber, Spencer Charters, John Wray, Murray Kinnell, Hardie Albright, Juliette Compton, Claire Dodd, Alan Hale, Edmund Breese, Harry Beresford, George Meeker, DeWitt Jennings, Alphonse Ethier, Robert McWade, Bodil Rosing, Greta Meyer.

**HELEN KELLY.**—So you think you would like to be my assistant, do you? Very well, if ever I feel the need of a secretary you will be the first to be considered. How's that? Lyle Talbot's first picture was with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Love Is a Racket." He was born in Pittsburgh, February 8, 1904; five feet eleven and a half, weighs 172, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Thelma Todd entered pictures via a beauty contest. She was "Miss Massachusetts," and that led to her being chosen by Paramount for its school of acting. At the time she was teaching school in Lawrence, Massachusetts. Born July 29, 1907; five feet four, weighs 120, and has blond hair and gray eyes.

**SCOTCH ETHEL.**—Well, this is the first letter from Scotland I've received in a couple of weeks. And now you want to know about Anita Page. She is the sole feminine player in Universal's "The Big

Cage," with Clyde Beatty, lion tamer, and will also play opposite Charles Starrett in "Jungle Bride" for the Monogram independent studio. Her films to date include "Telling the World," "While the City Sleeps," "Flying Fleet," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Broadway Melody," "Protection," "Hollywood Revue of 1929," "Our Modern Maidens," "Speedway," "Navy Blues," "Free and Easy," "Caught Short," "Our Blushing Brides," "Little Accident," "War Nurse," "The Easiest Way," "Gentleman's Fate," "Reducing," "Sidewalks of New York," "Under Eighteen," "Are You Listening?" "Night Court," "Skyscraper Souls," "Prosperity."

**SARAH GILL S. P.**—The English actress whom you liked so much in "Sherlock Holmes," with Clive Brook, is Miriam Jordan. Perhaps you also saw her in "Six Hours to Live," with Warner Baxter. She is the oldest of seven sisters, has never bobbed her hair, which is blond, has blue eyes, weighs 108, and is five feet four. Toshia Mori was born in Kyoto, Japan, came to this country at the age of ten and returned to Japan about five years ago. She attended dramatic schools. She broke into films during the last year in "Roar of the Dragon" and "Bitter Tea of General Yen." Weighs 100, and is five feet tall. She is the daughter of a Japanese physician, Doctor Toshia Ichoka.

**DOT.**—Better not let Florence Eldridge know how keen you are about Fredric March. They are very happily married, you know, and we never want to hear of a divorce in connection with such a charming couple. Mr. March will be seen next in "The Queen Was in the Parlor." Address him at Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

**LORETTA C.**—Well, well! Where have you been all these months? We've missed you! And it's Warner Baxter you have a crush on now, is it? He was born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29, 1891; five feet eleven, weighs 168, and has brown hair and eyes. Married Winifred Bryson in 1917. Address him at the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

**SAL AND BILL.**—Myrna Loy is an American of Welsh descent. She was born in Helena, Montana, August 2, 1905, and has red hair and green eyes. She has the feminine lead opposite John Barrymore in "Topaze."

**PEGGY.**—Maureen O'Sullivan comes from Ireland, where she was born on May 17, 1911. Educated in Dublin and London convents. She was prominent in amateur theatricals, but had no other stage or screen experience when Frank Borzage, Fox director, discovered her while he was in Ireland preparing to make "Song o' My Heart," with John McCormack. Went to Hollywood with the company and played the leading feminine rôle in that picture. She is five feet six, weighs 116, and has dark-brown hair and blue eyes. Hardie Albright was born December 16, 1907, in Charleroi, Pennsylvania, his mother being a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, and his father American. The German original name was Albrecht. He has light-brown hair, dark-blue eyes, is an even six feet, and weighs 160.

**SALLYANN.**—That was William Gargan who played the part of *Sergeant O'Hara*, in "Rain." He is another newcomer from the stage. Born in Brooklyn, New York, July 17, 1905; six feet, weighs 170, and has light hair and blue eyes. His film career includes "Misleading Lady," "Rain," "Animal Kingdom," "Sport Page."

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Continued from page 69

## What the Fans Think

publicity gag. Everywhere Greta went, she was always discovered *accidentally* by the newspapermen.

Lupe Velez, because she dresses, behaves, and talks like Lupe Velez. She may be a wow in Hollywood, but she made herself ridiculous in New York.

The screen clothes of Ginger Rogers, Greta Nissen, Arline Judge, Helen Twelvetrees, Lily Damita, and Anita Page. Anita's clothes are too flossy, and Greta's dresses are beyond description.

Billie Dove, for her habit of perpetually showing off her undraped and over-stuffed form.

Wheeler, Woolsey, and Dorothy Lee—the funniest comedians in captivity. Dorothy has a voice like a buzz saw.

Joan Crawford, because she tells all the details of her private life and her innermost thoughts and emotions to the world. Joan has no reticence whatsoever. She ought to take a few lessons from Norma Shearer, who really has much less ability and personality than Joan has, and maintain a decent reserve about her private affairs.

And all those responsible for the undressing scenes that have become a part of every movie. Why must every picture show the heroine in nothing but her lingerie? I'm getting fed up on it.

N. L. WYMAN.

Hartford, Connecticut.

### Let Garbo Study Shearer?

MAY one slightly mystified fan politely inquire why so much fuss is being made over Greta Garbo when Joan Crawford, Helen Hayes, Ann Harding, and the lovely Norma Shearer are far more competent than Garbo can ever hope to be? In my estimation they quite easily overshadow the much publicized Greta Garbo.

When, for instance, has Garbo ever given a performance of such brilliancy as characterized Norma Shearer's acting in "Smilin' Through"? Who could have played the dual rôles of *Moonyeen* and *Kathleen* with more finesse and sincerity? Here is an artist possessing genuine emotional depth and the ability to make her characterizations *live*. Then, too, Norma is versatile. She is equally convincing in the rôle of a gay young modern or a tenderly sentimental *Moonyeen*.

The fact that the Garbo cult fondly believe themselves endowed with a superabundance of intelligence assuredly must be a source of amusement to the fans who have not been completely blinded by the press-agentry and high-powered publicity constantly surrounding this particular star. But then, it may be that I am another dull soul lacking the aesthetic and intellectual capacity to appreciate this genius of the screen. At any rate, I much prefer the lovely, intelligent, and very human Shearer to the aloof, incompetent, and enigmatic Garbo.

CORAL DOLORES WINTER.

3691 West King Edward Avenue,  
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

### Calm Yourself, Gene.

I GIVE up! When I saw Katharine Hepburn on the screen, I sighed a sigh of relief. At last I had found a human being in the movies, not just another actress. She didn't mind showing her bad angles—and she has plenty of them. I was perfectly at ease during the whole picture. I thought she was wonderful. But when I heard she was going Garbo—well! I think I go home!

Anyway, could there be any one more fascinating than Joan Crawford? No wonder "Rain" dwindled to a mere drizzle—the sun's coming out. Look how Joan has become more beautiful, more her real

old self. Gee, how we love that smile again. To me, there will be but one queen, Joan Crawford.

I wondered why James Cagney and William Gargan were looking so sad in their pictures in February Picture Play. It was because of the dying cat on the next page. Then I read below and mercy, it was Mary Brian! Please, Mary, take that stuff off your eyes, put on your sunbonnet, and crawl back into the covered wagon. We like you better that way.

What do I think of Gable? Now be honest. Doesn't he remind you of a turtle? I do wish he would pull his head into his shell and stay.

Shocked? I'm just borrowing some Yankee *frankness*, honey. Continuing, if Una Merkel is a Southerner, I'll eat my best corn-shuck hat. Come to see me some time, Una; I'll see what I can do about your accent. "GENE IN DIXIE."

Memphis, Tennessee.

### Then Take Up Jig-saw Puzzles.

I AM tired of: Joel McCrea's laments because women will not leave him alone. Perhaps Joel is not responsible for these stories, but if he is, he should remember that there are other attractive men in the world besides himself.

Hearing about Helen Twelvetrees's baby. Who cares if she has a dozen?

All the fuss over this new fad of adopting babies. Somehow I can't help feeling sorry for those kids!

John Gilbert's ravings about his series of wedded blisses, and his reasons why each current marriage is sure to be a success. If he would talk less and stay married, he might prove something or other. Likewise, Gloria Swanson.

Lilyan Tashman's clothes and sophistication. After all, there are more important things in the world than being the best-dressed woman in Hollywood.

Hearing about Gary Cooper's big-game hunt abroad and seeing pictures of the animals he is supposed to have shot. It's doubtful if he ever saw a lion or a tiger outside the zoo.

The publicity stories about Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., meeting British royalty. It's a question whether British royalty ever heard of either of them.

Barbara Stanwyck's and Frank Fay's reported happy marriage. People who have been happily wedded for ten or twenty years do not feel like getting all excited over the Stanwyck-Fay marriage of two or three years.

Hearing about the Ruth Chatterton-George Brent-Ralph Forbes happy triangles. I wish Ruth would make up her mind.

"FREE, WHITE, AND TWENTY-ONE."  
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

### Now Do Right by Phil.

CONGRATULATIONS, M.-G.-M., on having signed the cleverest young player of them all, Phillips Holmes. His many fans will be glad to know that his future is in such competent hands.

Given rôles that are worthy of his exceptional talent, Mr. Holmes can easily become one of your most brilliant and popular stars. And another thing, M.-G.-M., won't you see to it, please, that Phil's leading ladies are as youthful as he is? Right on your own lot is the ideal screen sweetheart for him, the exquisite Dorothy Jordan. They'd be perfect together.

And now, turning reluctantly from the sublime to the ridiculous, a word to the James Cagney fans who didn't seem to like the way I criticized their favorite.

Well, folks, I've seen my second—and positively last—Cagney "pitcha," and I've decided that Jimmy isn't bad at all. He's terrible!

"PHIL FAN."

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

### Hot Shots Can't Be Angels.

WHAT "Philadelphia Fan" said about Cagney made me laugh. None of these hot shots can be angels. He can play rough-neck rôles as if he meant them, and it takes a good actor to play them well. When he socks a guy it isn't any love pat. Let's give three cheers for Jimmy, the greatest little actor on the screen.

A SPOKANE FAN.

211 West Eighteenth Street,  
Spokane, Washington.

### A Champion for Nissen.

ALTHOUGH I have now been a reader of Picture Play for some eight years, and find it one of the best motion-picture magazines on the news stands, this is the first time that I have used its columns to air my views. But after seeing my favorite, Greta Nissen, wasted on a terrible picture like "Rackety Rax," I must for once burst into song.

Poor Greta, she deserves better than this, for she has a pleasant speaking voice, acting ability, and personality, so I want to hand Fox an outside brickbat for putting her in a picture where she has no chance to do anything.

I always used to champion American films against European productions, but if this is an example of their efficiency in casting, I'm through. Unfortunately, much of the world's best screen talent has succumbed to the lure of Hollywood, only to be wasted on trashy productions. Surely there is no lack of good material for this purpose; they could always find plenty in the silent picture days.

Now then, Fox, wake up and give Greta Nissen a fair deal. Will a few more fans please second this motion?

STANLEY DAFT.

28 Fairmile Avenue,  
Streatham, London, S. W. 16.

### Get Out of Westerns, O'Brien.

EVERY one listening? This is a plea, and a crusade. Will you all join me in it and help put a certain star in the place where he belongs? Don't shrug your shoulders and decide you are not interested. All I ask of you is that you read this letter and think about it; if you do, I am sure you'll all want to join. I have been fighting alone to gain this star recognition, but a crusade needs more than a few scattered people.

Remember "The Iron Horse," "Johnstown Flood," "Fig Leaves," "Noah's Ark," "Paid to Love," and "Sunrise"? If you saw those releases, you all probably have wondered why the star, George O'Brien, has not had any *real* rôles since those pictures. But wondering won't help any. That won't bring him back in the kind of rôle we want him in; we must let the producers *know* that we are dissatisfied with his present type.

There is no actor on the screen to-day who is a greater personality than George O'Brien. And besides all this, he most certainly is an actor, one of the best we have, and his voice! It is really the finest on the screen.

Yet, O'Brien is put in one Western after another. Not that that is any disgrace, but he deserves a place on the screen where all fans can discover him.

ALICE ANN SHUE.

188 1-2 Camp Street,  
Providence, Rhode Island.



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STREET & SMITH'S  
**PICTURE PLAY**

JUNE 1933

O  
NTS



DAN BENNETT  
ORIGINAL DODHUNTER





LEO: "I'm glad you made 'REUNION IN VIENNA', John. When I saw it on Broadway as a great Theatre Guild hit I knew you were the man for the part."

JOHN: "Thanks, Leo. It's an added pleasure to play opposite Diana Wynyard in such an exciting story."

LEO: "I'm sure it'll be a pleasure to the public to see it too, John!"



One night of reckless romance, risking capture to recapture the love of his mad days in the Imperial Court... Gayest of this year's Broadway romantic hits "REUNION IN VIENNA" becomes another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen delight...

with John Barrymore, Diana Wynyard, Frank Morgan.  
Screen play by Ernest Vajda and Cloudine West.  
From the play by Robert E. Sherwood.  
Directed by Sidney Franklin.



# One real kiss gave her new ideas on life!

She could lick an army! Swear like a trooper! Drink any man down! What a man-eater she was! Until a *real* man came along and gave her new ideas on life. From then on things were certainly changed! . . . This is the "different" picture you've been longing for. So gay and merry you'll laugh yourself sick when you see it—and laugh a lot more every time you think about it. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre, now, when it is going to be shown.

## "THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND"

A Jesse L. Lasky Production  
with

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**MARJORIE RAMBEAU**  
**ERNEST TRUEX**  
**DAVID MANNERS**

Directed by Walter Lang

*A*

**FOX**  
P I C T U R E

In this picture it's  
the women who do  
the chasing—the  
men who are  
chaste!





YEARLY  
SUBSCRIPTION  
\$1.00

# STREET & SMITH'S PICTURE PLAY

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## GARBO'S. MOTHER

Have you ever seen a picture of Greta's mother? No? Well, you will find her photographed in next month's Picture Play.

You will also see Greta pictured laughingly enjoying a picnic with friends in Sweden. And a picture of the house where she was born. In fact, you will see rare pictures of Garbo that you've never seen before.

They illustrate an extraordinary story about her life in Stockholm, both past and present. It is an article that throws still more light on the most extraordinary woman in the public eye to-day.

## KAY FRANCIS SCOFFS

"I can think of nothing more tremendously unimportant than being the best-dressed woman in pictures or anywhere else," says Lilyan Tashman's only rival in style. "I want to be known as an actress, not a clothes-horse."

Is this Kay's open defiance of Lilyan's self-made reputation as the sartorial arbiter of Hollywood? Read the interview in July Picture Play and decide for yourself if a Tashman-Francis feud impends.

## SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER WITH THE STARS

What do the hostesses of Hollywood serve on these informal occasions? Do they leave the choice of food to secretaries, butlers, or cooks? Far from it!

Jean Harlow, Claudette Colbert, Lilyan Tashman, Miriam Hopkins—all the stars—have their favorite dishes for buffet suppers.

Next month they will tell you all about them so that you, too, may delight your guests with the same easily prepared dishes.

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# "THE SONG OF SONGS!"

"I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART AWAKETH  
IT IS THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED SAYING  
'OPEN TO ME, MY LOVE, MY UNDEFILED' "

©



HER SONG OF LOVE . . . the lyric innocence of  
her loveliness turned into a melody in marble  
by the hands of the man who took her heart.

## MARLENE DIETRICH

*in*  
"THE SONG OF SONGS"

BRIAN AHERNE    LIONEL ATWILL  
ALISON SKIPWORTH    RICHARD BENNETT

*from the story by Hermann Sudermann and play by Edward Sheldon*

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

*a Paramount*  *Picture—*

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION, N. Y. C.



# WHAT THE FANS THINK



A Maryland girl just can't see anything in Katharine Hepburn's personality and acting.

## Agitated About Hepburn.

**I** DARE to be so bold to say that I think Katharine Hepburn is *terrible!* The critics may laud her, the magazine writers may bow to her, the fans may write of her, the publicity agents may hail her as a new Garbo, but I can't see her at all. She is not at all beautiful, her figure is far from gorgeous. She may be a woman of capability and dramatic ability, but why they pick her out for all the golden ovation is beyond me.

On the other hand, Garbo is inimitable. No one can ever take her place, just as no one ever took Valentino's place.

People of greatness may come and go, but there can never be another Garbo, another Valentino, another Lionel Barrymore, another Chatterton, Helen Hayes, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Colman, or Chaney.

MARILYN JOAN  
KNIGHT.  
P. O. Box 515,  
Annapolis,  
Maryland.

"We need some one as refreshing and natural as Ann Harding," raves another fan.

Several fans register their worries about the morals of screen stories along with the usual bouquets and brickbats.

## With No Apologies.

**I** MUST utter a protest against Betty Crew's letter in March Picture Play, in which she classed Ann Harding with Garbo, Crawford, and Bennett as lesser artists of the screen, and called Ann "the dull and dowdy Harding." Ann Harding is far superior to either Garbo, Crawford, or Bennett, and thus I resent this classification.

True, Ann is no clotheshorse galloping through her scenes with misplaced eyebrows and a sensuous mouth which fairly drips make-up, nor is she an anæmic-looking creature with sunken cheeks and drooping eyelids, slinking along in so-called exotic allure.

Continued on page 10





# "I have REDUCED

my waist and hips  
**9 INCHES WITH THE  
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**

... writes Miss Healy

"**I** REDUCED from 43 inches to 34½ inches" writes Miss Brian ... "Massages like magic" ... writes Miss Carroll ... "The fat seems to have melted away" ... writes Mrs. McSorley.

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REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS  
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS**

... or it won't cost you one penny!

## Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

• This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit...its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

## Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh

• The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

## Don't Wait Any Longer ... Act Today

• You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny ... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results...and your money will be immediately refunded...including the postage!

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MRS. JOHN W. NOBLE  
Rye, New York

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9 INCHES"

I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results of my Perfolastic girdle--it seems almost impossible that since last May my hips have been reduced nine inches. I think this is perfectly marvelous--at least twenty of my friends are now wearing the Perfolastic girdle. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.

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New York City

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Silhouette  
Demands  
Slender Hips



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# Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

## By The Oracle

**D. G.**—I know that you and many fans will be glad to see Ruth Chatterton and George Brent reunited in "Lilly Turner." Hope you like it! Did you see the layout of pictures from Miss Chatterton's "Frisco Jenny" in our March issue? Of course you may come again.

**BENNIE.**—Yes, the height measurements are supposed to be without shoes. John Wayne is six feet two, weighs 200, and has dark-brown hair and eyes; Randolph Scott, six feet two, weighs 185, light-brown hair, hazel eyes; Cary Grant, six feet one, weighs 172, black hair, brown eyes; Gilbert Roland, five feet eleven, weighs about 165, black hair, hazel eyes; Walter Byron, six feet, weighs 163, dark hair, blue eyes; George Brent, six feet one, weighs 170, hazel eyes, black hair.

**RONNIE.**—It was Alan Mowbray who played the part of *Gore-King* in "Sherlock Holmes," with Clive Brook and Miriam Jordan. Warner Baxter was born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29, 1891; five feet eleven, weighs 165. Frances Dee in Los Angeles, California, November 26, 1908; five feet three, weighs 108. John Boles, Greenville, Texas, October 27, 1898; six feet one, weighs 180.

**GARLAND ARTHUR.**—Write to Jean Harlow at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. She was born in Kansas City, Missouri, March 3, 1911; five feet three and a half, weighs 112. Her right name is Harlean Carpenter. Her stepfather is Marino Bello. "Bombshell," with Franchot Tone, is her next.

**ANN BROWN.**—Did you know Lee Tracy when you lived in Atlanta, Georgia? He was born there on April 14, 1898, is five feet ten, weighs 145, and has blue eyes and sandy hair. He isn't married, though he is very fond of the ladies. For his photograph, write to Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

**JUDY P.**—You will be seeing Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan together again in "Tarzan and His Mate." Johnny was born on June 2, 1904, in Wimer, Pennsylvania; six feet three, weighs 195, and has brown eyes and hair. Maureen in Ireland, May 17, 1911; five feet four, weighs 114, and has dark-brown hair and blue eyes. Address both at Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

**CROW-EATER.**—Caw! Caw! And what do you have for dessert? The principal players in the silent Technicolor film called "The Viking" were Pauline Starke and Donald Crisp. In "Dancer of the Nile," June Eldridge was the *Princess*, Bertram Grassby *Prince Tut*, and Carmel Myers *Arvia*. John Warburton was the hero in "Silver Lining." Beryl Mercer was *Mrs. Leadbatter* in "Merely Mary Ann."

**A. R. BARKER.**—Clara Bow's first film for Paramount was Elinor Glyn's "It," released in 1927. This picture seemed definitely to stamp her as a hot-cha girl, but

she is not being featured in this sort of rôle nowadays by Fox.

**D. E. P.**—It is too bad, all right, that there are so many short-lived marriages among movie people. We all thought it a perfect match when Lew Ayres and Lola Lane promised to "love, honor, and obey" on September 15, 1931, but quarrels broke up their marriage. Watch for him in "The Billionaire," with Gloria Stuart and Boris Karloff. An interview with Joel McCrea appeared in March Picture Play.

**J. DUNNAVAN.**—Russell Hopton doesn't give the year of his birth, but February 18th is the month and day, and the place New York City. Yes, he is married. He

When sending questions to this department, the letter should be addressed to The Oracle, Picture Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Communications to other departments should be written on separate sheets, if included in the letter, so the answer man can retain your questions.

is now playing in "The Little Giant," with Edward G. Robinson and Mary Astor. Ralph Bellamy's birthdate is June 17th. Married to Catherine Willard. "Beneath the Sea" is his latest.

**DOROTHY RYAN.**—So you have a crush on Bruce Cabot after seeing him in "King Kong," eh? Well, you may obtain that desired photograph by writing to RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. This twenty-three-year-old six-footer has been married and divorced. Though his real name is Jacques de Bujac, he is an American, having been born in Carlsbad, New Mexico. His varied career includes selling bonds, breaking bronchos, working as a mechanic in the oil fields, and stock-company acting. "The Roadhouse Murder" was his first screen rôle.

**PADDY THE IRISHMAN.**—Sure an' how are you? I was beginning to think that our friends in Ireland were forgetting us, but your letter has reassured me. Why don't you subscribe for Picture Play? In that way you would be sure of receiving your copy regularly every month. James Cagney is five feet nine; Matty Kemp, five feet eleven. I haven't the heights of the others you mention. Lois Moran, Grant Withers, and Arthur Lake have been making stage appearances.

**EDDIE M. F.**—You will be disappointed to learn that Constance Cummings quit Columbia to go to London to appear in British International Pictures. She was born on May 15, 1910, in Seattle, Washington; five feet four, weighs 117, and has titian hair and blue eyes. Coming from the stage, she made her first screen appear-

ance in "The Criminal Code." Right name Constance Halverstadt.

**MISS MAC.**—Conway Tearle is not a contract player and appears only occasionally in films. "Her Mad Night," with Irene Rich, was his last for Mayfair. Born in New York City in 1882; five feet ten and a half, weighs 160, and has dark-brown hair and eyes. He is divorced from Adele Rowland.

**LOUIS K. B.**—Since Mona Maris played in "Once in a Lifetime," perhaps the Universal Studio, Universal City, California, can supply her photograph. This actress was born in Argentina, November 7, 1909; five feet five, weighs 115, and has dark-brown hair and green eyes.

**SOPHIE STOVKO.**—Their birthdates are as follows: Joel McCrea, November 5, 1905; Eric Linden, July 12, 1911; Tom Keene, December 30th; Tom Brown, January 6, 1913; Noah Beery, Jr., 1914; Tom Tyler, 1903; Gary Cooper, May 7, 1901. None of these players is married.

**JEAN HAY.**—Yes, they are showing a number of English-made pictures over here. That was Ralf Harolde as *Carp* in "Hollywood Speaks." I believe you refer to Murray Kinnell in "Honor of the Family." Young Lester Lee portrayed the rôle of Ricardo Cortez as a boy in "Symphony of Six Million." The player you mention isn't listed in the cast of "Dancers in the Dark."

**BETTY BOOP FROM ILLINOIS.**—You will be glad to know that Maureen O'Sullivan did not go back to Ireland, after all, but instead signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn, for which company she will make "Tarzan and His Mate," opposite Johnny Weissmuller. She is now playing in "The Cohens and Kellys in Trouble." Because of the illness of her husband, Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer had to postpone the making of "La Tendresse." While some readers complain that their letters to stars occasionally are not answered, the majority tell me that they not only receive a reply, but a nice photo of their favorite to boot. You ask if interviewers are wealthy. Well, they may retire as such some day, but certainly they never start out that way.

**DUMB.**—I do not find any picture called "Texas Cyclone." Perhaps you mean "Texas Buddies," with Bob Steele and Nancy Drexel.

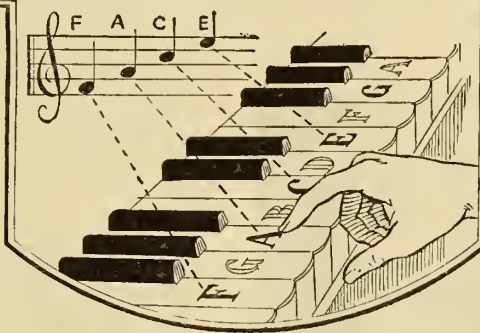
**RICHARD MILLER.**—Hope you see this, since I couldn't possibly answer your questions any sooner. Sari Maritza pronounces her name *Shar-ee Mar-ee-ta*. "International House" is her latest.

**H. E. H.**—Mae Clarke will be twenty-three on August 16th. Her latest is "Rivets," with John Gilbert. For her photograph, try Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Indiana, on December 4, 1889.

Continued on page 72



# Half a Million People have learned music this easy way



You, too, Can Learn to  
Play Your Favorite Instrument  
Without a Teacher

## Easy as A-B-C

**Y**ES, over half a million delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this quick, easy way.

Half a million—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

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Many of this half million didn't know one note from another—others had never touched an instrument—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music *amazingly easy*. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

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same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

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Continued from page 6

She is neither self-conscious nor clothes-conscious. We need some one as refreshing and natural as Ann, after this deluge of glamorous ladies.

She looked stunning in "Animal Kingdom" and there was no hint of dowdiness in her appearance. Her clothes are smart, but not ultra-sophisticated, because her type of beauty does not require such. We prefer Ann "as is" and not as a brainless product of modistes.

With no apologies to Betty Crew, HAZEL D. BEHR.

1016 West Wayne Street,

Fort Wayne, Indiana.



Some Wholesome Glamour, Joan.

**E**LSIE MAST. I admire you for daring to toss something other than a rave at Leslie Howard.

Compared to his two countrymen, Ronald Colman and Laurence Olivier, he is like milk compared to sherry.

Joan, please be the Crawford of "Possessed" and "Grand Hotel" again. Leave the sex-crazed women to Norma Shearer who can do any part well. Leave off the garish make-up. Be striking, but don't leave us

going for air. Be glamorous, but let it be a wholesome glamour.  
for Parah.  
released in 15 Pennsylvania.  
nitely to stamp.

"DUTCH."

### We Take a Bow.

**I** WANT to compliment you on your splendid magazine which I have been reading for several years. Norbert Lusk's reviews of current pictures have become such a habit with me that I scarcely ever see a movie without first consulting his department.

I have just seen "Smilin' Through" and "Strange Interlude" and sincerely believe that Norma Shearer is the most versatile and capable actress on the screen to-day. How can the fans criticize Irving Thalberg for "giving Norma Shearer all the gravy"? What actress on the Metro lot, with the possible exception of Helen Hayes, could play these two varied rôles so brilliantly as Norma?

Many Joan Crawford fans hurl bricks at Mr. Thalberg because they feel he discriminates in favor of his wife. They ought to thank Heaven that Mr. Thalberg didn't lose his head and turn Joan Crawford loose in "Strange Interlude" and "Smilin' Through." The result would have been funnier than Jimmy Durante at his funniest.

I should like to make an honest criticism of Joan Crawford. I do not think she is nearly as effective in the heavy type of rôle she has been attempting lately. She has lost her naturalness and individuality. Why doesn't she return to the "Dancing Daughters" rôles and leave straight drama to such actresses as Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton, who can do it so much better than she? Joan is not a great emotional actress. But she is a personality who destroys her appeal when trying to imitate some other star. A few more flops like "Rain" and Joan Crawford will find herself out in the cold. I hope she will take heed before it is too late.

CAROL MINERS.

422 Kossuth Street, Lafayette, Indiana.

### Let Gable Smack a Dempsey!

**T**HE Gable rage still remains one of life's great mysteries to me. I have seen females fairly swoon at sight of his shadowy vision on the screen, and have been only bewildered by their emotions. Mind, I am free, white and twenty, and entirely susceptible to masculine magnetism.

With the purpose of learning what this furor was all about, I have feasted my orbs upon his image time and again, concentrating especially on that famous smile with the dimples that the gals are writing about, and found that it left me wholly unimpressed save to invite unfavorable comparison with the equally famous smile belonging to the dark, handsome young fellow who was once affectionately hailed as this country's boy friend supreme.

This he-man stuff about Gable has always amused me. Who cannot be fearless before a camera, when

there is always the comforting knowledge that it is all only make-believe; that when the day's labor is done, one can go safely and soundly home, nary a scratch the worse. And all the time his virility is exploited

simply by a few well-aimed uppers to the smooth jaw or cheek of some frail heroine!

I always have a sneaking ambition while witnessing some such display of manly daring, to know what big, brave Clarkie would do if confronted with real danger, impersonated by something more frightening than a young lady who talked back. A nifty sock, which the maiden in question inevitably considers a blessing, is usually his method of making love, but I, for one, can derive far greater pleasure from watching the more refined Fredric March.

[Continued on page 12]



the others won't be trapped into something they do not want to see? And these supposed he-men who swat down the weak ex, they give me a laugh. Why don't they try hitting some one their own size? Nothing so terribly brave in batting a woman or kid. "SMITTY."

Ogden Drive,  
Los Angeles, California.

### Women Will Be Catty.

WHY Norma Shearer received so many knocks in last month's columns of "What the Fans Think" is beyond me. But after all, I noticed that all letters were signed by women, and I can readily see it all a plain case of catty jealousy, which some women glory in when it comes to looks, figure, and accomplishments of others of their sex. Can any of these women themselves hold a candle to Miss Shearer?

The letter that really annoyed me most was from Hilda Brown, of England, in which she gave all her praise to Leslie Howard, a Britisher, who well deserves praise, but why did she have to end by calling Norman Shearer "cheap"?

I can plainly see that Miss Brown hasn't done any extensive traveling or come in contact with foreigners, else she'd realize that every country has its own manner of living and types of people, and we Americans don't go in for that superpolish the Britishers cultivate. Therefore, I suppose we are cheap. It is really much cheaper to voice one's opinion of an actress one knows nothing about.

I was a neighbor of Miss Shearer in her school days and her refinement is not acquired, but hereditary. For the past four years I have lived in Hollywood and know that Miss Shearer's life is so clean and spotless that her praise is sung by every one. We resent a stranger from across the sea calling her cheap. And in case Marguerite Wright is worried about Miss Shearer's age, I can inform her that she is the same age as I am—twenty-five. We were in the same grade in school together.

BERNARD HSSERT.

2553 Glen Green,  
Hollywood, California.

### Fun Without Booze or Boudoir.

I ENJOY the fan magazines, but too many of them have "the king can do no wrong" attitude regarding the flickers. They extol the plays, no matter how sordid or vulgar, as if they were paid to do so, and make light of the frequent breaches of common decency and convention as if they feared to do otherwise.

It just happens that most of us prefer clean shows—we don't like to plan an evening's entertainment only to have it spoiled by distasteful, unnecessary scenes which have obviously been inserted for the benefit of morons.

Why cater to degraded tastes? There is no necessity of slopping booze all through the pictures. There is no necessity of displaying half-dressed women in boudoir scenes; it only embarrasses decent people and causes the nitwits to simper. There is no necessity of showing immorality in the form of bedroom scenes; the heroine's fall from grace can be implied without that. The prize-winning pictures are the ones which are absolutely clean. They are the box-office hits!

"Tarzan" was a good picture because it was not only thrilling but clean. Had it been suggestive or brutal there would have been no universal appeal to it. I very seldom go to a picture show unless I have first read reviews of the pictures, and I find that Picture Play is a good

## NO WEDDING BELLS UNTIL



by Timm's

### FRIENDS WHISPERED !

SHE AND TED HAVE BEEN ENGAGED FOR AGES ! WONDER IF THEY'RE EVER GOING TO GET MARRIED

IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF...

IT'S ALWAYS BEING PUT OFF



### SHE SUFFERED !

OUR WEDDING POSTPONED AGAIN ! IS TED SIMPLY MAKING EXCUSES ? DOES HE NO LONGER LOVE ME ? I'M WORRIED SICK !



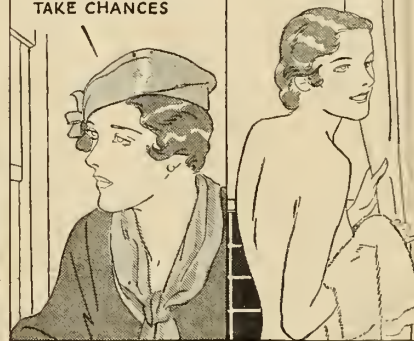
### AT LAST — a clue !

HE KEEPS PUTTING OFF THE WEDDING. I THINK IT'S BECAUSE SHE ISN'T....WELL, AS DAINTY AS SHE SHOULD BE. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN ..... "B.O."



THESE WOMEN ARE TOTAL STRANGERS. THEY CAN'T BE DISCUSSING TED AND ME. I'M SURE I'M NEVER GUILTY OF "B.O." BUT I WON'T TAKE CHANCES

THESE LIFEBOUY BATHS MAKE ME FEEL SO MUCH CLEANER



### NO "B.O." NOW — a bride next week !

DARLING, I CAN HARDLY WAIT EVEN ONE WEEK !

JUST ONE MORE WEEK, TED, AND THEN.....!



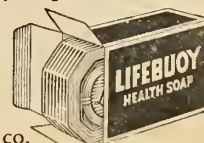
### You risk happiness when you gamble with "B.O."

(body odor)

NO ONE can afford to take chances with "B.O." (body odor). If you offend even occasionally, friendships may cool, romance—love, itself—vanish! Warmer weather increases "B.O." danger. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, extra-clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its rich, hygienic lather deodorizes pores—stops "B.O."

### Wonderful for complexion

Dull, cloudy skins quickly respond to Lifebuoy's gentle, pore-deep cleansing—glow with healthy radiance. Give your skin this simple beauty care.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



guide. I realize that evil must sometimes be pictured in order to contrast the good, but it need not be overemphasized as is so often done. Oh, yes, I'm very young, modern, and peppy. I don't drink, smoke, or carouse to have a good time, and, believe it or not, I *do* have good times. That's why I know *it can be done!*

R. ROBERTS.

Morton Place,  
Los Angeles, California.

#### Art to Arty Souls.

**R**EPLYING to Gerald Preste in March Picture Play, I agree that Jean Harlow has one limitation, but it is a limitation common to all other artists in the world. She can furnish art in abundance and put on a great show. But unfortunately she can't put artistic discernment into the heads and hearts of everybody. If it is not in them to visualize great art, Jean can't put that subtle, artistic sense into them.

Gerald is distressed because the great god Gable had to waste his time and talents on Jean. Now I like Gable, too. No mere man is greater on the screen. But believe me, Clark never was luckier in his life than when he got the chance to play opposite the marvelous Jean, and if he is ever as lucky again it will be when he is put with her in another picture, or cast with Clara Bow or Peggy Shannon. But perhaps he would shine more with some other girl who can't steal most of the glory.

And get this, Gerald, if you don't like sex rôles, slam the studios, not Jean. She can't choose her rôles. She has to play what they give her, and make it as realistic as possible. I resent the statement that Jean Harlow or her acting is ever smutty. She portrays life as it really is, just as a great artist should do. If you want goody-goody plays which have little relation to life in the raw, you will have to look elsewhere. Jean Harlow is no superficial, halfway artist.

MIKE BUTLER.

Box 154, Taft, California.

#### Those Funny Censors.

**I**F I ever saw a funny photograph it was the one of a group of censors previewing a movie. Old ladies, young ladies, middle-aged ladies, all having a serious look upon their faces, watching the show and determining what scenes to cut out. But what good does it do?

Eight out of ten films seen on the screen to-day reek with rotten suppositions—bits of wild life in college, drinking parties, foul ideas of boy and girl relationships, and all sorts of low ideas are flashed on the screen.

Young children see these pictures, do not grasp all the wicked meanings, ask older boys and girls, and almost every time receive vicious answers in a way that gives them the wrong outlook on life.

It would be a shock to the censors if they took a vote of the United States as to what was thought of the morals of modern films.

HAROLD SCHNEIDER.

426 South Third Avenue,  
Washington, Iowa.

#### Pink Lace Chairs.

**A**N appreciative fan would like to give due credit to our film costume designers, those clever fellows who have helped make Hollywood the fashion center it is to-day.

Adrian: This ace of designers is a reticent young man, pale, interesting, a bit melancholy. He has brought more glamour to the screen than any other per-

son. It may be interesting to know that he is also an accomplished interior decorator. His interiors have that same classical purity of line and exoticism which is expressive of his gowns for Garbo, Joan Crawford, and Norma Shearer.

Adrian has a great knowledge of the beautiful. His own home is phantasmal in its loveliness—silver foliage, chairs of pink lace, azure lamps, subtle lily scent and jeweled ash trays.

Travis Banton: Here is a man who looks more like a successful automobile salesman than a dress designer. He speaks like one, too, with short, clipped sentences. He will be found any day in his beige-gray office in the Paramount Studio sketching models. It was Mr. Banton who introduced coq—high-class rooster—feathers on gowns in "Shanghai Express." Now they are being worn everywhere.

Orry-Kelly: A handsome Irishman with a dashing streak of white running through his hair. Formerly of New York, Warner Brothers rushed him out here to design clothes. His water-color sketches, which have a close resemblance to the stars themselves, are exquisite.

David Cox: A reserved young man, dark-eyed and deeply tanned, is the creator of smart, conservative clothes for Fox stars.

Howard Greer: This couturier has established himself in a beautiful shop decorated by Harold Grieve, husband of Jetta Goudal. Greer has a fine clientele of actresses and local matrons. His things are modish and practical in style.

Hollywood is definitely becoming the Paris of America, thanks to Adrian, Travis Banton, Orry-Kelly, and the others who have helped it to become so.

JACK HENRY.

3463 Descanso Drive,  
Hollywood, California.

#### Not Tear-stained Twelvetrees.

**I**'VE just read the casting for Maurice Chevalier's new picture and note with much dissatisfaction the appearance of Helen Twelvetrees's name. Of all the mysteries of miscasting, this is the most baffling. Since "The Love Parade" I have seen all Chevalier's films. I enjoyed them all because they were light, racy, and entertaining. But to cast the tear-stained Helen Twelvetrees in such a picture is as much as to cast Harpo Marx in "Strange Interlude."

Miss Twelvetrees is not an actress and certainly not a comédienne. Why not Miriam Hopkins, Claudette Colbert, or Carol Lombard?

I also notice that Charles Ruggles is engaged elsewhere, and isn't available. Since no one can compare with Ruggles, I suggest they hold up the picture till he returns. If not, how about Charlie's nearest approach, Roland Young? But, Mr. Director, please not Twelvetrees.

WALDO ARCHER.

298 East Twenty-fourth Street,  
Paterson, New Jersey.

#### A Scot Wants Acting, Too.

**L**ET me whisper into the ear of Beulah M. Klink, whose questionable advice in the art of enslaving the female of the species I am rather loath to follow.

Recently I suffered through the puerile "Working Girls," and with puckered brow pondered on the existence in pictures of Buddy Rogers. Of course, Beulah, the boy from Olathe, Kansas, simply oozes good looks and breeding. And as for dress, isn't the hackneyed adjective "immaculate" properly descriptive? I thought so.

Now Beulah, a tiny query and one you

must answer. Why did you so completely ignore the question of Buddy's lack of histrionic ability? "Pennsy" probably based his severe criticism of Mrs. Rogers's boy on film performance, and "Pennsy" was not unjust.

I don't "bang that sixpence" for lessons in tasteful dress and etiquette. And Beulah, you don't suppose mere man alone hoisted Gable, Cagney, and Raft into the starry firmament, do you?

Have you been listening in on me, too. Tommy Hale, of Batesville? I'm hoping so. And say, you can include me in the throng of "hardy souls who dare to prefer good-looking male stars of the Gable kind." But being Scotch, I demand acting ability into the bargain. And while it may utterly confound the reasoning of certain short-sighted fan flocks, my requirements, amazingly enough, are readily satiated.

Haven't you ever heard of Kent Douglass, Fredric March, Richard Cromwell, Ricardo Cortez, Ramon Novarro, or Phillips Holmes?

Mind you, I don't dislike Buddy Rogers, but he's simply not got what it takes.

DUGALD McALPINE.

149 Alderman Road,  
Knightswood, Glasgow, W. 3,  
Scotland.

#### Tired of Shady Ladies.

**I**F it is the demand for realism which has brought forth the gangster and his shady lady, for Heaven's sake let's get away from that demand. To young people these pictures have been exciting and thrilling, yet they have certainly left nothing of value in their minds and hearts. I know, for I am one of them.

Give us another "Smiling Through," with Norma Shearer. There is another little actress that we should see more of, and that is Ann Ross. She is the most beautiful real American Indian and I am mighty proud of her. Give her "Laughing Boy" and she will steal the picture, just as she did "Oklahoma Jim."

CLARA VARICK.

Fresno, California.

#### Chatterton's Smile Wins.

**I**N February Picture Play, Mary Ann, of Kelowna, British Columbia, complains about the stories Ruth Chatterton has lately appeared in. I agree with her that Miss Chatterton could have had stronger stories, but I must say that I always enjoy any picture in which she appears. I thoroughly enjoyed "The Rich Are Always With Us," because, although the story was slight, Miss Chatterton was so charming and delightful and showed such a wonderful sense of humor. And then, again, it was the first time for many a long day that we had a glimpse of the wonderful Chatterton smile.

I suppose Mary Ann has seen "Frisco Jenny." I think Miss Chatterton excels herself in this picture—her acting throughout is flawless and could not have been equaled by any other actress on the screen.

D. G.

London, England.

#### "Animal Kingdom" Approved.

**N**ORBERT LUSK says "The Animal Kingdom" is for class audiences, if any. It pleases me to report that our local theater held this picture over an extra week, playing to the largest audiences since "Hell's Angels" two years ago. Now do we like Leslie Howard and Ann Harding and a good play? I ask you.

I wonder why they don't give Paul

Continued on page 73





Photo (c) by Paramount

SHIP AHOY! But instead of steering away, these girls are intent on capturing the crew of any craft. For they are, of all things, "Panther Women"! Winners in Paramount's contest, the girls are willing to forget panther aspirations in their eagerness to be nice little ingénues. Of course you recognize Kathleen Burke, Gail Patrick, Verna Hillie, and Lona André. Then wish them luck!



# The GREAT CAPER CONTEST

Illustrations  
by  
H. Giesen



Ordinary conversation is tinged with dramatics in the perpetual show that is Hollywood.

**I**N and out of the studios, Hollywood spins a thousand tales. And none is more interesting than its own career, lived at dress-rehearsal tempo.

We Hollywoodians see a free show continually. Homes reflect picture minds. Even the shops have an airy unreality.

Laid against a background of spectacular splendor, a competition of capitalized individualities races onward, each gesture being an effort to impress. None dares to relax; an apparent naturalness is a studied mannerism.

One or another wins the coveted honor—a close-up. The colony buzzed for a day over Lilyan Tashman's white piano draped in pink taffeta flounces and topped by a huge bow. Soon other exploits of clever sensationalism grabbed the spotlight from her.

Time and thought earn a focused attention—until a rival caps the choice climax of each. Jimmy Durante's nose is about the only thing that some star hasn't tried to surpass.

Each must invent new tricks. Some fea-

ture an entertaining personal repertoire, such as the Haines humor and the Oakie wisecracks; the forte of others is inaugurating fashions or excelling at sports.

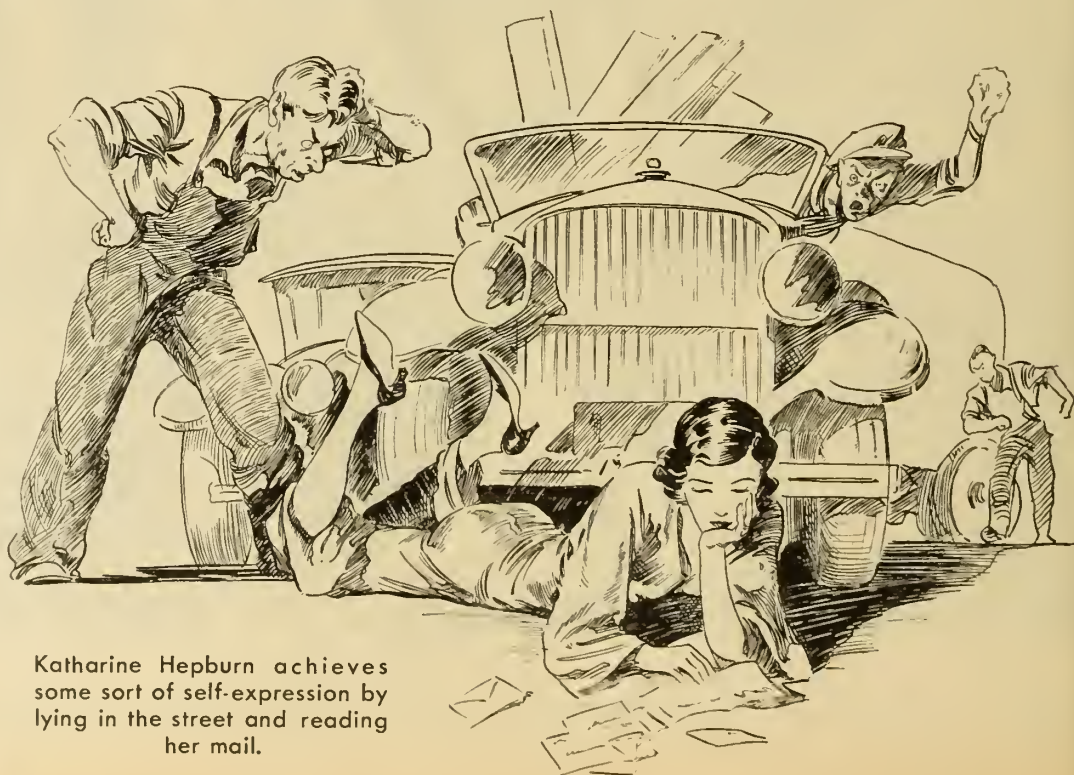
In this town where idiosyncrasies pay, children are dressed in miniature duplicates of their parents' attire—and poodles are wrapped in little ermine jackets. A wire-haired terrier carries Adolphe Menjou's cigarettes around in small saddlebags on its back.

Joan Crawford's stalwart bodyguard lent dramatic credence to rumors of kidnaping threats. Now one accompanies George Raft everywhere—to heighten the mystery surrounding this ex-hooper and former boxer?

Why, on balmy evenings, should the girls all carry tiny muffs of ermine except to be in the picture?

Lowell Sherman's and Ivan Lebedeff's monocles, and Mr. Sherman's two-foot-long cigarette holder, and Sari Maritza's that exceeds it, these are small details of evolved publicity teasers.

Tom Mix's bracelet watch is fashioned of official badges which he has been entitled to wear during his checkered career. Instead of numerals, its face bears the brands of ranches where he used to work. His Sunday watch is set into an eleven-carat diamond, his belts are diamond-studded.



Katharine Hepburn achieves some sort of self-expression by lying in the street and reading her mail.



The stars lie awake nights inventing new antics  
that will outdo all other bids for attention.

## By Myrtle Gebhart

Stuart Erwin's talented timepiece gives the hour with the letters of his name. Ken Maynard's plane bears his picture, so that passing aviators may know whom to salute.

In keeping with our tabloid age, Hollywood takes the prevalent trend of exaggeration and emphasizes it with her own skill. Everything seems posed for a parade. Manners, whether welcoming guests or shopping, illustrate each player's screen *métier*.

Conversation is pitched for an invisible microphone. Even at chance meetings on the street, actors employ drawing-room diction and color simple ideas with a tinge of drama.

Often beauty seems a myth of the movies. A quite ordinary girl blossoms into flowery, graceful glamour. The stressed note makes the headlines: a Tashman mahogany-hue, a Crawford sun-bronze, oil vials for facial make-up instead of powder compacts, hair of platinum or of peculiar sulphuric hues—intense but fleeting fads.

In this glorified circus, freaks of fame are cheered by the mob. One is rich or poor, famous or obscure.

Oddities of one kind or another flare and fade out as others replace them. Flamboyance in fashions, in love, in temperaments, give the town its shallow yet intriguing color. It's all a crazy dream—weird, thrilling, madly entertaining, this celluloid city where everything from Buckingham to Bagdad is jumbled together.

After making "Flesh," Wallace Beery added a wrestling room to his home, and Helen Hayes develops her home movies in her own dark room.

Would any other woman than an actress addressing the front page announce dramatically her intention of having a baby within three years, as Lilyan Tashman did? Do average people air in headlines their grievances and antipathies, their dreams and ideals—qualities and thoughts that, whether good or bad, belong to the sacredness of self?

One doesn't even grow poor gradually. Noah Beery was said to be worth \$900,000, and a year later he claimed in court that he couldn't pay a small debt. The Duncan Sisters scattered largesse around. Suddenly they went bankrupt.

Ever and anon smiles are strained through this powdered frivolity. Tragedy drapes a flaming career in gloom. But the show goes on.

John Barrymore meditates in his isolated tower, reached only by a ladder. The uproarious laughter of dukes and near dukes fills Pickfair's eighteenth-century living room. Matt Moore slides by chute from his bedroom window to the swimming pool. A bathing-suited but ermine-coated party makes merry in the Lowe-Tashman red-and-white beach cottage. So the reels spin their scenarios.

Jack Gilbert's sundial lamps, that Chinese temple

Reviving a habit of the early hermits, John Barrymore does some showy meditating on his tower.

which Doug Fairbanks brought back from his travels, Clara Bow's three-foot gold Buddha—props or just homy things?

What a credit sheet for this gigantic movie! The cast? You know them. They're acting all the time, on screen and off.

In private preview on this big set of Hollywood, emotions bloom and fade rapidly. Friends vowed to perpetual loyalty drift apart. The huge spool unwinds its streamers of quicksilver melodrama.

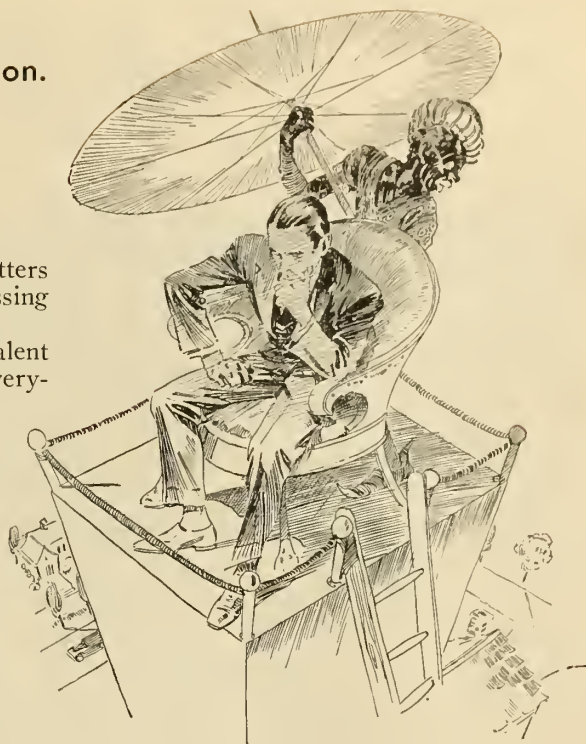
The audience merely smiles at the shifting status quo of marriages. It takes a Tom Mix to sum it up, "Folks here ought to send out their alimony checks in alphabetical order to avoid mix-ups."

An analogy to sets is evident in homes, either mansions or picturesquely—and expensively—simple bungalows. Where else would you find chairs upholstered in ermine, Lilyan Tashman's latest fling? Constance Bennett's reply was a bedroom with parchment-covered walls.

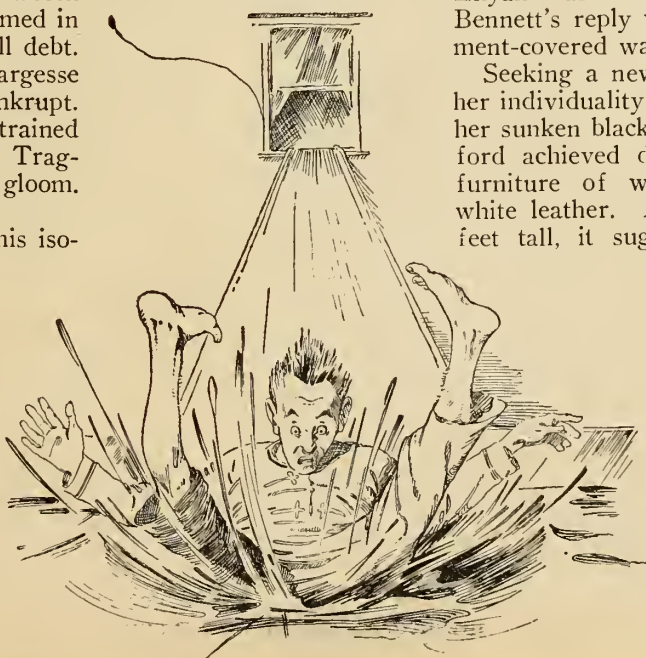
Seeking a new field for the assertion of her individuality, Lil started the rivalry with her sunken black onyx bathtub. Joan Crawford achieved distinction with her garden furniture of white wood upholstered in white leather. At night, lit by candles six feet tall, it suggests a discreet fairyland, imaginatively modish.

Ten million dollars in homes, owned by the colony! Entering them, one is puzzled by a feeling of familiarity. Ann Harding admits that her music-room furniture was copied from a set of "The Animal Kingdom." Tom Brown's bedroom is a replica of one used in his first film. Dorothy Peterson's drapes are

Continued on page 66



Matt Moore held the spotlight for a day when he installed a chute leading from his bedroom to the swimming pool.





# GARY'S LILY-WHITE BRIDE



**W**HAT causes men to change? Women, trouble, sickness, religion, sorrow, natural evolution due to general experience in life, and old age.

Which of these reasons, then, has caused the apparent big change in Gary Cooper the past year, since his return from Italy and his lion hunt in Africa, not to mention the influence of Countess di Frasso?

Any one who has observed Gary Cooper in Hollywood for the past six or seven years recognizes a broad variance between the rugged, silent chap who rode around Hollywood in a big yellow and green phaëton hatless, tieless, with Lupe Velez snuggled at his side, and the imposing, dignified, articulate bon vivant of to-day, wearing the inevitable gardenia in the lapel of his coat, accompanied by the Countess di Frasso on his left and Elsa Maxwell on his right.

The change in Cooper is obvious and dramatic enough for Hollywood to comment upon, and to infer that Gary has gone for society in a rather big way. Since his invitations come from persons prominent on two continents, the conclusion is but a natural one. And since Gary was seen with no one but Countess di Frasso—the former Dorothy Taylor of New York—on her recent Hollywood sojourn, and had Elsa Maxwell as his house guest, the conclusion appears completely justified.

Miss Maxwell has caused no end of excitement in the

film center where a European reputation has always carried weight. Pulses shoot up at the mere mention of queen, king, prince, duke, or count. Miss Maxwell's reputation as the woman who knows more blue bloods, crowned heads, society and money barons, and celebrated artists than any human being in the world, and furthermore has the capacity to bring together at the dinner table or the musical soiree the celebrated who otherwise might avoid each other, has made her an awesome person in gullible filmland. But, notwithstanding, being the house guest of Gary Cooper has in Hollywood's eyes, added to her social prestige!

A smart local society woman told me recently that she regarded Elsa Maxwell as one of the most extraordinary women of to-day. "Any woman who can change the social life of southern France as Elsa has done," she explained, "is nothing short of a marvel. Why, she's a

**Gary Cooper says he likes to give parties because he wants his friends to see his stuffed animals, and no one has complained of heebie-jeebies to date.**

positive genius at arranging parties."

I asked Gary Cooper at lunch one day recently what he thought about all the comment of his fans and filmdom about the big change that had taken place in him.

"I don't think I have changed so much—that is, way down inside me," he said in slow, measured tones. Cooper is a man of few words. He has the natural reticence that goes with his British blood of both parents, although he himself claims Helena, Montana, as his birthplace. He looks at one a long time before speaking, wrinkles his forehead constantly, changes his position in a chair often by resting his head first on one hand and then on the other, and by swinging one leg over the other or stretching both legs out full length.

"We all change from time to time, don't we?" he asked quizzically, and then a moment later lapsed into a more serious attitude. "However, I don't think you'll find I've changed at all—that is, in the sense of departing—er—ah—from my fundamental self. I'm getting older and wiser, I hope. I'm seeing life, things, people, events in a different way. I've had a lot of experience in the past two years in every way. I've seen a little of the world—not nearly as much as I intend seeing—and I've got away from Hollywood, which is a good thing for anybody once in a while. Especially an actor. Too much Hollywood and picture business.



Mr. Cooper says his wife must come to him "unsoiled." No, he hasn't found her yet, but social life consoles him in his search.

## By Elza Schallert

"I was very sick two years ago and I learned through that experience that a man isn't a machine—you can only work so long at the terrible driving speed I did for seven years, and then nature makes you sit up and take notice. If you don't take notice, you shorten your life or die. And if you do take notice, you do what I did. Go to Africa and shoot lions, tigers, koodoos, zebras.

"I suppose I've changed, but that's only natural evolution. Or maybe it's the social evolution you talk about. And again it may be the boutonniere in my lapel. But that doesn't *really* mean anything. A man doesn't change way down inside of him just because of a flower in his buttonhole.

"The world's a great place, though. And I like people. I like to meet new ones all the time—see new places. The feminine attention you say I get in pretty large doses is awfully nice, but a lot of it rolls off my back like water. I enjoy adventure—lions and people are great adventure to me.

"Right now I've got itching feet to get away, somewhere, some place. Europe? Well, maybe. I can't say. Yes, I may join Countess di Frasso's party at her beautiful home in Rome. Mary and Doug are there right now. We all figured on meeting in Italy in the spring and then going away some place for a trip.

"Certainly, I like the social life that was offered me on my last trip to Europe. Who wouldn't? It's charming meeting people who know something besides the picture business.

"Maybe I'd like Europe to live in—maybe I wouldn't. I haven't found the place yet where I would want to be always. Maybe it's California, maybe it's Montana, and just as likely as not, it may be on a 150,000-acre ranch in South America or Mexico. A ranch, a big one, isolated from cities, wild enough to offer adventure, where a man could settle down and raise his own grain and cattle and poultry and live close to good Mother Earth—wrest his very existence from the soil—and thumb his nose at the wheat brokers and the meat czars when they come to buy or rob him of his products. That's the ideal life, I think.

"Yes, I entertain with parties at my home because I enjoy giving them. That's new for me. Well, I never had a house suitable for entertaining before. Anyway, I brought a lot of beautiful animal heads and skins back with me. Naturally, I want my friends to see them. That explains my parties, too.

"Social obligations? Well, I try not to have too many of them. I usually attempt to repay as I go along. A social debt is pretty much like any other kind. It's a good idea to keep paid up."

Certainly there has been no more romantic bachelor in Hollywood during the past five years than Gary Cooper. Interludes of colorful romance have constituted the major chapters of his life. His

career itself has been rich with the flavor of the uncertain, the quixotic.

He landed in Los Angeles eight years ago from Montana fired with the dream of becoming a newspaper cartoonist. He changed that dream and lost it. His money gradually decreased to virtually nothing. He wouldn't write home. After all, he had received a good education, part of it in England. His father was a retired supreme court judge of the State of Montana who had made a career for himself, so why shouldn't he?

Selling photograph coupons from door to door for twenty-five cents each seemed to be the first step in the direction of a career. And then he heard that extras were receiving \$7.50 a day for riding horses in Westerns, so he applied to one of the lesser studios for work. His good looks, the rugged quality of his personality and his expert riding kept him busy for eight months. And then he received a small part in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," with Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman.

The day after the preview Gary was asked to sign a five-year contract with Paramount, without a test—a very unusual happening. They wanted to groom him as a Western star, but "Wings" placed him immediately in the category of romantic leads.

Nothing he had anything to do with—the camera simply told the story. Cooper had the great romantic flare which spells doom to women's equilibrium and money to the box-office.

Small wonder that Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez, were sympathetic to that distinctive quality of his. Small wonder, too, that the Countess di Frasso on meet-

Continued on page 63

Here are the two women who have widened Gary's horizon and accomplished his social evolution, Countess di Frasso and Elsa Maxwell, old-world sophisticates.

Photo by Wide World







June Knight, a mild but very pretty musical-comedy ingénue, has been signed by Universal.

WHILE picture companies toppled into an involved series of receiverships, while many theaters closed without warning, and while the shadow of the bank holiday, drastic salary cuts, and the California earthquake threatened general panic, an attitude of here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow prevailed.

Crowds rushed to the theaters, particularly where Mae West was playing, and several big parties planned before the deluge took place as scheduled. Every one seemed as merry as usual, which I regret to say is not very merry. Big parties promoted by organizations are not given in the expectation that any one will have a good time; the primary object is to sell a lot of tickets and put something in the treasury.

The annual Newspaper Photographers' Ball, fortunately for them, came a little before the storm clouds broke. Probably every one would have gone anyway, such is the power of the press cameras. Frank Buck, Edward G. Robinson, and Jimmy Durante were the idols of the occasion and Mary Pickford the undisputed belle.

Clara Bow was there for a while in the flesh, as the saying goes—in about twenty pounds more of it than is her usual custom. She had just returned from Europe where there must be a shortage of scales and mirrors. She was invited as a



Photo by Cosmo

Clara Bow returned from Europe a stylish s'out model.

## THEY SAY IN

Prosperous or broke, the public person or pays to see her on

By Karen

guest of honor, but when she arrived no one recognized her and she was refused entrance to the balcony from which celebrities watched the show. After she left, the committee cursed themselves for a bunch of careless nitwits, which is probably nothing to what Clara thought of them.

Mary Pickford arrived at the ball rather late, looking sedate and regal in black velvet, ermine, and diamonds. People ran toward her as if to a three-alarm fire. She made a most ingratiating speech in which she expressed her appreciation to the news photographers for all they had done for her. She wanted particularly, she said, to thank the retouchers. Of recent years, she remarked, they had come to mean more and more to her and she hoped they would all be on hand to do their noblest work the next day when pictures of her departure from Europe were made.

**A Model Guest.**—The night before the ball the Newspaper Women's Club of New York gave a dinner for Mary. That night she was looking her prettiest and very girlish in a white crêpe frock with a rose-colored belt. There again her tact scored a triumph. She said that newspaper writers had been extraordinarily kind to movie stars. They talked to them interestedly when they were themselves tired and discouraged, went away and put into their mouths clever observations which they could not have thought of themselves.

Mary fled to Europe before the steamfitters' annual banquet





Photo by Lippman

Bette Davis lingered on after the "42nd Street" Special turned Westward.



Photo by Offner

The younger generation of fans will have a chance to see Alice Brady in "When Ladies Meet."

# NEW YORK—

still stampedes to see a star in the screen—if she is Mae West.

## Hollis

or the hairdressers' assistants' ball could catch up with her. You cannot blame her for not tarrying in New York long when you consider that she

gets an average of some sixty invitations a day from groups who would feel offended if she did not join them.

**Is This Glamour?**—The Motion Picture Club ball boasted few celebrities except the ever-present and always riotously received Durante.

D. W. Griffith was there and was mobbed by old friends. He is not interested in making pictures at present, and you can take that as a blessing rather than a threat, if you like. He is getting great enjoyment out of his radio programs, which is considerably more than this impatient listener can say of them.

Lita Grey Chaplin appeared in a sketch that was meant to be funny but somehow went wrong. She looked rather large and gawky, and attention strayed to Ernst Lubitsch who was sitting with Georgia Ellis, ex-Ziegfeld girl. You won't see her in his next picture because that is to be Noel Coward's "Design for Living" and there are only two rôles for women in it. One is a slouchy servant and the other is such a gorgeous part that all the Paramount stars are battling for it. At the moment Miriam Hopkins is said to be a leading candidate for the rôle.

**Smiles Wear Out.**—The "42nd Street" Special pulled into New York somewhat battered after its barnstorming tour across the country. The tinsel was a little tarnished and the smiles of

the passengers were decidedly forced. Laura La Plante, Glenda Farrell, Bette Davis, and Eleanor Holm grew animated only when one of the company executives was listening, or when they argued over who had acquired the deepest circles under her eyes from the rigors of the trip.

Just what Tom Mix or Leo Carrillo had to do with exploiting a picture in which neither appeared was a little hard to figure out, but this was no time to scorn a free trip across the country and a chance to shake hands with people who might show an interest in one's future activities.

There were a lot of towns along the way where people were really enthusiastic over seeing the players and grateful to the ones who made the trip, but Washington, D. C., was not one of them. Close on the heels of Al Smith, who roused a tumult of shouting and various political figures who shared in the general public excitement over inauguration ceremonies, the floats bearing Hollywood's beauties were greeted with deadly apathy.

These sour notes might lead you to suspect that I would not know enthusiasm if I saw it, but in that you may be wrong.

We Manhattanites have at last seen glamour restored to the theater. We have seen a personality so magnetic that police have to be called to

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# THEY NEVER STOP ACTING

By Helen Pade



Photo by Fryer

**S**OME stars are like the sailor who goes boating in a pond while on shore leave. Whether before the camera or miles away from it, they act a part constantly, and often so skillfully that even their best friends don't know them.

Imagine feeling well-acquainted with a player and suddenly finding that she isn't real, after all, but only a make-believe character!

Perhaps they don't act twenty-four hours a day, but there is a story about the star who is never welcome as a week-end guest because she recites Shakespeare in a powerful voice while sound asleep!

One of the most daring real-life cases of histrionics is that built up by Tallulah Bankhead. Like the rest of the real-life actors, however, if watched patiently enough over a period of time, "Talu" cracks down and reveals her real nature.

She tries to fool you into thinking that she is about as unconventional a creature as the stage and movies have produced.

Few screen ladies are more sleek and poised than Kay Francis. She admits it's all an act.

Looking wistfully at his father's acrobatic stunts, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., goes on playing the blue-stockings gentleman.



Don't believe it. She often reveals, under her mask, a very human, basically conventional Southern girl, whose way of combating a shocking world is to shock back.

Knowing the artificiality of her portrayal of a startlingly modern girl in real life, Tallulah is particularly

anxious to be sincere in her screen work. This desire is behind a comment she made one day, apropos of nothing:

"I wish I could become half as good on the screen as Jackie Cooper." A sigh, and she added, "Some of the screen kids are marvelously real."

She frequently forgets her hard-bitten, salty lines of conversation, and even when she uses them, they seem a trifle awkward and forced. I once heard her talk for half an hour to an eight-year-old youngster for whom she had bought candy and ice cream. It was unrestrained chatter, and no word unfit for childish ears crept out.

Constance Bennett long ago conceived the foundation for her vast popularity. It wouldn't do to be herself—a wide-eyed, somewhat naive person whose assorted worldly experiences had failed to distinguish her. She created the young and beautiful *grande dame*—haughty, bored, poised, sophisticated.

Once created, this offstage character was so successful that she was bound to it by invisible bands of steel. She kept people from seeing her or kept them waiting indefinitely; refused to let clamoring fans catch a glimpse of her at train windows, and so on *ad infinitum*, curbing with difficulty the quite lively, intelligent, and interested-in-life girl within her. Yet at times she has been revealed.

Imagine Constance, if you can, her hat a bit awry, shrieking



Peeping behind the masks the stars have put on for their offscreen play-acting, you discover that they have been working hard to fool us all along.

and bouncing up and down in her folding chair in a box at a tennis match, applauding frantically. Imagine her uproar outlasting that of some hundreds of other spectators. And imagine her embarrassment—not haughty embarrassment, either—when the umpire, ignorant of the person he was principally addressing, remarked over his loud-speaker, "Will the spectators kindly restrain their enthusiasm until the point is finished? Untimely applause disconcerts the players."

Even Constance's well-known acting ability cannot help her to be ritzy all the time. She hasn't the necessary cruelty. Not long ago an adoring fan of the pestiferous sort but-tonholed her on location. Connie talked graciously. The fan asked if she might introduce *six* friends! Constance wouldn't refuse. And when the hard-boiled assistant director asked if he should chase them off the set, she replied, "Certainly not!" The assistant went away in slack-jawed astonishment.

Nancy Carroll has fought producers, directors, and others with all the determination and fire one expects from a flame-headed Irish girl. I believe that she was merely *acting* the firebrand. When she cracks down, it is to reveal a rather peacefully inclined person who thinks of domesticity, security, home and chil-



Photo by Longworth

Ruth Chatterton sticks to her broad-A accent, personality trimmings to match, until cornered. Then she breaks down.



Has Nancy Carroll just been acting the firebrand around the studios?



Ramon Novarro's natural inclination is to be a boyish cut-up, but he must keep up his rôle of hermit of arts and letters.

dren, friendly neighbors, flower and vegetable gardens. There are such collecns.

On location at Lake Arrowhead, Nancy watched her small daughter swim. Maternal pride and anxiety were expressed in her every word and gesture. She also swapped domestic anecdotes with lady tourists. Once I saw her, as I thought, thoroughly angry at a mistake made by a timid little studio clerk. But when she talked to him, and noted his sullen, hopeless discouragement, she curbed her anger, chatted with him amiably, smoked several cigarettes with him, and left him feeling as though he were a somebody.

Ruth Chatterton has been accused of being a snob, and the fact that she chews gum and indulges in other mannerisms not in keeping with the grand-lady pose caused further criticism. Interviewers were irritated by her affected broad-A accent. They suspected that her attitude was spurious and branded her "dull copy."

One day three of Hollywood's most able gentlemen of the press combined forces in an attempt to get an interesting Chatterton story. They thought they might break down her poise, but their most skillful baiting and sharp-shooting failed to do so. In fact, her A's were broader than ever. She stretched them until they nearly came apart!

Suddenly, quite of her own volition, Ruth stopped posing. In a voice minus accent and affectation, she said substantially this: "Say! This is getting pretty boring, don't you think? You seem to be three regular fel-

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# TEARS ON TAP

By George Kay

An amusing account of the trouble players have in giving you genuine tears that make you join in on the weepy scenes.

**D**O you cry with ease? Do you know that stars should be able to cry at will? If they can't—but listen to the story of one who couldn't.

"Since early in the morning I had been on edge. I knew that the scene to be shot called for tears. But although it was late afternoon now, when fatigue should make crying easier, my eyes just refused to fill up.

"The director had been talking to me of heartbreaks and of death. I simply couldn't feel sad. I felt jumpy, and nervous, and giggly.

"So presently he got sarcastic, and when that didn't help, he started insulting me. 'Whoever said you were an actress?' and so forth. Well, that didn't work, either.

"Disgusted, he went away, and I saw him talk to the supervisor. Then the two of them came over to me and the super said:

"'This delay is costing the company too much money. We can't wait any longer. We'll have to use menthol.'

"'Why didn't you think of it sooner?' I said, glad that the agony was over.

"They put me right in front of the camera and got everything ready. Then the property man came with an atomizer. He stood directly in front of me and



Photo by Richee

**Helen Twelvetrees, noted for her easy tears, has only to think of her rôle to make them flow.**



**Constance Bennett is the only actress who cries neither on nor off the set.**

sprayed menthol in my eyes—and then I knew why they hadn't used it sooner.

"If I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget the pain. I tried to put my hands up, but the director grabbed them. "'Open your eyes!' he said. I wanted to, but it was impossible. The bright lights cut like knives. 'Open your eyes!' I got my eyelids up a little.

"'Wider! Wider!'"

"Forgetting everything, I forced my eyes open. It was like looking full into the sun. There were plenty of tears now.

"'Scene 214, Take 1,' I heard the assistant say, and the cameras began to grind. How can any one act with such pain in the eyes? Don't ask me, I don't know.

"They took the scene twice. Some one led me away. I was blind for two hours. Stone blind."

On the question, "Must a star shed real tears in order to be convincing?" the stars themselves divide sharply. Some say no.

"Crying with your voice is sufficient. It'll create the illusion."

"It may deceive the ear, but not the eye," maintain others.

The line of demarcation between the two factions seems to run a little along the curve formed by a row of footlights.

The stage-trained players have faith in the efficacy of guttural sobs—Sylvia Sidney, Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding. Those who have gained stardom acting only before a camera swear by the glistening drop on the inch-long eyelash—I Joan Crawford, Sally Eilers, Janet Gaynor.

Certain studios demand tears regardless of whether the star believes in them or not. Several directors must have tears; fans like to see them. So there you are. No matter what an actress's personal convictions, for one



reason or another she may be called upon at any moment to produce tears, and the Lord have pity on her if she can't deliver the goods.

An interesting array of data can be collected from the answers to the question, "What makes you cry best?"

Says Janet Gaynor, "If you really feel what you have to act, the difficulty is not how to make yourself cry, but how to keep from crying every time you think of your rôle."

Helen Twelvetrees backs her up in this, and unwittingly at that. Relating the sad ending of a recent picture, a moist film actually settled upon her eyes. She didn't know what Janet Gaynor had said. She was thinking of the rôle, and living it she just had to cry. A sympathetic, true-to-life rôle is a very strong stimulus.

Next in line is music. "Blues" are a powerful aid to proper emoting. Joan Crawford, who one day wept, retake after retake, seven times in succession, always has a portable phonograph on her set. For years "Estrellita" was the tune that made her cry best. Recently, how-



Jackie Cooper cries and cries when the director dwells upon his mother's imaginary funeral.

miliations. Hers are tears of rage. In this respect she is not unlike Barbara Stanwyck, who also is at her truest and best when infuriated.

By the side of such elemental passion the crying technique of one Hollywood actress looks rather small. She

ever, she has been experimenting with other selections, notably with some of Bing Crosby's recordings.

For, as Sally Eilers remarks, "Music has a way of fading on you. A song that could bring tears to my eyes when I heard it first, will find me less and less responsive with each repetition. 'Love! Here Is My Heart' used to make me cry beautifully. Today it leaves me cold."

A curious fact about Sally is that she can cry better with the left than with the right side of her face. "Camera eye," the directors call it, and adjust the cameras accordingly.

Emotionally in quite a different respect stands Mae Clarke, who gets herself ready for the camera by thinking of early hu-

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# LUNCH with a LEGEND

The "America's Sweetheart" tradition is ignored in this unsentimental but honest appraisal of Mary Pickford as she is to-day.

By Malcolm  
H. Oettinger

MARY PICKFORD was being painted.

High in a penthouse studio overlooking Central Park, "America's Sweetheart" was being limned on canvas, pouting mouth, wide eyes, golden curls and all. Jeritza's likeness smiled toothily from one corner and President Roosevelt gazed from another, mute testimonials to the skill of the artist.

After making a few pertinent criticisms of the work, Miss Pickford slipped into her mink coat and we were off to lunch at the Sherry-Netherland, in the Pickford apartment nineteen stories up.

As we left the taxi, the driver asked me if the lady was Mary Pickford. The original, I said.

"Gwan!" he gaped. "You're kiddin'!"

It was a tribute that placed the star definitely among the immortals. When I mentioned his incredulity to Miss Pickford, she laughed. "I'm glad Douglas wasn't



Photo by Rahmn

Although Miss Pickford photographs beautifully, the sun of high noon reveals the mark of thousands of make-ups and thousands of massages.

with us. Taxi drivers are always anxious to demonstrate to him what dare-devils they are, proceeding to climb telegraph poles with their cabs and round corners on two wheels."

For one who has achieved the far-flung fame that has crowned Mary Pickford's career, she is singularly modest and free from those mannerisms commonly afflicting the great and less than great.

She has known world stardom for a score of years; she has been a household name for two decades; she has inspired imitations, vogues, even cycles. In Hollywood she has created a miniature dynasty, ruling what society there is with a firm hand. To be invited to Pickfair is akin to being tapped for Skull and Bones at Yale.

No longer an ingénue, Miss Pickford photographs more youthfully than she looks with the sun of high noon full upon her.

Her hair is still golden, with curls clustered at the back, but it has lost its pristine radiance. Her face is still pretty, but it is tired. It tells

a wordless story of countless massages, thousands of make-ups, thousands of cold creams to remove those make-ups.



## Lunch with a Legend

She is serious, gracious, thoughtful. She is wise without being worldly, smart without being sophisticated. She is capable of driving a bargain, winning a point, or converting a scoffer into being a supporter. But of sparkle there is little.

She has no particular flair for conversation, no barbs of wit with which to point her remarks. Her mental processes remind one of Hoover's speeches—diplomatic, arid, correct enough, hardly memorable. An overwhelming sense of tact handicaps her.

She is interested in the practical side of the theater as well as the artistic. "I mustn't forget to suggest to Roxy that he reduce his supper-show prices," she said. "Those Radio City theaters must be filled all the time in order to pay."

She told me of the thrilling visit she had had walking backstage at the huge Music Hall.

"The screen is perforated so that one can look through it without being seen. As I was walking back of the screen a wave of laughter swept over the audience and the sound of that laughter awakened memories in me. Laughter is my earliest recollection of the theater.

"When I was five years old I was playing the little boy in 'The Silver King.' I built blocks up, then bumped into them with a train, knocking them down. The audience always laughed and I loved it. The first time, the manager said, 'Remember not to spill the blocks until I give the signal.' I interrupted the scene in progress."

Perhaps as a conscientious reporter I should say that Miss Pickford's luncheon consisted of clam-juice cocktail, lamb chops, lima beans, cucumber salad, and coffee. She did not smoke. She did not say so much as damn. She was the correct young woman her mother trained her to be.

Mae West's gaudy didoes in "She Done Him Wrong" pleased Miss Pickford so thoroughly that she had the picture run off twice in the projection room at her home. When I told her that I had met Mae only the day before she was all attention. She was downcast when I assured her that she and Miss West would have little in common, that a meeting would serve only to embarrass both of them. "She's so robust!" Miss Pickford said. That captured Mae, in a word.

A secretary entered to announce a phone call from Noel Coward. It was urgent.

Miss Pickford came back from the telephone smiling. "He is so amusing. He always makes me think of my brother Jack. Jack could come into the dullest party and in five minutes every one would be hilarious."

But Mr. Coward's "Design for Living" did not meet with her approval. The unmoral aspect upset her.

"You must forgive me, but I am mid-Victorian," she explained. "I cannot help but feel that the pendulum

has swung over too far in the matter of stage realism and sophistication. The next cycle will be a return to the good old theatrical theater when ham actors held sway and gestures were part of real acting and the words could be heard back of the fourth row."

Did I think "Biography" would be a good play for her to do in pictures? The eternal actress in her makes her look upon every new play in terms of a possible vehicle for herself.

It was surprising, I commented, that "Rain" had failed so miserably in its latest reincarnation, with Milestone directing and Crawford up.

Miss Pickford hesitated before venturing an opinion. Her stepson's wife was involved. "Mr. Milestone is essentially a man's director, I think," she said. "That was the fault. And of course it was expecting too much

to ask Miss Crawford to follow such an inspired performance as Miss Eagles gave for years. In pictures we do it once for all time. On the stage they rehearse, build up, sharpen. I shall never again attempt a play that has been a stage success."

Did one detect a memory of the unfortunate "Kiki"?

As we were leaving the table Miss Pickford's secretary reported that a young woman was anxious to meet her, a fan of eighteen years' standing. "How shall I act not to disappoint her?" murmured the star.

The admiring fan was presented, aglow with the great adventure. It was the happiest moment of her life, she told Miss Pickford. She had spent the morning at the library looking at the collection of Pickford photographs, from the days of "The New York Hat" and "The Informer" on through "Rebecca" and "Stella Maris" to "Rosita."

Mary Pickford listened sympathetically, then told of her first meeting with Griffith. Later that very

afternoon she was to have tea with him and the Gish sisters.

To Miss Pickford this lone admirer symbolized her vast public, represented a world of Pickford fans. She was not condescending. She was interested, concerned, warm in her graciousness, yet not sugary. She was America's sweetheart, playing with all her persuasiveness and charm.

She disciplines herself to enjoy the life she leads, devoid of privacy, bereft of simplicity. It is the life her public expects of Mary Pickford. Always there will be battleships to christen, orphan asylums to visit, pictures to autograph, reporters to talk to, photographers to pose for, crowds to smile at. Perhaps she enjoys it.

There is sadness in her eyes. Her mother's death, her brother's death, and the erratic ups and downs of her career, all have left marks.

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Most players would be content to retire and enjoy the ease well earned by a career which began at five, but Mary Pickford is working harder than ever for a comeback.



SO long has Mary Pickford been before the public that she has become a tradition, a legend, sweet but unreal. Here, then, is an interview with her by one of Picture Play's most penetrating writers, Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose story on the opposite page describes Miss Pickford as she really is.

Photo by Hurrell







THE most beautiful blonde in pictures, Thelma Todd, has another distinction. She alternates serious rôles with comic ones, her sense of humor not being what you would expect of the owner of a Grecian profile. But you know how funny she is in those comedies with Zasu Pitts.







# O ARMS!



THE call to battle is heeded by women in "The Warrior's Husband," while the men stay at home to cook and spin and keep the home fires burning. This amusing reversal of custom happens on a mythical island in the days of ancient Grèce, with Elissa Landi, Marjorie Rambeau, Ernest Truex, and David Manners, pictured here.







GENEVIEVE TOBIN "found" herself in "One Hour With You" and emerged as a saucy sophisticate unlike anybody else in Hollywood, her pleasant worldliness never causing one to lose sight of her ability as an actress. Her current exhibit is in "Pleasure Cruise."

Photo by Ray Jones



Haven't you missed Karen Morley of late? Haven't you wondered why her brilliant talent was drafted in so few pictures? Ah, but wait till you see her in "Gabriel Over the White House"! Then you will see a great performance in a wonderful picture worthy of her.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull







## FRESH GUY

James Cagney gives you a

glimpse of his irrepressible self in "Picture Snatcher."

IN case you don't know, a picture snatcher is a lively and none-too-scrupulous young man who snoops with his camera for compromising photographs of individuals who would rather not be in the newspapers. Here is Mr. Cagney in the act of getting one. Also with Renée Whitney, and with Ralph Bellamy and Alice White.





# SHAME

"The Story of Temple Drake" brings to the screen the widely discussed novel, "Sanctuary," and a rôle that George Raft refused to play.

MIRIAM HOPKINS enacts the title rôle, a Southern girl whose waywardness leads her into experiences that probably will make her the envy of all the free souls who have preceded her on the screen. These pictures show Miss Hopkins in Temple's various moods.





JEAN PARKER is the charming youngster who played an un-programmed bit in "Rasputin and the Empress" and made first nighters murmur. Then she was in "The Secret of Madame Blanche" and did just as well. Now she's on her way to featured rôles.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull





ADRIENNE AMES  
has a flair for clothes  
and the talent to  
wear them with strik-  
ing effect. Take a  
look at her after-  
noon costume, with  
its corded puff  
sleeves, and the  
original back of her  
evening gown of dull  
gold beads. You'll  
see both in "A Bed-  
time Story."



Photo by Otto Dyar







# REFUGE

George Raft gallantly offers Sylvia Sidney lodging for the night in an idyl called "Pick Up."

VINA DELMAR, who wrote "Bad Girl," arranges another group of contemporary characters, the principals this time being a chauffeur—Mr. Raft—and a girl whose husband is in prison. Played by Miss Sidney, she should be sympathetic and true to type.







# ROYALTY

"Reunion in Vienna" brings together blue-blooded exiles for a witty comedy of aristocratic manners and morals—or lack of them.

DIANA WYNYARD and John Barrymore play the leads, which should be enough to make any picture interesting, especially as the British actress is in the first flush of her success in "Cavalcade," and Mr. Barrymore again is on top by reason of his "Topaze." Ralph Morgan supports them and the maid, above, is Bodil Rosing.





Photo by  
Ray Jones

THE old belief that Englishwomen lack style in dress is discredited by Miriam Jordan, Fox's blond beauty, who calmly displays new frocks in a manner to give Lilyan Tashman a jump in her blood pressure.



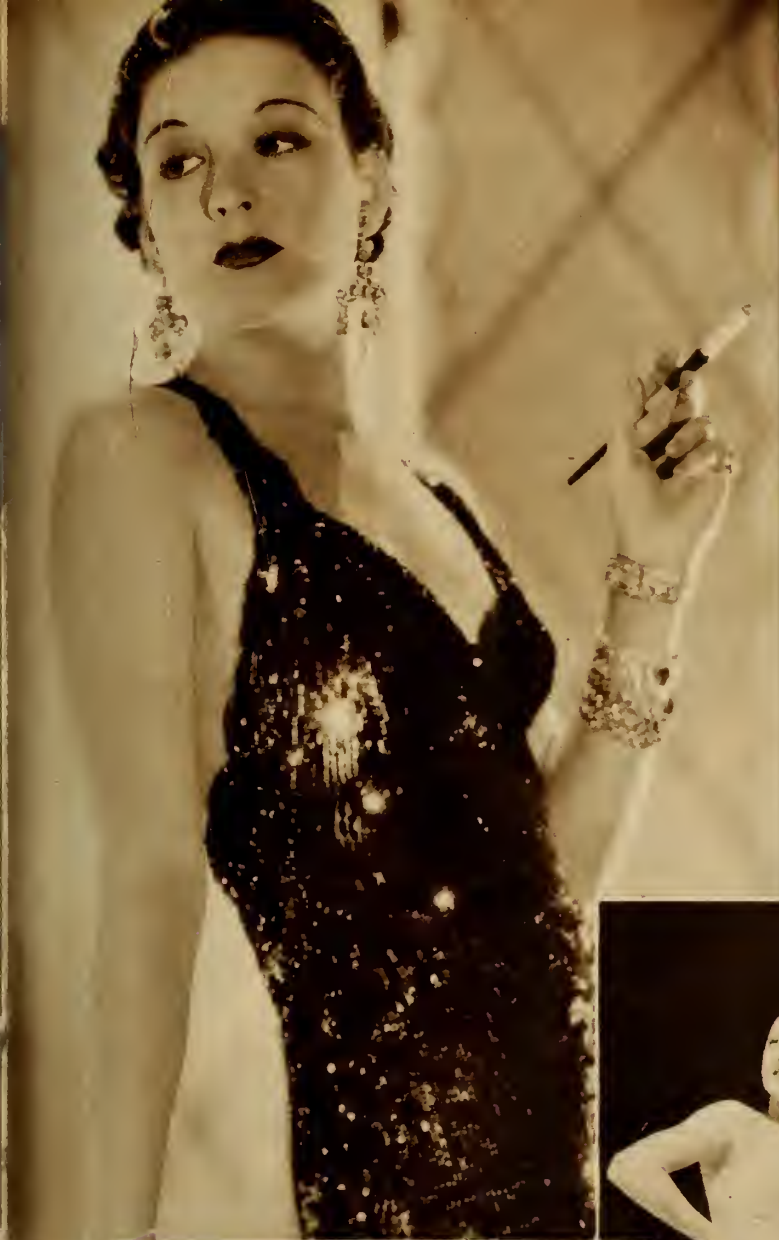


Photo by  
A. Bachrach

PHYLLIS BARRY as Ronald Colman's shopgirl suicide in "Cynara" impressed by her poignant acting, but gave little hint of her radiant beauty. Here it is turned on full strength for Wheeler and Woolsey's "In the Red."





BARBARA STANWYCK promises to outsmart all the shady ladies of the screen by showing them how easy it is for a girl to trip through life leaving destruction in her wake, including the wrecking of a bank's finances. "Baby Face" is the name of the show.

# FATAL BEAUTY



# COLBERT SCORNS SUCCESS

By Helen Klumph



Photo by Acme

Claudette is still balanced, free from poses, serene without being placid.

Even after her personal triumph in "The Sign of the Cross,"  
Claudette Colbert passes up her traditional right to the spotlight.

**T**HAT unfailingly vivid Claudette Colbert came back at last to the New York which had grudgingly yielded her to Hollywood two years before.

Her contract renewed, her rôles fairly varied, her family ensconced in her new home in California, and her fans from Ashtabula to Afghanistan clamoring that her vehicles are unworthy of her talents, she is, to put it mildly, a success.

Now it happens to be the willful fashion at the moment to be quite bitter about worldly success.

All right, you won't catch me wearing last year's point of view in public.

That spokesman of fashionable manners, Noel Coward, formulates in his play, "Design for Living," the current vogue of looking darkly at the acquisition of money and public attention. This play, incidentally, was the chief attraction that brought Claudette scurrying across the country.

"Let's make the most of the whole business," Noel Coward says in the play. "Let's be photographed and interviewed and pointed at in restaurants. Let's play the game for all it's worth, secretaries and fur coats and de-luxe suites on transatlantic liners at minimum rates. Don't let's allow one shabby perquisite to slip through our fingers. It's what we dreamed years ago and now it is within our reach. Let's cash in and see how much we lose by it."

Well, that's the sort of success Claudette Colbert could have if she would permit it, but she won't, which gives you a fair idea of what a smart girl she is. She lunched in the public glare of the Brown Derby a few times when she first went to Hollywood, but didn't enjoy it. Now she gathers her family about her in the true French manner and stays at home such time as she is not working.

There is nothing neurotic about her; she doesn't want to get away from it all. She is poised, balanced, pleasant, and reticent, which is one way of saying that when she doesn't like the world around her she assembles one that suits her.

But let's take a look at her as she starts that long-awaited vacation in the old home town, and see what success can be like in its more wry aspects.

She left here with the shreds of her stage reputation proclaiming that she was one of the most accomplished players on Broadway. She comes back renowned for looking dazzlingly beautiful in a series of half-wit pictures.

She was no more than off the train and all set for a dizzy fortnight of shopping and seeing shows and old friends when sinus trouble with all its blinding pain struck her.

She spent much of her time in the hospital or resting at her hotel. When she did venture out, her search for the dashing original clothes she associated with New York was fruitless, so she went to a matinée and promptly succumbed to nose bleed.

She was interviewed quietly and briefly at her hotel by reporters who thought that through no fault of her own she was not making the professional headway she should.

She learned that expeditions went nightly to gape at the huge sign advertising her in "The Sign of the Cross." Sly sign painters had so emphasized shadows on it that she appeared more lewdly undressed than any burlesque queen.

"It wouldn't do me any good to complain about that sign now, I suppose," she said. "It has been up so long that whatever harm it may do has already been done."

Her voice was vibrantly alive, her eyes sparkled, and she looked at the situation just as one of the bad breaks that one takes along with the good ones, the latter being Paramount's renewal of her contract because of her success as *Poppaea*.

We were sitting in her suite at the Sherry-Netherland and she had obligingly told the phone operator not to interrupt us.

Just as we arrived, there had also come a dress model and heaps of clothes boxes from Kiviette, the stage costumer who will also design private-life dresses for what is quaintly known as a consideration. Only because we urged her to go ahead with the fashion show did she let anything distract her from the promised interview.

"I'd rather go around to the shops, but the doctor says I must rest until he operates. So I asked a few shops to send some things over."

The model came out with mincing steps in a cloud of filmy black silk.

"Lovely," said Claudette, "I think I'll take that."

She came out again.

"Oh, I must have that one, too."

She appeared again and again and each time Claudette was enthusiastic until a grim suspicion struck her.

"Anything would look marvelous on her. She'd better

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By Regina  
Cannon

# SLEUTHING

When Katharine Hepburn denied all backgrounds attributed to her, Picture Play knew such a finished player couldn't just pop up out of nowhere. Here's the low-down.

**I**N order to become an efficient *Hawkshaw*, it is necessary to check your conscience and laugh off half-made promises. Otherwise, you will find yourself an honest and forthright citizen, just like millions of others in this land of equal rights and unequal fights.

Furthermore, when you don figurative gumshoes and start on a sleuthing campaign, the number of conspirators who are willing, nay, anxious, to be a party to crime if assured the chances of discovery are nil, will make your platinum locks curl without the aid of a permanent.

These deplorable facts I assimilated while making the rounds of Katharine Hepburn's acquaintances during the arresting star's pre-Hollywood days.

For, after learning that pretty Ka-katie paints her toe nails to match her garden three thousand miles away and makes monkey calls so expertly that the ape on the set verbally O. K.'s her assertions, it seemed about time to attempt to discover how the little Connecticut girl got that way, who she thought she was kidding, anyway, or whether she was merely trying to make Abraham Lincoln sound like a prevaricator by fooling all the people all the time.

It took nearly a month to collect the evidence against the defendant, for her friends at first were loath to discuss her. However, I now place the results of gumshoeing before you so that you may judge whether the Hepburn interviews thus far prove her to be very smart or very silly.

Her former associates express wonder pure and simple, regarding what they have read about Katharine Hepburn in fan magazines. A tall young man who played with her in a summer stock company at Ivorton, Connecticut, remarked, "Whatever her reason may be for giving out those cockeyed yarns, be sure it's a good one. Kate is very canny and far-sighted. She's not impulsive. In fact, everything she does is calculated and well thought out.

"Whatever her reason for giving out those cockeyed interviews, be sure it's a good one," says a man who played with her in stock companies.

Photo by C'oburn

"Perhaps she has been going on the George M. Cohan theory of 'I don't care what you say, only use my name and be sure to spell it right.'" Her friends have noticed that she will contradict in one interview almost everything she has said in a previous one. It doesn't seem that she would tempt fate to the extent of deliberately trying to make the writers look foolish, do you think?"

I could have said that a lot of writers had a head start in that direction already, but remembered in time the famous crack about discretion and so desisted. The young man continued:

"Katharine was always certain she was a fine actress and occasionally spoke of it—not in a concealed way, merely as a statement of fact. She has amazing self-confidence and realized her worth, even while she was being let out of one play after another, an experience which would have disheartened and discouraged, not to say broken the spirit of almost any one else."

"She may have deplored the director's lack of judgment for dismissing her," I supplemented hopefully.

"That isn't at all improbable," was the prompt rejoinder.

"Now about wearing overalls to the studio?" I asked. "It seems a bit thick to wear patched pants and pasted-on eyelashes at one and the same time, you know."

"The overalls," declared the y. m. solemnly, "are strictly on the level. They are not an affectation. She wore them working around the company at Ivorton, and she certainly was a good sport there, pitching in and helping with everything from painting scenery to playing leading rôles. And she did everything well, too.

"Oh," he reminisced, "there is a girl who has what it takes. What personality, what magnetism! Why, she could charm a bird off a bush and she doesn't have to half try, either."





# HEPBURN'S PAST

It was time to depart, leaving Miss Hepburn's friend, erstwhile coworker and ardent admirer, to his memories.

Next I encountered a lovely blond young thing at tea where, believe it or not, Orange Pekoe and macaroons were being served with nary a glass of ginger pop nor a potato chip in sight. This young lady had been a classmate of Katharine's at Bryn Mawr.

"Why, she never went there! She said so in a newspaper interview," triumphantly exclaimed those present, ever anxious to put a fellow guest on the spot.

But the pretty girl merely shrugged her shoulders and said, "Fiddlesticks! I have pictures of us all at college. I don't see why Kate denies that school. It was rather fun, you know."

How your reporter's lily-white hand itched to get hold of one of those pictures! However, the girl must have suspected duplicity in the offing, for she remarked graciously, yet none the less firmly, "I can show you the photograph, but you may not take it, for perhaps Katharine wouldn't want it published."

Life is full of disappointments.

However, our friend talked enthusiastically and authoritatively about Hollywood's latest purveyor of off-screen mystery. She confided that the Hepburn family have always been better than what is known as "well off," although not the possessors of the millions several imaginative reporters have attributed to them.

"Kate was never spoiled," we were informed. "You see, she is one of five children and here, incidentally, is an amusing story concerned with her large family. Recently her mother has become an advocate of birth control. Yes, even to making speeches pointing out its advantages."

It is a boon to the entertainment world that the good lady did not decide to champion the cause years ago.

Several days after the tea an attractive youth, who had known the Hepburns for "ages," told of meeting the new star on her recent arrival from Europe.

"Kate was sitting in the steamer's lounge with her husband, Ogden Ludlow Smith. He's a great guy. Just as thrilled over his wife's success as she is and perfectly sympathetic with her idea that a nonprofessional husband's place is out of the publicity spotlight.

"Well, anyway, the day they landed, Kate was so sur-

prised at the sensation she had created in 'A Bill of Divorcement,' she was as scared as a kid. She knew she'd be good in the picture, but she didn't begin to realize what a hit she'd made.

"A couple of reporters had come down to the boat and started shooting a lot of questions at her, which she was totally unprepared to answer. So she must have followed the adopted idea that when in doubt, deny everything, and that's probably why her replies were generally confusing and somewhat evasive.

"Having told her story, Kate undoubtedly decided to stick to it, which may account for the little barricade of white lies she has built between her private life and the inquisitiveness of a curious public."

All of which may be charged to an explanation of the occasionally strange data Miss Hepburn supplies representatives of the press.

The boy asserted that his friend and idol has the loveliest legs in the world.

"Marlene Dietrich's don't even begin to compare," he rhapsodized. "Naturally, Katharine's proud of them—why shouldn't she be?—and she likes people to admire them.

Down at the boat she was sitting cross-legged and when one of the boys didn't take his eyes off them, she wasn't the least bit displeased. In fact, she said, 'I see

you like my new turban!' Oh, she's a grand scout!"

Well, let it never be said that

Katharine Hepburn's friends are not her champions, which after all is a true test and the height of something or other.

Then there is the Broadway star in whose supporting cast Miss Hepburn figured and whose associate she later became.

"She has magnetism and rare showmanship," says this older woman. "She is a little Mary Garden. And when you've said that, there's little left to say by way of praise."

And, last but not least, we have the colorful word of the garage man in whose gasoline emporium *la* Hepburn parks her car

while in New York.

"That Miss Hepburn's a fine girl. Never complains. She doesn't feel the engine when she comes to call for the boat to see if it's hot and has been out. Knows who she can trust, she does.

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Photo by Coburn

Another friend says that Miss Hepburn was so amazed at her success in "A Bill of Divorcement" that she wasn't prepared to meet the press, and simply denied all.





"Forty-second Street" introduces Ruby Keeler as a dancing ingénue of great charm and individuality in a lively glimpse of backstage life.

By Norbert Lusk

# The SCREEN

## "Forty-second Street."

Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, George Brent, Una Merkel, Ginger Rogers, Ned Sparks, Guy Kibbee, Allen Jenkins, George E. Stone.

THE return of musical comedy to the screen is now definitely set. Eddie Cantor's "Kid From Spain" brilliantly started the vogue and now Warner Brothers cannily offer a picture of backstage life, no doubt remembering as well as you and I the big success of "The Broadway Melody" in a similar setting. "Forty-second Street" is superior, as it should be after these years, and those fans who have clamored for screen musicals during the desuetude brought on by surfeit, should hail the new picture with cheers and laughter. It really is good.

Lively, tuneful, and alert, it sensibly confines itself to a story that imposes no mental strain, but is enough of a tale to stand out from the dance routines and songs. The "big" situation has a chorus girl substituting for an injured prima donna and effortlessly stopping the show. Never mind if that sounds trite. It is. But it is engagingly set forth and the many characters are clearly defined, the music is not obtrusive and the acting is first rate. Best of all, there is an air of authenticity down to the smallest detail.

You are taken backstage during the preparation for a show and become intimately acquainted with every one concerned. These stage folk are not shown in an altogether flattering light, either, but it's honest and that is more than can be said of other attempts which usually have oozed sentimentality.

Among the players, the biggest surprise is Ruby Keeler who pinch hits for Bebe Daniels as the star. Miss Keeler—otherwise Mrs. Al Jolson—is adorable.



Clark Gable shows a new side of himself in "The White Sister." He is impudent and gay while Helen Hayes again proves herself a great actress.

She has a timid, hesitant charm that is irresistible and her voice echoes in one's ears long after it is heard. Soft, slow, and very clear, it suits perfectly her wide-eyed innocence which never seems artful or calculated, and she tap dances superbly.

Warner Baxter has what is for him a new rôle, that of a worried stage manager. It is one of the best performances he has ever given. Bebe Daniels plays the temperamental prima donna to perfection and Dick Powell has an opportunity to display his fine voice as well as his engaging presence. From now on I expect fans to root for him. Una Merkel and Ginger Rogers are awfully funny as chorus-girl types and such valued players as Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, George E. Stone, Guy Kibbee, and Edward Nugent

make interesting contributions while George Brent plays well a thankless rôle. You'll like "Forty-second Street."

## "The White Sister."

Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Lewis Stone, Louise Closser Hale, Edward Arnold, May Robson, Alan Edwards.

Again Helen Hayes discloses the marvel and the beauty of her magic acting and Clark Gable surpasses anything he has done. With that as a beginning it should not surprise you to learn that this is an exquisite picture, a thing of pure beauty, tender, honest, and supremely romantic. If you are in the mood to forget the





Warner Baxter plays a rôle that is new for him, a worried stage manager, and it proves to be one of his best performances.

## in REVIEW

underworld, the wisecrack, the shady lady, here is your chance for perfect escape.

Perhaps you recall the story as Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman played it some years ago, the framework of which remains. I think the modernized version is more effective because it has the advantage of speech. *Angela*, a girl of modern Italy, daughter of a prince, falls in love with a dashing aviator of no family name. Her father killed while trying to prevent her meeting *Giovanni*, she goes away to mourn and to forget. He reappears and they are about to be married when he is called to war. News of his supposed death causes her to renounce the world and enter a convent where she takes her vows as a nun. When *Giovanni* escapes from a German prison camp and begs her to yield to the love she still feels, *Sister Angela* refuses and eventually her lover dies in her arms.

Far from being insistently melancholy, the story has liveliness, tenderness, and genuine poignance, thanks to tactful direction and superlative acting, not forgetting the extraordinary beauty of lighting and background.

Miss Hayes gives us another of her miraculous characterizations. She achieves a tremulous beauty of feeling and appearance that holds one spellbound in a low bow to the modesty of her genius. Mr. Gable wins admiration for his impudence, the lightness of his acting as well as his earnestness. The superiority of his rôle, as well as his handling of it, must surely impress those who have been satisfied to swoon at his brutality in the past. In my opinion, this is his best performance.



The return of musicals is assured. So, too, is Katharine Hepburn's starring career, and Clark Gable turns over a new leaf.

### "Secrets."

Mary Pickford, Leslie Howard, C. Aubrey Smith, Mona Maris, Allan Sears, Ned Sparks, Blanche Friderici, Doris Lloyd, Huntly Gordon, Ethel Clayton, Bessie Barriscale, Theodor von Eltz.

Mary Pickford's determination to make a place for herself in talking pictures results in her best effort, a pleasant, though unexciting, film of especial appeal to believers in the old-fashioned wifely virtues. They include loyalty, devotion, fortitude, heroism, and a madonnalike capacity for forgiveness.

These admirable qualities are stressed in four episodes which show the idyllic courtship of the young couple in the days of crinoline and pantalets, their hardy adventures as pioneers in the Far West, the social catastrophe which nearly frustrates the husband's election as governor of California, and their declining years in Washington as a retiring senator and his lady with middle-aged children. It is a defect of the picture that these episodes are sharply separated, their only relation being

the presence of the two principals in each. Therefore, the film lacks that *sine qua non*, a flowing narrative, and must remain more episodic than most. On the other hand, it gives Miss Pickford opportunity for a protean characterization, her final change being the only time that she has attempted age. She succeeds in being a convincing old lady with a spry sense of humor.

The first chapter is perhaps the most satisfying for it pre-

Leslie Howard and Mary Pickford are delightful in the first episode of "Secrets," in which they are here pictured.



sents Miss Pickford as she is best known, a sweetly elfin young girl in an old-fashioned garden, but the second gives her her best acting opportunities. The climax of this comes when her home is set afire by cattle rustlers and her baby shot in the mêlée. Her pantomime is fine here. Yet again unrelated effect. Episodic treatment is when the next scene shows Miss Pickford with four half-grown children while the grave of her first-born has barely faded from the screen. However, this is mere capriciousness and Miss Pickford's loyal legion will flock to the picture because it shrewdly gives them what they want. Needless to say it is a beautiful production and all the players do well.

#### "The Masquerader."

Ronald Colman, Elissa Landi, Juliette Compton, Halliwell Hobbes, David Torrence, Creighton Hale, Helen Jerome Eddy, Eric Wilton, Montague Shaw.

Ronald Colman's withdrawal from the screen leaves behind a souvenir worthy of him. Besides having the artistic merit of one of his best performances, it is melodramatic enough to be popular. Though played suavely, it is decently exciting and suspense is nicely balanced with romance. In short, an exceptional picture in which good taste is apparent and sturdier virtues are undisguised by drawing-room deportment.

The story is one of the most popular examples of dual identity. A dissolute member of parliament whose career in politics and society is ebbing because of his habits, meets his double, a distant relative, one foggy night and the latter reluctantly takes his place to save the family name. The newcomer brilliantly retrieves *Chilcote's* reputation in the House but is faced by a far graver problem in the home. He finds himself in love with *Chilcote's* neglected wife and she with him while the former's mistress is baffled and angered by the indifference of a man who once was her prey. It is she who first suspects the deception and tries to unmask the impostor, but *Chilcote* reappears in the nick of time. The conclusion is eminently romantic.



Ronald Colman's good-by to the screen—for a while at least—is "The Masquerader," with Elissa Landi.

Constance Bennett plays her most congenial rôle in "Our Betters." Anita Louise is her disillusioned sister.

All this is gracefully set forth in civilized terms. Characters speak and act like human beings, quite a feat in an improbable story, and you like them for their good behavior, good looks, and sense of humor. In fact, humor is a saving grace. Played grimly, the story wouldn't hold up. Acted gayly, it becomes a different thing from the somber piece it was on the stage.

Mr. Colman is admirable, deftly separating his dual characterization without resorting to make-up or mannerism, and the others are perfectly in keeping.

#### "Our Betters."

Constance Bennett, Gilbert Roland, Charles Starrett, Anita Louise, Phoebe Foster, Grant Mitchell, Hugh Sinclair, Violet Kemble-Cooper.

Constance Bennett certainly doesn't spare her fans any illusions in this. It is the most cynical and heartless picture she has ever had. Also, it is the best written and the starring rôle is perfectly suited to her. The American-born *Lady Pearl Grayston* has the qualities that Miss Bennett portrays on the screen better than any one else—arrogance, hard brilliance, superficial smartness, and the ability to place others at a disadvantage.

All this makes for a sounder characterization than has been found in past performances when Miss Bennett has been the victim of men, fate, and the scenario writers' attempts to make a sorrowful heroine of her. Here she is distinctly triumphant in the least sympathetic but most adultly interesting part she has ever had.

*Lady Pearl* is the central figure in a bitter study of London society, particu-

larly the Americans who happen to be there by the grace of money. *Pearl* dominates her decadent set because she is ruthless, witty, and original and is protected by an aristocratic name. She tries to marry her young sister into the same set and all 'ut succeeds, but comes to grief when she annexes the gigolo of her friend, *The Duchess*, who maliciously exposes her rendezvous in the garden to *Pearl's* heartbroken and in-berant sister.

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ance





Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

# MADCAP

MARION DAVIES comes galloping back to the screen as one of the most lovable characters ever written in one of the most irresistible of plays, "Peg o' My Heart." Tender, wistful, hilarious and dramatic, it gives her the best rôle she's had in years. Here's luck to her. Oh, and there's *Michael*, whose part is nearly as important as Peg. Isn't he a wow?



"Do you suppose you could make the fans realize that offscreen I'm not really a *Simon Legree*?" Lyle asks.



Photo by Feyer

# GRANDMA'S BOY

Lyle Talbot's career was chosen for him before he was born,  
and his grandmother boosted him on. Now is she proud!

**B**EFORE Lyle Talbot was born it was settled that he was to be an actor. Both his parents were on the stage and his father owned a stock company in the Middle West.

When his friends were playing football, Lyle was learning to be a magician. A friend of his father's taught him magic, hoping that some day the knowledge might be helpful to him in the theater.

His grandmother, who raised him because his parents were on the road most of the time, encouraged him in his career. Her belief in him is touching, although it has caused him embarrassment more than once.

When he was playing in stock companies grandma visited him and, not content with seeing each play once, she would attend every performance. And no sooner would Lyle appear on the stage than she would turn to the people around her and proudly exclaim that that was her boy. And the conversation would continue while

By Samuel Richard Mook

she related intimate details concerning Lyle.

This past Christmas when, instead of evergreen trees along Hollywood Boulevard, the town fathers hung huge tinted portraits of screen celebrities in silver wreaths on the lamp-posts, she came to town to visit Lyle. As he was working, she amused herself as best she could during the day. Coming out of a shop, she suddenly spied Lyle's picture, which she hadn't known was there. And she spent the rest of the afternoon under the picture informing passers-by that that was her boy.

When he was sixteen he got a job as assistant to a hypnotist. After that wore out, he got a job with a traveling repertoire company by answering an ad. Friends of his parents who knew the owners of the company began pulling wires and helped him clinch it.

All along the way, you see, instead of the customary parental objections, his family and their friends were forcing Lyle into the profession.



The night of his debut, in the excitement of his first real acting, Lyle entered into the spirit of the play with such zest that when he was supposed to tap the leading man over the head and knock him out, he really knocked him cold. The curtain had to be rung down in the middle of the act.

It might not have mattered much, except that the leading man also happened to be one of the owners of the company. Next morning when he got down to the tent, there was the leading man waiting for him.

"Mr. Talbot," he began, "how old did you say you were?"

"Well," said Lyle, seeing the jig was up, "I said I was twenty-three but I'm really only eighteen."

"And," continued the other, "just how much experience have you really had?"

"I'm a member of the Amateur Magicians Correspondence Club of America," Lyle retorted defiantly, "and I've been on the stage for over a year as a hypnotist's assistant."

"I'll tell you what," said the other soothingly. "You go away to some smaller company and work for a year and get some experience. Then, if you still feel you'd like to be with us, write me and I'll find a place for you."

The humiliation of it all seared Lyle's soul. As he looks back now he realizes it would have been hard to find a smaller company, but he couldn't know that then. All he knew was he hadn't made good.

He sat in a row of empty seats watching the rehearsal—the rehearsal in which he should have been taking part. Tears streamed down his face. At eighteen disappointments are very real. The leading lady, wife of the leading man, noticed him. She came and sat beside him, putting her arm around his shoulders. "Do you really want to stay so much?" she asked sympathetically.

"More than anything in the world," Lyle sobbed feelingly.

"Well, don't take it to heart so. Maybe I can fix it."

She did. But instead of the juvenile leads for which he had originally been engaged, he played bits. And instead of the \$20-a-week salary he had counted on, he got \$10. And he had to help put up the tent and drive the stakes.

After the repertoire company, he got a job with an "Ole Olsen" show. This show boasted a cast of five people and they made their jumps from town to town in a Ford miraculously designed to accommodate the baggage and at the same time provide sleeping quarters for four men. The fifth drove.

From "Ole Olsen" it was a short jump into stock. He played stock in almost every city in the Middle West. Venturing South, he became such a favorite in Memphis that he returned for a third season as the producing head of his own company.

His father and mother came out of retirement to play

character parts in his company. It was the first time they had all appeared on a bill together. The old gentleman hadn't been on the stage in years and he couldn't remember his lines. He and Lyle used to battle right royally backstage, although both of them laugh about it now.

Disaster still followed him. The stage hands went on strike and, as there is a law that in such crises only people financially interested in the company may shift scenery, Lyle, his father, and the treasurer shuffled flats, drops, and props between the acts. In the end, the company went into bankruptcy and he lost about seven or eight thousand dollars—every cent he had.

But the hand of fate was still guiding his career. One of the character women who recognized his ability, persuaded him to go to New York. He'd never been there. She gave him a letter of introduction to an agent. From that time on there was never a chance of escaping the movies, but he didn't know it then.

He made tests, six or eight of them in all, for every major producing company, but nothing ever happened. A man must eat, however, and when nothing came of the tests he went back into stock—in Columbus, Ohio, this time—and pictures were inevitable. The last five leading men of that company were signed for films: Ralf Harolde, Melvyn Douglas, Donald Cook, Victor Jory, and Lyle. Oddly enough, when Lyle left, the company was disbanded and they haven't had a stock company there since.

More stock followed. In Dallas, his last stand, the company closed suddenly when the manager absconded with the funds.

Lyle had five dollars in the world and no prospects of a job.

Then things began happening. Three Hollywood agents, who had heard about him through different channels, called him on the long-distance phone in an effort to sign him. To one of these agents Lyle admitted he hadn't money enough to

pay his railroad fare to California. And the agent had become so enthusiastic over Lyle's possibilities he wired him the money for his ticket without ever having seen him.

To cap the climax, the excitement settled in his throat and when he got off the train, he couldn't speak above a whisper. "A fine investment you turned out to be," the agent grumbled. "You come out to make a test for talking pictures and you can't talk!"

Two days later he was sufficiently recovered to make the test.

In the ten months he's been in Hollywood, Lyle has been just about the busiest actor in town. Eighteen pictures in less than a year is his record. An odd feature

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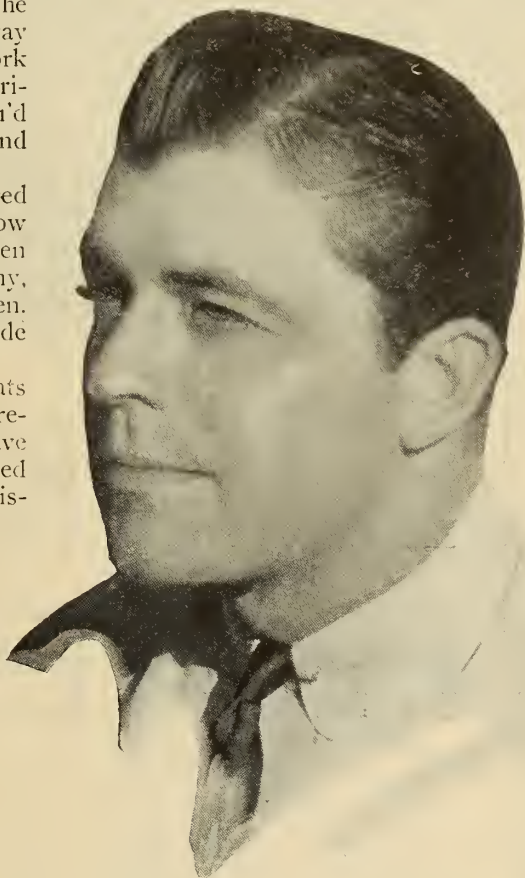


Photo by Fryer

Lyle is a quiet person who has taken his eighteen rôles so seriously that his grandma is due to be still prouder of him.



Tallulah Bankhead was booed by a London audience into a determination to win the whole city.

"You're no good, boy, give it up," a lot of George Raft's friends said when he used to dance. It made him mad and look what he did!

Photo by Richee



Photo by Richee

# BRICKBAT, I LOVE YOU!

When you flatter a star, he is pleased, of course. Here's the strange story of slams that made them so mad they succeeded just to show somebody up.

By Rosalie Lieberman

Imagine how young Eddie Cantor felt when his sweetheart's papa told him all actors were bums.

**Y**OU'VE heard about praise inspiring stars and the rest of us to success. Superlatives are success bringers, all right. But have you heard the one about the brickbat being substituted for the bouquet and doing the same job? You haven't? Well, it's happened to a few of our players and they cherish these solid socks.

Eddie Cantor, Tallulah Bankhead, Claudette Colbert, and George Raft, all of whom get their superlatives as regularly as their spinach, dug among their souvenirs and showed me their lucky brickbat scars.

Eddie was the first to perform the sentimental task. I wondered if he had ever had a good bump.

"You just want *one*?" asked Eddie, turning that surprised expression on me full force. "I've had so many I couldn't count them."

All right, I was willing to hear about them all. But Eddie changed his mind as quickly as his expression. He recalled the sock which had hit harder than all the rest.

"It happened when I was an amateur actor about twenty-three years ago. My wife's—she wasn't my wife



then—mother and father tried to stop me from going with her. They told me that all actors were bums and ball players."

"And ball players?" I queried.

"And *ball* players," insisted Eddie and went on to explain. "On the East Side anybody who played ball had a chance to break a window."

Actors, bums, and window breakers in the East Side dictionary apparently were synonymous. That classification made the youthful Eddie effervesce—and not with joy.

"I'll show these people," he determined, "that actors can earn a living and are decent people. It was the one time when a slam really inspired me. And about eight or ten years after," Eddie laughed, "they said they were sorry all their other daughters hadn't married actors."

Remember his pre-caught-short days?

About this time, the seventh daughter, the first and last Mrs. Cantor, came in to say hello.

"Where have you been?" asked Eddie.

Mrs. Cantor quoted a number and a street, a number famous to New Yorkers. Eddie turned to me lugubriously. "I go out to help the unemployed actors and my wife takes lunch in a speakeasy."

"I'll see you later," said Mrs. Cantor, and Eddie, with a few purple words for his valet who hides his coat and hat, whisked me into a cab, adding that an individual's criticism usually doesn't affect him, but he remembers that twenty-three-year-old sock of his in-laws.

There was a cyclone in New York on a certain winter day in the early part of 1933. You may have missed it. I admit it was a rather private and exclusive cyclone. The storm originated in Alabama swept to England, out to Hollywood, and back to New York. It left the interviewer breathless and lacking in unused superlatives. I riddle you that one, and the answer is Tallulah Bankhead.

"How do you do?" said Miss Bankhead. "Take off your coat. You might catch cold."

"I've just got rid of one, thanks. I hope you're not afraid of gripe germs."

"Hell, no," answered the Alabama whirlwind. "I was born with the gripe."

Thereupon she entered into a "Front Page"-paced talk on the merits of her secretary, the merits and demerits of Hollywood and newspaper writers.

"Eddie does everything for me—when she's away I feel like a prisoner in a chain gang. Hollywood's all right—I haven't anything against Hollywood, but I'm just not one of those outdoor girls—sports bore me. Motor-ing makes me dizzy—I like to play tennis, but I can't, and I won't play golf."

It was all like a good act from Shaw and plenty proof why this Alabama girl was the darling of the London drawing-rooms. Also plenty entertaining, but a bit rough on the interviewer who

was practically bursting with a question. Miss Bankhead continued to talk.

"One newspaperman said I left Hollywood because I didn't like what the cameramen did to my face. Why, I adore them and they adore me. Now, if he had said I left because I was lousy—all right; criticism doesn't bother me but injustice does."

Here was my cue. Had she ever had a knocking which had turned into a blessing?

Emphatically, "Yes!"

The scene: London.

The action: Tallulah about to appear in her second play, a serious one.

The reaction: A booing audience.

"In London," said Tallulah, "they never boo an actress, but they do boo plays and authors. I felt like crying, but I didn't."

It was an awful blow but it put temerity in Tallulah. She did more than bravely go on. The audience was giving her guffaws instead of gardenias.

"Things got so bad I started kidding them. As the final fiasco, a monkey jumped out from

the wings and onto my head. But instead of letting it get tragic, I took the edge off by laughing with them. And straight from that some one who had seen me gave me another part." And so Tallulah's break came from a boo instead of a bouquet.

"Interviewers and clothes," continued the lady with incredible breath control, "are the hardest things in the world. After all we're out to be charming and gracious"—here came a marvelous mock attempt at being charming and gracious—"and it takes a lot of energy. You don't think you're tired while it's going on, then suddenly you realize you've used up a lot of energy."

Here was interviewer's cue number two—exit door, right. I took it, realizing that I was leaving behind one of the most colorful personalities this side of Paradise.

Claudette Colbert came to New York for a holiday. The holiday fell into three parts: Part 1, shopping; Part 2, shortly after, hospital and sinuses; Part 3, a cocktail party.

The latter section found me and a few dozen other interviewers juggling notebooks, dry Martinis, and questions. My turn came, and amid much talk I grilled my hostess. Claudette knew the answer all right—her eyes got darker—her new bangs got curlier.

Claudette, it seems, wasn't one of these grease-paint and glamour girls. She had no particular yen for acting or the theater. She hadn't been around the theater much, because her family knew little English and had about the same amount of what it takes. But French and fate pulled the trick.

It was one of those school theatricals. A French part and only Claudette Colbert could play it. Indif-

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Claudette Colbert's big sock in the eye was being taken out of a lead and made understudy.

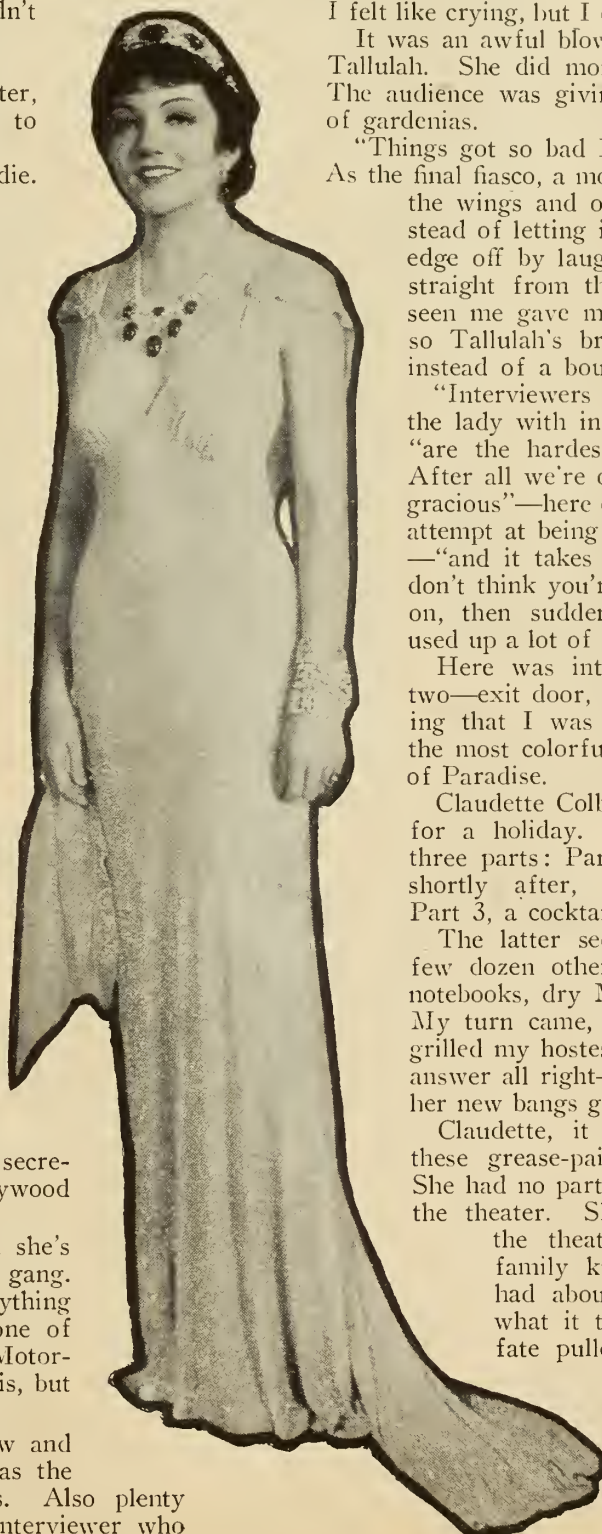






Photo by Jones

The writer hastens to nominate Miss Harvey a potential citizen de luxe.

# The LIL of NATIONS

The most cosmopolitan of stars, Lilian Harvey,  
hopes to make America her fourth homeland.

ALL previous foreign stars have belonged only to one nation and during their stay in Hollywood have never failed to make that quite clear. Lilian Harvey belongs to three nations. Winning the acclaim hoped for her, she will belong to a fourth. For *la* Harvey is anxious to regard America as her new home, in order to fall in with the current catch phrase, to think, be, and buy American!

She arrived in New York early this year. Though her landing added no new note to America's historical events, it did afford glamorous reports for the newspapers. Among *la* Harvey's entourage were a French maid, eighteen trunks, a white car, and a chauffeur. The star was seen briskly walking the deck in white trousers.

"No," she replied, when asked if she intended joining the latest fad, "I certainly will not wear masculine attire

By William H. McKegg

in Hollywood. Trousers do not suit me. I merely wear them while crossing, for they are comfortable

and appropriate for the deck."

This was undoubtedly true, for Miss Harvey had also Joe Strassner in her retinue to design clothes for her so that she could be attired according to the *neueste mode*.

"Such a wonderful figure!" Herr Strassner effused to the press, eyes rolling heavenward in ready inspiration. "*Ach! So schön!*"

Indeed, I mentally echoed Herr Strassner's eulogy when *la* Harvey greeted me in her studio bungalow, the one Fox had built especially for her.

"You must see the place," she said, waving an arm nowhere in particular.

The interior is white and gray, bright yet simple, with Empire furniture. Glass drops, hanging here and there,



glitter in the sunlight. They suit the star's personality. Not that she is hard and glittering. Lilian is softly feminine. But she is sparkling, and prefers smiling to a deeply pensive mood.

In the dressing room there are little figures of men, women, and children walking all over the wall paper. They are in Empire costumes to go with the setting, and, I suppose, to commemorate her success in "Congress Dances."

It was this picture that gained her her contract.

Reports in the past stated that *la* Harvey had repeatedly turned down all American offers.

"I most certainly did not repeatedly refuse to come to Hollywood," she explained, a slight tinge of resentment spreading over her features. "It is true I didn't want to come to America until one of my pictures had first been shown and liked. 'Congress Dances' gained me many American admirers."

By now we had returned to the drawing-room, where the audience was to be held. Miss Harvey sat on a sofa of light brown. Her dress of darker brown afforded her the greater glory. She sat in ladylike fashion, her hands resting on either side of her. On the third finger of her left hand was a white sapphire, the size of a pigeon's egg.

"I do not want to be regarded as a foreign importation," she remarked with seeming conviction. "I want the American people to accept me as one of themselves."

*La* Harvey let her head rest sideways so that her ash-blond tresses fell about her face in a nimbus of light. Looking at her, the most conservative patriot would be inclined to weaken and say, "Baby, consider yourself Columbia!"

Lilian is used to changing her homeland. England, Germany, and France were each in turn loved by the cosmopolitan star.

She was born in London. I had heard that Lilian's parents were circus folk, her mother German, her father English. Just before the War, Mrs. Harvey took her three children to live in Germany.

Lilian elucidates all this vaguely. Her mother, she explained, took her and her brother and sister for a holiday to Germany early in the summer of 1914. The World War broke out, and they remained in Germany. Lilian

was sent to school at Schoeneberg. Bent on a theatrical career, she studied dancing and singing.

After the War she went on the stage, starting out as a member of an Emil Schwarz revue, in Vienna. According to legend, she fell into the orchestra during the first performance. Robert Land, a director, saw her tumble. Somehow or other, Lilian's fall struck Herr Land as being a sign of marked ability. A week later Miss Harvey was playing a part in a picture called "The Curse." She has played in many other pictures throughout the past ten years.

"In the last two years," she informed me, "I have had only fourteen days free from acting. But I don't mind

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Anxious fans are assured that Miss Harvey will have none of the trousers fad. You'll see her soon with John Boles in "My Lips Betray."

Photo by Jones



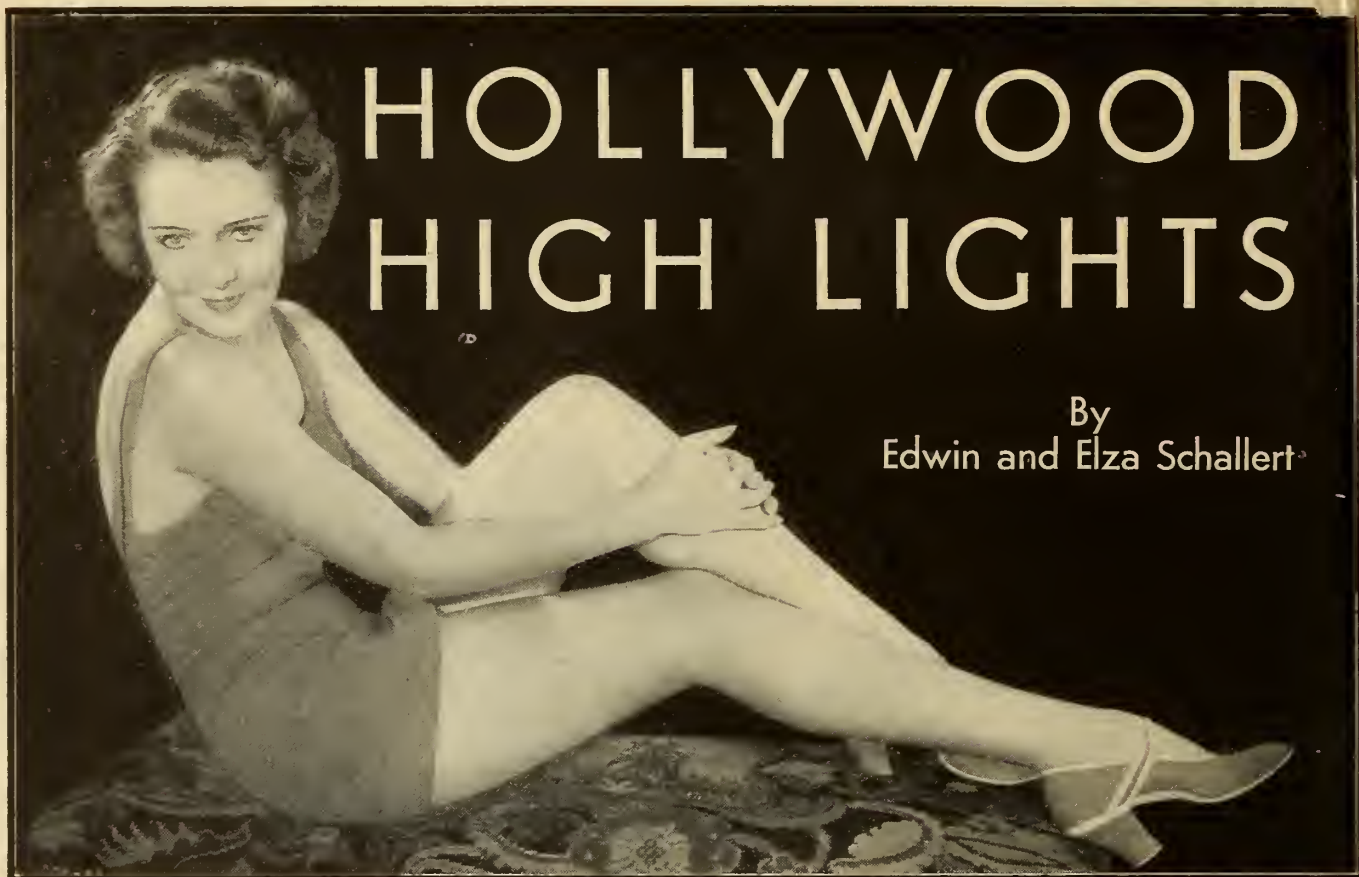


Photo by Lippman

Ruby Keeler takes her success in "42nd Street" as sweetly and as calmly as her performance in that diverting picture. To her, Al Jolson, her husband, is the star of the family. Most unusual in Hollywood.

**H**OLLYWOOD will never be the same again. The "pentecost of calamity" has swept through the colony, and left it jittery and mentally devastated. We suppose, at least, that it is calamitous when stars are cut fifty per cent in their salaries, when an earthquake hits town, and when a sensational divorce case involving two prominent stars bursts forth with scandalous trimmings—not to speak of the famous bank holiday in which nearly all the stars were caught short.

Hollywood really needs a Joshua, competent enough to make the sun stay put, and the moon go backward, and the stars whirl around in circles, in order to overcome its latest causes for hysteria. And if you think there hasn't been hysteria in the old town, you have no conception of its psychology and neurasthenic nature.

Hollywood is, at last, in the real throes of pandemonium, and out of it, oddly enough, much good may come to pictures.

**Crazy Money Angles.**—Prospects of "a big economic readjustment," as it is called, are heralded. This will slash heavily into bulky salaries, and particularly salary discrepancies. The fact that Marie Dressler, biggest box-office draw, gets \$2,000 a week in contrast to Greta Garbo's \$10,000 or more will receive attention. Ann Harding's \$200,000 per picture, or John Gilbert's recent \$250,000, in contrast to many \$50,000 or \$75,000 agreements enjoyed by players who mean much more to the fans, will be actively investigated.

The whole contract system of the movies has been "screwy" for a long time, and probably will be solved by putting the high-power lights on a percentage basis.

The house-cleaning will start right up on the executive list, too, where fantastic fees are paid, and generally with far less reason than for stars who have real box-office value.

**Still as Mad as Ever.**—It's Hollywood's day of reckoning where ease and soft luxury, and along with it bitter unhappiness for people of great talent, has so often reigned. The city of contracts, violent and embittering, is to balance its budget more evenly, and the results will be seen in the improving quality of productions. Perhaps there will be fewer of them, but they will be more worth while, and reflect more of the fine talent available for film making.

This isn't just the annual spring cleaning that's taking place; it's the complete renovation. And then after it's over what will be seen?

Oh, gosh, a Hollywood that will probably go on its way crazier than ever! For in the ultimate it will ever be a daffy town.

**A God of Vengeance.**—The earthquake is history, and earthquake anecdotes are history, too, but the funniest still remains the one about the scenario writer who called up the producers' association during the salary cut agitation, and said, "This is God speaking, and if you cut salaries any more, I'm going to send an earthquake much more terrible than that first one."

The only real victim in the film colony was a press agent, Bill Newberry, who had gone to Long Beach to arrange for a preview of "Hell Below"—a picture whose title proved to be both significant and fateful. Newberry was crushed by a falling wall, shoulder and arms broken, ribs cracked and lungs punctured, but after being removed to the hospital, he passed the crisis to recovery.

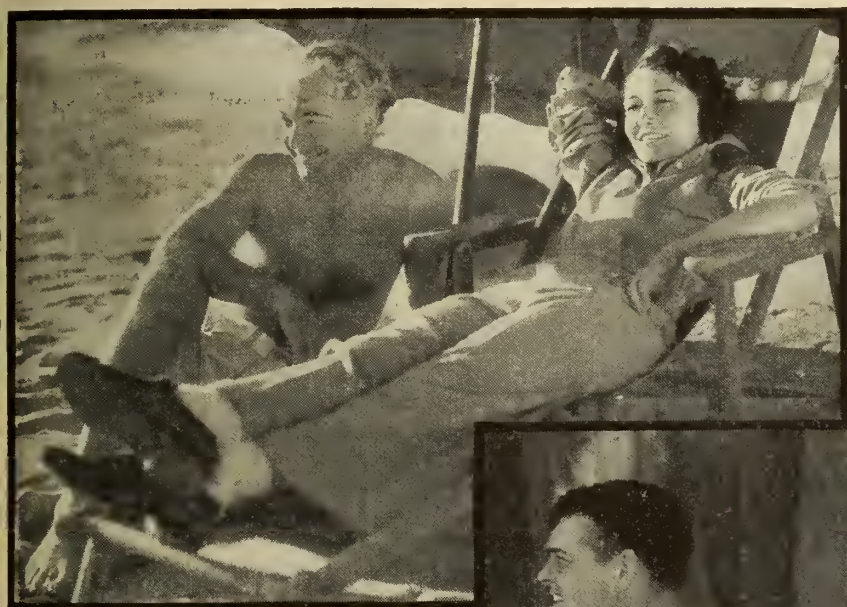
**Shunners of Temblors.**—More beauteous feminine stars dashed into the arms of the nearest man during the earthquake than in all the long chronicles of the colony, but the roll call of this multitude of clinches is too long to be recited.



More important it would be, possibly, to recall the sudden departures of some people from the glamour of Hollywood, due to the temblors. But the only genuine case that came to our attention was that of Betty Balfour, the English Mary Pickford, and her song-writing husband, James Campbell, who wrote "Echo in the Valley." They took a boat for home as soon as possible. Maurice Chevalier departed about a week or so later for Paris, but professedly for business reasons.

Altogether, Hollywood folk had too much other trouble to worry much about mere ground tremblings, nervous as they are habitually about anything.

**Who Wins in This Divorce?**—The Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., split-up holds no promise of a reunion between the two. It brewed too long, although the coming smash was denied until Jorgen Dietz filed suit against Doug asking \$60,000 for the theft of his wife's affections, and "maliciously debauching" her.



Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian spend a lazy morning at the beach. Though Dorothy smiles, it's no secret that she's tiring of being just a wife and yearns for a comeback to films.

"We've held out in spite of all the rumors, haven't we?" Doug, Jr., said to us not more than a week before the crash came. He was trying to be convincing, not defiant when he said it. Now Joan admits that they had discussed separation long before the filing of the Dietz suit.

Joan also went on record as standing by him when he became involved in the Dietz heartbalm suit, then the next day announced that all was over.

She listed their home for sale. Doug moved into a hotel and Joan expects to take a small house. He denies rumors that he will get a Paris divorce and marry the former Mrs. Dietz—oh, yes, she is divorced already and Dietz was remarried the same week he brought the alienation suit. Fairbanks claims the action against him is blackmail.

And so endeth another romance. But how will the audiences of Doug and Joan take it? That is the burning question.

**All for Sake of Economy.**—Salary cut days saw some stars replenishing their wardrobes, but not with the customary \$1,000 gowns. Bebe Daniels and Marion Davies went on shopping sprees, but at a new place in Westwood where they could buy dresses at \$12.50, \$14.75, and \$16.50. They bought garments in dozen lots, and are going on the theory now that these can be worn fast and furiously and then discarded. What extraordinary lengths economy can go to in moviedom, especially if the economizers are wealthy!

Economizing, too, the younger set headed by Tom Brown and Anita Louise commenced to have their parties at home instead of out, and indulged in fudge-making, pop-corn-popping, and other more rustic amusements, all duly publicized.

**LaRue Family Man.**—If Clark Gable won recognition by being a slugger on the screen, Jack LaRue essays to do it by portraying one of the most wretched and degenerate characters ever brought to picture fans, in "The Story of Temple Drake."

But, as usual, that doesn't have a thing to do with his private life. Jack is making a home for his family, mother and five sisters, in Hollywood. He is bringing them to Hollywood from the East. He is their sole support and they will live with him in a house he is planning to build.

Curious, how fate visited him during the bank holiday. He got his first check on his contract from Paramount just before the shut-down of the banks, and

overlooked cashing it. Then when money was delayed in arriving at the studio for ten days or so, he didn't even get a check. Consequently, his position was unique in that he was a newly made star but without compensation. Well, older stars had the same experience.



Clark and Mrs. Gable also go in for beach life, with smiles for Clark's success in "The White Sister."

**Lilian, Gary et al.**—Romantic life of Lilian Harvey is very complicated. On coming to America, she simply conceded that she and Willy Fritsch were good friends. Now she sings lyric rhapsodies to the sweet memory of their devotion to each other, and tells how they both cried on a

single kerchief when she left Germany.

But that's just the third of it. There are also Maurice Chevalier and Gary Cooper, and Maurice is now being referred to by Lilian as "just an old friend," while if you mention Gary's name, her face bursts into a smile and she titters and giggles just like a schoolgirl, and says, "Oh, he's very nice!"

She isn't the only foreign star who reacts that way to Gary. The conduct of Wera Engels at mention of his

Continued on page 62





Photo by Fryer

**Ann Dvorak has turned rebel after marrying Leslie Fenton, the champion walker-out of them all.**



**Rudolph Valentino was the first to thumb his nose at the powerful throne of the producer.**

glamour surrounds them. Which brings us to the rebels of Hollywood. Already glamorous by reason of their profession, they find added luster through defiance of a particular system that is distasteful to them.

There have been rebels in the studios since the beginning, but the most fiery, the least amenable to compromise, the most colorful of them all, was Rudolph Valentino. He was the first openly to defy the throne of the producer whose power at that time was considered uncontested. Valentino, fully aware of the fate which faced him, refused to make any more stupid pictures and demanded choice of story—and more money.

His salary was \$1,250 a week, but as he was admittedly the greatest drawing power in the amusement field, he felt that he was entitled to a greater percentage of the profits and the right to protect himself against future oblivion from bad pictures.

# REBELS ALL

His contract had two years to run, and the producers threatened to keep him off the screen for that length of time. Was Valentino cowed? No a bit. With five hundred dollars to his name, he walked out of the studio and went on a dancing tour with his wife. In every city of any size in the nation he told his grievance to a sympathetic public.

The producers kept their word. Valentino could get no screen work during the life of his contract. But at the end of two years, such had the demand for his reappearance become that the very company he had rebelled against brought him back at five times his old salary, with supervision of story and cast. His was a complete victory, and a precedent had been set.

But not all causes since this historic walkout have been so just. Many rising players permit their sense of self-importance to run away with them and, prompted by egotism, have attempted the same stunt. They have not been heard from since.

And not all rebellion is against the producer. Some have attempted rebellion against nature, the most notable example being Wallace Reid. Caught in the grip of a vicious habit, he destroyed himself. Nature will not tolerate the rebel.

Skipping over the tempestuous Jetta Goudal and Pola Negri, we arrive at the social rebel—Greta Garbo. Apparently indifferent to personal criticism, she leads her famed secluded existence.

The great run of human beings are social animals and such a rebel as Garbo is looked upon with suspicion and disfavor. It is only natural to mistrust where we cannot understand. Even after all the years that Garbo has spent in Hollywood, she is known

**People are suspicious of Garbo because they cannot understand why she can enjoy seclusion. She's a social rebel.**





# What do fighting stars gain when they kick over studio or social traces?

By Dudley Early

to but few. Those few swear by her: the others swear at her—but not in her presence.

She carries her social rebellion even further than avoiding people. In the matter of dress, she is predictable only in that she will be dressed so as to escape detection, if possible. But being denied the sight of her and, therefore, curiosity aroused to a high pitch, the public has developed the faculty of being able to smell her out.

At important theatrical events in Los Angeles, one now awaits the wave of whispering that means, "Garbo is in the audience!" Frequently it isn't Garbo at all, but the public is satisfied. They think they've put one over on that antisocial actress!

She is of the kind who would break before bending. And it is safe to say that, regardless of conditions surrounding her in the future, she will remain forever aloof, a rebel to the end.

No story of rebellion could be complete without mention of the Barrymores. John Barrymore was the despair of directors for years. He just wouldn't take direction, wanting to do scenes his own way. His early pictures were not good, but just how much his attitude had to do with it cannot be determined. However, reports now come out of the studios that he is much easier for a director to work with, and, as a coincidence, his last two or three pictures have received rave notices from the critics.

At present there is a comedian who makes occasional appearances. His name is Harry Langdon. Not so long ago Harry was king-pin of the First National lot. But his descent was swift when he decided that he knew

more about making his own pictures than the specialists the studio hired to help him. He's still a very funny little man, and it is possible that he will get another chance.

**The outcome of Charles Farrell's bolt from the ranks of the contented remains to be seen.**

Photo by Autrey



**Janet Gaynor doesn't look stubborn, but a few years ago she walked out and made Fox increase her salary.**



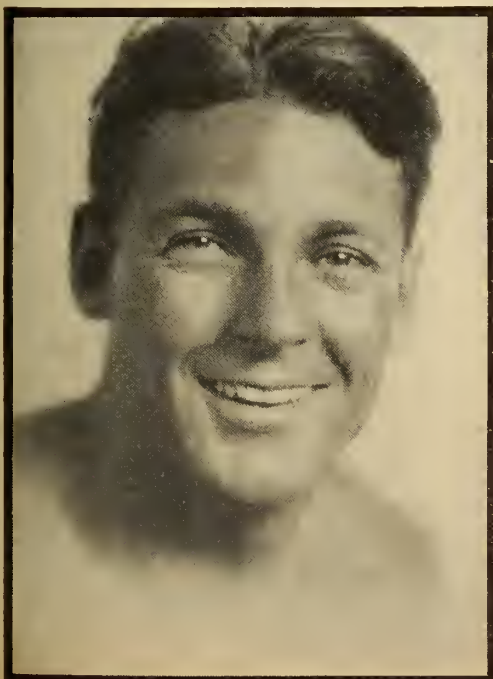
**Wallace Reid lost his fight against nature.**

While on the subject of rebellious comedians, what about Charlie Chaplin? In the course of his career, Charlie has rebelled against everything—producers, methods of production, and every known convention. He even rebelled against the invasion of talkies. But now it looks as if even the great Chaplin will be forced to bend a knee to the mechanical overlord. The latest reports are that he will produce a talking picture.

Just recently Charles Farrell bolted the ranks of the contented for the second time. A few years ago both he and Janet Gaynor walked off the Fox lot, refusing to return until their salaries were raised. Considering that they were the most popular team in the country, they felt justified in making the demand. Hollywood attorneys took up the fight, and eventually Fox capitulated and the raise went into effect.

But now Charlie has up and done it again. Dissatisfied with the parts given him, he has bought up his contract and intends to free-lance, choosing rôles to his own satisfaction. Well, we'll see.

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## The Screen in Review

There isn't much plot and there's less suspense, but the dialogue sparkles and the characters are mercilessly exposed. The acting is capital. Violet Kemble-Cooper, of the stage, excelling as the deluded and uxorious duchess fawning on her gigolo, the latter admirably played by Gilbert Roland.

Miss Bennett was courageous in attempting this. I wonder what fans think of it.

## "Sweepings."

Lionel Barrymore, Gregory Ratoff, Eric Linden, Gloria Stuart, William Gargan, George Meeker, Alan Dinehart, Helen Mack, Nan Sunderland.

Lionel Barrymore is the star of this drama of American types, giving one of his finest performances; finest because it is devoid of mannerism, of excess. As a pioneer department-store owner ambitious for his four children to carry on his business, he is infinitely sympathetic in his frustrations and disappointments



when they fail him one by one. Only his Jewish manager shares his traditions and ideals.

The pathos of this character is even greater than that evoked by Mr. Barrymore. Gregory Ratoff plays him superbly, legitimately, all but making him the dominating character and equaling Mr. Barrymore in every opportunity given him. If you saw Mr. Ratoff as the comically aggressive and futile *Glogauer* in "Once in a Lifetime" you have only to see him in this sharply contrasted rôle to acknowledge him one of the screen's great actors. His gray, shadowy make-up is a fine detail in his understanding of the part.

Yet, in spite of these two uncommon exhibits, not to mention the competence of the entire cast, the picture doesn't quite satisfy. The dialogue is distinctly inferior. It is vague when it should be crisp and revealing. The second half of the narrative is heavy and slow, but at least the imagination of the spectator is intrigued and his mind stirred. The

picture, then, rates as substantial. It might have been more.

All the players are interesting and worth while, Eric Linden, whose hysterics have frequently annoyed, is improved by omitting them and gives the best account of his undoubted talent. Pay particular attention to Helen Mack. Though her part is small, the audience at Radio City Music Hall applauded her final scene. Such a tribute from an auditorium seating 6,200 persons is no everyday occurrence.

## "Christopher Strong."

Katharine Hepburn, Colin Clive, Billie Burke, Helen Chandler, Ralph Forbes, Jack LaRue, Irene Brown, Gwendolin Logan, Desmond Roberts.

Provided with something considerably less than another "Bill of Divorcement," Katharine Hepburn rises superior to an indifferent picture and proves herself every inch a star. Magnetic, arresting, original, she still is the most striking discovery of last year and this. Like all precious commodities, she needs to be cherished and displayed with meticulous care. This includes costuming. Miss Hepburn invites snickers and gets them when she strides across an aviation field in jodhpurs which give her the silhouette of a spindly heron. Likewise when she appears at a ball in a flowing gown strewn with diamond-centered daisies, surely this isn't the costume of a modern, a sophisticate. Rather it suggests a chorus girl's conception of débutante elegance. This should not be. There is much to admire in other dresses that she wears, only it behooves RKO to guard Miss Hepburn from ribald giggles. She is too important to invite disrespect on any score.

She plays an aviatrix indifferent to men and love until she meets *Sir Christopher Strong* who has been faithful to his wife for twenty years. Defeated by a passion stronger than either can endure, she gallantly soars to death in her plane. Although you feel that Miss Hepburn would not indulge in a theatrical suicide, the actress makes the motive as real as the act. It is her greatest virtue that she causes you to believe that every word she utters is an expression of thought and emotion. She is not an actress who colors her words with thought. She reverses the unusual process and thinks first, feels first. Acting takes care of itself. Only Garbo shares this gift to the same extent although every platinum-haired ingénue will tell you that she lives her rôles.

The picture is rich in good performances, though they fail to put the whole across. The result is heavy,

talky, and affectedly casual. Ralph Forbes is especially fine as a flippant juvenile, his best work in the talkies, and Irene Brown, of "Cavalcade," is warmly winning as one of the more charming London hostesses. You feel that a cup of tea from her would warm the cockles of your heart.

## "Sailor's Luck."

James Dunn, Sally Eilers, Victor Jory, Sammy Cohen, Frank Moran, Lucien Littlefield, Buster Phelps, Will Stanton, Esther Muir.

Out of the rough-and-tumble slapstick which makes up most of this fair picture, there emerges a hint of tenderness and reality, sweetness, and sincerity. But these redeeming qualities are awfully slow in making themselves felt. This is not another "Bad Girl," although you feel that Fox meant it to be by teaming James Dunn and Sally Eilers and running them through a love story that takes place on less than a high social plane.

It's pretty low, if you ask me, and Sammy Cohen's jokes about his nose



are embarrassing to the spectator if not himself. In fact, the antics of the three sailors—Mr. Dunn, Mr. Cohen, and Frank Moran—make one shudder at the possibility that such characters may, by some unhappy slip of nature, exist. But when Sally Eilers displaces them and her little romance with Mr. Dunn becomes important, the picture is better.

It is a simple story of natural misunderstandings. Mr. Dunn's decision to make his intentions honorable instead of the opposite, and a rousing fight that breaks up a dance marathon and disposes of the villain. Yes, it contains the modern "smart" touch of having the hero take the heroine to a room. The number of film girls with no bed of their own grows every day. It's Hollywood's mocking bow to the depression.

Mr. Dunn plays with pleasant sincerity and naturalness, Miss Eilers is unusually sympathetic and Victor Jory, as a cheap racketeer, is uncommonly lifelike.



**"The Woman Accused."**

Nancy Carroll, Cary Grant, John Halliday, Louis Calhern, Norma Mitchell, Jack LaRue, Irving Pichel, John Lodge.

Ten authors joined forces to write this story, with a result that confirms the old adage about too many cooks. It doesn't satisfy as a whole, though some of the characterizations and incidents are good and the acting is excellent as far as it goes, particularly on the part of Nancy Carroll



who grows increasingly expert. Also, I liked Jack LaRue's gunman, one of the most sinister and original types that I have ever seen, and Cary Grant, as a shadowy hero, is straightforward, as usual. But the story doesn't jell.

A girl of dubious reputation accidentally kills a cast-off sweetheart and then goes on a week-end cruise with the man she expects to marry. The law partner of her dead paramour follows and tricks her into admitting her guilt at a mock trial during a masquerade party. Somehow she goes scot-free, which is something new even for screen heroines who lead liberal lives.

An interesting characterization is found in Miss Carroll's maid, as played by Norma Mitchell, but it is a subordinate part and doesn't save the picture.

**"Men Must Fight."**

Diana Wynyard, Phillips Holmes, Lewis Stone, May Robson, Ruth Selwyn, Robert Young, Donald Dillaway, Hedda Hopper, Mary Carlisle.

Supposed to be stirring propaganda against war, this gets nowhere because it hasn't the courage to be consistent. It attempts to show both sides, militaristic and pacifist. The result is tepid, wandering.

The time is 1940, when war is declared against an imaginary country. The wife of the secretary of state has

a son born to her during the late War. She has brought him up to hate everything military. It is his struggle to adjust himself to the belief of his stepfather that is supposed to supply drama but doesn't. In the end he marches off with the rest, apparently happy to do his bit. In his act there is no suggestion of the defeat the character must really feel. Everything is done to make the ending happy.

Diana Wynyard gives a dignified and tender performance, but it is virtually wasted and certainly will not enhance her reputation. Phillips Holmes, as the son, has another thankless rôle and other players suffer the same handicap.

**"Private Jones."**

Lee Tracy, Donald Cook, Gloria Stuart, Russell Gleason, Emma Dunn, Walter Catlett, Frank McHugh, Shirley Grey, Berton Churchill.

Lee Tracy monologues his staccato way through a picture with few elements of popular appeal. Minus suspense, love interest, and with the merest vestige of a plot, it is more a character study of a rebellious, brawling soldier. As far as it goes it is good, but I do not think there is enough to it, nor do I think Mr. Tracy, in spite of his pungently individual performance, will find himself endeared to the majority on the score of the character he plays. He is human, yes, but consistently unpleasant—just the sort of fellow who is a misfit wherever he finds himself and who would alienate himself from everybody in real life as a perpetual sorehead.

Evidently it was the purpose of the picture to show up the silliness of war, and there is a suggestion of this, but Mr. Tracy's rôle is overemphasized at the expense of everything and everybody. The character does not progress. He begins by peeling potatoes and ends at the same task, still jeering, one of the most abrupt and unsatisfactory conclusions seen in any recent picture.

All the characters incidental to Mr. Tracy's one-man show are well played, particularly by Donald Cook and Frank McHugh, while Gloria Stuart wastes her attractiveness on the desert air of an undeveloped rôle.

**"Fast Workers."**

John Gilbert, Robert Armstrong, Mae Clarke, Sterling Holloway, Muriel Kirkland, Vince Barnett, Virginia Cherrill, Robert Burns, Muriel Evans.

John Gilbert's farewell to Metro-Goldwyn occurs in a sour and sordid picture which, though lively enough, is definitely unpleasant. It deals with the amorous side of a couple of riv-

eters and their women companions of the streets and the speakeasy.

Their glorification of masculine friendship carries with it a strange and unlikely pact: if one man "falls for a dame," the other has the right to make her unfaithful, if he can, in this way deciding if she is worthy of his pal. Can such things be?

Anyway, the picture is a long succession of wisecracks, practical jokes, double-crossing, and ungallant treatment of women. There isn't, in fact, a decent motive to be found in any of the characters, or one that is worthy of normal men and women.

Mr. Gilbert is unconvincing as a rough-and-ready laborer, his precise speech as well as his appearance uniting in an "actory" impersonation. Robert Armstrong has neither of these handicaps, of course, and makes the most of his nitwit rôle. Mae Clarke, like many actresses, plays a streetwalker heroine with understanding, though dresses by Adrian give her an attractiveness the character doesn't possess.

**"From Hell to Heaven."**

Carol Lombard, Jack Oakie, Adrienne Ames, David Manners, Sidney Blackmer, Verna Hillie, James C. Eagles, Nydia Westman, Thomas Jackson, Rita La Roy.

This is a sort of a "Grand Hotel" of the race track and it isn't much. It is, in fact, nothing at all. It is bad. How Carol Lombard could flounce off the Paramount lot because of dissatisfaction with a rôle offered her, and then accept the one



she plays in this only proves that the gifted aren't always responsible or aware. Miss Lombard, though nominally the heroine, might as well have stayed at home for all the part matters to the narrative or to her prestige.

A recountal of the plot is fatiguing in view of the resultant futility. We have all sorts of people—an embezzler and his bride, a detective, a book-maker, a vamp, an escaped convict

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lows—let's all go up to my house and have some refreshments."

Lilyan Tashman has been putting on one of the most elaborate bits of private-life play-acting imaginable. When she first came to Hollywood, she determined to be notable for some particular thing as her professional trade-mark. She and her press agent decided that she would become the best-dressed woman in Hollywood.

"I'll do it," declared Lilyan decisively, "if I have to buy a new gown every day."

Her first wardrobe was a breath-taker, and ever since then her bank roll, aided by her photographer and her publicity man, has sustained her reputation for costume supremacy. Incidentally, the vast amount she spends on clothes has proved a uniformly profitable investment.

Now consider the histrionics of Lilyan's stunt. Her real taste in clothes is for slacks, corduroy trousers, tennis shoes, and sweat shirts. When she chooses to indulge it, she is never recognized. Lil in-careless attire? Impossible!

Many other Hollywood beauties with a reputation for frills and finery love to go simple when they have the opportunity. Kay Francis is one of them. When she and husband, Kenneth MacKenna, get away from Hollywood on their yacht, she takes a bathing suit, night pajamas, old sneakers, weathered duck pants, and a cotton shirt. Ah, but she's never photographed in them!

Few ladies of the screen seem more poised and worldly-wise than Kay. After she made her first hit in Hollywood, every one thought her remarkably sophisticated, restrained, and socially apt, particularly when meeting local celebrities. Recently she has revealed the fact that her at-ease manner was achieved only by good acting.

"I felt tongue-tied and awfully embarrassed," she confesses. "I nearly died when I had to meet so many fa-

## They Never Stop Acting

mous people. But I fought the feeling, and I suppose that made me act my best to give an impression of ease and confidence I didn't feel."

One of the sincerest tributes ever paid to Elissa Landi's acting ability was not meant to be complimentary.

"If Elissa were to kiss an Eskimo, the Eskimo would die of pneumonia," quipped a Hollywood wisecracker.

Elissa chose her "cold" rôle for private life use when she came to Hollywood, and she has played it most successfully ever since. It wasn't a bad idea for a married lady who loves her husband, and had come to Filmtown without him, and who has almost old-fashioned ideas of propriety. At little intimate social affairs in her home, however, she shows warmth, volatility, playfulness, and humor.

To explain Joan Crawford, one needs to begin with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., whose mother did not want to raise her son to be an acrobat. She tried to instill in him an aspiration for culture. Physical culture was the only sort in which Fairbanks, Sr., had shown much interest.

Young Douglas studied art in Paris. He writes awfully high-browish magazine articles, and goes about carrying a book or two under his arm. He smokes a pipe and wears artistically aged hats.

The part is well portrayed, and the Fairbanks-Crawford home, with its library and paintings and musical instruments, is a good setting. But cropping out behind young Doug's mask, when he is offguard, is a certain wistfulness. His world-famous dad has so much fun!

Joan has been helping him carry on most ably. Even before she met him, she found it profitable to win every one's admiration by a steadfast campaign of self-improvement. Her own act is to prove that she has won her way not only to fame and riches, but to culture—that intangible goal.

But how Doug and Joan enjoy those times when they can drop all

pose. They sat in front of me at a tiny Santa Monica theater one night, making fun of a bad picture and a melodramatic actress, laughing unrestrainedly, and otherwise having a grand time, like the pair of natural youngsters they are.

Ramon Novarro, the screen's most distinguished hermit of arts and letters, if not watched by his valet might wear strange clothes, and hats too small for him, like those he wore for comedy effect in "The Pagan."

Novarro is as natural underneath his pose as the happy native he depicted. And when one watches him romping with film beauties on the beach at Santa Barbara, he appears far less a bashful hermit than a happy Kanaka boy at Waikiki.

John Barrymore always amused me with his portrayal of the blasphemous, sarcastic brute who delights in injuring and insulting folk. That, of course, is patently sham. Yet I wonder how much acting there is in the eccentricities for which he is famous, such as catering to studio nobodies and bullying big shots.

Then there's Jeanette MacDonald, who is often accused of being movie-actressy. That is no compliment in Hollywood. But perhaps her critics are only jealous, for she makes a charming picture as she parks her old Ford, and, in her vivid costume and rich fur, goes down the Boulevard seeking an eating place. She passes the Brown Derby and other ritzy establishments, and enters a quiet little restaurant much patronized by stenographers and shopgirls.

She doesn't do it to save money, for she tips the waitresses so heavily that it is they who profit, not Jeanette. Now, one wonders, is she merely putting on an act, or is this a glimpse of the real Jeanette?

Undoubtedly some of the stars we do not suspect of play-acting in real life are fooling us. Perhaps they are also fooling each other. Perhaps they are even fooling themselves.

## Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 57

name was exactly like that when we talked to her. She was being invited to a party at Gary's house at the time.

What is this hold the Cooper personality seems to have on women?

**Alibi for Chaperon.**—While a Spanish star is generally accompanied by a *duenna*, it is rather extraordinary for a German to be so attended. Still, Dorothea Wieck arrived in Hollywood with a chaperon, and the story goes that the reason was that

Miss Wieck had a strange notion that Hollywood was full of Indians and cowboys, and therefore felt that she needed some protection.

Well, any story is good to explain a chaperon in movieland.

**The Marxes Rebel.**—The Marx Brothers have kicked over the traces. They won't make pictures for Paramount any more, unless they change their minds. They have squawked about the percentages they got on their last film, "Horsefeathers," and

have the bug to produce independently. You can't beat those boys; they're financial geniuses, as any one who has watched them around a card table or in a backgammon game, knows. It's no wonder Ely Culbertson wouldn't go into a bridge tournament with them. Or was that tournament all just a publicity gag? Most probably.

**Youthful Entrepreneur—at Last!**—Thank goodness for a young master of ceremonies! Dick Powell



is it. The bright boy of musical pictures has supplanted all the more mature m. c.'s around the colony because of the hit he made when "42nd Street" opened, and he was put up against the very perplexing trick of introducing a lot of stars who didn't show up.

When he presented Ginger Rogers, he gave her telephone number for the full benefit of the audience, and he also wisecracked Jack Warner as his boss who "pays me half a salary."

Most m. c.'s have been chosen from among the maturer stars of the screen. It has always seemed to be considered some sort of solemn duty. Funny!

**Nominated for Exile:**—Permanent—Countess Dorothy Taylor di Frasso.

Temporary or permanent—Elsa Maxwell.

**Our Much-harassed Gloria.**—Gloria Swanson's griefs have suddenly increased heavily, for she lost not long ago a suit for \$37,500 brought by Maurice Cleary, husband of May McAvoy, for commissions, and had an income-tax lien filed against her for about \$49,500. Added to that is the problem of Gloria's future pictures, although it has been reported that she may sign either with Jesse L. Lasky or RKO for a film or two.

Her picture, "A Perfect Understanding," had the misfortune to open during some of the worst days in the movie theaters.

Is the jinx trailing Gloria?

**Stars Sneak Movie Shots.**—Hollywood is full of movie-makers among the stars and their great game is to catch other stars off guard. Helen Hayes snapped, or rather cinemaed, Clark Gable snoozing on the set one day while "The White Sister" was being made, and Katharine Hepburn got a very nice shot of

Colin Clive busily adjusting his galuses. She captured also his struggle with a collar button, which proved troublesome. These "home movies" afford no end of entertainment for the film folk during a draggy evening. Showing them is becoming the new social pastime.

**Anna Q. Tries Comeback.**—Anna Q. Nilsson is a courageous person. She's determined she'll get back in pictures. Yet we could have wished that she had chosen some other play than "Hedda Gabler" for a recent stage appearance in Hollywood. She looked statuesque on the stage, but despite any Scandinavian sympathy that she may have felt for the rôle, it was scarcely suited to this star whose *métier* always was action. Anna's many loyal friends came forth to see her just the same, and hopes are being expressed that she will appear in a play of lighter character.

**Scene-stealers' Tournament.**—"Dinner at Eight" forecasts another "Grand Hotel," not to speak of a veritable battle royal in scene-stealing. Assignments comprise Wallace Beery, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Jean Hersholt, Madge Evans, Franchot Tone, Karen Morley, and Louise Closser Hale.

"We're all playing bits in this picture," commented Beery, who won't be, if we know our movies, before the film is over. Wally's still one of the best purloiners of footage, and bright spots in a picture.

**Ah, Love and Springtime!**—A refreshing romance for a change is that of Robert Young and Elizabeth Henderson, which culminated not long ago in their marriage. They fell in love while going to high school in Los Angeles, and the love remained permanent, even though

Young was thrust into the midst of all the blandishments and allurements of the movies.

**A Gift for Peggy.**—Probably some recognition should go to the fact that Jack Oakie has been playing up to Peggy Hopkins Joyce. It's likely just one of those tricks to get publicity, since they managed to keep in the papers fairly regularly. Jack did one thing that was amusing when he bought Peggy a dollar watch because she was late keeping an appointment with him. It was the one gift Peggy got during her stay in Hollywood.

**An Ideal Reunion.**—Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore will be seen together in a picture if they can find *that* story. "A Bill of Divorcement" was one of last year's most profitable films, and it is figured that Katharine and John, especially as daughter and father, will be good for a lot of money on a second co-starring engagement.

**Are They Just Tricksters?**—Latest rumors about Crawford-Fairbanks break-up is that it will turn out to be just a publicity stunt.

**Mademoiselle Garon Returns.**—Pauline Garon, absent for a year in Paris, has returned to the colony, with intent of resuming in pictures. She is just as pretty a Pauline as she ever was, and the men who meet her dote on her.

**Humility Rewarded.**—Lois Wilson has decided to be a character actress. "I'd rather have one good scene in a big picture than a leading rôle in a poor one," she declares. Lois explained her sentiments to Irving Thalberg, and promptly was cast as Jackie Cooper's mother in "Father and Son."

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ing him in New York two years ago extended the invitation to her home in Italy, which, in retrospect, appears to be the pivotal point in his social evolution. Nothing to wonder at, either, that the discriminating eye of Elsa Maxwell looked approvingly upon Hollywood's most coveted bachelor, who would be an asset to her parties.

It's devastating, that rugged charm of Cooper's, and I believe I know why women of many ages and varied stations of life capitulate to his appeal. It's because Gary Cooper represents virility. Which is, indeed,

## Gary's Lily-white Bride

*something* these days. And because his silence, which may be a combination of reticence or self-consciousness has the dear ladies puzzled. Women just wouldn't be women if they didn't simply die to find out the answer to anything.

And now Gary's viewpoint on marriage:

"I haven't found the right girl yet," he admitted. "And I'm not exactly looking and I'm not exactly closing my eyes either. And I'm not making any rules except one. The girl I ask to be my wife must come into marriage unsoiled! In true male

style, I shall expect the girl who marries me not to be 'damaged goods.' If our race expects to survive, then marriage, children, the home must be kept on a high pedestal. We look to a woman to keep those ideals."

What will be the next step in the social evolution of Gary? Will it be another romantic interlude, another hunting expedition, or sophisticated parties in Europe? Or will it be marriage and the life of a country gentleman which he is thinking about at present? I have a feeling it will be the latter. What a romantic country gentleman Gary Cooper would make!



## The Lil of Nations

that. I take my acting seriously. For one picture, 'The Blond Dream,' I learned to walk a tightrope. It sounds like publicity, but I really did it. For another film I learned to do fancy ice skating."

Do these talents hint at the circus legend? I don't think so. Miss Harvey is one who does work hard at anything connected with her career. She even takes her friendships as seriously as her work.

She made a good many pictures with Willy Fritsch, Germany's popular star. I had heard they were husband and wife. Lilian denies that she is married, or ever was married, to Willy.

"Not exactly, not seriously," she says. Lil ought to know.

"We made many pictures together," she explained, "we were seen so often together that people took it for granted we were married. I hear it is like that in Hollywood. A girl is reported engaged or mar-

ried to any young man she is seen with more than once.

"In any case," she continued, with a faint shrug, "if the rumor must be traced down, why not get in touch with Berlin? They know all about me there. So what good would it be for me to lie?"

Thus is the Fritsch legend dismissed, and Willy left in Germany to make picture after picture with Kaethe von Nagy.

La Harvey would like, she said, to play some dramatic rôles. However, the powers that be think she ought to be in something light and amusing. Therefore, her first American picture will be "My Lips Betray." John Boles will be her leading man, for there are to be a couple of songs sung somewhere amid the proceedings.

At the present writing, Miss Harvey lives in the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. She is soon to move into a home she has rented in Beverly Hills.

"Not a large place," she said. "Just a nice, comfortable house big enough for my own use. I love this Hollywood. I have a villa in France, at Antibes. My mother is living there now. But as soon as I have finished my first picture and got everything settled, I want her to join me here."

Her brother is a cameraman with the British International Film Company, in London. Her sister is married.

"No, I don't wish to marry—at least, not yet," Lilian admitted, her head dropping sideways, a note of *picoterie* in her gay laugh. "All I have in mind right now is to win a definite place for myself in America."

The flashing jewel on her finger once more caught my attention. La Harvey, it would seem, has made a definite place for herself abroad. It seems quite possible that she will duplicate her European triumphs here.

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## They Say in New York—

control the crowds waiting to catch a glimpse of her. Tallulah Bankhead is the girl who is the sensation of Broadway.

In an utterly inconsequential little play called "Forsaking All Others," she lives up to the extravagant hopes of her admirers. She plays with great skill and manages to make the rôle of a girl who is glib and sophisticated genuinely arresting and ingratiating. The character is brittle, but Miss Bankhead suggests gentleness and depth. All those eager letter writers who have suggested that her pictures were ill-chosen and unworthy of her may now pat themselves on the back.

**There's Art in Hip-waving.**—Lupe Velez, too, is enjoying greater success on the stage than has been hers in pictures recently. She is playing with Jimmy Durante in "Strike Me Pink" and having a gorgeous time of it. There is a scene in which she goes in for a little comic chair-smashing, which she does with rare gusto, but for the most part Lupe has only to sidle out on the stage and swing from side to side to win the audience.

Lupe's gorgeous costumes in this show are one of the joys of her life. She wears a shimmering white satin gown and a jacket with enormous sleeves, striped with apricot-hued fur. She wears a black satin frock that has a cloudy white collar from whose halolike frame she peers impishly. And there is a lacquer-red gown with huge ruffled sleeves that makes every

woman think she could conquer the masculine world if only she had it.

**Nominations, Please.**—Between the acts of the Lupe Velez show, every one was talking about the threatened shutdown of picture production and closing of the theaters. "If only a few players were to survive," some one asked, "whom would you elect?" Offhand these were my nominations, and now after some reflection I can see no necessary revisions in the list: I would insist that Lubitsch direct the pictures; Katharine Hepburn, Helen Hayes, and Greta Garbo would divide the leading feminine rôles, Zasu Pitts and Alison Skipworth would support them, and Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall would play opposite them.

**Some New Recruits.**—But instead of dropping players, companies are signing up more, so perhaps we need not go on with this morbid census. June Knight, a mild but very pretty girl who sings and dances in "Take a Chance," no better and not much worse than the average run of musical-comedy ingénues, has been given a Universal contract. And Metro-Goldwyn has decided that it is high time to bring Alice Brady back to the screen. She will appear in "When Ladies Meet."

To the rising generation of fans the name of Alice Brady may mean little or nothing. If they have heard of her at all, they have heard that she is one of the most competent ac-

tresses on Broadway. Old-time fans can tell you another story.

As far back as 1915 Alice Brady was a popular film star. It was in that year that she played *Mimi* in "La Bohème" for a now defunct company. Later she joined Paramount with whom she continued to make pictures until about ten years ago.

Now don't jump to the conclusion that Miss Brady is a nice old character woman just because she was making pictures eighteen years ago. She was rather young then. She faded out of pictures largely because she was not the pretty-pretty type that was popular then. She was, and is, crisp and dynamic and forceful.

At the Metro-Goldwyn studio she was welcomed by Conrad Nagel who got the best break of his stage career when he played opposite Miss Brady in "The Man Who Came Back."

**Figure This Out.**—Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer arrived in New York by way of the Panama Canal looking fresh and radiant and quite unlike hard-working girls. Miss Hayes told about the crowds that streamed up to their car when they went out riding in Havana. Those who rushed to Norma's side asked her for autographs; Miss Hayes's public told hard-luck stories and asked for money. Does that mean that Helen Hayes is the more sympathetic or does she look more prosperous?

Miss Hayes plans to take it easy for a few weeks, then go back to



make a picture, and then do a play on Broadway with Leslie Howard.

Norma Shearer's plans are somewhat indefinite. She has been taking care of her husband, who has been seriously ill and is now headed for Europe where he will rest at Bad Nauheim. When he is rested and strong again, she will start thinking about her career.

**Gloria's Return.**—After several delays caused, according to rumor, by an acute shortage of cash, Gloria Swanson finally came back home. Her picture-making in England was anything but a rousing success. If you want to feel pretty unhappy and discouraged about her just see "Perfect Understanding." But if you are an old friend and admirer of Gloria's you will remember that she always bounces back.

Financial troubles, emotional upsets, or bad pictures can't defeat her for long. She rises graciously out of the most frightful muddles and makes a tremendously successful picture just when her future looks blackest. Worry about any one else all you like, but rest assured that Gloria will continue her dizzy ascents to the top whenever she has hit bottom.

**The Month in Review.**—Jeanette MacDonald is basking in a perfect furor of popularity in Europe. She is singing both for paying crowds

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## Lunch with a Legend

Continued from page 26

Now the legend is coming back to become a reality. Two years ago Mary Pickford started "Secrets." Dissatisfied halfway through, she called a halt. A year later it was started afresh and completed, with Leslie Howard drafted to play the male lead.

There are those who question the wisdom of entering the lists against such glamorous stars as Dietrich, Garbo, and the amazing Hepburn; against such finished technicians as Helen Hayes, Aline MacMahon, Kay Francis; against such fresh youth as Madge Evans, Claire Dodd, Miriam Hopkins. There are those who would think well of retiring gracefully to enjoy ease well earned by a career that permitted no youthful ease, a career that skipped vacations entirely.

But Mary Pickford has been of the stage since she was five years old. It is hard to give up. And apparently Mary Pickford will not give up until she is irreconcilably shown that her public has drifted to new faces.

THERE'S NO NEED TO  
BE SKINNY. HERE'S HOW  
TO GAIN  
QUICKLY

I WISH I KNEW HOW TO  
PUT ON SOME WEIGHT. YOU  
HAVE THE FIGURE EVERYBODY  
ADMIRE

## New pounds for skinny folks...quick!

*Sensational discovery—richest  
yeast known, imported beer yeast,  
now concentrated seven times.  
Gives thousands of skinny folks  
5 to 15 lbs. in a few short weeks!*

**T**HIN, weak, rundown men and women by the thousands have been astounded and delighted at how quickly they gained 5, 10, 20 pounds—just what they needed for normal weight and health—with this amazing new beer yeast discovery.

"I gained 15 lbs. and my skin is so much better," writes Miss Ruth Farthering, Lexington, Ky. "Put on 5 lbs.," says Mr. G. W. Wisham, Southport, Conn. "Gained 8 lbs. and new pep," reports Miss Bertina Roberg, Bade, Ia. "I am 12 lbs. heavier," says Miss Margaret Scott, Kansas City, Mo.

### 2 greatest body builders in one

Everybody knows that for years physicians prescribed beer for building weight. Then yeast was found to be a marvelous health builder. Now, by a sensational new process, specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then to bring even quicker and more thorough results, this super-rich yeast is treated with 3 special kinds of iron, the great blood, strength and energy builder.

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The result is a marvelous tonic unsurpassed in transforming thin, weak, nervous, rundown men and women into strong, healthy, well-developed people, with strong nerves, clear skins, tireless pep.

No need to stuff yourself with food you hate. No messy gagging oils. No "pasty" taste—no gas or bloating. Instead a pleasant easy-to-take little tablet.

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Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, *before it is too late.*

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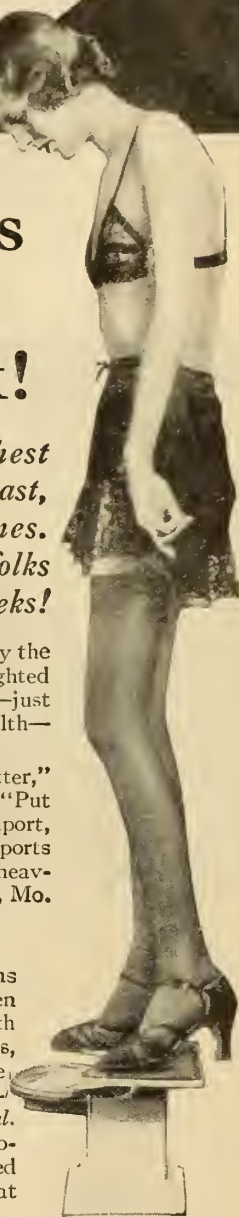
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Frame your eyes with dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes and this new kind of enchantment will instantly become yours.

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**Maybelline**  
EYELASH DARKENER

The  
PERFECT  
Mascara



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## The Great Caper Contest

Continued from page 17

copied from those in "Payment Deferred," the sliding doors in Neil Hamilton's gym from "Fu Manchu."

Built into the home of director Al Green is a log cabin decorated with whisky ads and featuring a cuspidor resembling a silk hat. Neon lights trace Tom Mix's initials over the gate to his home.

Chaplin's inlaid satinwood cabinets and priceless lacquers and Japanese figures might be found in ménages of cultured people anywhere. Surely, though, that gold Oriental desk must be an expression of the stellar ego.

Seldom elsewhere would you see such a cream-colored car as Norma Shearer's, such a white equipage as that which bears Tom Mix's monogram. And nowhere a fleet of nine cars like Al Jolson's, each boasting two radio sets, one being for the chauffeur's entertainment.

Some personalities are elaborations of actual traits, some are deliberately contrived. Each must be stamped upon the minds of the producers, the directors, the press. Wary eyes are alert to gauge and cap each adversary's gesture, as each struts his stuff.

Contrasting a Garbo's seclusion is a Bennett's social activity, a Chaplin's melancholy musing is offset by a Durante's frenzied clowning. Or the design in this ornamental frieze may be a combination of extremes: Katharine Hepburn, clad in overalls, driving to work in a limousine; or, carrying self-expression to a courageous point, lying prone in a street on the lot, reading her mail.

The vital, leaping spirit of a Fairbanks, Sr., the artistic whimsicality of a Doug. Jr., the infectious fun of a Chevalier, the verbal daring of a Bankhead—such publicity motifs are worked out in the pattern. A Pickford emerges from a passé childishness into society, later attempting gayety somewhat painfully when that becomes the vogue.

Norma Shearer, even when attending a small neighborhood theater, converses very audibly, always in

stagy, lightly sophisticated chatter. Effort is being made to englamour Ann Harding, whose realities were about to snuff her out in an atmosphere where only the spectacular is called personality.

Even the Boulevard shops wear false faces, a papier-mâché gaudiness. Architects say that beneath the chromium-plated façades, done in the arty manner with snappy angles and shiny metal surfaces, there are solid, substantial buildings. They must be coated with make-up to give the town that frosted front-drop individuality.

In an English Tudor house with leaded windows men buy haberdashery. Huge oranges gush "ade," big ice-cream freezers with handles revolving high in the air and Eskimo igloos furnish cold refreshments; bakeries are in Dutch windmills, real-estate offices in a plaster Sphinx or hollowed out of a mammoth tree trunk.

Signs are in aluminum paint or vivid colors. Scenic shops advertise cactus candy, ham sandwiches "from pleased pigs." Plaster replicas of actors are for sale.

Overhead, loud-speaking blimps broadcast invitations to local theaters. Girls dressed in black shorts and yellow blouses paint a sign on a poster or dance atop scaffolds in animated ads; from other billboards radios blare inducements. And traffic cops go crazy.

Even their fads are displayed in the revue: John Barrymore drawing astrological charts or weirdly ghoulish figures, Richard Cromwell making masks of the stars, Ramon Novarro, clad in a decrepit dressing-gown, playing practical jokes on his guests, Bill Haines showing Joan Crawford an original design for a baby grand piano. Even pianos must undergo alterations!

Some day some bright Hollywood person will rediscover the commonplace, and by virtue of novelty it will become a momentary vogue.

Well, this Hollywood movie is certainly never dull!

## Grandma's Boy

Continued from page 51

of his career is the fact that on the stage he always played heroic juveniles and romantic leads, while in pictures he has played heavies, except in those for which he has been lent to other studios. In "She Had To Say Yes," he gets his first sympathetic part on his home lot and, boy, is he proud!

One of the things he likes most about Hollywood, aside from the regular pay, is the fact that he can have his grandmother with him. When he isn't working he spends as much time as possible with her and when he is working he still manages to run down to Long Beach to see her several times a week.



He was twenty-eight years old the 8th of February, but looks about twenty-three. He is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-two pounds, but looks both shorter and lighter. His real name is Lylse Hollywood. The name was so fantastic no one would believe it so he changed it to Lyle Talbot.

He subscribes to the Book of the Month Club, collects first editions and is a devotee of William Faulkner. He also likes Bing Crosby, the color blue, scrambled eggs with tomatoes, and Carleton Beale and Ernest Hemingway. He thinks Faulkner is the greatest living novelist and that they should never try to put Hemingway on the screen, because his charm lies in his word pictures which cannot be transferred to celluloid.

At the moment, his chief worry is the fact that he gets only small parts to play and, for the most part, they are heavies.

"You see," he explained rather wistfully, "actors, and the public, too, I think, form their opinions of us largely by what they read. If they see me and read about me constantly as a menace, I'm afraid they'll think I really am one. Do you suppose you could make the fans realize that offscreen I'm not really a *Simon Le-gree*—that I'm just a young boy trying to get along?"

If you'd ever meet Lyle I wouldn't have to make that clear. A pleasanter, more accommodating and unassuming chap you'd never find. His worst fault is that he cracks atrocious puns. And occasionally that rippling humor *does* break through.

The other day he, Wynne Gibson, who also breaks up homes on the screen—and I lunched together. "Just a couple of heavies," I jeered.

"By George, that's right," Lyle ex-

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claimed. He narrowed his eyes and hissed at Wynne, "Will you come to my apartment?"

"No," said Wynne who is used to her own setting, "you come to mine."

"This is going to be tough," Lyle responded. "We'll never be able to decide which of us is to play heavy and which is to fight for his honor!"

But romantic or heavy, the lad is *there* and I predict that by the end of the year he'll be one of the really important leading men.

## She Scorns Success

Continued from page 43

leave the dresses for me to try on when my head hurts and my hair is straggly and I'm feeling wilted."

Maybe she has seen herself look like that; no one else on record has.

"I've taken the house at Brentwood that Greta Garbo had. It's convenient for tennis."

She settled down in candid, businesslike fashion to unearth something about herself that people might want to know. "Billy Haines is redecorating my room while I am gone. It's to be done in cream color, beige, and coral.

"I'm glad I'm to do 'I Cover the Waterfront.' It will be the first time I've worked away from Paramount.

It's hard to tell whether they considered me too valuable to lend or whether no one wanted me."

She used blunt words in describing the character, used them without archness or apology. Small talk decidedly.

But through it all she is so surely balanced, so free from poses, so gracious. She has certainty without smugness, expectancy without fear. She is serene without being placid. She seems to draw a deep and secure happiness from life, so whether her pictures are sensationally good or not, we should salute her as a great personal success.

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## Tears on Tap

Continued from page 25

conjures the lachrymal dew by feeling sorry for herself. Believe it or not, she will think of a party to which she hasn't been invited. Brooding over what a good time was had without her, she'll begin to cry. How different from Lupe Velez, who got herself to shed hot tears by remembering how as a child she had hurt her mother!

It may not be fair to drag a gentleman into this discussion, but speaking of mothers brings to mind the name of Jackie Cooper. When his uncle, Director Norman Taurog, trying hard to get the youngster ready for a sob scene in "Skippy," accidentally stumbled onto picturing the funeral of Jackie's mother, Jackie's eyes filled up and he couldn't dry them again for a long time.

Not being able to stop once you have started is an experience known to many players. Tears are tramps who come and go very much as they please, which may be the reason that Sylvia Sidney takes this stand:

"I've never wept in any picture,

and I wouldn't if I could. I'd be afraid to. When I cry, I cry—if you know what I mean. It's a sight that audiences should be spared.

"Besides, in order to portray an emotion convincingly, I must fake it. Don't be shocked. I mean I've got to keep my head. If I let myself get swallowed up by my own feelings, I'm apt to turn in an amateurish performance."

Other actresses who, like Sylvia, avoid real tears are Norma Shearer and, of course, Greta Garbo.

One star remains to be mentioned. In matters Niobe she represents absolute zero. If you made up a scale that measured crying ability, and put Joan Crawford, Helen Twelvetrees, and Sally Eilers on one end as being those who are best at it, you'd have to place on the other end—Connie Bennett. She cries neither on nor off the screen.

Which makes her a strange denizen of a town so moist with the juice of heartbreaks, and where it is an asset to have tears on tap.

## Sleuthing Hepburn's Past

Continued from page 45

"She pays her bills right away and is good on tips and if she has extra tickets for a show in her pocket, she'll ask if you can use a pair. She's regular!"

And, having brought to light these truths gathered from people who knew her when, people who shared cigarettes and experiences with her before she dared dream of skyrocketing into the celluloid skies, I decided to put aside my *Hawkshaw* rubbers and magnifying glass and call it a detective's day. As I laid these nec-

essary implements of sleuthing in cotton and tissue paper, I wondered why Katharine Hepburn does not permit the vast picture public to know her as her friends do, instead of telling interviewers all the trash and hokum that is being published.

Still, in the words of the tall young man of the Ivorton stock company, "Whatever her reason may be for giving out those cockeyed yarns, be sure it is a good one."

Perhaps he is right. Let's hope so.

## Brickbat, I Love You!

Continued from page 53

ferently, she accepted it, got out on the stage to rehearse, and nobody has been able to stop her from acting since. Her yen for the theater was what is called lying dormant.

Up climbed our youthful actress from arty groups to a smart play by Lonsdale, "The Fake." Everything was great and Claudette was saying "Blah" to the struggle-for-fame shouters. Costumes by Bendel, play by Lonsdale, Claudette by luck in the leading rôle. Legato music, please.

"Then three days before the open-

ing," said Claudette, moaning a little even now, "the author called me and said, 'I'm sorry, but you're too young for the part,' and then for the climax they made me go to Washington as understudy for the rôle I was originally to have played."

It was agony and Claudette writhed under it. But not for long. Pretty soon the sock stimulated her. She went with the play, understudied it with much gnashing of teeth, but determined the next time she would appear *before* the footlights and not behind them. She did shortly after-



ward. The play was appropriately enough titled "The Cat Came Back."

"I've always had to fight like the devil for everything I wanted," went on Claudette. "I actually shed tears for my rôle in 'The Sign of the Cross.'"

I expected to see George Raft sleek and in lounging pajamas. He did not disappoint me. The sleekness was there, the pajamas were red, and George was lounging, lounging, that is, as much as his telephone would allow.

Between telephonic demands for his indorsement of this and that, I managed to ask him if he had ever had a brickbat which turned into a boon. He had. It happened some five years ago. That was before he was your favorite gunman, girls.

He had a reputation then, too, but it was for being the fastest eccentric dancer in the world. He was appearing in vaudeville and four restaurants. But even so, crowds weren't tearing buttons off his tuxedo, nor was his fountain pen broken down from autographing. George was getting bitter and he needed something. His friends supplied it.

"Seventy-five per cent of them," said George, "gave me advice. 'You're no good, boy,' they said, 'give it up.'"

With which bouquet of broccoli for a farewell present George Raft retired for a year and a half. But

he kept on smelling the broccoli. The longer he smelled, the less he liked the odor. The fact that it had been presented by his friends was what stung. It was too much for him.

The Raft spirit rose and together with the Raft body went to Hollywood. If that seventy-five per cent didn't like his dancing, they'd take his acting. You know the rest. New York cheers him now, too. When he's there he appears in four Sunday night benefits instead of four night clubs. And that's New York's special little way of saying, "Boy, you're good." Literally, they throw flowers at him and he gets his buttons torn off.

With genuine naïveté, he confessed, "I can't believe I'm famous. I'm only afraid I won't speak to somebody I used to know. But I try to be friendly to everybody."

"I'm sure you do, Mr. Raft," I said.

"Mr. Raft, hell—just call me George," replied my host, proving once and for all his friendliness. And for his success he thanks not his father, not his mother, but that little brickbat which knocked him into consciousness better than any set of valentines could have done.

Well, it's a queer day when a new theme song isn't born. And the latest one to be featured by quartet Cantor, Bankhead, Colbert, and Raft is "Little Brickbat, I Love You."

## Rebels All

Continued from page 59

There is in Hollywood to-day a young man who has defeated himself so often that it sometimes seems deliberate. He is a rebel against his own ability and his own future. His name is James Murray, a handsome and talented Irish lad. Suddenly pulled from the extra ranks and made a leading man, he showed promise of a brilliant future. But soon reports began to seep out of the studio that had him under contract that Jimmy was undependable. He wouldn't show up for several days at a time. With thousands on thousands of dollars involved in a production, the delay of even one day is a tremendous financial loss. Young Murray's option was not taken up by the company. He was through.

But he got another chance—with another company. But the same thing happened, and Jimmy was through again. Then he began working for the independents, just to make a living. But opportunity knocked again, this time with perhaps the biggest offering of his career

—a rôle in Cecil DeMille's "The Sign of the Cross."

Not long after production started, the newspapers carried a short notice that one James Murray was out of the cast because he had not shown up for work. But fate is kind to the Irish. Jimmy has been given even another opportunity. Let's see what he does with this one.

Perhaps the man who best deserves the title, "Rebel," is Charles Bickford. A hard worker, a splendid actor, he is one of the most fearless and independent men in Hollywood. He just won't take anything off anybody. And he'll fight for some one else just as readily as he will for himself.

One of the most interesting figures in Hollywood, and one of the finest actors, is Leslie Fenton. Leslie, too, is a born rebel, a rebel against routine and complacency. He seldom has difficulty with producers, but he wasn't made to stay put long.

Whenever he feels that what he needs most of all is a change of scene,

Continued on page 72

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## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

and his sweetie, a radio announcer, and what not. All are betting on a horse in hope that it will somehow rehabilitate them. There is pathos in this, but it isn't brought out. It hardly matters who wins what because the characters aren't interesting. They might have been, but that's another story.

I think fans will be pleased with James C. Eagles, who plays a jockey. I may be wrong in predicating the interest of fans in anybody, but let us wait and see how many letters come to Picture Play asking about this earnest youth.

### "King Kong."

Robert Armstrong, Bruce Cabot, Fay Wray, Frank Reicher, Sam Hardy, Noble Johnson, James Flavin, Victor Wong.

Easily the most unusual and imaginative picture of many months, this nevertheless fails of its purpose. Entertaining, yes, but it does not inspire awe or terror nearly as much as laughter. Not ridicule, you under-

to the street. All this is accomplished by trick photography as brilliant as it is striking.

Far more interesting, though, is *Kong's* life in the jungle. Again the magic of the camera is responsible for marvelous and thrilling scenes as the simian fights with monsters as huge as himself. This sequence really is more convincing than later episodes in the city.

Romantic interest of a kind is supplied by Bruce Cabot and Fay Wray, members of Robert Armstrong's movie expedition, and suspense by Miss Wray's capture by *Kong* who, we are told, is infatuated by her beauty. It's purely idealistic, however, as he doesn't harm a hair on her head and she miraculously survives being dangled by him as he straddles the peak of the skyscraper. This is the spirit of novel make-believe that permeates the picture.

### "The Crime of the Century."

Jean Hersholt, Wynne Gibson, Stuart Erwin, Frances Dee, Robert Elliott, David Landau, William Janney, Gordon Westcott, Bodil Rosing.

You need your wits about you if you see this mystery melodrama. It is the most complicated of them all. So much so, indeed, that action halts, all clues are assembled, and you are given time by a clock thrown on the screen to unravel the tangle if you can. That is, if you care. It is not difficult to remain indifferent. It is that kind of a picture—cold.

Yet it has an original beginning and meaty development—I believe too meaty. A doctor appeals to the police to save him from a crime he is tempted to commit. He has hypno-



stand, but pleased giggles. This is because the subject is too utterly fantastic for credibility.

You've heard that *King Kong* is a prehistoric ape fifty feet tall who is captured in the jungle and brought to New York where he escapes and terrorizes the city. His fatal exploit is ascending the Empire State Building, clinging to the mooring mast and fighting off airplanes with the ease that a puppy brushes away flies. Shot with a machine gun, he plunges



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tized a patient into bringing him \$100,000 in stolen money and fears that he, the doctor, may become a murderer. His patient produces the money and is murdered. Who committed the crime? The doctor's tur-



bulent household is a hotbed of suspects. I must admit that the guilty person was a surprise to me.

All the players do well, but there is no outstanding performance.

#### "King of the Jungle."

Buster Crabbe, Frances Dee, Nydia Westman, Douglas Dumbrille, Sidney Toler, Irving Pichel, Florence Britton, Robert Adair, Ronnie Crosby.

The same pleasantly amusing make-believe that we enjoyed in "Tarzan" is here repeated, although the new jungle picture is not as striking as its predecessor. Some may like it better because it brings a jungle man to civilization, a feat that was only hinted at in "Tarzan," but it seems to me lacking in the sweep and the disarming romance of the other film. However, it is unflaggingly entertaining and Buster Crabbe, exploited as a "lion man," is entirely

satisfactory. Like Johnny Weissmuller, he is a swimmer and has a swimmer's physique, although on a smaller scale than his rival.

The story has him bereft of his parents, who are killed in a lion hunt, and the child is brought up by friendly beasts whom he in turn protects from hunters. Eventually trapped by a circus man, he is brought to this country as a side-show attraction. But first he escapes and leaps into the bungalow of Frances Dee, refusing to join the circus unless the kind lady goes, too. She accompanies him as his tutor and his proficiency in learning English and the ways of civilization would delight any teacher. There's a thrilling climax when a fire in the circus releases the lions and they dash through the streets.

Nydia Westman, as Miss Dee's friend, contributes excellent comedy.

## Our New Rulers

IT hasn't been long since political nabobs were treated with reverence by the screen. Men in public office or hoping to be were statesmen, and no patriot would think of kidding a statesman. They were our heroes. Big Business men were our heroes. The very worst bit of comedy they could come in for was perhaps letting their top hat blow off in a puff of wind, but only the lesser ones were ever laughed at even to this extent. We took our laughs out on cops by making them slip on banana peels, and on conic bookkeepers or janitors.

But things have changed. Movie stars are our idols now, and our former heroes have been kidded uproariously the past year or so. Is it possible that newsreels paved the way for the recent cycle of political satires? You have seen men in the public eye perform for the camera, and when you compare their performances and speeches with those of Lionel Barrymore, George M. Cohan, Guy Kibbee—certainly the favorite *governor* of us fans—and Warren William as a big shot in high-powered business, you find the players a lot more entertaining and certainly better-looking than the run-of-the-mill office-holder.

And don't forget the ladies. We used to pay some attention to good women and true, even strong, who told us that such and such was good for us, such and such were so many nails in our coffins, and when they began to rise in the world we took off our hats and yelled "Brava!" and elected them to office. Now our favorite woman who has reached

what you might call a ripe maturity is Marie Dressler. And how do we like her? We simply love her doing a merciless impersonation of a public-spirited woman of affairs, running for office, dabbling in finance, and all that.

What are the real-life public men doing about it? Are they laughing at each other and themselves?

Well, yes, and again no, as Guy Kibbee said in the rôle of the dark-horse candidate for governor, when asked a direct question about anything. When Vice President Garner saw "Of Thee I Sing" in Washington, he burst into a hearty Texan guffaw as a politician asked, "What's the name of that guy we nominated for vice president?"

On the other hand, a New York State senator from Brooklyn has introduced a bill in the legislature which would prohibit the showing of pictures calculated to disillusion the public about men in public life. In other words, he would have politicians protected from the current wave of disillusionment by banning all films that do not present public officials and candidates in their old-time pompous dignity.

Well, well! Since when did the screen start picturing things as they really are? Have you heard any squawking from other departments of life about the exaggerations, ranging all the way from Hollywood itself to almost every activity? It must be that our potential statesmen can't stand being razed and are afraid the kiddies will get unwise notions in their little heads.

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Continued from page 69

he goes after it, regardless of the position he may be occupying at the time. Time and again he has hopped a boat for some out-of-the-way place just when offers of jobs have been pouring in on him.

And then there's Ann Dvorak—still missing. A little detective work and simple arithmetic might find some connection between Ann's behavior and Leslie Fenton's habits. What has Leslie Fenton's case got to do with Ann Dvorak? Well, you see he's her husband.

Maybe you'll recall she sailed for Europe immediately following her famous walkout on Warner Brothers after a salary dispute. Leslie accompanied her. Perhaps he just got tired of the argument and imbued her with a little of his spirit. That case isn't settled yet, and she can't work for

anybody else during the life of her Warner contract. But what the so-and-so? A Fenton doesn't worry.

James Cagney has, it seems at the moment, won his fight. He felt that he, too, was underpaid, and when his demands weren't met, he calmly announced his intention to study medicine. Cagney was a smart boy. He saved his money and had all the independence that goes with money in the bank.

His company just couldn't afford to lose him, because his pictures were in great demand. The public was clamoring for Cagney. So a new contract, with an increase in salary, was thrust at him.

It is doubtful if his is the native independence of spirit of a Valentino, a Bickford, or a Fenton. He waited until the time was right, then

struck. With the three already mentioned, premeditation had—or has—no place. With them it is a question of moving as the spirit dictates, with a splendid, if impractical disregard of consequences.

There are more rebels in Hollywood, past and present. Many now walk the Boulevard without work because their rebellion was untimely or unfair. Others ride in big cars because the reverse was true in their cases.

Not so long ago a reformed crook published a book entitled "You Can't Win." Well, perhaps you can't win rebelling against the authority of the law, but in the picture racket that adage borrowed from the Latin and never returned is applicable:

"Some do and some don't."

Continued from page 65

and royalty, reaping big money and decorations. Rod La Rocque is working in a picture in Berlin for Universal under the direction of Tay Garnett. Audiences at "King Kong" seem to think that Fay Wray is just as terrifying as the title-role monster. George Raft, while quarreling with Paramount, is entertaining night-club audiences with his electri-

## They Say in New York—

fying dancing. Betty Furness, a New York schoolgirl who made good with RKO while vacationing in California, came back to visit the home town and was squired at Sard's by Freddie Cordova, whose screen career was brief and fruitless, but who is socially elect. James Hall has been leading an orchestra and wisecracking with the master of ceremonies at

a night club and now he is going to have a night club of his own. Walter Winchell proved so engaging in his first Warner short that, depression or no, the Paramount theater here is paying him \$7,000 a week. Even if Kate Smith's picture was a colossal flop, there are to be more radio favorites in films. Jack Pearl and Ed Wynn will make one together.

Continued from page 8

Address him at the Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood.

ELIZABETH ACKERLEY.—Cheerio, and how are you? Glad to help you out once again. Natalie Moorhead was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the date being August 27th, but she doesn't give the year. She was divorced from Raymond Phillips in January, 1930, and in December of the same year married Alan Crosland. They have no children. Ronald Colman's first pictures, "The White Sister" and "Romola," were made in Italy, followed by "Tarnish," which was produced in this country.

SIDNEY BRIGGS.—Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 9, 1897; five feet seven, weighs 140, and has brown hair and eyes. After the death of his father, his mother, Caroline Harris, went on the stage, where she became a friend of Nazimova, who was instrumental in obtaining for Richard his first real acting part in "War Brides," just following his junior year at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. His first starring picture was "Tol'able David," which followed his success as leading man in "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East," and "Experience." "Central Airport" is his latest. He is now married to the former Mrs. Jessica Haynes Sargent, and has one child, Mary Hay Barthelmess, by his marriage to Mary Hay.

BETTY WALSH.—Some of the players in D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World" were Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Robert Harron, Jack Cosgrave, Josephine Crowell,

Kate Bruce, Adolphe Lestina, Ben Alexander, George Fawcett, George Siegmann, Mrs. Gish, Mrs. Harron, Mary, Jessie, and Johnny Harron. Lillian Gish and Robert Harron played the leads.

SIDNEY RUTHERFORD.—Tom Mix is a Texan, having been born in El Paso on January 6, 1883. Five feet eleven and a half, weighs 175, and has dark hair and brown eyes. Sorry, but I haven't the information you ask about his various wives. He has two daughters, Ruth by his first wife, Olive Stokes, and Thomasina by his second wife, Victoria Forde. His present wife is the former Mabel Hubbell Ward whom he married on February 15, 1932.

M. L.—If the Tec-Art Studio has returned your letter addressed to Walter Miller, then I don't know where he receives his fan mail. Although free-lancing, the majority of his films are made at the above studio. Perhaps some day he will have a permanent address where you may write to him.

BOB OLDS.—In order to obtain pictures of scenes from some of Boris Karloff's films, write to the Publicity Department, Universal Pictures, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City. An interview with Karloff appeared in the February issue of this magazine. His films include "Without Benefit of Clergy," "Cheated Hearts," "The Altar Stairs," "The Prisoner," "The Cave Girl," "The Infidel," "Omar the Tent-maker," "The Woman Conquers," "The Man from Downing Street," "Burning the Wind," "Little Wild Girl," "Devil's Chaplain," "Behind That Curtain," "Two Sis-

ters," "Phantoms of the North," "Sea Bat," "Utah Kid," "Never the Twain Shall Meet," "The Miracle Man," "Smart Money," "Yellow Ticket," "Forbidden Cargo," "Criminal Code," "Cracked Nuts," "Young Donovan's Kid," "Public Defender," "Behind the Mask," "Night World," "Five-star Final," "I Like Your Nerve," "Graft," "The Mad Genius," "Frankenstein," "Guilty Generation," "Tonight or Never," "Scarface," "The Old Dark House," "Mask of Fu Manchu," "The Mummy," "The Invisible Man."

V. L. P.—Read my answer to Ann Brown for information about your favorite, Lee Tracy. We published an interview with him in December, 1932. This may be had by sending your order and remittance of ten cents to our Subscription Department.

PAUL "BOCCI" ROGGIA.—Virginia Lee Corbin seems to be the only player born in Prescott, Arizona. Andy Devine comes from Flagstaff, and Lloyd Hughes, Bisbee. Sorry I haven't the information you ask about Henry Armetta, the Italian character actor whose presence is always so refreshing no matter how small the rôle may be. Hope I'm still your pal!

ROXANN.—Although Bela Lugosi is a free-lance player, you may write to him at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California. In "Island of Lost Souls," Lugosi played the part of *Sayer of the Law*, and Arthur Hohl that of *Doctor Montgomery*. You will be seeing him next in "He Lived to Kill," with Diane Sinclair playing the feminine lead.

## Information, Please



# What the Fans Think

Continued from page 14

Cavanagh better rôles. He is usually good, and in "To-night Is Ours" he and Alison Skipworth, with only minor parts, were more convincing than Fredric March and Claudette Colbert in the leads.

I enjoy the readers' views. Their letters and Norbert Lusk and Karen Hollis are my favorite departments. "L. A."

1018 Ninth Avenue,

Seattle, Washington.

## India Speaks Up.

HERE are a few things we'd like to know in India:

Why doesn't that handsome Novarro get better pictures and better rôles?

Why was "Shanghai Express" ballyhooed as a good picture?

Why do fans write hurtful letters about players they dislike, and why does an excellent magazine like Picture Play publish them?

Does Joan Crawford really think she can outglamour Garbo?

Why aren't there more actors like Fredric March?

Why will some actors grow mustaches when it doesn't suit them?

Why is platinum-blond hair the rage in America?

Why is Charles Farrell allowed to sing and Ramon Novarro not?

Why are Gaynor-Farrell films always the same saccharine substances, with the one very poor and the other very rich?

Who is this Weissmuller chap?

And lastly, why don't American films contain more romance nowadays? B. S.

7 Lord Suiha Road,

Calcutta, India.

## Unprepared for "Red Dust."

RED DUST" appears to have drawn caustic comment from one Gerald Preste, of Chicago, which might be taken seriously by some who have not seen the picture. But to most of us the letter affords only amusement, especially his reference to Jean Harlow, who needs no defense.

Let us be charitable to Gerald by assuming that his mental adolescence has not yet equipped him to appreciate pictures of this caliber nor the artists qualified to deliver the full force of turbulent emotions demanded by such compelling drama. For a while, at least, he should confine his recreational hours to elementary films, which, fortunately, are still being produced in quantities.

BARBARA BELMONT.

Pinehurst, North Carolina.

## Two Flawless Men.

IN the great galaxy of the players there is one who is neglected dreadfully. He is a handsome Englishman with a most attractive manner. Walter Byron is given the most despicable rôles imaginable, but he goes through with them in a big way.

Haven't any of you fans succumbed to his charms? His voice, his smile, his engaging personality! Oh, well, can't you see that to one fan he's a screen idol?

And there is Warner Baxter, too. Countless fans will agree that he is all that any one could desire. His flawless performances in "Six Hours to Live," "Behind That Curtain," and "Daddy Long Legs" remain as beautiful memories of a perfect actor.

VIRGINIA LEE SMITH.

116 South Washington Street,  
Havre de Grace, Maryland.

## Laying It on Deep.

STRAIGHT from the shoulder—that's Evelyn Brent. On the surface a perfect *Lady Raffles*, cold and calculating, but, beneath, smoldering fires of a seething volcano, ready to spring a terrific eruption. She is intense, vibrant, and wholly desirable, yet at the mere bat of an eyelash, she furthers the distance by becoming sphinx-like and charmingly unapproachable. Each facial expression deepens the mystery lurking within her beautiful soul.

Her hair and eyes are like a storm at sea, ever restless, ever seeking the unknown—and then again, calm, tranquil and soft, like a beautiful rainbow after a storm. Combine all these with her chiseled profile, the acme of perfection: her competent nose, mobile lips, the determined tilt of her chin, and you have a portrait of the intriguing, unfathomable Evelyn Brent.

JEANNE E. CLAPS.

302 Atlantic Avenue,

Brooklyn, New York.

## Happiness Ahead for Garbo.

IS Garbo a fake?" This is the surprising question which has been asked us in two recent fan letters.

Both of the fans seemed of the opinion that Garbo is a good business woman rather than a marvelous actress, and that all her mystery, her glamour—I am beginning to detest this word—and all of the little eccentricities which form her strange personality are simply poses.

It is quite true that Garbo in private life is not, and could not be, like the bejeweled sirens which she often portrays. Yet beneath these screen characterizations one often senses the true nature of Greta Garbo. She seems a most discontented person, ever seeking an elusive ideal, and always experiencing fresh disillusion and regret as it escapes her. Wearied finally with a hopeless search for happiness, she turns again to the monotony of solitary life, possessing greater strength than ever to accomplish things which do not involve the self.

Is Garbo really a fraud? I think not. She has that great strength of character so typical of the Nordic and the German. In my opinion she is a great woman. She has placed her craft high above her personal desires of the moment, but in the end she will win that happiness which she deserves.

DUNCAN STEINMETZ.

423 Thompson Place,

San Antonio, Texas.

## If Fan Meets Fan.

I HAVE often wondered why it is that one never reads any criticisms and raves from South Africa. Perhaps the climate makes us more level-headed than our friends in the colder areas? It seems they will do anything for warmth, even to getting all hot and bothered over films and stars.

Do not think from this that I am not a fan—I am, or I wouldn't be writing this. But somehow it seems ridiculous for people to criticize not only the stars but also each other's criticisms. After all, each human being was given a taste and an opinion of his or her own, however queer some of them may be, and each of us has a right to that opinion. But it is so futile to lose your temper just because Ramon Novarro, for example, happens to appeal to you, and not to your fellow fans.

One gets the impression that if the fan who adores Ramon Novarro were to meet



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one who cannot tolerate Ramon they would die at each other's throats.

And what does any one gain by these incessant arguments? I don't think I could bear to think of this childish, half-civilized pastime any longer. Suffice it to say that I expected the overseas countries, which are older by many centuries than South Africa, to be more civilized.

So much for those who dislike each other's criticisms of the stars. As for the fans who harshly criticize the stars themselves, all I can say for them is that they have not yet learned to appreciate those who give their best that the public may be entertained.

MOLLY ETIN.

Rustenburg Road,  
Hercules, Pretoria, South Africa.

#### Toots Tumbles for Cary.

**A**FTER seeing "Madame Butterfly" I have lost all interest in Gable and Montgomery. I think Cary Grant is the handsomest man I have ever seen. And what's more, that boy can act! If every fan has fallen for him as hard as I have, he'll go to the top of the ladder in a breath-taking rush.

And as for Sylvia Sidney, that sweet little girl has always been my favorite of them all. So sweet, so innocent. I never miss one of her pictures, and think "Madame Butterfly" her best yet. Let us see lots of Sylvia and Cary together, for to me they are the whole works.

Toots.

429 Third Street,  
Marietta, Ohio.

#### Speaking Up for Peggy.

**M**Y tribute is to one of the screen's loveliest and most talented actresses. She is Peggy Shannon, to whom a great injustice is being done. Why is she not given a real rôle to play, one worthy of her undeniable ability? Why do producers insist upon introducing new and unimportant stars, and, at the same time, ignore Peggy, who has so much more to offer?

Why? That's what thousands of Shannon fans want to know! That she is refreshingly beautiful and has a wealth of talent any one who appreciates real art can see.

Miss Shannon came to Hollywood when the attempt was being made to fill Clara Bow's place, and, when it was discovered no one could fill Clara's shoes except Clara, Peggy did not progress as she should. She resented being plugged as Miss Bow's successor as much as Clara's fans when they first heard of Miss Shannon. So what did she do? She set about creating her own place upon the screen—and succeeded admirably. We want her to retain that place. Now those Bow fans have found in Peggy another favorite—a sweet and lovely girl—trying to be no one except herself.

Given a real chance, Peggy Shannon will prove herself to be one of our greatest stars. Give her that chance!

LOIS CARLSON.

Chamberlain, South Dakota.

#### Both Feet for Baxter.

**I**N "What the Fans Think" there was recently a letter captioned "Why Neglect Baxter?" and signed by Mary Blanche, in which she asks, "Why must the Clarks, Marlenes, and Gretas be forced upon us?"

She is right. We are wearied to death with the persistence of the producers in using a certain few who are merely types. Types are all right, but who wants a steady diet of any one thing?

Baxter is exceedingly versatile. He has

always measured up to every rôle given him. There is nothing of the ego about him and that is more than we can say for many of the others.

I can honestly say that he is a heavy favorite with many of my friends, and their ages range from seventeen to seventy. And I am both feet for Warner Baxter, any time and always.

I'm sure there are many others who feel as Miss Blanche and I do, but they are more hesitant about expressing themselves. I'm not a fan bug, but I do like Warner Baxter's sincere naturalness.

May we hope for more variety?

LOUISE S. KITCHIN.

24 Maple Avenue,  
Carbondale, Pennsylvania.

#### Joining the Front Lines.

**M**AY a reader from England join the fighting forces of the fans' regiment on the Picture Play front? For after all, it is a mild sort of war between one reader and another, isn't it?

First, this business of Joan Crawford's age. As a fan of over eight years' standing, I have several magazine cuttings which state emphatically that she was born in 1904, which makes her twenty-nine this year. Funny how some stars are loath to disclose their real age.

Then, this controversy as to whether Norma Shearer would have "got there" had she not been Mrs. Boss of M.-G.-M. I seem to remember her in "The Student Prince," with Ramon Novarro, before she married Thalberg, and even then she charmed us and made us Shearer-conscious. And another thing, can any one name an actress who would have the same pluck as Norma had when she told us just how much she had to work to become beautiful. To hear most of 'em talk, they were pretty at birth and raving beauties when they were going to school, but Mrs. Thalberg makes no bones about her looks. She had at least the nerve to tell us how she wore a brace to straighten her teeth, did eye exercises for hours on end. Here's luck to you, Norma, you've worked darned hard and are chock-full of grit, even if you are synthetic.

And lastly, may I say that although living in England, I never heard of Joan Crawford nearly having her clothes torn from her back while she was in London. Our press would have soon let us know of such an enthusiastic welcome, yet there was not a word of this incident. Maybe Joan has a well-developed imagination as well as a well-developed figure.

ZONA E. IRWIN.

4 Parkfield Avenue,  
Birkenhead, England.

#### A Five-year Bet.

**T**HIS is a reply to Mary Margaret's letter, which appeared in February Picture Play.

In exalting her own idol, this particular Gableite has evidently forgotten a most important fact: that Novarro has been a star for nearly eleven years. If *Variety* so much as mentions Clark Gable ten years hence, then, and only then, will his fans have just cause to boast that he is as great a favorite as Novarro. I am willing to wager, however, that in less than five years from now Mr. Gable will have taken the inevitable toboggan slide into oblivion.

One writer's opinion regarding Gable's sudden rise to popularity may interest you: "Gable is not a great actor. He has risen above the mob by sheer force of personality. He plays not upon the intellects of his audience but upon its emotions."

That seems to be a fairly reasonable explanation. Gable exerts a purely elemental influence over his fans.

In decided contrast, we have Novarro—cultured, refined, a man who has always been an inspiration in the true sense of the word. The two are direct opposites in every way, so it is entirely a matter of taste.

Yes, we Novarro fans are proud of our idol. We have every reason to be. And we'll be singing his praises long after Gable has passed into the limbo of forgotten stars.

CORAL D. WINTER.

3691 West King Edward Avenue,  
Vancouver, British Columbia,  
Canada.

#### A Third Generation Fan.

**R**EADERS may consider the following dissertation as written in defense of Garbo, although that particular young lady seems to be getting on famously without any such palaver, or as a tribute to her genius, her perfect character portrayal, and flawless technique.

As to whether or not I am qualified to judge, I have been quite thoroughly educated in an appreciation of the theater by my mother and grandmother who saw all the great and near-great of their day. I have seen many great plays and cannot remember the time I was kept away from the theater because my elders thought I was too young to appreciate it. This early education was competently carried on through four years in college where the close proximity of larger cities made the best in theatrical entertainment available. And now for Garbo.

I have seen every Garbo picture since "Flesh and the Devil," and she has never given a poor interpretation of any character, nor has she had or even needed gorgeous clothes to make up for acting deficiencies. She is a genius of the highest order.

I realize that although public opinion is divided as to her popularity, a greater amount of it is due to her aloofness than to lack of ability. She has proved that her dislike for public display is not a pose by the one fact that she has never deviated from her chosen course. She is by nature a retiring person not given to ballyhoo and preferring a few true and intimate friends to the fickle, fawning mob.

In her pre-famous days, she was deeply hurt by Hollywood as only a city dominated by celebrities can hurt an unknown. She is simply showing an amazing amount of intelligence by disregarding public opinion and not asking for more.

The fact that some stars do not object to being ogled and mauled by the public is no criterion that they are grateful to that public. Bernhardt was overly gracious at times, but that did not restrain her from frequently referring to us as "those American pigs."

Personally, I am not interested in Greta Garbo for any sentimental reason. I am not interested in her social status before she became famous. I am decidedly not interested in her love life, the size of her shoes, whether or not she eats spinach or uses salt in place of tooth paste. I think there are a great number of Miss Garbo's admirers who are no more interested in this sort of palaver than her acting. I am interested in Miss Garbo as an excellent actress and a dominant personality.

A veritable oasis in a desert of mediocre emotional actresses—that's Garbo. If that, together with everything else I have written, makes me a Garbo maniac, then bring on your padded cell.

G. M. F.

Fort Wayne, Indiana.



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STREET & SMITH'S  
**PICTURE PLAY**★

JULY 1933

10  
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**OSCAR GREINER**



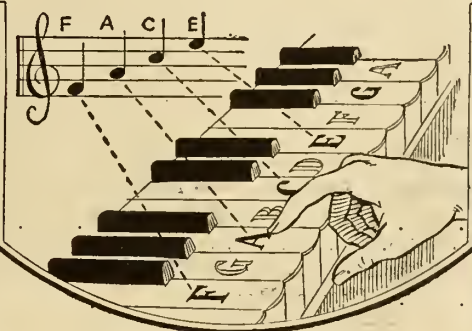
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PEG O' MY HEART, that beautiful stage play by J. Hartley Manners, with its laughs, its tears, its heart throbs, is more exquisite still in its screen version. Supported by Onslow Stevens, J. Farrell McDonald and Juliette Compton, Marion Davies is the most utterly winning Peg the heart could desire. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard from an adaptation by Francis Marion . . . A first rank Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-Cosmopolitan picture.



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# PICTURE PLAY

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## Is Chatterton Money Crazy?

Ruth Chatterton will have received \$675,000 from Warners when her contract expires in November. All this in the short space of two years. What has she given in return? Pictures, of course. But have they been worth such a prodigious wage?

Other stars have taken a salary cut, but not Miss Chatterton. She also eluded the temporary reduction for the eight weeks of Hollywood's recent flurry by going abroad. The movie colony says that Ruth is a smooth money-grabber. She says she isn't. Next month's Picture Play will give you both sides of the story.

## Nils Asther Speaks

Most politely noncommittal of stars, Nils Asther always evades searching questions of interviewers. That is why you read little about him, even though fans clamor for news after his sensational performance in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

Now it can be told—why he is reticent. Madeline Glass writes the truth about Mr. Asther in a remarkably penetrating, informative, and sympathetic interview with him.

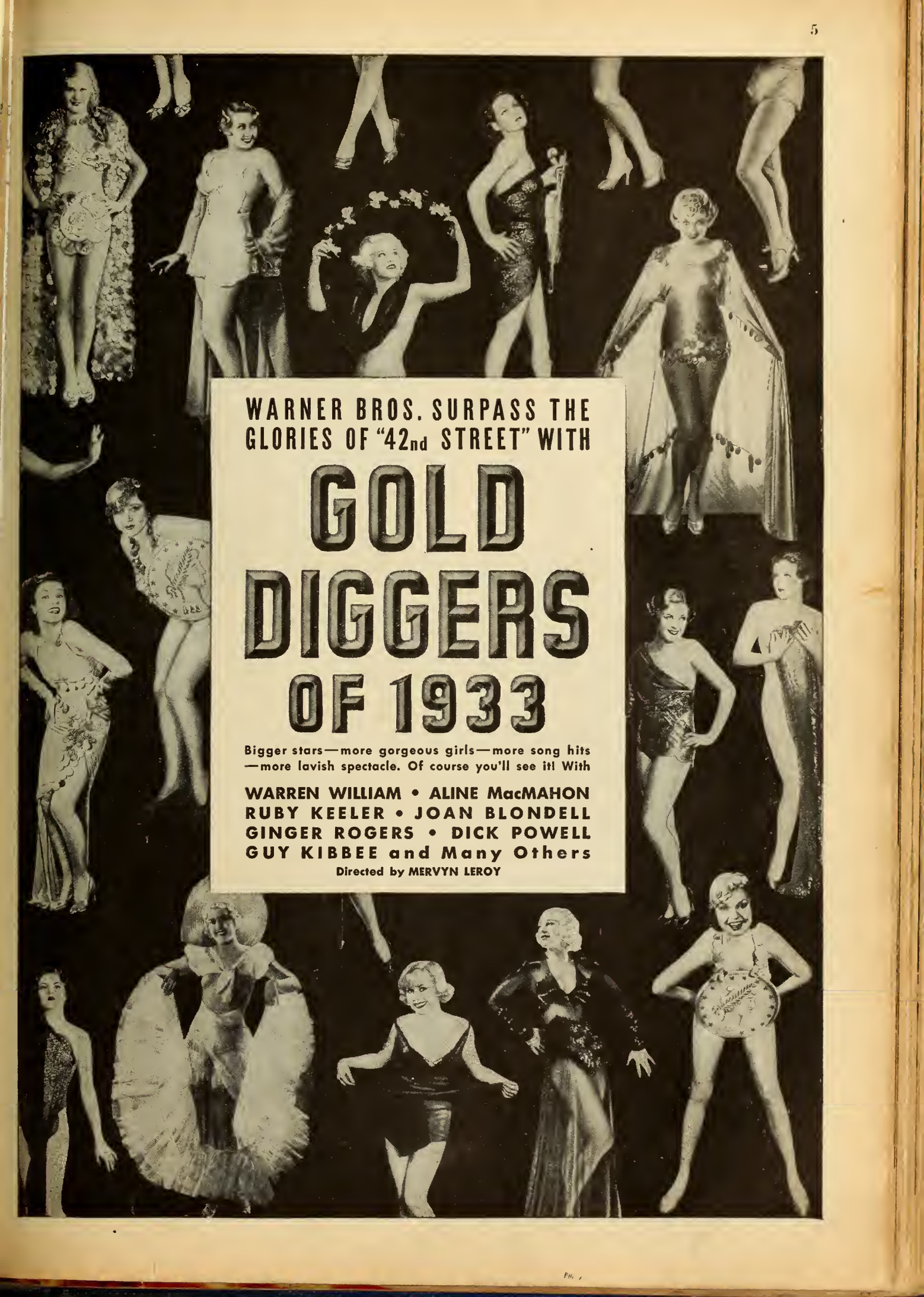
August Picture Play will bring it to you, the first revealing story about Mr. Asther in years. Don't miss reading about the hectic married life of General Yen.

## Why Bette Davis Supports Her Husband

He's a good investment, that's the reason! Sanelly, sensibly, and sweetly Bette Davis airs her views of love and marriage and tells how a successful union may exist between a wife who is carrying the expense of a household.

She is the only star to admit doing it and her reasons are sound and practical. She gives them to you in Picture Play next month.





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# WHAT THE FANS THINK

This month's batch of letters has more than one surprise along with the expected ravings.

## Saving the Boy Friend.

**M**Y nomination for the title of crown prince of Hollywood is that handsome, clean-cut lad with the friendly twinkle in his eyes, Joel McCrea. With magnificent good health radiating from his splendid person, he is indeed a sight for sore eyes, standing straight and tall as the proverbial pine among the jaded and cynical male stars who seem to be flooding the studios at present.

Joel has been a redeeming influence in the life of a young friend of mine. This young man used to consider it smart to see just how many cigarettes he could consume in the shortest possible time. As it is known that Joel neither smokes nor drinks, I decided to take my friend to see one of Joel's recent pictures. At first he was restless and bored, but after Joel appeared on the scene, he sat up and took notice. After a few moments of silence, he burst out, "Gee, that guy's sure got a swell physique! I wish I could swing my body like he does."

It was at this critical moment that I broke the news to him that *Joel McCrea does not smoke*.

"Well," he said slowly, "if he gets that way from keeping away from fags, I guess that means I don't smoke any more."

He has kept his word faithfully. He has also become a loyal McCrea fan, and never misses one of Joel's pictures. That's why I say in all good faith, Hail to Joel McCrea, the crown prince of Hollywood and a prince of a fellow!

EMMA JONES.

3800 Columbus Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



"Joel McCrea has been a redeeming influence in the life of a young friend of mine," writes an admirer.

## Traitor!—but Thanks.

**I** BELIEVE that at last I have discovered the reason Picture Play exhibits such an exceedingly liberal spirit in printing the letters it receives from fans. I am convinced that this is because there is no damned smart-Alec, know-it-all, domineering, and restricting female in authority. For a woman in power invariably spells death to liberty and freedom.

Another thing, it seems to be one magazine that is not owned outright by the studios, and also one that does less truckling than any of the others, although quite naturally, it cannot be completely independent of them.

But to return to the fan letters. While these are more than often dogmatic in tone, and the writers reveal

themselves sometimes as having poor judgment and worse taste, nevertheless, they are written with such sincerity and vehemence that they constitute one of the most interesting features of the magazine. So hurrah for Picture Play! Long may it prosper and forever may it be free from petticoat dominance!

A WOMAN  
READER.  
New York City.



"Madge Evans looks normal, a girl you'd like for a chum."

## Our Chum, Madge.

**F**ANS who have grown weary of the procession of exotic and glamorous ladies, the Gretas, Tallulahs, Marlenes, and Gwilis, discovered a most welcome change in the lovely and refreshing Madge Evans. "Refreshing"—that's the word that comes to my mind immediately when

Madge Evans is mentioned. There are many things combined in her personality—sweetness, poise, freshness and charm.

Madge is the type of girl most of us picture as the heroine of all the stories we read concerning normal young ladies. She looks normal, a girl you'd like for a chum. Yet not too normal to be interesting, for interesting she surely is.

As for her acting, she is by far one of the most competent young actresses of film-land. Her rôles so far haven't given her a chance to reveal as much of her ability as they might.

Though fans may have a tremendous adoration for heavy-lidded ladies, they will always find room in their affections for a sweet, unaffected, and above all, refreshing personality like Madge's. NYKI WERLE.

217 Ralph Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

## Mae West Looks Healthy.

**M**AY I say a few words in praise of Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong"? I don't care what you think, but I think that Mae West has a far different personality than a lot of our players. She's different and—but here's what I really wanted to say.

Three cheers for Mae West! She's about the only healthy-looking female on the screen.

I don't care for stout people especially, but I do like to see healthy-looking actresses. When Mae West slims down to screen slinness—well, I'm off her.

I do hope she makes many more pictures.

Thanks for that swell article about Mae in April Picture Play.

1018 Nelson Avenue, New York City.

Continued on page 9

ETHEL HITCHCOCK.



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 New York City



I ... measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips.

Miss B. BRIAN  
 Hotel Victoria  
 New York City



# Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

## By The Oracle

**BOB ROSS.**—If you enjoyed Helen Hayes so much in "A Farewell to Arms," by all means don't fail to see "The White Sister" when it comes to Oklahoma. Miss Hayes will be thirty-three on October 10th, and she is married to Charles MacArthur, playwright. Their daughter, Mary, was born in 1930. Address her in care of the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

**L. M. I.**—Neil Hamilton is a native of Lynn, Massachusetts, where he was born on September 9, 1899. He is six feet tall, weighs 155, and has brown hair and eyes. Since 1931 he has played in "The Spy," "Strangers May Kiss," "Command Performance," "Ex-flame," "This Modern Age," "Laughing Sinners," "Great Lover," "Sin of Madelon Claudet," "Tarzan, the Ape Man," "Are You Listening?" "Wet Parade," "Woman in Room 13," "What Price Hollywood," "Two Against the World," "Payment Deferred," "The Animal Kingdom," "As the Devil Commands," "Tarzan and His Mate."

**A FAN.**—By writing direct to Conrad Nagel at the M.-G.-M. Studio, Culver City, California, you may be able to learn the titles of his books. Swimming is his favorite sport, and he is famous as an after-dinner speaker. As president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences he is kept pretty well occupied. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16, 1897; six feet, weighs 160, and has blond hair and blue eyes. Married to Ruth Helms, and they have a young daughter.

**LUTHER WILSON.**—Sorry to keep you waiting so long for an answer. But at least I didn't forget you entirely! Ann Ross, the little Indian girl of "Oklahoma Jim," was born in Sallislaw, Oklahoma, on February 27th. She attended Bacone College at Muskogee, Oklahoma, an Indian school. Entered pictures in 1929, and played in the Varsity series of two-reel comedies.

**R. B.**—Yes, Ruth Chatterton has expressed her intention to retire very shortly. Many fans will be disappointed, I'm thinking. Her picture entitled "Sarah and Son" also included Fredric March, Fuller Melish, Jr., Gilbert Emery, Doris Lloyd, William Stack, and Philippe de Lacy.

**OLE VIRGINIA.**—Your favorite, Ralph Bellamy, has been married to Catherine Willard since July, 1931. June 17th is his birthdate. December, 1932, Picture Play contained an interesting interview with him. Write to him at the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

**K. KRUEGER.**—Although born in Italy, Elissa Landi was brought up in England. Born December 6, 1906; five feet five, weighs 117, and has light-auburn hair and green-blue eyes. Her films include "Underground," "The Betrayal," "Children of Chance," "Body and Soul," "Always Good-bye," "Wicked," "Yellow Ticket," "Devil's Lottery," "Woman in Room 13," "Passport

to Hell," "The Sign of the Cross," "The Masquerader," "Warrior's Husband."

**MICKEY LEWIS.**—Madge Evans is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, California. The players in "The Bachelor Father" were Marion Davies, Ralph Forbes, C. Aubrey Smith, Ray Milland, Guinn Williams, David Torrence, Doris Lloyd, Edgar Norton, Nena Quartaro, Halliwell Hobbes, Elizabeth Murray, James Gordon. Marion Davies was thirty-five on January 1st last. The film "Africa Speaks" was made in Africa under the guidance of Paul L. Hoefler, explorer, and Walter A. Futter, for the Colorado-Africa Expedition.

**CLARENCE W. WALLACE.**—Because of lack of space, I sent a list of Lon Chaney's pictures to you by mail, but my letter was

When sending questions to this department, the letter should be addressed to The Oracle, Picture Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Communications to other departments should be written on separate sheets, if included in the letter, so the answer man can retain your questions.

returned because of insufficient address. If you will write to me again I shall be glad to forward the list to you.

**TWO WISCONSIN COEDS.**—That is Fredric March, all right, whom you discovered in the University of Wisconsin yearbook. He attended that college under the name of Frederick McIntyre Bickel. Buster Crabbe is not married. Dick Powell is separated from his wife. Yes, Eleanor Holm, Wampas star, is the former swimming champion.

**MARJORIE CAMPBELL.**—In "Washington Masquerade," Nils Asther played the part of *Brenner*. I hope you didn't miss his "Bitter Tea of General Yen."

**BETTY BENSON.**—Nancy Carroll's right name is Ann LaHiff. She was born in New York City on November 19, 1906; five feet four, weighs 118, and has red hair and blue eyes. Married Bolton Mallory in July, 1931. She and Sue Carol are not related.

**E. W. G.**—Two of the players you mention have changed their names. Constance Cummings used to be Constance Halverstadt, and Ginger Rogers, Virginia Katherine McMath. Una Merkel is five feet five; Boots Mallory, five feet six.

**ELLEN JOHNSON.**—You will be glad to know that Ramon Novarro's contract has not expired, despite the fact that he has been on a concert tour in Europe. Before his departure he made "The Barbarian," formerly called "Man on the Nile," with

Myrna Loy. Joan Crawford was the leading lady in "Rose-Marie." And now do you like Picture Play still better?

**DON A. EDWARDS.**—It is nineteen-year-old Mae Questel whose voice you hear in the Betty Boop cartoons. She had a small part in Nancy Carroll's "Wayward." In "The Bird of Paradise," Creighton Chaney played the rôle of *Thornton*.

**BETTY.**—Here are those birthdates: Dorothy Jordan, August 9, 1910; Joel McCrea, November 5, 1905; Ann Harding, August 7, 1901; Leslie Howard, April 24, 1893; Ruth Chatterton, December 24, 1893; Marlene Dietrich, December 27, 1905, her daughter, Maria, about 1926; Mary Pickford, April 8, 1893.

**B. C.**—Both Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea may be reached at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. Connie was born in New York City on October 22, 1905; about five feet four, weighs 112, and has golden hair and blue eyes. Joel in South Pasadena, California, on November 5, 1905; six feet two, weighs 185, and has blue eyes and brown hair. His latest picture is "The Silver Cord."

**GEORGE R.**—I hope that by writing to David Manners at the First National Studio, Burbank, California, you will be able to renew your acquaintance with him and his family. Mr. Manners was born in Canada on April 30, 1905.

**BOYD DECKER.**—Al Jolson's films include "Jazz Singer," "Singing Fool," "Say It With Songs," "Mammy," "Big Boy." "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." He is married to Ruby Keeler.

**JULIA HAIGHT.**—Those players in "The Four Feathers" were Richard Arlen as *Harry Faversham*, Clive Brook as *Lieutenant Durrance*, William Powell as *Captain Trench*, Theodor von Eltz as *Lieutenant Castleton*.

**BETTY.**—Glad you've found a new friend in Picture Play. Hope you continue to like it. Maurice Chevalier's latest picture is "A Bedtime Story." He was born near Paris on September 12, 1893; five feet eleven, weighs 165, and has brown hair and blue eyes. For his photo, write to the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

**PICTURE PLAY FAN.**—So you've seen "Cavalcade" three times, have you? Well, I guess I would, too, if I had the time. That's one picture I wouldn't mind seeing a dozen times. For photos of the two young boys, Douglas Scott and Dick Henderson, Jr., write to Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California. Diana Wynyard, whose right name is Dorothy Cox, was born in London, January 16, 1908.

**JOSEPHINE ANSCHULTZ.**—Norma Shearer's birthdate is August 10, 1904; Lew Ayres's, December 28, 1909; Bette Davis's, April 5, 1908; Donald Dillaway's, March 17,

(Continued on page 72)



## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6

### About Crawford's Interviews.

THIS is my initial effort in the field of star criticism. I agree with the fan who says that just because we like a player we unwisely find him perfect, while the actor who makes no impression upon us rates nary the smallest compliment. No player is all good or all bad. Even the best of them have their faults, and who are we to shut our eyes to them?

Actions and statements of stars may have nothing to do with acting ability directly, either. But indirectly, ha! That's a different matter. Those players who have no illusions about themselves, who are sane, candid human beings, are usually the best actors, and the most likely to advance. This brings in Joan Crawford.

In everyday life and to those who know her well, I have heard that she is a very human sort of person. But the sum total of all her interviews spells artificiality and contradiction. As long as Joan Crawford, the person, is of more importance to her in her profession than the actress, her histrionic abilities will never grow. There is a promise of something very fine in her emotional scenes, something that should make her in time the tragédienne she wants to be. But as long as she remains self-conscious and overaware of technique, I fear that time will be ever far away.

Remember, producers, that variety is the spice of life and we still believe it. If the theaters are to be packed again, thin out the sex pictures. They're getting to be monotonous. A few more pictures like "Cavalcade," or something light and satirical on the order of Rene Clair's "A Nous la Liberté," might add interest.

MARIE CHAPMAN DYBRE.

Seattle, Washington.

### There Are March Raves.

IN February Picture Play I noticed a remark made by one who signs herself "Disgusted." She said, "Critics may like Fredric March, but have you ever heard a girl rave over him?"

Well, I have hundreds of times! I myself am one of his admiring fans and I find that almost every one likes him. Of course, there are always the skeptical few, but they are very rare.

In my opinion, Mr. March is the most brilliant actor on the screen, and I am not in the least surprised that he won the Academy award for the finest performance of the past year. In fact, I rather expected it. And who can say that he didn't deserve it? As *Marcus Superbus*, in "The Sign of the Cross," he is absolutely wonderful, to say nothing of his former triumphs.

MARY VOTAIRE.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

### No Slushy-mushy Boy.

COME on, Janet Coats, of Santa Monica. Don't ruin Lyle Talbot by pegging him as one of those slushy-mushy boys before he gets a good start.

I'm thirty-six years old and I still enjoy a few goose pimples, but I like the fellow who puts them on me to be able to act he-man rôles. I've watched Lyle's progress since I heard him sing in a stock company years ago. He appears to be a red-blooded male, so don't put him on the spot where he will just have to sit around and sigh and roll his eyes. We have enough of them now. I'm rather old-fashioned—I like to see the men wear the pants and the women let 'em alone.

CAROLINE BEGGS.

3214 L Street,  
South Omaha, Nebraska.





## Why Ayres Isn't "Natural."

**T**HERE are and always will be outstanding characteristics in Hollywood. The topic of Lew Ayres' high-hat has been growing for the past few years, to the extent that now his supposed change has become a tradition. But in my estimation a more important



Lew Ayres would be considered "natural" if he went about hysterically chewing the scenery, says a fan.

Yes, that change in Lew Ayres is more important than the pose we hear so much about. And, speaking of poses, Lew is not an actor type or a Hollywood type. He attempted, and evidently failed, to be himself, to be natural. If he would talk more off the screen, discussing ridiculously personal subjects, if he went about the streets chewing stage scenery, if he showed more signs of hysteria, I am sure he would be considered "natural," lacking in conceit!

I have a lot of personal information about Lew previous to the day he was cast in "All Quiet." And, although an actor in the bright lights should expect to share his private life with an eager public, should acknowledge his fans, and act more offstage than on, I just can't imagine Lew being anything but a poser, considering that a "poser" in Hollywood is some one who *doesn't pose*.

BARBARA ROWE.

5639 Goodfellow Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri.

## Literary Honors for Tashman.

**I** HAVE always considered Hedda Hopper one of the most intelligent women in Hollywood. Now I must hand some honors to Lilyan Tashman for her intelligent reply in April Picture Play to Judith Field's criticism of her. She should have an Academy award.

change in Lew Ayres has been his growth from the modest boy of "All Quiet" to the very forceful and worldly man of "Okay, America" and "State Fair."

He has all of the elements, this Mr. Ayres, that make the giant, yet his force is quiet and unassuming, hauntingly so. He has changed, naturally, as we all do. He has grown through life and experience and disappointment.



Lilyan Tashman should have an Academy award for her masterly defense of her wardrobe in a recent Picture Play.

It is most satisfying to know there is *one* actress in Hollywood who honestly admits she loves only her husband, one who admits making a success of her marriage, which has, to quote her, "taken precedence over any other interest in my life."

Lilyan Tashman is a consistent picture stealer, and while her clothes play an important part, the average moviegoer is more interested in her rôles. I can't see why it is any one's business as to why or how Miss Tashman dresses, so long as she is pleased and satisfied, and hubby Lowe likewise.

There isn't a woman on earth who isn't interested in clothes, and who wouldn't indulge to the utmost if circumstances would permit. Personally, I would rather read of Miss Tashman's fondness for clothes than to hear an actress rant about her love life, how grand her husband is, when she's going to settle down and have children, et cetera, et cetera! Miss Tashman's discreet silence speaks for itself. Hollywood needs a few more like her.

And now may I ask a question? It's one that has been bothering me, and it seems that I cannot quite grasp the situation. I would like to know why it is that so many of "Europe's captivating actresses" desert the old country, where, it seems, they are absolute sensations, and come to America? We get the impression when our stars accept foreign contracts, that it is because they are washed up here. Goodness, I can't imagine these "sensations" being willing to risk their popularity like that!

ANN INMAN.

505 South Pacific.

Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

## Get Crazy About Lew.

**G**IVE us more of Lew Ayres and give this "handsome Gable" a rest.

Why don't girls go crazy over Lew as they do over Gable? It's because Gable plays the Romeo and Lew a newspaper reporter.

If Lew were given a chance to play the part of a Romeo, I'm willing to bet my shirt that the girls would rave about him as they do about Gable. Girls make me tired as soon as they see a billboard advertisement with Clark Gable's name on it.

Lew's up to Clark in acting and, in my estimation, past him in looks. I have seen Lew Ayres in most all his pictures and he did make a great success, but a greater success is in store for him if he plays a

Gable part. Give us more of Lew and give Gable time out.

JOAN HART.

79 Alexander Avenue, Upper Montclair, New Jersey.

## The Woes of a Club President.

**I**'VE a complaint to register, and since I find Picture Play the fairest magazine to its fans, I feel confident that I will be granted this opportunity of telling my story.

For many months I spent money and a great deal of time building up a fan club in honor of Sidney Fox, who had authorized my organization through her secretary. Any one who conducts a fan club knows the time and expense involved. All I asked in return was simply a bit of courtesy. Did I get it? Read on and judge for yourselves.



I received but two letters from her secretary, the first giving Miss Fox's consent, and the second to inform me that I should never expect to hear from Miss Fox personally, as she was far too busy! Though I sent her each issue of the club news, I never even received the courtesy of an acknowledgment, much less a comment of any sort on my efforts.

The only photo I received was a small five by seven, whereas I have eleven by fourteen photos autographed to me from such stars as Jean Harlow, John Gilbert, and Joan Crawford, top-notch stars receiving hundreds of fan letters a day, yet *they* weren't too busy! Strange? I'll say!

The last straw came when Miss Fox made a personal appearance at a theater some twenty miles from my home. I broke an engagement to make that trip through a nasty snowstorm, to meet her. A friend attempted to see her the day before, but was barred. She informed Miss Fox's agent of the journey I had planned. Miss Fox's answer was that *she would see no one—not even the president of her club!*

My club was the second one organized in Miss Fox's honor—she has totally ignored both of them.

Well, fans, you've heard my story. I could tell you more—the history of Miss Fox's screen contract, but that wouldn't look so good in print! However, speaking of contracts, upon her return from abroad, Miss Fox found herself contractless, so she married a man who is capable of reestablishing her!

I have several friends whose opinion of Miss Fox is no higher than my own. Why? Call it snobbishness, high-hattedness, or conceit, the answer is *Sidney Fox!*

JEAN BETTY HUBER.

18 Glenbrook Road, Morris Plains, New Jersey.

#### She Knew Norma in School.

ONE does not know how far criticism can be extended to reach "What the Fans Think," but I wish to make the following comments regarding the April issue, especially to Bertha A. Howe, Cottage Grove, Oregon, and Marie Brown, 7 Tara Hall Avenue, Montreal, Canada.

I say to Bertha, "Bravo! Plenty of truth in them there words." And to Marie, "Did you or did you not attend Westmount High School during the brief educational career of Norma Shearer and see her real acting ability? Well, the writer did and wishes to say that Norma Shearer was a born actress long before she ever entered pictures.

Do you think for one moment that Norma Shearer would have been chosen for the leading rôle in the first—I stand corrected if this is not the case—talkie, "The Trial of Mary Dugan," had she not had ability deep and

sincere within to accomplish this novel and wonderful production at that time? Also to receive the highest award ever presented to a film star, the award of the Academy, this presentation being made in 1930?

ELLA M. PAYNE.

300 Broad Street, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

#### In a Haze of Loveliness.

LET'S give a cheer for "Frisco Jenny" because it's a great picture and let's give a cheer for Ruth Chatterton because—well, there are so many reasons for cheering that dainty little lady that it is impossible to list them all here. One is because her splendid acting lifts us out of our own humdrum world and takes us to any place she wishes, whether it be to the slums of Chinatown or to a mansion on Park Avenue.

She hasn't had much of a chance lately to use her great talent, but in "Frisco Jenny" she has a fine opportunity and does she grab it! The stirring ending of that picture is something to marvel at and Miss Chatterton's acting is superb in its heartbreaking sincerity.

Fans, I suppose, will always be blind enough to support the Shearers, Garbos, Crawfords, and Hayeses, but all those put together can never make one Chatterton.

One gets so tired of the cold, unmoving beauty of the sweet ingénues that when a star appears who is not considered beautiful the fans sigh in relief.

In Hollywood among all the stereotyped beauty there is an actress, not beautiful, so experts say, but her charm is far more stirring than the plastic perfection of other women.

There is not anything unusual about her appearance, yet she walks in a haze of loveliness. And when it comes to sheer dramatic power she has all others backed off the boards.

Who is this paragon in the desert of Hollywood beauty and undeveloped talent? It is Ruth Chatterton. God bless her!

SHIRLEY

MCLEAN.

446 68th Street,  
Brooklyn,  
New York.

#### Jerry Knows His Screen.

GLANCING through April Picture Play, I found just the thing I had been looking for in other magazines—a picture of Cary Grant.

Having seen an average of four films a week for three years, I know the difference between good and poor acting.



"She walks in a haze of loveliness," says a Chatterton fan, adding her blessing.

In "The Woman Accused," Cary Grant performed his part, yes, like a butcher. Darling this and darling that, he reminds one of a schoolboy's first attack of love. As the young lawyer defending Miss Carroll, I believe Jimmy Durante could have played the part much better. At least the audience could have enjoyed a good laugh. As the lawyer he reminded me of Harry Langdon dressed up just to kill time. Mr. Grant made such an impression opposite Miss Carroll, in "Hot Saturday," that Paramount teamed them again.



A fan who attended high school with Norma Shearer contributes her bit.



Mr. Grant made such an impression opposite Miss Carroll in "The Woman Accused," that he is causing a depression in the box office. JERRY ROBERTS.  
Binghamton, New York.

#### Uncle Bob Discusses Spanking.

I ALWAYS read "What the Fans Think" and it certainly is good. I wish to express my opinion about Clara Bow, as she is one of my favorites. I thought she was wonderful in "Call Her Savage," but why don't they give her stories that are not so radical? For instance, her whipping her boy friend, and his taking it without batting an eye. What man would have stood for that?

Why are so many stories like this, making the heroine stronger than the hero, and letting her wind him around her finger. I like to see a heroine full of fight and pep, but never to horsewhip the hero as in that picture. He should have been allowed to give her a good spanking and then let the story go on. Believe me, there are plenty of times that I wished I was the hero when he got his face slapped for nothing. I certainly would have spanked those little girls good and plenty.

I'll bet there are plenty of fans that will agree with me and like to take a hairbrush and paddle the panties of quite a few of them, such as Alice White, Nancy Carroll, and Lupe Velez.

I suppose a lot of the girl fans will not agree with me, which is only natural, but if they stick up for that type of heroine they ought to be spanked also, just as my two kid sisters are. They are sixteen and eighteen years of age, but mother still thinks they are not too old to be spanked. When they disobey she sends them to their bedroom to put on their pajamas and then she puts them over her knees and warms them plenty with a hairbrush, and believe me, she doesn't fool. It calms them down for a while, and when they get smart again the process is repeated.

Remember, I am not against the poor heroines, but against some of the poor stories that they have to play in.

ROBERT GAYLOR.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

#### What a Gal West!

WELCOME to Hollywood and thanks to Broadway! Hoist your red-hot banner in honor of that spicy, glorious Broadway Queen—Mae West!

Fans, if you haven't yet seen this gal in "She Done Him Wrong," see it! Not since the "It" girl left her blazing comet behind her have I seen such a woman as Mae West on the screen.

She needs no publicity stunts to boost her. Her slogan is "Be yourself," and you'll like her all the more for the natural, unaffected gal that she is. Once you see her on the screen, you will claim this *Diamond Lil* as your favorite. Scandal or gossip holds no taboo for her; in fact, she loves it! She has a way of her own. Watch her skyrocket to fame on the screen. It will take less time than to tell.

Fans, do you agree? You will!

AL J. MENTOSTI.

542 Santa Rosa Avenue,  
Sebastopol, California.

#### Among the Gentle Sex.

MAY a New York girl have a little something to say in "What the Fans Think"? In March Picture Play, Hilda M. Brown says, "Norma Shearer seems cheaper than ever beside Leslie Howard's charm and sensibility."

Can it be that Hilda Brown considers herself anything else but cheap when she

writes such stuff as that? Pull in your claws, kitty, you are likely to scratch yourself.

I may as well say here that I am a Norma Shearer fan; very much so. Joan Crawford comes next. Of course there are others I like, but these two are my favorites.

I want to give three cheers for Mary Elizabeth Lewis and Bertha A. Howe for their letters defending Miss Shearer. Go to it, girls, I'm with you all the way and then some. Between us we shall teach the tabbies to keep their claws in.

DOROTHY E. GORDON.

2335 N. W. Sixth Avenue,  
Miami, Florida.

#### Our Literary Lil.

APRIL Picture Play was, I think, one of the best I've seen since I started reading the magazine.

The letters in "What the Fans Think" were all good. Especially did I like Richard Griffith's giving us a glimpse of the glamorous one of other days, Pola Negri.

Edith, I don't agree with you about Cagney. He may be a good actor of his type, but he certainly did not steal the scenes from George Arliss in "The Millionaire." For one thing, he rattled his lines off much too fast.

The best article in the April issue was Lil Tashman's. Certainly it was one of the brightest I've read for ages. Clothes such as Miss Tashman wears look just right because she alone knows how to wear them, but worn by any other actress, say Miss Bennett, they would not look the same at all.

Miss Tashman has always been one of my favorites because of her fine sense of humor and now, after reading her article, I'm Tashman crazy.

BEN NICHOLSON, JR.

R. R. 1, Matsqui, British Columbia,  
Canada.

#### They Don't Know Garbo.

SINCE peace reigns for but a brief interval on the Garbo front, I hope you will permit me to air a few personal opinions regarding this much maligned star.

Why must fans concern themselves about the offscreen Garbo? She is accused of being rude, high-hat, and conceited by people who, I feel sure, have no personal knowledge of Miss Garbo's deportment offscreen. She may be conceited, but I doubt it very much. Why can't we be fair?

I, for one, worship Greta for the many happy hours she has given me. This marvelous actress transports us into a realm of beauty, color, and romance, and brings us happiness with her slow, haunting smile. Why, oh why, can we not be satisfied?

I think Garbo is to be commended for her courageous attitude in refusing to be a part of the giddy whirl of artificiality around her. Garbo alone has remained impervious to the sham and pretense of the movie capital. One can readily understand her desire for privacy.

I also think she should be given credit for the intelligence which enables her to realize her limitations and, therefore, refuse to grant interviews, discuss her private affairs, her views on various subjects, et cetera. I might mention that Clarence Brown, who has directed Greta in a number of productions, once remarked, "Greta Garbo's beauty lies back of her eyes. She thinks." Which was, as one writer pointed out, an adroit compliment to the Garbo mentality.

What if her mystery isn't real? The Garbo we see on the screen inspires our complete and wholehearted admiration.

After all, I believe that is all that matters. "ONE WHO ADORES GARBO."

3691 West King Edward Avenue,  
Vancouver, British Columbia,  
Canada.

#### A Marshall Rave.

I'M raving—positively raving! I've just seen a player who has all the Gables, Rafts, Howards, and Colmans beat to frazzles. A star with personality plus charm—Herbert Marshall, of course.

I was just nonchalantly reading "What the Fans Think" in April Picture Play when presto! a Plainfield fan made me rush into this rave for the charming Mr. Marshall.

I notice that most of the fans speak of the incomparable—so it seems—Novarro. Now, I ask you, how can Mr. Novarro compare with Mr. Marshall? The latter has looks, personality, acting ability, a grand sense of humor, a swell voice—and accent—and a most intriguing limp. Besides, he's tall and it isn't any problem to cast him opposite our other tall stars, like Kay Francis. Imagine Novarro playing opposite Kay Francis! Why she'd have to wear no shoes at all in order to be on a satisfactory height basis with him. But, no matter—my concern is purely Mr. Marshall.

Just two final bouquets and then I'll feel better. The first to Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins, and the second to Picture Play, the best fan magazine on the stands to-day.

E. KISPERT.

1481 Shakespeare Avenue,  
New York City.

#### Tallulah Is Showing Them.

I AM growing very weary of reading so many letters running down Joan Crawford. My admiration for Joan has grown steadily in the last few years. She has proved that she is one of the outstanding actresses on the screen to-day. She was grand in "Letty Lynton." The charge that she is imitating Garbo is ridiculous. Joan doesn't have to do any imitating. She wouldn't want to. She is entirely too individual a person ever to consciously imitate anybody.

Tallulah Bankhead had the poorest deal given a newcomer to the screen, yet by the sheer power of her personality she has shone through in every picture. An actress of no mean ability, with an interesting voice, sparkling wit, a keen sense of humor, and glamour, she deserves a real chance to be the Tallulah England raved about. After the hit she is making in her New York play, I feel sure she'll return to Hollywood and show them what's what.

Two of the fans mentioned recently the number of times they saw Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us." My record beats both; I saw this picture six times. I loved every moment of it, and wish Ruth would get another rôle like it, where she can be sparkling, witty, and charming. I enjoyed "Frisco Jenny" also, and saw it twice. I'm glad the several letters appearing lately have been in appreciation of Ruth, for she deserves every bit of praise one can bestow on her.

MARION L. HESSE.

154 Elm Street,  
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

#### Repression in Uniform.

THE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences certainly used good judgment in bestowing its awards for the year. In my opinion Helen Hayes and Fredric March deserve an award for their work in any film.

The latter does not always have rôles



strong enough for his great talent. He is certainly better than Paramount seems to think he is, else why weak pictures like "Merrily We Go To Hell" and "To-night is Ours"? Only his splendid characterizations in these films made them acceptable screen fare.

Cagney is always Cagney, Gable is always Gable, Gary Cooper is always the same—repression in uniform—but March gives us something different in each picture. He is not content to be just himself; he is always facile and adroit, animating his work with enthusiasm and imagination. Every rôle has the unmistakable breath of life and reality.

Incidentally, any actor who can don make-up and costume such as he did in "The Sign of the Cross" and retain his dignity and the stature of a man, deserves that replica of himself handed out by the Academy. C. L. ANDERSON.

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

#### Our Overseas Skirmish.

MAY I reply to L. J. Cushen, of Kent, England? In my opinion, Mr. Cushen is a very prejudiced person. For any sane individual to say that only one per cent of English films is any good is ridiculous in the extreme.

Mr. Cushen states that the plays, technique, et cetera, are wrong. Well, Mr. Cushen, I think that your mind must be little above a moron's, and that you cannot recognize a strong story when you see it.

I might remind Mr. Cushen that the Australian public is very severe on any picture. It does not matter how much was spent on the production, the public out here is just as likely to call it "black" as not. At present a circuit of all-British theaters has been started quite successfully, and time, I think, will ridicule your statement.

I quite agree with you that American films have the better photography and more money is spent in their production, their actresses are also superior, but their actors are about as good as the stories, which are very weak.

By the way, Mr. Cushen, I would advise you to see "Sunshine Susie," "Maid of the Mountains," or "Ghost Train." You might change your mind.

America, I advise you to put out some more films of the "Sign of the Cross" caliber.

You see we don't want any more of Clark Gable coming out of the water, after a hard swim for his life, with his hair, et cetera, nicely attended to, as if he were going to a ball, or Tallulah Bankhead reduced to poverty with her nails well manicured and her lips well salved.

IAN L. POWYS.

Brisbane, Australia.

#### "Adult Fan" Offers a Posy.

I HEARTILY agree with the views of the fan who suggested that Emil Jannings be given a medal for discovering Ruth Chatterton and making the cinema public acting-conscious. I would change this to the extent of giving Ruth Chatterton the all-time medal for being the supreme dramatic actress of the screen.

Had Miss Chatterton been given better pictures, pictures with wide appeal, I firmly believe that she would have received the Academy award on more than one occasion. The fact remains that she really is our most superior performer. To me she is the greatest actress and the biggest drawing card in films, and this in spite of several poor pictures.

I am delighted that James Cagney is with us again. His unique personality stamps itself on one's memory, and as far

as men are concerned, to me he is the greatest attraction the films have to offer.

In an article in a recent Picture Play a writer suggests that there is yet to be found a fan who does not care for Lee Tracy. I am that fan. I thoroughly disapprove of him as an actor. Though "Washington Merry-Go-Around" was a grand picture, the performance of Mr. Tracy was anything but grand. In wildest fancy, one cannot imagine a senator carrying on as a vaudeville performer. In that film Lee Tracy behaved exactly like a second-rate hooper. In "Blessed Event" he was equally as atrocious. He always overplays. THE SAME ADULT FAN.

St. Louis, Missouri.

#### Sweet But Not Sickly.

I HAVE what I consider a good suggestion to offer to Metro-Goldwyn. That studio seems to be so busy worrying and striving to find real, worth-while pictures for Garbo, Crawford, and Shearer, I'm afraid they are sadly neglecting a very charming and talented lady. I'm speaking of Madge Evans.

It's a shame the way Madge is being treated. She's being cast in such small parts, parts that should go to some inexperienced actress. Although Madge shines in these little rôles, it isn't fair to her talents. Miss Evans represents the real American girl. She's human, sweet without being sickly, poised and intelligent. She appeals to Americans in general.

Come on, M.-G.-M., give Madge a real good picture and watch her do wonders with it! And what's more, she'll make those so-called "glamorous" stars look like yesterday's roses. ELSIE MOSER.

2104 South Sixty-four Street,  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

#### Most Everything!

WHY, oh, why, can't producers give Dolores del Rio a place in screen productions?

Consider the fiery hoyden of "What Price Glory?" the charming "Ramona," the serene "Evangeline," the wistful, pathetic "Bird of Paradise." Big pictures all, and successes.

Dolores del Rio is truly the aristocrat of the screen, genteel, a lady in the truest sense. She has glamour. She has youth. She has verve. She has a magnetic voice. A trim figure. Sophisticated. An accomplished linguist—English, French, and Spanish. Well-read. Widely traveled. Unexcelled beauty. Yet she languishes while inferiors forge ahead.

Producers, get busy. Put the name of Dolores del Rio on your roster of stars. Give her both sophisticated, modern rôles, and character rôles. And thousands of delighted fans shall repay you at the box office. Let our lovely lady return!

"RUSTY."

#### Stop the Yipping!

I'VE read so many criticisms of Jean Harlow and Lupe Velez that it burns me up. It happens that I have just finished reading what Ann Runyan has to say about Lupe Velez. So you don't care about Lupe "Tamale" Velez? I suppose Lupe cares a lot. And don't worry about "Tarzan" Weissmuller; he's no baby. If he's infatuated with the "Tamale"—well, that's his business, not yours.

Lupe is right when she says, "Is it my fault that a beeg, handsome man falls in luf with me?" I suppose you think that Lupe put a gun on Johnny's chest and forced him to her.

And Lupe wouldn't go out of her way to take your husband from you. She wouldn't care for a henpecked husband, anyway,

so you need not worry about what you'd do if she chanced out your way.

And how can Dorothea Crowley be so outspoken? Calling Jean Harlow cheap, common, and sometimes downright disgusting in her actions! I should like to know, Miss Crowley, what makes you say that? It's about time you got your mind out of the gutter. Miss Harlow has personal charm, evident breeding, and a sense of humor. If only, Miss Crowley, you would remember that impressions formed from screen portrayals are very unreliable.

EDWARD WILLIAMS.

Los Angeles, California.

#### O. K., Farrell.

I READ in the March Picture Play about Charles Farrell refusing to play in any more Gaynor-Farrell pictures and I'm glad he had backbone enough to walk out.

It's not that I don't like the team. The fact is, they're my favorites, but I like good sports. For example, Charlie played second fiddle to Gaynor in quite a few pictures, but when the situation was reversed—I'm referring to "Liliom"—why, Gaynor couldn't return the compliment.

Here's luck Charlie. We know you'll be a big success on your own and will be rooting for you. DOLLY DINKLE.

Detroit, Michigan.

#### He Learns About Fans.

WHAT sort of a trap line does Picture Play run to catch the unwary?

Such a disastrous case of "fools rush in where angels fear to tread!" I, in honesty, wrote my opinion of the artistic standing of Sylvia Sidney. I get an avalanche of condemnation from her admirers—one hundred and sixty-three in all, two of whom were men, with still more coming.

What shall I do? One hundred and sixty-three fans surely can't be wrong. Shall I offer my humble apology to the endearing Sidney for my rash action? I fear, did I do so, that another one hundred and sixty-three may arise and damn me for my gallantry. WILLIAM N. CRAIGIE.

Fairbanks, Alaska.

#### They Hand Out No Bunk.

SINCERITY is one of the most likable traits one can find in players. The actor or actress who is really sincere in trying to please the public will linger longer in the memory of fans than the stars who insult our intelligence by expecting us to believe the first-class bunk they allow to be written about themselves.

There are numerous favorites who have earned their prestige by always treating their fans in a straightforward and honorable way. Foremost among these are, in my opinion, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, George O'Brien, Clara Bow, and Mary Pickford.

I was a mere child when I first saw these people on the screen, but I liked them, although I was only dimly conscious at the time why. To-day they are still my favorites, and now I know the reason they attract me. It is because they have always given their best to any part they have played on the screen, and because they have never tried to misrepresent themselves in magazines or newspapers.

The players whom I have mentioned, and many others whom I might have not, will always have plenty of fans to support them, not the type of fans who shower their affection on one current sensation one moment, and another the next, but fans who have always been, and always will be, loyal. DAVID SCOTT.

Nelson, British Columbia,  
Canada.



## What the Fans Think

### Open Letter to Buddy Rogers.

DEAR BUDDY:

The other night over the radio I heard Eddie Cantor sing "My Baby Just Cares for Me." Nothing unusual about that, of course, but in the second chorus, wherein "Baby's" attitude toward the cinema idols is aired, your name was omitted, and was substituted by the pugnacious James Cagney's.

This may have meant nothing to the casual hearer, but to us Rogers fans who are rooting for our favorite, it meant that to some people you are no longer in the run. You've been absent from the screen for a year, and the nasty rumor has been going around that you've been licked. Think of it, Buddy, *licked*!

We are apt to overlook your last films because they were stupid affairs which put you temporarily in the background. You weren't responsible for them and we realize that no star could come through with flying colors with such material.

I hear that you have a new contract which keeps you on call at a certain studio, yet allows you to work for other companies as well. It seems to us you'll be having plenty of opportunities now. So step up, Buddy, and demand some big, juicy rôles like other players are getting. Give them full benefit of your earnest ability and sparkling personality, put that charming smile on in all its glory, and bring the unforgettable, though slumbering hero of "Wings" back to life again.

EVELYN L. ROSSMAN.

1555 South Thirtieth Street,  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

### They Done Boles Wrong.

RECENTLY I saw "Six Hours to Live" simply because John Boles was in it. Then what happens? I see him in about five measly scenes.

I tell you, it just isn't fair! Just because he isn't a studio darling, he is kept in minor rôles that are far below his ability. All his loyal fans who, like myself, have followed him faithfully since his smash hit, "Desert Song," are crying for another chance for him. But we might as well appeal to four walls, for all the good it does.

Musical comedies are supposed to be making their comeback. And if John Gilbert ever gets the rôle of *Prince Danilo*, in "The Merry Widow," as it has been rumored, I'll quit going to the movies. John Boles is the man for the part, but I can tell you right now, he won't get it!

After it has been rewritten to fit two unmusical players, and all the music by Franz Lehar left out, they will still call it "The Merry Widow" and expect us to be gullible enough to think it's good. And yet the producers like to think they *please* the public. Well, they don't!

MISS E. MANNES.

935 Nebraska Avenue,  
Toledo, Ohio.

### Another Gable Killing.

WITHIN the last three weeks I have seen that very able and attractive actor, Clark Gable, play two different rôles in the two best pictures of the year, namely, "Red Dust" and "Strange Interlude."

For the life of me I cannot decide in which picture I liked him best. He was perfect in both. I can understand now why all the girls around here are raving about him. When Clark is on the screen such charmers as Jean Harlow, Mary Astor, and even the great Shearer simply fade into oblivion. That profile! And that physique! Oh, well, I could rave on for hours.

To me, "Strange Interlude" had it all over "Grand Hotel," as far as acting was concerned. But Clark Gable was in it!

"JUST ONE OF MANY."

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

### A Rave for March.

SO "Disgusted" has never heard a girl rave about Fredric March. Well, listen to me, and you shall hear plenty of raving about him. Freddie is one of the most charming, refined, and interesting actors on the screen. There can be no possible doubt as to his talent, when he has just won the 1932 award for the best performance of the year. He has given some of the very best acting we've ever had from any actor in Hollywood.

I wish emphatically to indorse Ellen Hunt's letter in January Picture Play. It is a point that has puzzled me also, and I have been as unsuccessful as Miss Hunt in trying to fathom the reason for the variety of raves over Clark Gable.

I have no desire to criticize that much-discussed favorite, but I would like to call the attention of a few fans to the fact that the only reason we who dislike Ramon Novarro go to see his films is because he is supported by a charming actress like Madge Evans, and being loyal fans of hers, we must see her, even though we know we'll have to sit through moments of boredom.

MARION L. HESSE.

154 Elm Street,  
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

### Gary Was Grand!

GARY COOPER has been holding out on us all these years. The man can act—and how! Any one who saw his magnificent performance in "A Farewell to Arms" cannot but agree. I'm sure even Helen Hayes, to whom some people believe the greater share of glory should go, would be the first to admit that Gary should receive an equal share of the honors.

Adolphe Menjou was splendid, too, as was all the fine cast. But no more moving, natural acting has ever been done before the camera than that done by Gary while pacing the bleak hospital corridors, praying desperately between bites of untasted food. Gary, you were grand!

RUTH NEWCOMB.

Berkeley, California.

### Watching Kirkland.

I HAVE a penchant for discoveries—not always those who are boomed loudest in the press—and I am sure many of your readers must have noticed a young man who is doing really fine work in a very quiet way on the screen—Alexander Kirkland.

He combines the charm of youth with a rare sureness of touch, a deft artistry usually only found in more experienced actors, and is as much at home in the psychological mazes of "Strange Interlude" as in the frank melodrama of "Almost Married." I promise myself an interesting time watching his future.

M. F. MACKAY.

50, Brewster Road,  
Leyton, London, England.

### Karen on the Up and Up.

THE other day I read that Karen Morley was judged one of the three best feature players on the M.-G.-M. lot. Well, it's about time some one else realized that.

Miss Morley portrays aloof, sophisticated women. But let it be known that she is a very human young person who actually autographs her photos and an-

swers her fan mail. She is not only a great actress, but she has beauty, and still more important, brains. She does not waste time arguing over her rôles or salary. And have not her rôles become increasingly better?

Miss Morley has the poise of *la Bennett*, Tashman's ability to wear clothes, and the independence of Garbo. Therefore, it is obvious why Lionel Barrymore—and I—call Miss Morley the finest young actress in Hollywood.

PATTY M.

499 East Twenty-ninth Street,  
Brooklyn, New York.

### Welcome Back, Alice.

I AM glad to greet one of our prettiest, most talented, capable, and sincere actresses again. Long have I waited and anticipated her return, and now that she has come back to us, I am again happy.

First comes "Employee's Entrance" then "Luxury Liner." Watch for Miss White in these. I know that she will be a big success in both. Remember, Alice, that your fans will always be for you.

"C. V."

Walla Walla, Washington.

### Get Ready for New Thrills.

FOLKS, get ready to hail a new star. He's tall. He's dark. He's handsome. He has a pleasing manner and a cute accent. He's been a success in England and other parts of Europe. He's the latest Broadway matinee idol. I am speaking of Francis Lederer, the leading man of "Autumn Crocus," the play that's having such a successful run on Broadway.

I met him through the London Representative of the Estelle Brody Club in England, and I'm preparing you to make room for a new star when he appears in RKO pictures.

HELEN KUROPATSKY.

88-90 Avenue "D,"  
New York City.

### Karloff—King of Hosts!

THE wind sighs eerily about the house,

A wild and fearful night enshrouds the earth,

I hear mad wraiths go shrieking through the skies—

It is a night for demons' mocking mirth!

Here crowd about me sights of fear and terror,

Still bodies, bathed in pools of scarlet gore,

A haunting spirit form steals through the night mists—

The ghastly face of Karloff at the door!

A bell sounds on the air—a weird, death toll,

Grim forms with hateful, bony hands stretch out—

Hold, devils! Lord, they're clutching at my throat!

I die! Those hollow laughs, that mocking shout!

What's this? The slinking things glide slowly on.

Oh, horrors! Skulking shadows, mummies, ghosts—

The ghoulish sight! Vile ogres, specter forms,

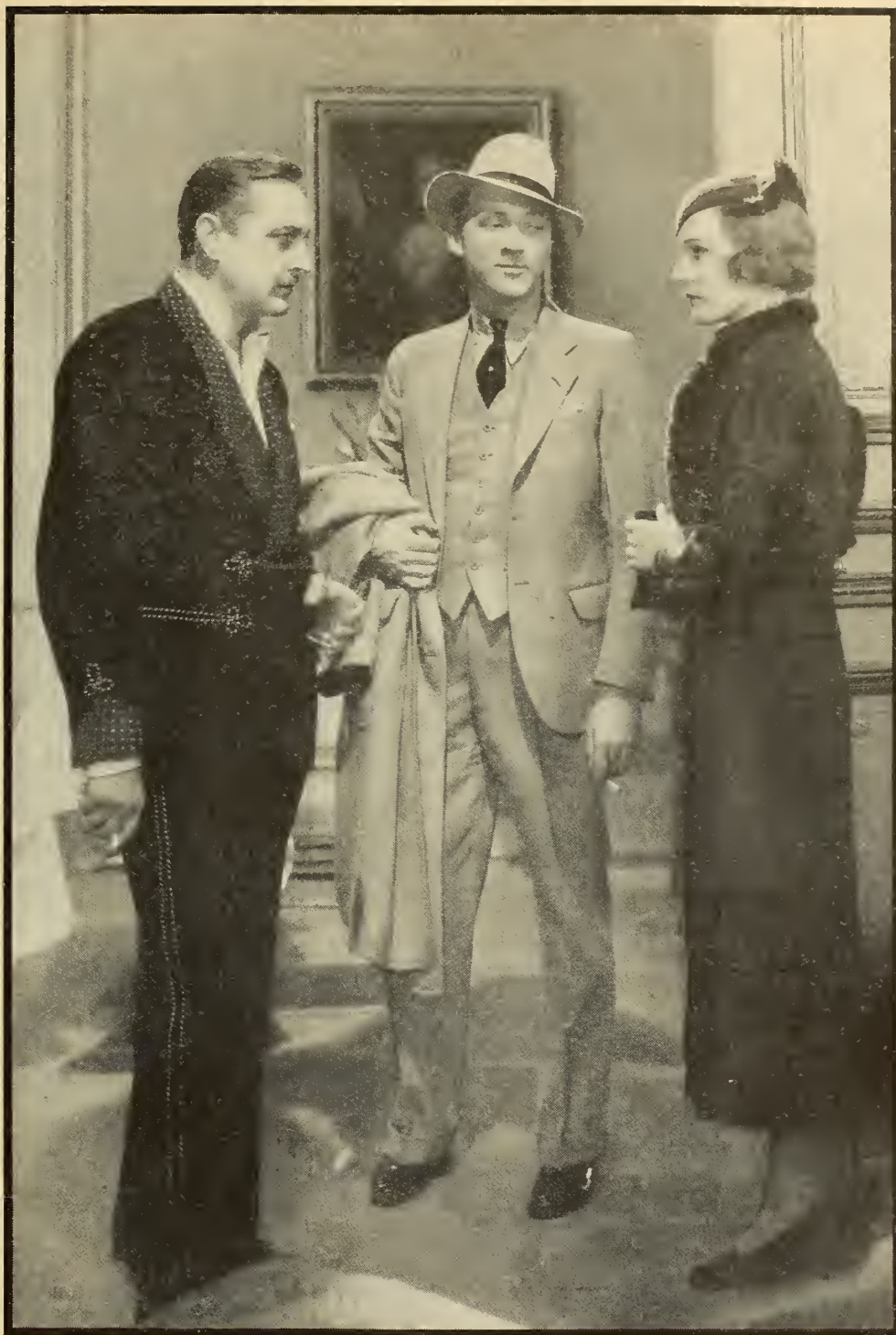
A dancing skeleton—a writhing snake, Wild phantoms of the bleak and storm-swept coasts!

And Boris Karloff, king of all the hosts!

LEROY VICTOR CLEVELAND.

Richmond, Maine.





STREET & SMITH'S

## PICTURE PLAY

Volume XXXVIII Number 5 July, 1933

THESE first glimpses of "Dinner At Eight" show only a few of the all-star cast, but enough to make fans look twice. John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, and Madge Evans, standing. Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery, left, Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore, right. Then there are Edmund Lowe, Karen Morley, Billie Burke, Jean Hersholt, Louise Closser Hale, May Robson, Grant Mitchell, and Phillips Holmes.

What a cast!





# GOING, GOING,

The day of huge salaries for stars is done. Hard times, poor pictures and the resentment of fans have combined to puncture inflated wages. Glance at the stipends listed below and make your own eliminations.

**G**RANTED there is a depression—and there probably still is, President Roosevelt and his stimulating messages to Congress notwithstanding—do the stars know it? And what's even more to the point, *are they interested?*

You, we, and everybody have heard rumblings (maybe they're merely bumbblings) about this brand-new deal, which is supposed to extend incidentally, oh, quite incidentally, to the movies. We've listened to stories of salary cuts, of studio closings, and of the end of the high-diddle-diddle heyday for big money in Hollywood. It's been a sort of woodchopper's holiday, from all reports, with the ax swinging in arcs and circles.

But what, if anything, has it all come to? Are stars really to be paid less, or aren't they? Is this just one of those typical Hollywood hullabaloes, all over nothing?

Something, this, for the big seer and swastika men to solve. Meaning you can never tell about anything in those fantastical films. But, anyway, we'll take a try at clairvoyancy and give a glance into the future.

The stars have been riding high for a long time; so maybe just according to the law of averages, their proverbial bubble of prosperity is due to have the usual hole punched in it. Possibly the sky-flying kite is about to come down. Maybe this is the end of the golden millennium.

It's a marvel, of course, how Hollywood has literally been able to continue bounding on the crest, even when, in the rest of the universe, plaints and wails of distress have been audible for two years or more. California is such a quiet, remote and even lethargic place that it doesn't react to joys and sorrows that are swiftly felt elsewhere. Until the recent bank holiday struck home, and threats of receiverships filled the air, the colony did not regard all the talk of hard times seriously. Hollywood was still the happy oasis.

But with no money in sight for a week, and half pay for eight, more or less, and the possibility of contracts ceasing altogether under some mean old bankruptcy proceedings, happy-go-lucky Hollywood got acquainted with

the jitters in a real way. And even yet it is just jittering and jittering, and will do so probably for a year or more. Ominously a real earthquake happened at the time, which seemed to make things even more shaky.

There appears to be some sort of accounting, which indicates that some one, or maybe it's a number of persons, are to be called on the carpet in order to determine what they're worth, and the why and wherefore.

Can any star to-day really *earn* \$12,000 to \$15,000 a week? Should Garbo get \$400,000 a film as she is said to be getting under her new contract? Is Maurice Chevalier being vainly and insanely paid \$10,000 a week? Is Richard Barthelmess entitled to \$175,000 a picture? Are the Marx Brothers overpaid at \$200,000?

Right at the moment is the time for slaughter, if ever. Lots of bigtime contracts are expiring. Ruth Chatterton's for \$675,000 in two years ends in November. William Powell's \$8,000 or so a week is already over, but he has been reengaged. Ronald Colman's \$125,000 a picture is off. Options face Ann Harding and Constance Bennett after about two more pictures each. Ann

has been getting approximately \$200,000 per film and Constance \$7,500 a week, when the price wasn't upped to \$30,000 as it was when she was engaged for two films by Warner Brothers. This brought on a howl from both the public and exhibitors.

Many new players are receiving much less. Marie Dressler draws about \$2,000 a week, with possible additional bonuses, and she is the biggest box-office magnet. Janet Gaynor is a \$4,000-a-week star, and very potent in bringing the mazuma into the box-office window. Not a new name, but just a little girl who has worried along diligently and slowly without the usual big-league selling talk offered by strong-armed agents, which has put other stars into the higher money. But then Janet is gathering in enough!

Figures on salaries in Hollywood present a sort of crazy-quilt pattern. There is seemingly no model or design for the payments. Some of the biggest hits with



## THESE SALARIES ARE DOOMED:



	per week
MAURICE CHEVALIER	\$10,000
CONSTANCE BENNETT	7,500
WALLACE BEERY	5,000
JOAN CRAWFORD	4,500
JANET GAYNOR	4,000
RAMON NOVARRO	4,000
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.	3,000
JAMES CAGNEY	2,800
CLARK GABLE	2,500

	per film
GRETA GARBO	\$400,000
JOHN GILBERT	250,000
ANN HARDING	200,000
BARTHELMESS	175,000



CHATTERTON  
\$675,000  
in two years





# GONE

By Edwin Schallert



the public don't seem to be rewarded half as well as those whose popularity is doubted. Some sail along for years on past great applause, while others winning big honors on first appearance have to struggle endlessly to gain financial recognition. Look at George Arliss receiving only \$60,000 a picture against John Gilbert's \$250,000. Consider Leslie Howard, banner leading man, at \$25,000 to \$35,000, in comparison with other \$100,000-per-picture figures. It's all very complicated.

Age, celebrity in some previous enterprise, showmanship, salesmanship, and a dozen and one other things, besides actual ability, seem to have some part in determining a player's salary. Al Jolson had been a pioneer in the talkies. He was the rage for one whole season. Virtually at the peak of his success, overtures were made to him by United Artists. The amount stipulated was \$500,000 for a picture. He was announced for "Sons O' Guns," but that undertaking was given up. Much time elapsed, and Jolson finally made "Hallelulah, I'm a Bum," which will not gross anywhere near his contracted salary.

Ann Harding at \$200,000 a picture is expensive. She wasn't, though, when she signed the contract. It was made when she was at the height of her career, with "Holiday" yielding plenty of money, and "Devotion" and "East Lynne" highly favored. The contract was argued considerably, but it was finally agreed to. It looked like a swell deal. Who could know then that the bottom would drop out of everything?

Success is the thing that fires everybody in Hollywood. No price seems momentarily too big to pay for a winner. If one company doesn't sign a triumphing player maybe another will. Paramount can't afford to let M.-G.-M. go gallivanting away with the bright star that has suddenly blazed into popularity. Agents figure in the plot, playing one organization against the other. Producers get mad and make agreements that they won't steal each other's stars, but before you know it, the agreement is discovered to be a mere scrap of paper. Hence the game of barter and trade goes on frantically, and the star market appears to have only one course to follow and that is upward.

Some smart people profess to see a change coming in all this now. They think that in the future stars will be engaged much as they are on the New York stage, according to their merits and suitability for a certain attraction. Names don't mean what they once did, unless

you have a whole bushel basket of them as in "Grand Hotel," "State Fair," or "Dinner at Eight." "Cavalcade" and "Forty-second Street" have proved that pictures can get along without any big names, and in the first case even without stars who are known to most of the public.

There are too many personalities nowadays for anybody to keep track

of. The few real stars like Maurice Chevalier, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Will Rogers, Ruth Chatterton, George Arliss, Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo, and John Barrymore, will be paid a percentage of the profits on their films, as are a couple of them now, notably Chevalier and Miss Shearer. Some may be paid just by the picture, and engaged for one at a time. Dietrich desires to make that sort of contract. But there will be few contracts to run for five, six, or seven years, with large increases at each option time.

It's all interesting talk while the depression lasts and while new deals are being discussed, but it's utterly impossible to say whether Hollywood can ever long be serious or sincere about anything, especially any of its plans about money.

Only one thing stands out and that is that the movies have been a business of easy money, or were that until hard times finally hit the colony. Psychologically there is a better feeling now. The stars were willing to do their part to save a complete collapse of the studios, which was threatened and which may still occur.

If the movies do go on the rocks, what will happen? Probably most of the contracts would be wiped out automatically, and it might be a good thing. Everybody would start fresh, just as, say, Katharine Hepburn, with her \$1,500-a-week and have all the fun of building up to \$10,000 a week or \$500,000 for a picture.

Perhaps, too, the public would appreciate its stars more if it did not visualize them as lolling in wealth. Hollywood's smart people say that one reason people don't flock to the theaters as they once did is because they resent the fancy millions paid Sally Snootygall and Charlie Camerahog. It's not such a cheering experience when your \$25-a-week salary has been cut 30 per cent, or your job is gone altogether, to view luxurious cinemites whose wage has just been raised to

umpty-ump hundreds of thousands annually, and who give indifferent performances in pictures that can best be described as punk.

In fact, this is likely to set very hard, indeed, with an onlooker who is inclined to feel resentful over what he or she considers an uneven distribution of the world's goods.

All that has saved the talkies is that they are on a more intelligent level than the silents of old, and require genuine ability from those who play in them. If the beautiful and dumb at high prices ruled Hollywood, as they once did, they would probably be slaughtered, in the sense of being cast into utter oblivion by their fans.

The one big out for the players is that salaries of executives, directors, and even in some cases writers are equally inflated. The movies have been riddled of their money, and the worst fault isn't even in Hollywood. What receiverships are attempting to do is to get free of expensive theater sites, and expensive theater buildings.

The boom times caused a terrific general expansion in

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# WHY GARBO IS



Greta Gustafsson, the hat stock girl in a Stockholm department store, made her bow to the public in "Spring and Summer Catalogue for 1921." Greta, on the left, enjoyed picnicking then.

**N**OT since Barnum has the world seen a genius for publicity to equal Garbo."

Thus Paris newspapers headed their front-page stories about the great Greta on her most recent visit to France. They went on to comment on her masterly pose of inaccessibility, her refusal to receive interviewers, her elusiveness as she ducked from service entrances of hotels to waiting taxicabs. All the familiar and meager crumbs of Garbo news were spun into full-length columns.

Much was made of the star's sudden flight from London, where, dressed in her usual severely tailored clothes, she had passed as the maid of her distinguished friend and traveling companion, the Swedish Countess Wachtmeister of Tisdad.

The European custom of putting one's shoes outside one's hotel room door for a shine had proved Garbo's undoing in London. An observant bootblack noticed that the "maid's" shoes came from a Hollywood shop. Already suspicious of her identity, this last bit of information was all the reporters needed to feel safe in telling the world that Greta Garbo was in London.

However, by the time the secret appeared in print, Garbo was in mid-Channel, Paris bound, heading straight for the sour and unfriendly reception of the French press.

"Barnum and Garbo: Masters of Publicity Tricks."

This opinion is not without echoes among American fans. Is it well founded?

To answer that question fairly, it is necessary to know something more about Garbo than the details of her brilliant rise on the screen. It is necessary to know something of her childhood and early environment, her character and its deep heritage from the Swedish national temperament.

Who is she, then, this famous Garbo?

Fru Gustafsson was left a widow when Greta Lovisa, youngest of the three children, was fourteen.





# TIRED

This story takes you back to her family and girlhood, as no writer has done before, and you can see Greta as the Swedes understand her.

By Rakel Erikson

Greta Lovisa Gustafsson was born September 18, 1905. Her birthplace was no picturesque country cottage, steeped in old-world charm, but a drab five-story apartment house—Blekingegatan 32—in the southern section of Stockholm, which is *not* the fashionable section. She was the youngest of three children, and her parents were of the honest, hard-working type.

Greta's childhood differed very little from that of thousands of other little girls in modest city homes either in Sweden or America. No dramatic incidents color her earliest years; no unusual circumstances foretold that her life was to be in any respect extraordinary. There was just this difference: Greta's own personality.

She herself has said "I never did like to be among people. Even when I was a child I preferred being by myself."

Her mother recalls how the child would sit by the hour, quietly looking out of the window, content just to be left alone.

A young man, who was a classmate of Greta's during her very earliest days, remembers that she took no part in the lively games the other children used to play.

"Why are you always so tired, Greta?" he would ask, little knowing that a few years later his very question would be on the lips of a thousand fans.

When Greta was fourteen, her father died; her father, who, she has said, was "so handsome that every one who met him in the street turned to stare after him."

It was after his death that she was forced to leave school and find work.



Greta was always easily tired, and, like most Scandinavians, liked solitude. She is no mystery in her own country, least of all to Mona Martenson, her chum.

Her first position as hat stock girl in the large Stockholm department store of Paul U. Bergström, led to a piece of luck. One day she was asked to model some hats for the advertising department. The various styles looked so attractive on her that it was decided to photograph her in them for the store's catalogue.

**Greta was born in the center apartment house, Blekingegatan 32—which is *not* a fashionable section.**

Thus it happens that in the firm's "Spring and Summer Catalogue for 1921," no less a personage than Greta Garbo herself looks at the reader from under what was then the height of fashion.

Later, when the same department store made a short film for advertising purposes, Greta was called upon again. She did very well, and possibly it was with this bit of experience that her ambition to become an actress had its real beginning. For from that time on, her life became marked with a singleness of purpose that recognized no obstacles.

But while her career was shaping itself along lines that have since become familiar to the whole movie-going world, Greta Garbo's personality retained much the same characteristics she had shown as a child.

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# VIRTUE Is Their BEST BET



Young men have always rushed Anita Page, even with papa chaperoning. They know there'll be no entanglements.

**M**UCH has been written, more has been said, about the price of a "good time." For centuries the female of the species has been cautioned against becoming a party girl, the general idea being that the damsel who had the most dates and dances, who had the largest number of swains languishing on her doorstep, had never thoroughly learned her three R's—Reserve, Restraint, and Refusal.

From time immemorial the word "siren" has been synonymous with "sin." And though "sin" is a horrid word, the fact is irrefutable that ladies of purity and discretion have lived—and died—in obscurity and oblivion,

while their sisters of easier virtue have achieved fame, fortune, immortality, and in recent years, remunerative stage contracts. For substantiation, just consult any page of history.

Helen of Troy is remembered for her beauty, not her chastity. Cleopatra made a name for herself not as a good woman but as an ardent one. DuBarry never achieved fame as a milliner, but the story of her life rings down through the ages because she was the friend of a king.

So it has ever been in the past. The girls that men usually forgot were the girls the world remembers. And it remembers them because they led the most glamorous lives, had the most enjoyment and went the most places.

It remained for Hollywood, that target of more criticism than any city in the world, to prove that virtue can be more than its own reward. Incongruously enough, the city of synthetic sin, where freedom and personal liberty are the great common credos, offers hourly proof that an ounce of convention is worth a pound of lure.

In Hollywood, the wages of sin are heartbreak and loneliness, while goodness pays the high dividends of dates, dances, and devoted attention from the most eligible young men in town.

If you don't believe me, just look over the names of the most popular belles of movieland.

First on any such list, of course, is Mary Brian, Hollywood's perennial sweetheart. Other girls may come and others may go, but Mary continues to go on and out every night with the nicest and most attractive lads in the cinema colony.

For longer than any other girl has held the jeweled scepter, Mary has reigned as queen of Hollywood's maidens. Not only has she had more than her share of beaux, but hers is the one name sure to be found on the guest list of every right-thinking Hollywood hostess.

That, in itself, is an achievement. It means that Mary is the one girl whose presence will not be resented by any man, woman, or child living



Loretta Young and her sisters attract men in droves, for in numbers our heroes feel secure

Photo by Lippmann from gossip.



## By Laura Benham

**To be branded "old-fashioned" spells popularity in Hollywood where men with an eye on their careers flee from wild dates and scheming females.**

in Hollywood. And Hollywood is not a city without its feuds, as you may have heard.

It's true that on several occasions other girls have threatened Mary's social supremacy. For a week or even a month, some other girl has been known to receive a better rush than Mary. But eventually the new popularity wanes, or the girl marries or departs from Hollywood.

And Mary continues never to miss a trick, or a party, or a prize fight. And Mary is certainly *not* a "good-time" girl. Definitely she is the sheltered, protected type.

She lives at home with her mother and older brother. She doesn't drink and only occasionally does she indulge in a cigarette, and then never in public. She isn't athletic and doesn't even drive her car. If she works late at the studio, her mother or brother accompanies her chauffeur when he calls for her unless one of her numerous young men is waiting to see her safely home.

Yet Mary, the direct antithesis of all the newfangled freedom that men are supposed to find so attractive, is the most popular girl in Hollywood!

Second in popularity and ready to step right up on the throne if ever Mary abdicates, is Dorothy Jordan, another old-fashioned girl.

There is nothing of the aggressive, too-sure-of-herself attitude about Dorothy. One of the best indications of her character is the fact that when she first arrived in Hollywood alone, she lived in a girls' club. Later, after the death of her father, her mother and sister moved to the Coast and to-day their home life is like that of most family groups all over the world.

Dorothy Jordan's conventional home life pays high dividends in the devoted attention she gets.



Photo by Hurrell

**Mary Brian's life is the opposite of all the newfangled freedom, yet she is the most popular girl in the film colony. Mary can be taken out with safety.**

Photo by Bachrach



Mrs. Jordan, a youthful, comely Southern matron, runs the household and greets Dorothy's admirers when they arrive. Thus, in those few moments while Dorothy is putting a final pat of powder on her nose, her mother is able to look over and analyze the young men with whom she is intrusting her daughter.

And if you think the boys resent it, just watch the line that forms on the right to wait for one of Dorothy's free evenings.

Another nice girl who had her day of glory, though now married and retired from active competition, is June Collyer. One of the most beautiful girls ever to come to Hollywood, June was eagerly sought not only by the young men about Hollywood, but by the foreign notables who visited Hollywood. In fact, Prince George of England was known to slip away from his ship when it was anchored at San Pedro in order to drive into Hollywood to dance with June.

Of course, social life was an old story to June, reared as she was in a conventional, well-to-do New York circle. For that reason, it was only natural that though she

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# Off with the OLD LOVE

Let a fellow admirer of Joan Crawford tell you how he finds her after the smash-up of her great romance.

By Ben  
Maddox



Joan has undergone another dramatic change of personality and viewpoint, says Mr. Maddox. She has abandoned affectation and, most of all, she wants to work hard and amount to something. She's r'aring to live!

Franchot Tone is Miss Crawford's dancing partner at the Coconut Grove these witching spring nights.

**W**HAT is the *new* Joan Crawford like and where is she headed?

Do I hear you murmur? I suppose you're muttering, "Don't try to tell me there is another new Crawford."

It's beginning to seem a good gag gone too far, I know. Yet to-day finds her neither maid, wife, nor divorcee, and undergoing one more of those amazing changes in personality which we now recognize as characteristic of her.

The excitement of her split with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., over, Joan has thrown off her unhappiness and moodiness of the past year with the same completeness with which she abandoned the dancing-daughter phase of the pre-Fairbanks era.



As to her present relations with Doug:

Just friends, lovers no more.  
Just friends, but not like before.

Are our popular song writers the wisest of modern philosophers? The fellow responsible for this lyric unwittingly summed up Joan and Doug's case perfectly.

Six months before their marriage in 1929 they went to San Francisco for a house party. It was there that I first met them. So, having been periodically recording their doings and opinions since, I flatter myself at having acquired a pretty accurate insight into their real selves.

The *new* Joan Crawford is an edition you can't afford to miss.

She has regained her health, and with it that remarkable vitality which first distinguished her. She has abandoned affectation. She is the kind-hearted, magnetic person we used to love. But much more than that.

She is a cultured, brilliant woman. She is learning to think before she leaps, a difficult task for an emotional actress. She is not heartbroken about the failure of her marriage. She is more beautiful and more fascinating than ever.

Because she is an extremist, you may have concluded that Joan is insincere. That she couldn't possibly switch back and forth so radically, and mean what she professes. But this is a wrong judgment of this most vivid of all stars.

They are not publicity stunts, these inconsistencies. At heart I am positive she is genuine and honest. Her troubles arise from her extraordinary desire to get the utmost from life, to *live* for the moment. Although she saves her money for the future, she can't put her emotions in a safe-deposit box.

Added to this is that other trait—her prodigious courage. She dares to be true to herself. To demand even of love the best or nothing, and to make a clean sweep when she realizes she has fumbled. Surface changes are necessary follow-ups of inner transitions. She maintains her own self-respect at any cost.

"I think the public is tired of hearing about our separation," she told me when I spent an afternoon with her a few weeks after the upheaval. "Our married life is over, finished. Why rehash it? We are friends and will remain on that basis. And we would appreciate being considered as individuals."

While she was saying this a telegram came for her. She burst into laughter. "The fool!" she exclaimed with more than a touch of wistfulness. A joke had struck Doug as funny and he'd wired it to her.

Heroine of what was surely Hollywood's most glamorous courtship and marriage, and a principal in the colony's most gossiped about separation, Joan has acted the good sport. She hasn't shut herself off from writers as Ann Harding and Janet Gaynor chose to do, but has submitted to inquiries because she believed the fans deserved an explanation.

There is no doubt but that her

love for Doug was the greatest thing that ever happened to her. She did everything she could to make a go of it.

"Had we been older, able to recognize the pitfalls we stumbled into, we might have been able to stay together," she confided, but did not explain the pitfalls.

Being intelligent, they were not hasty. They tried for a whole year, in memory of those first two ecstatic years, to remedy their differences. Unfortunately, they couldn't. Perhaps that gradual falling out of love has been a blessing in disguise. At least it has enabled them to get a perspective and, now that the strain is ended, to be comparatively happy in going their separate ways.

"Most of all I want to work hard, amount to something," Joan declared as we discussed her future. "Oh, I can imagine how damning that will sound. They'll say her ambition has turned her head. But that isn't so." And it isn't, for Joan's friends noted that her marriage came before her career in her thoughts.

However, being out of love, work is her new pleasure.

"No," she answered in response to my question as to whether she chooses her film stories, "if I could I wouldn't pick so many poor ones." She is the only big star who is actively dissatisfied with herself.

If you presume for a second she is blasé about her acting, stop it immediately. She is so excited the first day of a new picture that she doesn't eat. Experience has taught her that nervousness will cause her to lose her lunch. She is proud of her record for being on the set promptly. And she pesters her directors with pleas for retakes so she can do a scene better.

The greater the star, the wilder the rumors.

"Don't be too alarmed if you read in the catty columnists' reports that I'm going out a great deal. It sounds as though I were turning very gay indeed. I have been dancing a lot lately, because I'd almost become a recluse. I love to dance.

"Another reason I've been having a little fun now is that I've been between jobs. I've turned down the last three scripts the studio has sent me. I can't really refuse, but I can agitate for a decent story."

Have you heard that she's fond of Franchot Tone? She is. They've been going places for months. He is a talented Broadway actor who comes to Hollywood direct from a theater group in which he played all sorts of interesting parts. Joan is anxious to do a play.

"Withstanding the barrage of gossip that goes on about me is a problem, but I've finally learned to disregard it," she explained. "The most fantastic tales from little titbits grow! I can't decide whether it's flattery or spite."

Those rumors of Joan's attempting to upstage Garbo were all manufactured. There were no harsh words between the two stars during the filming of "Grand Hotel" and Greta got the breaks on the working hours. Joan was instructed to take the night shift because Garbo won't work except from nine to five in the daytime.

In spite of her success, Joan gets a kick out of things just as you and I would.

"Owning a swanky town car was the height of my material

Continued on page 64

"We would appreciate being considered as individuals," says Joan as she cries *finis* to her marriage with Doug.







# They Say

**Birthdays and anniversaries are not popular, fashion shows are a menace, we want a romantic hero.**

Marion Davies was about to film "Cecilia of the Pink Roses" after a brief career on the stage. Constance Bennett was quarreling with her parents over whether a girl home from boarding school should be allowed to go to tea at the Ritz unchaperoned and Gaynor, Garbo, Dietrich, Harlow, and Hepburn were children.

About 1920 the average age of ranking film belles was from seventeen to twenty-six. Now the youngest of the chief favorites is about twenty-five and many are in their late thirties. Not only has the average age moved up quite a bit, but many of the most glowing successes are scored by such women as Mary Boland, Alison Skipworth, and Louise Closser Hale who long ago bade farewell to middle age.

However, youngsters who fill the suburban theaters at matinée time demand youth. Their favorite actress at the moment is Dorothy Jordan. They are clipping pictures of Heather Angel and awaiting her first film with breathless interest.

**Adrienne Ames went back to Hollywood jubilant because a guest at her cocktail party called her a "swell" actress.**

**Louder and Funnier.—**One of New York's biggest department stores has opened a shop where replicas of

gowns worn on the screen are sold. It is presided over by some evil genius who selects models for their gift of mimicry. The shop is a fair success in the matter of making sales, but it is a knock-out as a show. Even Marion Davies and Lupe Velez, whose impersonations of sister artists

are justly famous, would have to bow to the talents of the model who shows the Joan Crawford dresses. Her eyes fairly bulge out, her mouth is a sardonic caricature of a tragic mask, and the shrug of her shoulders is an interpretive dance.

The one who represents Norma Shearer is all sweetness and light and charm in the face, but her figure has a wicked swing. The one who models clothes in the Katharine

**Dorothy Tree has been lured from the stage by Columbia who expects to change her personality.**



**T**HAT universally popular game of guessing people's ages has raised no end of argument the past few weeks. The film industry rounded out the thirty-ninth year of its existence and newspapers paid wordy tributes to veteran players whose popularity has survived the years. Fans aged fifteen or so noted with horror that some of their favorites were well launched on careers when the fans were toddling around the nursery floor.

Now one of the petty annoyances in the life of any one who has a ringside seat at the picture parade and who meets stars as they come and go is that fans are always asking how old So-and-so is instead of "Is it true she beats her aged mother?" or "Does she save old pieces of string?" or "Does she talk about herself all the time or do interviewers quote her that way because they are jealous of her?"

I confess right now that I have no mystic way of determining the age of stars other than looking up the dates when they started acting mature rôles.

Figuring that they were fifteen years old at that time—all players will tell you that they got their big start at that age, and some of them did—one can arrive at an approximate figure.

Marie Dressler has been entertaining the public for thirty-four years, and the old darling comes right out and confides to every one that she is past sixty. Mary Pickford entered pictures in 1909. Billie Burke had been on the stage several years when she became a film star in 1914, and Gloria Swanson worked in comedies before she played leads for Paramount in 1918. Lilyan Tashman was in the "Follies" then and was soon to make her début on the dramatic stage.



# in NEW YORK—

By Karen Hollis

Hepburn manner lopes like a greyhound. Saturday afternoons the shop is mobbed by girls who might otherwise be paying to see the originals strut their stuff.

**Spring Cleaning.**—The annual spring threat of producers to drop all players under contract at more than two thousand dollars a week and replace them by newcomers discovered on Broadway has netted the usual sparse catch.

Ann Harding plans a return to Broadway unless some one relents at the last minute and talks big figures, and Bebe Daniels has sailed for Europe to give Jeanette MacDonald a little competition in British pictures and European concert tours.

Only Columbia has found what they consider promising material, a young actress named Dorothy Tree.

You may have seen her last year in a Paramount picture with Clive Brook called "Husband's Holiday," but don't hold that against her.

She and Paramount did not maintain that first flush of enthusiasm that led to their signing a contract, and after three months of waiting for an interesting rôle she came back to New York and played in "Clear All Wires" on the stage. She played the part of the girl reporter in grand style. Of course, there were a few carping critics who insisted that no newspaper woman who ever lived was as decorative, as intelligent, or as emotional as Miss Tree made her, but all of us who have worked on newspapers thought she represented the type perfectly.

Dorothy Tree had her trunks packed to go to Europe when Columbia made a test of her and offered a contract.

Dorothea Wieck arrived from Germany looking anything but like a film star. She was the schoolmistress in "Maedchen in Uniform."



Their offer did not sound anything like those movie-salary figures she had heard, so she chose the European trip.

The day before she was supposed to sail, a Columbia executive called up and asked what salary she would consider. When she told him, he pretended to be horrified. The next day when he realized that she really meant that she would not take his offer, he gave in to her.



Diana Wynyard hopes to appear on the stage in London before she returns to Hollywood.

By that time she was determined not to let anything interfere with her getting on a steamer, so they compromised. She took a trip to Havana, instead of Europe, and promised to go to Hollywood on her return. Miss Tree is not related to Sir Herbert Beerbohm or Viola. She is the first member of her Brooklyn clan to go on the stage.

**Those Mythical Vacations.**—Helen Hayes's plans for a long and indolent tour of Europe were interrupted shortly after her arrival in Paris when a cable summoned her back to the studio to work in "Night Flight." She took her recall like a good trouser. That is one of the confusing factors about Miss Hayes; she looks young and impulsive, but she is really the most poised shock absorber you would ever hope to meet.

Diana Wynyard sailed off to London with hopes of playing *Charlotte Brontë* in the London stage production

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# RIDING HIGH

Leslie Howard's repeated success has put him in position to demand "Berkeley Square" for his artistic followers.

By Margaret Reid

**T**HERE are rare moments in the theater when illusion is complete, when perfection of dramatic intent is realized and the audience is so wholly at one with the stage that the barrier of footlights vanishes, creating a thrilling unity of audience and actor.

One of these moments occurred when Leslie Howard flung open a casement window and said softly, "Berkeley Square! I always knew it would be like this." That moment was compensation for all the disappointments to which the theatergoer is subject.

Mr. Howard, purveyor of that flash of theater magic, is now the object of competition among lady stars who ardently desire the use of his distinguished profile in their pictures. He has been the object of that competition for almost two years now.

It is deeply gratifying to note that he has pretty well retained his artistic integrity—a pompous term, but the only one available for that subtle thing which John Barrymore, for instance, checked at San Bernardino when he came to prospect the gold-filled hills of Hollywood.

Rated one of the finest actors of the present day, Leslie Howard is still so rated after two years of exposure to the cash blandishments of Hollywood. His performances, on stage or screen, are as he wills them, sans that paraphernalia of personality, the flashing smile, the drawl, or the pretty toss of the head, with which too many of our gentlemen take violent, personal possession of their rôles.

According to Hollywood mandates, he should not be successful on the screen. His acting is of the intellect, directed toward the spectator's mind rather than solar plexus. And no one was more surprised than Mother Hollywood when it was found that movie audiences actually *had* intellects with which to respond to Mr. Howard's subtle performances.

Considering his status in the theater, it is curious to find that he is an actor by accident rather than intent. Even now, when one of his children voices an inclination for the stage, he can't quite understand it.

"I'm like the man in the story, the successful musician who hates music.

"I should like acting to be a hobby rather than a business. Only two or three times in my life have I felt



Photo by Wide World

Leslie was forced into acting to support his wife and little boy, but his daughter Leslie was born after he became famous.

that spark of response, inspiration, whatever you want to call it, in a play."

One time, the major one, was "Berkeley Square," a play in which no producer had particular confidence. Howard fought to obtain possession of it, then fought to have it produced. Its success and its perfection as a vehicle for him made a high spot of the theatrical season three years ago.

Born in London, of business folk, he was destined for a "solid" business career. Parental expectations were undisturbed by the fact that he was a painfully shy, timid, uneasy child, incapable of adaptation to the conventions of life. His diffidence made him miserable in the presence of children and grown-ups alike.

Hypersensitive, imaginative, and bewildered, the first break in his life came when he was taken to

Vienna where he stayed two years and returned with a German accent.

As he grew, a desire to write grew with him. But to write, as every one knew, one had first to work on a newspaper, and to work on a newspaper one had to have "connections." Into that stolid suburban life no newspaper connections were likely to come; and young Leslie, shy of pursuing an unknown trail, put his ambition aside stillborn and dutifully went into business. From which he was almost immediately snatched by the War.

After two or three years of active service, during which time he married, he returned to London with no more idea of what he should do than before. Now that he was married, he felt the need and impulse to contrive a direction for his life to take. Because he must make some money, he turned tractably enough to business. But in line ahead of him were hundreds of demobilized men who, like himself, were eager for work—any kind of work.

For him, unskilled at pushing ahead in the lines of applicants, there appeared to be no work of any kind. One attempt, indistinguishable from the others as far as he was concerned, was with a theatrical agent to whom a friend had introduced him. The agent glanced at him cursorily—a young man still in uniform—and promised to let him know if anything turned up.

Since most of the other offices where he had applied

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THE secret of Leslie Howard's undoubted success lies in his appeal to the intellect rather than the solar plexus, says Margaret Reid on the opposite page, who then proceeds to tell little-known facts about the British actor.





Photo by George Hurrell

THOUGH her critics may croak against Lilyan Tashman's parade of fine feathers and her pronouncements on the subject of styles, they must admit that la Tash turns a neat trick when posing for the photographers. What other star can match these distinctive pictures?





# WHITE WAY

another musical film that romanticizes predatory  
to have noble principles.



Photo by Max Mun Autrey

"I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY"  
is the title of Elissa Landi's new  
picture, but we see no reason  
for limiting our admiration of  
her to one day in the week. The  
beauty and intelligence of the  
lady Elissa inspires nothing less  
than seven-day devotion.





AT the top of the page you see the merry quartet of gold diggers. They are Aline MacMahon, Ginger Rogers, Joan Blondell, and Ruby Keeler as they sight a victim in the offing. Directly above is Miss Keeler and, left, Jayne Shaduck displays a chorine's perfect figure. That's the incomparable Blondell beyond her.



# WHITE WAY

another musical film that romanticizes predatory  
to have noble principles.



GUY KIBBEE and Aline  
MacMahon are the  
comic pair at the very  
top, as Miss MacMahon  
practices her worn  
siles. Directly above  
Joan Blondell is hospi-  
table to Warren William.  
On the right we have  
the juvenile duo, Ruby  
Keeler and Dick Powell  
while Pat Wing po  
provocatively in the  
outer panel.







LEE TRACY can be staccato and persuasive  
time, as you must have discovered in all his f  
has the most eloquent and constantly moving  
man on the screen, without ever seeming to  
necessary gesture. His next, "Accidents

nce Sinclair Bull





Photo by George Hurrell

EVERY cloud has a silver lining, say the sages, and you know what they say about an ill wind. Thus Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., sad because of the lost lady of his marital romance, should find consolation in playing opposite the matchless Katharine Hepburn, in "Morning Glory."



HENRY GARAT is the French actor who was first seen in "Congress Dances" last year, and Miss Gaynor recently was voted the favorite of the Girl Scouts, 151,000 strong. Here they are in two glimpses of the Cinderella story.



# JANET SINGS AGAIN

Miss Gaynor celebrates the arrival of Henry Garat as her costar in "Adorable" by lifting her voice in the songs of a musical romance.





# Tropic Nights

"The Woman I Stole" is the screen's version of Hergesheimer's novel "Tampico," a torrid tale of Central American oil fields. Jack Holt and Fay Wray play the leads, the latter in the most unsympathetic rôle she has ever had.



MR. HOLT comes to Tampico with the intention of taking away with him Miss Wray, who is the wife of his overseer, but events so shape themselves that both men reject her and leave her to her fate. Mr. Holt and Donald Cook are seen with Raquel Torres, left.



MISS O'SULLIVAN shows the British influence of her upbringing by favoring sports clothes and simple hats rather than the over-elaborate furbelows beloved of Hollywood ingénues.



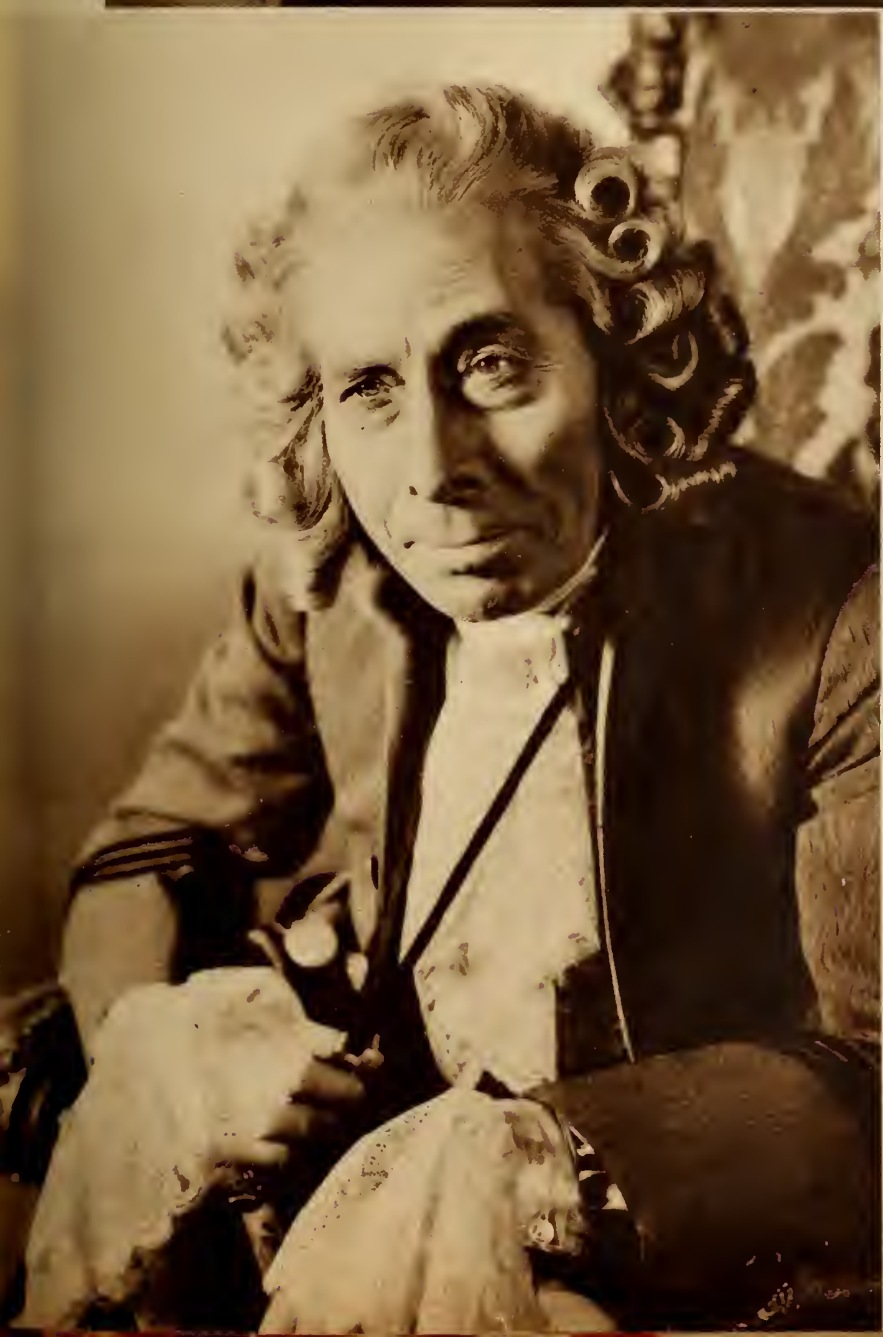
Photos by Clarence Sinclair Bull



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, romantically inclined toward James Dunn, who is just Irish enough to delight her, blossoms out in new hats and gowns.







# Vive La France!

George Arliss offers these striking studies of himself as the philosopher and patriot, *Voltaire*, who triumphs over *King Louis XV* of France in the picture called "*Voltaire*."

IN his farewell film for Warners, Mr. Arliss finds what is perhaps the most congenial of all his rôles. Aided by a rich and colorful production and an admirable cast which includes Doris Kenyan as *Madame Pampadaur*, it bids fair to be the best of many goad pictures.





Photo by Freulich

COOL and rather detached, Gloria Stuart nevertheless stands out from any cast because of her pale, sensitive beauty and, perhaps more than anything else, the intelligence of her voice. Yet Hollywood has given her no rôle that requires the least individuality. Perhaps her next, in "Identity Unknown," does







Photo by Ray Jones

IN days gone by the movies gave us Miss Pretty, Miss Sweet, Miss Love, and Miss Caprice, but the screen has advanced with the years and names of players with it. Now it's Miss Angel who adorns this page. Heather Angel is her full name and Fox is her custodian.





CONSTANCE CUMMINGS has come up surprisingly in the last year or so and is about the only actress in Hollywood who can play that most difficult rôle to believe, a society girl.

ON the opposite page you will find an interesting article about Miss Cummings whose red hair, though disguised by the screen, is responsible for her forthrightness and her spirited acting.



# Red-headed Rebel

Constance Cummings has been fighting all her life—but pleasantly—and now that she's at the top of the heap, she thinks her progress quite slow.

EVERYBODY knows by now what a red-headed woman can do. *Plenty!*

By Dickson Morley

This is absolute gospel, even if the columnists have persistently spotted her dancing joyously with various admirers in our best night clubs. A girl can't sit home and listen to the radio every evening, can she? And you know a newspaper can't go to press without its screen gossip and romance hints.

Since Connie's prestige is obviously on the up grade, she is painlessly acquiring the title of Hollywood's most-rumored-engaged actress. She can't help it if she's asked places. She certainly hasn't taken time to encourage the local males.

It rained when I was lucky enough to find her at home. She'd had a date to play tennis, but the gods were with me.

"I actually began rebelling when I was fourteen," she told me after she had admonished her two dripping black Scot-ties to keep out of the downpour.

"My mother had a lovely soprano voice, and a trip to New York from her home in the South encouraged her to develop it. That didn't impress her parents one bit. They insisted that singing in a church choir was all a nice girl could do.

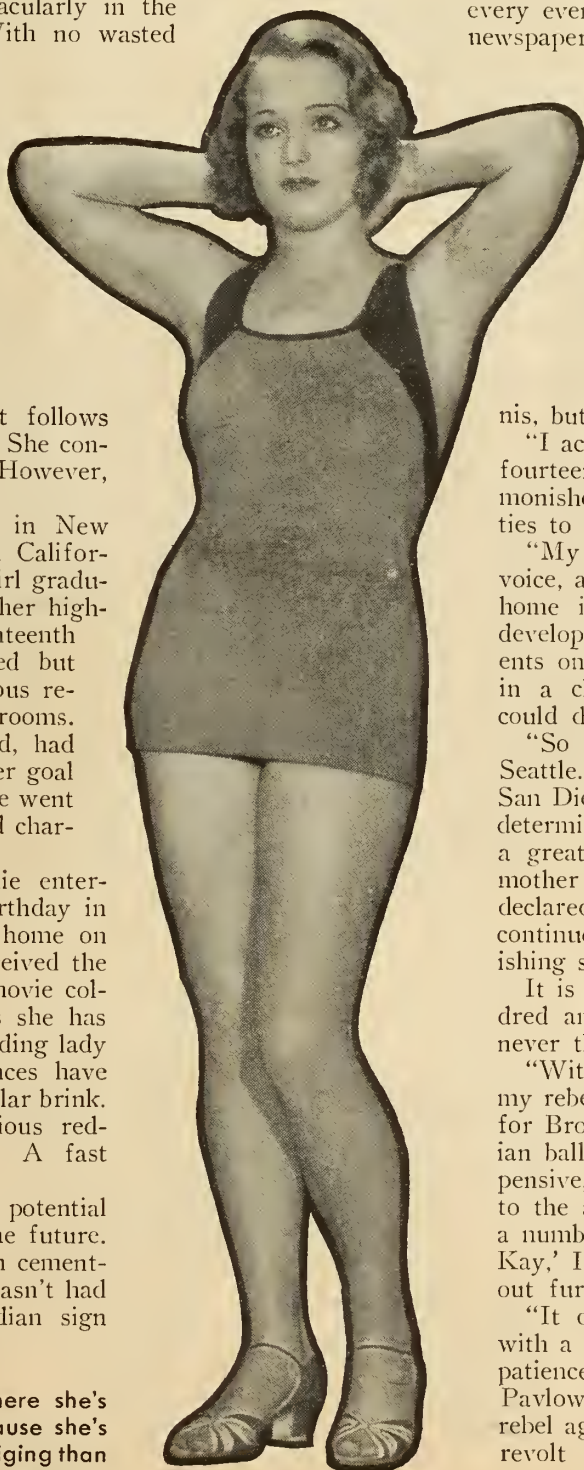
"So she married, and I was born in Seattle. We moved to Coronado, near San Diego. When I was fourteen I was determined to go to New York to become a great dancer. All the family except mother were properly horrified. They declared I was a stage-struck silly, and continued to preach of colleges and finishing schools."

It is strange that, living within a hundred and fifty miles of Hollywood, she never thought of trying the studios.

"With mother's sympathy I stuck to my rebellion, and she and I set out gayly for Broadway. I enrolled under an Italian ballet master. The lessons were expensive, and, when a noted dancer came to the academy to get a dozen girls for a number in a road-show edition of 'Oh Kay,' I decided to go professional without further delay.

"It dawned on me, too," she related with a chuckle, "that it requires years of patience and practice to become another Pavlova." Connie has a tendency to rebel against routine, you see. Her next revolt came with this first show, too.

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The screen has taught us. The talented of this type, when also endowed with looks and vim, can rise spectacularly in the world and get their men. With no wasted effort.

Cold celluloid adds glamour and a few dignified years to young up-and-coming Constance Cummings. It fails to record the important fact that she has Titian tresses. You are bowled over with surprise when you first meet her and glimpse her flaming glory. But the fireman's hue explains a lot.

Being unquestionably clever, pretty, and vigorous, it follows that her ascent has been rapid. She considers her progress quite slow. However, I ask you.

Five years ago she arrived in New York from Coronado, southern California. She was merely a sweet girl graduate, having just been awarded her high-school diploma. Her seventeenth birthday was modestly observed but one month before that momentous release from the tyranny of classrooms.

She was totally inexperienced, had no Broadway introductions. Her goal was to be a stage dancer, and she went East in order to study ballet and character dancing.

In March, mind you, Connie entertained on her twenty-second birthday in her charmingly rustic English home on Hollywood Boulevard. She received the most interesting people in the movie colony, for in the past two years she has been an increasingly popular leading lady in pictures. Recent performances have boosted her right up onto the stellar brink.

Slow rise? Only an ambitious red-headed rebel could say that. A fast worker, I say.

I have discovered that her potential success as a siren still lies in the future. Connie has been so engrossed in cementing her good fortune that she hasn't had an opportunity to put the Indian sign on any men.

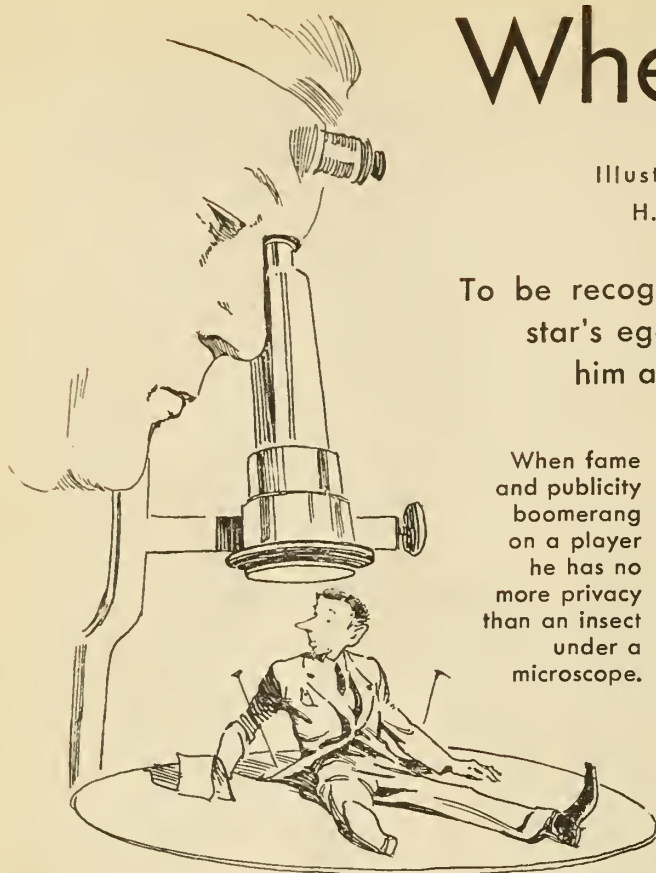
Constance is in London now, where she's taken the studios by storm because she's more sensible, reasonable and obliging than any star that ever came from Hollywood.



# When FANS Are in the

Illustrations by  
H. Giesen

To be recognized and stared at is sweet to the star's ego—until people get "simply crazy" about him and threaten to pick him to pieces for souvenirs.



When fame and publicity boomerang on a player he has no more privacy than an insect under a microscope.

**C**ONTRARY to general belief, the oyster's proverbial freedom from annoyance—only a noisy noise annoys an oyster, you know—is not shared by the stars. They have many troubles peculiar to their position.

Even the adoration of fans may become so distressing that stars begin to regard it as the vulgar curiosity of persons outside a monkey cage.

Marlene Dietrich's life in Hollywood, for example, was happy until a newspaper published her address under a photograph of her residence. From that day on, sight-seers came in hordes, by foot, auto, and bicycle. Some rang the doorbell; some merely stood on the lawn, or parked across the street, or sat on the curb.

The climax was reached one morning with the arrival of a large family party that camped on the lawn. They brought cameras, autograph albums, opera glasses, and lunch. At midday they ate, opening cans of olives, bottles of pickles, tins of sardines. The containers, along with paper napkins, eggshells, potato chips and orange peelings, were strewn all around.

The third generation romped and shouted, the second picked flowers under the living-room window as a pretext

for looking in, and the first slept, smoked, and read newspapers. All waited for the star to appear. They gave it up late in the afternoon and departed. Marlene moved the next week, and has been trying to keep her address a secret.

If public adoration is at once the star's pedestal and cross, the camera is his vehicle to fame and the instrument of his torment. Surely, in some of its forms, it must be an infernal machine in his nightmares.

Handsome male and beautiful lady stars in particular dread all cameras but those at the studios. In these friendly sanctuaries, they are made to look their best, protected alike against their own bad angles and the unkind freaks of photography. Outside the studio walls they are no longer safe from cameras.

Unposed photos have become the rage. The star must be caught at an embarrassing moment, or at a bad angle, or the lens may distort him freakishly. Even the amateur with his dollar camera goes star-stalking, knowing his chances of getting bad pictures are as good as the professional's. It is the bad pictures that are marketable, because they are obviously unposed.

Other unposed photos are obtained by this type of strategy: A star and his wife, recently wed, were on vacation. A professional photographer wheedled them into posing for him. By suddenly throwing a powerful light into their faces, he caught them in a silly pose with closed eyes. The picture appeared later under a caption something like this: "In Mexico—drunk on love or—"

Stars do not enjoy this sort of thing, but they must bow to King Camera. It made them what they are today. Even while they eat, if it is at a place like the Brown Derby, there is a constant, silent barrage from flash lights and camera shutters. A star who was shell-shocked during the World War nearly "cracks" when,

for policy's sake, he must eat in one of these conspicuous places.

The autograph hunter shares the spotlight in a star's nightmares with the camera sniper. He is a highly specialized demon who ranges in age from infancy to senility. Yet he is nimble, resourceful, and persistent. He must be treated politely, and supplied, when possible, with the scrawl he demands.



A group of adoring matrons lost control and started ripping the buttons from Maurice Chevalier's coat.



# a PAIN NECK

By Helen Pade

Autograph hunters picket studios, stars' homes, and favorite eating places. Like photographers, they pop up at tennis and polo matches, at boxing bouts, and on the street. Probably the most persistent and determined were those youths who recently ran Joan Crawford's car to the curb, and would not let her drive on until she had scribbled many autographs, including large ones on sweatshirts!

Part of the stars' business is seeing pictures, but when recognized in theaters, they are subjected to all sorts of annoyances. But autograph hunters and "pat-ters"—people who touch the celebrities with timid little pokes or even hearty grabbing of flesh, to make sure they're real—are not so much resented as the preview front-row hounds.

They are the persons who come early and sit in the row immediately in front of the section roped off for movie folk. As soon as the lights are off and the movie section is occupied, these pests reverse themselves in their seats, kneeling and looking toward the back of the theater. Their stares aren't so bad—but the kneeling position brings their heads and shoulders so high over the backs of the seats that the stars behind them have difficulty in seeing the screen.

Many visitors important enough to penetrate the rigidly guarded studio portals are, for that very reason, particularly unmannerly and annoying. I saw such a crowd heckling Maurice Chevalier recently. They were fat, middle-aged matrons, probably wives of hinterland movie exhibitors.

Cornering him, after a polite introduction, they began pulling buttons off his coat and vest for souvenirs. He backed hastily up the steps into his dressing room and closed the door. His suit was torn, his handkerchief gone, but he was glad to escape. Of course, being a star, he had to appear affable and amused through it all.

Gary Cooper is one of many actors who are particularly sensitive about having an outsider—some one who does not understand studio customs—watch him work. I was sorry for him when a writing

Imagine yourself being the center of attention every time you walked down the street.



Stars are constantly stalked in hope of getting unposed photos, the more embarrassing the situation the better.

woman visited the company filming "A Farewell to Arms." Gary was wearing an improvised rubber shirt under his real one, because he had a cold and had to stand all day in the rain—artificial, but none the less wet and chilly. The visitor wanted to know why he wore the rubber shirt. That worried Gary, who was trying to iron out a hard scene. He thought she must have been poking fun at him for protecting his health.

You can't get temperamental with the press, unless you're some one less important than Aimee Semple MacPherson or a star. Conrad Nagel, at the height of his talkie glory some years ago, tangled with a writer of no great importance. Finding himself facing the solid phalanx of the nation's typewriters and printing presses, he capitulated—but not, I think, in time to escape a serious setback.

Press surveillance of the stars provides many annoyances that are more comical than serious. Just before Johnny Weissmuller's divorce, for instance, he met Tallulah Bankhead on Hollywood Boulevard. They walked together a quarter of a block and parted where the swimmer had his coupé parked. Tallulah's chauffeur picked her up there. They were together about five minutes in all.

Next morning the incident appeared as a romance rumor in the newspapers, and a month later it was featured as "news" in the magazines!

Both press and public combine to embarrass the star in many situations. Accidents such as minor auto smashes,

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# PARIS IS NOT



Photo by Hurrell

This dapper gesture to mannish styles, the "Copycat," was designed for Norma Shearer in New York. Only a few duplicates have been sold.

**H**OLLYWOOD is rapidly becoming the style center of the world." "Paris is jealous." "New York is a quaint sartorial desert midway between Hollywood and Paris." "The country looks to Hollywood for its styles."

You surely have read all this and perhaps more. Let's investigate these statements and see just where Hollywood stands in regard to whimsical Dame Fashion.

"Good gracious, what business has a man writing about fashions?" I can hear the gals exclaiming all the way out to Bad Axe, Michigan. (Bad Axe is my entry in the odd-names contest that the writers are carrying on.)

Lowell Thomas complained the other night that nobody ever asks a man what he thinks of current fads in clothes and beauty, and come to think of it, nobody

really does. Nobody has asked me now, but after all, we men have to *look* at these pancake hats and Flordora sleeves, you know.

They say that when a woman looks another over, she considers but one thing besides searching for a flaw: "Is it the latest style?" A man does not consider, or even know, the styles. But with one glance he can tell if a woman's clothes are nice, if they are becoming to her. Or he might decide that the clothes are somewhat comical, and in that case he carefully notes the details.

The broad grins you see this spring on men's faces may not all be because of beer coming back; they may have just met a girl in a *Letty Lynton* costume with one of those three-way straw saucepans topping her chemical Garbo bob, and wearing artificial eye lashes and finger nails, green eye shadow and a Harlow beauty spot.



# JEALOUS

By James  
Roy Fuller

Don't blame the stars if you don't like this season's styles. Contrary to all you've read, Hollywood is not the fashion center of the world.

And now having established myself as an amused and interested bystander, let's get down to business.

My spies, ladies they were, tell me that Hollywood is in no sense of the word a creator of fashions. But Hollywood through the screen is a good publicity medium, introducing and popularizing styles.

The Fashion Group of New York, including the best designers, sent one of their number to Hollywood with Madame Schiaparelli to see what all the shouting was about out there. The findings were reported in a speech before a gathering of the principal designers in New York. Two Hollywood designers were given the O. K. rating for their work in following the fashions that originate in Paris—no credit for creative work at all, except a variation here and there. And I might add, altogether on my own, grand exaggerations of current fashions.

Remember the story about the costumes Chanel designed for the leading ladies of a film? As soon as Madame Gabrielle left town they took the gowns out to be done over with the Hollywood touch. They were too simple. Again, when Victorian mutton-leg sleeves were creeping into fashion again, you recall what a masterly job Adrian did for Joan Crawford in "Letty Lynton"? Regular balloons, though Adrian is recognized as a real designer.

And here's where the service to fashion comes in. In those sleeves Adrian took up the Paris trend and exaggerated it. And "Letty Lynton" made the whole country mutton-leg conscious quicker and more emphatically than could have been done through any other medium.

Don't think that Eastern designers sneer at the screen and our movie darlings. They love them. But they do not look to them for styles. The stars do their bit in a grand way by publicizing the new fashions.

Do the stars get their clothes in Hollywood? Constance Bennett is reported to have had eighty-five dresses fashioned by Hattie Carnegie. Norma Shearer's tuxedolike outfit on the

opposite page was designed by the same couturière. She wore the original model at the cocktail party she threw the press before sailing to Europe.

The crowd was in the mixing room of the Thalberg-Shearer suite at the Waldorf, and it was getting a bit smoky. Mr. Thalberg, looking pale and tired from his recent illness, was buttonholed by a man who pestered him with all sorts of serious questions about production outlooks and so on. Other guests were attending to the business in hand, eating sandwiches, taking a few nips, and having a good time. Miss Shearer came over to the side of the room where I was sitting trying to negotiate one of the huge rye-bread sandwiches and a cocktail at the same time.

She thought the window should be up a little. "Will it give you pneumonia sitting here?" she asked.

"If it does, you'll never get a Picture Play cover again," I warned her. "I'll pull strings."

At this critical point in her career, she perched on the arm of a chair. I murmured that I liked her tricky costume, and, although I felt that I should get the idea, I couldn't make it out.

"Oh, it's a tuxedo model," she explained, laughing, famous dimple and all.

That was it—the white front, white lapels, the black bow tie. Outside of this touch, however, it was all dress.

Again my secret agents come forth with the information that Norma's tuxedo model is called the "Copycat." It's a gesture to the mannish fad now affected by Marlene Dietrich and others in Hollywood. Copies of the "Copycat" were displayed by some of the swankier shops merely to throw into contrast their ultra-feminine garments, with no idea of actually pushing the Shearer gown.

But all through this aside I have left Miss Shearer dangling from the arm of her chair. Asked what she thought of Miss Dietrich's sartorial carryings-on, Norma tactfully believed it merely a publicity gag.

If puff sleeves are the vogue, let's give the fans plenty for their money, say the studios, so this costume was made for Marlene Dietrich, in "The Song of Songs."







Adrienne Ames illustrates the contribution of Hollywood to fashion. The trends are merely tricked up and exaggerated. Really smart women shun "actressy" clothes.

"As for me, style, publicity or whatever it is, I wouldn't go to all the trouble of getting men's clothes fitted for myself. It's a problem to fit trousers to a woman's figure, you know."

I mentally recalled the knickers fad that sent all the ladies out hiking and picnicking ten years ago, and heartily agreed.

Recently I read a letter in "What the Fans Think" asking what Marlene Dietrich means, anyhow, making it the style for women to wear men's clothes.

Marlene and all the movie gals together could not make it the fashion for women to wear men's clothes. I do not mean the floppy duck trousers women wear at the beach, but real business suits and evening garb. Dietrich's stunt, being merely a publicity gag, does not come within the range of this pompous discussion of fashions, but the doubting fan might be reminded again that screen players follow Dame Fashion, just as home and office girls do, rather than *create* style. A few jumps ahead, yes, for they must show you on the screen what's the very newest.

Some of the stores in New York advertised trousered suits for women, and put them in their window displays, but I understand this was merely to attract attention and to throw the girly-girly things into gay contrast. And at that they were more like lounging pajamas than men's trousers. So, little girl, you can go out and buy the fluffiest dress you can find and still be in the swim. The styles are running, you know, in two directions, to manish things like Norma Shearer's "Copycat" and the ultra-feminine. Marlene's pantaloons do not excite the slightest ripple in general fashions.

A few days after Norma's cocktail party I had the pleasure of meeting Bette Davis. Here was the living example, all pink and blond and beaming, of the smartly

dressed feminine girl, spring 1933, with the Hollywood touch added to the light coat with puffy sleeves, narrow waist, red woolly lapels with white stripes, and woolen gloves of the same stuff. The belle of 1860 out for a sleigh ride, though don't misunderstand me. Bette looked as cute as a speckled pup, and almost as becomingly helpless when she was trying to manage a cigarette with her fingers all wrapped in heavy wool.

I have often talked with a keen observer of film folk about the wide gap between the clothes of the New York "Four Hundred," for instance, and those of most of the players. Almost every woman who makes the society and rotogravure pages is seen in clothes whose lines are so simple and unadorned that we are sure all good Hollywoodians must gasp at the lack of style and dash. Lilyan Tashman must look down upon the Eastern ladies as a duchess would look at a poky old beetle. No life, no class.

Since beginning this article things have been popping along the Hollywood fashion front. Kay Francis announced in an interview that she is not interested in being labeled the best-dressed woman in Hollywood, that she yields that championship to any one who thinks it important. Then shortly afterward a convention of fashion experts in New York declared that Miss Francis was not only the best-dressed girl in Hollywood, but the best-dressed woman in America.

At the same time, Hedda Hopper informed the Coast that in her opinion the best-dressed women in the movie colony were Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, and Kay Francis. She added, "Both Marlene Dietrich and Lilyan Tashman have chosen bizarre styles to attract attention to themselves. I think Lilyan is one of the most amusing people I know, but I believe she dresses in too flamboyant a manner."

Then Miss Tashman, being fresh from the defense of her wardrobe in her article in *Picture Play*, jumped into the ring again. "Apparently Hedda doesn't think my new coiffure too flamboyant to copy. And when I got back from Europe she was the first one out to look at my new clothes." The best-dressed women, says Miss Tashman, are Corinne Griffith, Joan Crawford, and Gloria Swanson. "And what has Hedda done to set herself up as a style authority? And particularly of young women's clothes?"

And now round two, as recorded by the *Hollywood Reporter*: Miss Tashman and Miss Hopper were invited to judge an Easter fashion show at Caliente. Miss Tashman was still smarting from being left out of Miss Hopper's list of best dressers, and wired the Casino, "Sorry, but am giving cocktail party Sunday. Miss Hopper qualified to judge anything passé."

Hedda promptly wired this message: "Resign in favor of Miss Tashman who will fit the glamour and flamboyancy of your Casino to a dot."

Meanwhile one of the leading women's magazines is featuring copies of Katharine Hepburn's and Helen Chandler's gowns, designed by Howard Greer. And Hollywood is still copying Paris, and you are copying Hollywood, and husbands are still grumbling when you do achieve that Hollywood touch.

Elizabeth Hawes, who designs Katharine Hepburn's offscreen clothes, says Hollywood has contributed nothing but feathers to style, and quotes a Coast designer as saying that the stars pass up anything really new. "It is devastating to have to deal with people who won't accept a style until they have seen it other places," he complains.

Now this story has no moral, this article has no ending, unless it is that if you don't like the styles this season, don't blame the poor stars, for they didn't invent them. Just remember that Hollywood will exaggerate current fashions to such an extent that they will pass out all the more quickly.



# KAY MEAN TASHMAN?

But we are concerned with Kay Francis, one of the most delightful grown-ups of the 1933 group.

As becomes a self-assured heroine, Kay Francis has had no fight to stardom, suffered no extradition, known no knocks. Her picture career has been studded with leading rôles, and, more important, good acting parts. She has been obliged to endure no particularly dismal pictures. After a string of Paramount successes, she joined Warners, there to continue turning out smart, bright, adult pictures almost without exception.

And is Kay Francis as smart as she looks on the screen? She is. Does she wear the latest thing in sweeping velvet frocks, surmounted by a tricky pancake hat perched over one ear? She does. Is she aware of what is going on in the theater, the night clubs, the more amusing joints of Hollywood? She is.

In short, Kay Francis is the worldly, poised woman of charm that her animated portraits would lead you to expect. She handles herself with grace, puts her guests at their ease, and submits to the most intense scrutiny with a complete absence of fuss.

Prior to my arrival, Miss Francis had been quizzed for a bad half hour regarding her love life, her private opinion of Mussolini, and how we could get out of the depression. Yet she looked fresh and amused withal.

She was in New York visiting her husband, Kenneth MacKenna, who was trying out a new play in Philadelphia. They were spending the week-end in the New York apartment of MacKenna's brother, Jo Mielziner, scenic artist and portrait painter. The living room was a spacious oblong, with a fireplace burning real coal—unusual in Manhattan—and two of Mielziner's excellent canvases on the walls.

While a silent but efficient Japanese boy, Hu by name, administered food and drink, Miss Francis talked of lady doctors, Hollywood hysteria, the national banking situation, pretzels versus almonds, and kindred subjects.

In the course of a highly diverting hour, I learned that the lady likes chow dogs better than schnauzers, Sorrento better than the Lido, Lubitsch better than any other director, and New York better than any other destination. She is less enthusiastic about Hollywood premières, business conferences, railroad trips, and retakes. Her conversation is sprightly, and her frankness is enhanced by her crisp phrasing.

"What quarrels I have had with the studio have involved integrity rather than money. There are parts I refuse to play, some stupid pictures I prefer not appearing in. And for

these opinions I intend to fight—bloodlessly, but, I hope, effectively." She smiled disarmingly. "Everything is perfectly ducky at the moment, I assure you. I am as happy as *Punch*, Warners are happy, and there you are—one happy family."

She talks with a husky, throaty intonation that has the magnetic quality of a torch song. She cannot manage "r's" very well, substituting a slurred "w," but this has never hampered her stage or screen diction appreciably.

Three or four years ago I saw "Elmer the Great" open in Chicago. Walter Huston was starred in that George M. Cohan comedy, and the leading feminine rôle was played by Katherine Francis. She was arresting from her first entrance. She had stage presence, personality, and a smooth assurance, despite the fact that this was one of her first appearances.

Directly after "Elmer" breathed his last on Broadway, Kay was headed for pictures, where she has remained ever since.

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Her work going along very nicely, Miss Francis says she's "as happy as *Punch*, Warners are happy, and there you are—one big happy family."



# HOLLYWOOD

By Edwin and Elza Schallert



Photo by Wide World

**Buddy Rogers is back** in Hollywood looking older, yes, but still the eternal boy. You'll be seeing him in "Five Cents a Glass."

**T**HE social interests of Gary Cooper grow more puzzling all the time. Reports that he had ceased escorting the Countess di Frasso don't, for instance, mean a thing. Maybe he won't go on that second lion-hunting trip to Africa with her, but he still squires her around Hollywood. We saw them together at a party given by Jesse L. Lasky very recently.

Then there are those little attentions to foreign stars, his apparent devotion to Wera Engels, to whom he sends gardenias, and Lilian Harvey, who coyly refers to him as the "long, tall, pretty one." Gary and she even permitted themselves to be photographed while studio-strolling together, which is always rather significant.

Maybe Gary's romantic life—if that it be—is a sort of jig-saw puzzle that he has invented for his interested fans and friends to work out. Anyway, he has no rivals in spectacular Beau Brummeling nowadays.

**Gloria Dotes on Michael.**—Gloria Swanson's voice assumes cadences tender and musical whenever she speaks of her husband, Michael Farmer, or introduces him to anybody. Gloria is nothing if not earnest and deeply sentimental about her marriages while they are on, yet this present one seems to have a greater and maturer meaning than any of the others. She intends that *it* shall be permanent. And once again, too, she is casting her lot in Hollywood, which is applying the test supreme to any matrimonial union. But she has a firm belief that this alliance will survive even the assaults of film-colony allurements and gossip. Gloria's optimism is ever charming. It really should be this time, for her griefs in the past have been many.

Farmer evidences a very liberal nature, for he attended a preview of "Zoo in Budapest," made by Rowland V. Lee, a director with whom both he and Gloria had differences over his acting ability, while they were engaged on "Perfect Understanding" abroad. The hatchet appeared quite nicely buried.

**Marie Ready for Battle.**—Despite her sufferings due to ill health, Marie Dressler still maintains her



The merry widow, otherwise Jean Harlow, keeps herself fit for her new picture, "Black Orange Blossoms," opposite Clark Gable.

Bits of  
sprightly news  
and gossip  
not found  
elsewhere.



George Bernard Shaw's rude Charles Chaplin, Marion

fighting spirit. First thing she said when she returned from New York, where she underwent an operation, was that she wished she had been in town to give George Bernard Shaw a piece of her mind. Shaw, as you doubtless have heard, deeply wounded Ann Harding by suggesting that she had probably appeared in a "piratical performance" of his play "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" at the Hedgerow Theater in Pennsylvania. Marie didn't like it a bit because the Irish jokester made Ann cry, and indicated she would have espoused her cause in a minute if she had been on hand.

Wonder if the battle can't be arranged for some time in the future. We'd like a ringside seat for the Shaw-



# HIGH LIGHTS

Dressler contest if it could be staged, but from our observance of Shaw we tremble for Marie. He left even the ironical John Barrymore without a comeback when he refused that star's son an autograph on the ground that he was much too young. And that's no small victory.

Altogether, Shaw in a half-day visit succeeded in making all Hollywood very sore. Curious how the film town, which is so full of kidders, insisted on taking a famous kiddier so seriously.

**Mae West Gabby Soul.**—Shaw might have met his real Waterloo had he encountered Mae West. She is gradually proving that she can outtalk anybody, and as far as being daring goes, and being able to boost her own game, there's nobody who is her equal.

The most extraordinary thing that has been discovered about Mae, though, is that she goes to mass every day. Her good old Irish manager, Timmony, is the cause of this.

Mae also surprised in what she recommended for diet. She advocates the use of pure cream, declaring that it is good for the blood and for the complexion. Hollywood girls say it's all right for Mae but not for them. Yet if you happen to wish for a buxom figure, like the West's, you might try it.

**Are Doug and Joan Hoaxing?**—The separation of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., turned out to be such a cooked-up affair that everybody is wondering whether they will remain permanently estranged. Maybe it's just one of those things like the break-ups from time to time between Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, who always mend their differences and receive a lot of attention while doing it. Doug has been seen with Joan on numerous occasions, and sends her flowers and telegrams. When she isn't with him, it's Franchot Tone who does the escorting.



ness riled Hollywood, but publicity must go on. Here are Davies, Louis B. Mayer, and Clark Gable looking bored.

Our best informants say that Doug and Joan will be reunited with all due ceremony in the way of reconciliation publicity almost any day.

**Stars Get Old-fashioned, Too.**—The bicycling and roller-skating craze has hit Hollywood with a bang, though most of the real devotees are among the younger players. Still, nearly everybody did some cycling at Palm Springs during the past winter, and now the players may be found pedaling their way around Beverly for recreation and also to keep from gaining weight.



Carol Lombard is embraced by a vagrant breeze as she strolls to work on the Paramount lot.



Photo by Acme

Stony broke but radiantly happy, Gloria Swanson returned to Hollywood with the fourth member of her family, Michael Farmer, her husband.

Mildred Lloyd had much to do with the spread of the fad, because she lost 25 pounds partly

through dieting and partly owing to the exercise.

The cycling isn't all fun, however, because Janet Gaynor was one of those who indulged in the sport down on the desert, and came back limping to the studio after a week-end. Janet had a terrible fall which bruised her knee very badly—so badly that she had to have it treated for a week. After all, she consoled herself with the knowledge that only a short time afterward Marlene Dietrich suffered a sprained back by being thrown from a horse, and Miriam Hopkins a sprained ankle by slipping on a polished floor. Bicycle accidents are not so serious, Janet reasoned, and she is still keeping up her interest in the sport.

The roller-skating enthusiast is Arline Judge. We thought it was a press-agent stunt when we saw a photograph of her wheeling a baby carriage while gliding along on skates, but we learn that she actually does get her morning exercise in this

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# SUNDAY SUPPER

Break any date and enjoy Jean's cottage meat-pie. Better still, learn how to make it as well as other famous dishes of stars. The recipes are here for you to try.

By Whitney Williams



Lilyan Tashman is all set to mix a "Lowe Delight," a delicious salad as sophisticated as it is simple.

ARE you one of those mortals who dreads preparation of the Sunday-evening meal, whose mind seldom runs to anything more imaginative than leftovers of Sunday dinner? Who slaps together the first dish that suggests itself, rather than devote an hour to the delectation of your and others' appetites?

You'll be interested, then, in Hollywood, where Sunday-night supper is the informal event of the week. It is the night that people go calling, relaxing around the supper table after the affairs

of the week, the one evening in which worries and troubles are temporarily laid aside for the enjoyment of one's friends.

Restaurants, of course, are patronized, but you will find the majority of the picture great in homes, partaking of some delicious concoction for which the hostess is famous.

Often, with a high-salaried cook in the kitchen, the hostess will don apron and whip up the specialty herself, as does Miriam Hopkins, who beckons all whom she is entertaining around the chafing dish. Her Welsh rarebit is a treat, as both Hollywood and Broadway can attest and will upon the slightest provocation.

The Welsh rarebit, as prepared by Miss Hopkins, is unusually smooth and rich. She prefers making it in a chafing dish, but declares that a double boiler answers the same purpose.

The ingredients include 1½ tablespoons of butter; ½ pound of American cheese, cut into small pieces; salt, mustard, cayenne, paprika, and black pepper; 1-3 cup of beer; one egg, well beaten.

The butter is put in the chafing dish and melted, then the cheese and seasonings are added. As the cheese melts, the beer should be poured in gradually, with constant stirring, then the beaten egg added. When the rarebit assumes a high degree of creaminess, serve on very hot buttered toast.

Lilyan Tashman's *pièce de résistance* for these intimate gatherings is a salad, which she mixes herself. Of course, she has other food, for she realizes that the Sunday-night appetite, while not as ravenous as that of other evenings, must be appeased.

This salad, humorously named the "Lowe Delight," because Edmund Lowe consumes it in such great quantities, is very simply made. She

Claudette Colbert is famous for ham and scrambled eggs alfresco, and from the looks of her preparations the whale cast of "The Sign of the Cross" has been invited.





# WITH HARLOW

rubs a large salad bowl with garlic, puts in the leaves of a good-sized head of crisp lettuce, sprinkles a small amount of dry mustard over the lettuce, and pours over all a dressing composed of oil, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, salt, and fresh-ground pepper. Then, with a large fork and spoon she stirs the salad for several minutes and serves with thinly sliced brown-bread and nut-bread sandwiches. Nothing elaborate, but how delicious!

Kay Francis's favorite Sunday-night dish likewise is tasty but slightly more difficult to prepare. She calls it the "open-face sandwich MacKenna," named for her husband, whose fondness for the delicacy is well known. The recipe follows:

1 can corn niblets	Parsley
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream	4 slices bread,
2 tablespoons	$\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick
shredded green	12 bacon strips
pepper	12 stuffed olives
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	Parmesan cheese
White pepper	Toothpicks

Place corn, cream, green pepper, and seasonings in saucepan. Simmer slowly until liquid is reduced about half. Meantime, prepare buttered toast. Wrap bacon strips around olives, fasten each with toothpick; place in shallow pan and broil until crisp, turning once. Spread hot corn mixture over toast, sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, and garnish each with two or three of the broiled bacon and olive curls and some parsley. Serves four.

Carol Lombard likes Chicken Mousse for Sunday night:

1 cup hot chicken stock	1 tablespoon cold water
3 egg yolks	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold cooked
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	chicken (white meat)
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched almonds
1 tablespoon granulated	1 cup heavy cream
gelatine	Few grains cayenne

Beat egg yolks slightly, add salt and paprika, and pour over, gradually, chicken stock. Cook over hot water until mixture thickens, add gelatine soaked in cold water, and, when dissolved, strain and add to chicken and almonds, finely chopped, pounded, and forced through a sieve. Season highly with salt and cayenne. Put in ice water and stir until mixture thickens, then fold in cream, beaten stiff. Turn into mold and chill.

Sylvia Sidney offers a complicated but delicious dish called Creole eggplant to her guests. Only her intimate friends are invited to these little Sunday suppers, and she plans her menu with care.

Slice the eggplant, something over half an inch thick, and cook, not too long, in a covered dish with a little water. In a saucepan, cook in olive oil the cut-up tops



Jean Harlow's cottage meat-pie is easily prepared but very special, the top made of mashed potato, the filling a mixture of chopped beef and seasoning. Read how she makes it.

and white ends of scallions, with a pinch of dried marjoram, a bay leaf, and a pinch of rosemary. Fry these slowly, adding chopped parsley at the last so that it may be fried but not burned brown and thus made tasteless. To this add tomato paste or a can of tomato soup. Simmer this sauce. Then pour it over the eggplant and cook slowly for ten minutes. A slight browning, almost scorching at the edge, improves this dish. Garnish with a ring of grilled tomatoes.

It sounds intricate, doesn't it, but wait until you taste it!

Norma Shearer regales her friends with chicken livers prepared as follows:

Soak chicken livers in salt water for ten minutes. Remove, and dry with towel. Cut as many pieces of bacon as pieces of chicken livers into small squares. Place in pan, with layer of chicken livers on bottom, layer of bacon squares above, then alternate. Broil under hot flame, turning constantly, until done. Serve with endive and chopped-beet salad and scalloped potatoes.

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BY  
NORBERT  
LUSK

# THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

"Hell Below," a submarine-airplane film, offers Robert Montgomery an unsympathetic rôle which he plays exceedingly well, and Madge Evans is the tortured heroine.

## "Hell Below."

Robert Montgomery, Walter Huston, Robert Young, Jimmy Durante, Eugene Pallette, Edwin Styles, David Newell, Sterling Holloway, Madge Evans.

THE new submarine-airplane film is done on a big scale, but there is in it virtually nothing you have not seen before both undersea and in the clouds.

Asphyxiation by chlorine gas imperils the crew of a submerged craft and the men react to terror in much the same fashion as in other films, notably the admirable "Men Without Women" some years ago. Therefore one's enthusiasm for this depends upon one's appetite for more of the same thing.

Superior acting is a virtue, too. But it doesn't succeed in arousing more than casual interest in the characters and their concerns. This is entirely due to the story and the various conflicts and frustrations described. The players give their best. And the mechanics of airplane and submarine are perfect. As much cannot be said for the behavior of the principals, however.

Robert Montgomery seduces the married daughter of his commanding officer, Walter Huston. He disobeys orders and discharges torpedoes from the submarine. He exhorts Miss Evans to desert her disabled husband and go away with him because, he says, love is more important than duty. When she hesitates he tells her father how willingly she came to him on the night of their first meeting. And to torture Miss Evans further, he says that he took her as easily as he had taken a dozen girls before her. All in all, a credit to the United States navy! But he redeems himself—according to the ethics of the movies—by blowing up enemy fortifications and losing his life in a big, though phony, explosion.

Mr. Montgomery is excellent in this ungrateful rôle which no amount of last-minute desperate heroism can make sympathetic. Miss Evans plays well, too, but I fear her loss of weight is responsible for some sharply unpleasant camera angles that mar a once lovely face. Mr. Huston is grimly convincing as the commander whose sense of duty makes him far more likable and understandable than his young subordinates. Their insults flipped at the uncomely wives of foreign officers at an allies' ball set a new standard in deportment for men in uniform, but it must be all right. It gets laughs and the picture was produced with the sanction of the navy department. Anyhow, Jimmy Durante's bout with a boxing kangaroo is good, clean fun.

## "M."

Peter Lorre, Ellen Widman, Inge Landgut, Fritz Odemar, Paul Kemp, Theo Lincoln, Ernst Stahl-Nachbaur, Georg John, Fritz Gnass.

This is an extraordinary picture, one of the most artistic ever produced and the most honestly dramatic of the month. It surpasses all the horror tales turned out by Hollywood. Yet its appeal is limited, I fear, because it boasts no familiar faces and no conventional pattern. But it is as much a triumph of story-telling as "Mädchen in Uniform," although two pictures could not be more dissimilar except for the intelligence behind them.

The film offers a compassionate study of the criminal whose wholesale murders of children in Dusseldorf, Germany, shocked the world a few years ago. "M" is the symbol for "murderer" and one of the virtues of the picture is that no murder is shown, yet so great is the power of suggestion that the knowing spectator needs



nothing more than he sees to acquaint him with the crime of the maniac.

The fine points of the picture are too numerous to catalogue, the characterizations, acting and direction too superior to be compared with any other recent picture, but something must be said of the powerful drama involved in *The Murderer's* capture.

The organized criminals of the town run him down in order to protect themselves from the increased vigilance of the police. His trial before a "kangaroo court" is one of the most dramatic, terrifying, and pitiful scenes ever filmed—pitiful because in *The Murderer's* plea for his life he tells his judges that they commit crimes because they want to, but he is guilty because he is driven to it. The performance of Peter Lorre in this part is one of the greatest ever seen.

#### "The Barbarian."

Ramon Novarro, Myrna Loy, Reginald Denny, C. Aubrey Smith, Louise Closser Hale, Hedda Hopper, Blanche Friderici, Edward Arnold, Leni Stengel.

Ramon Novarro's fans are so passionately partial to their idol that the poor reviewer is in a difficult spot. Unless he airily snubs all the others in the cast or gives them, if noticed at all, a verbal sock in the jaw for presuming to intrude on the screen when Ramon is present, there is likely to be shouts of conspiracy. But it is the reviewer's job to walk boldly into the arena of roaring fans and cry that Myrna Loy is just as delightful a heroine as could be found for this romantic man of the Nile, Sheik Ramon. She had to be good, for Novarro, in my opinion, is at his best for the first time in many moons.

The story is an amorous little cream puff, the sort that seems always to be whipped up by desert winds, and it is a gay, happy thing. It gives Novarro wide scope for his own brand of entertainment—romance with a little whimsy, a lot of humor, a native costume, and plenty of song. Yes, he



Peter Lorre, in "M," a German film, gives one of the greatest performances ever seen.

really sings a great deal, popping up in the most unexpected places to lure the lady on with song.

I heartily recommend "The Barbarian" as the Novarro picture so many of you have been pining for. Besides, it has been quite a while since you've had the pleasure of following the abduction à la "Sheik" of a pretty girl to the tent of a desert chieftain. He does the honorable thing, though, and begs her to marry him. Myrna then has to go through the terrible indecision that afflicts heroines of all pieces with music, and if you make believe that you haven't the slightest idea how it is to end, you'll enjoy it all the more.

Let me repeat that Ramon is grand in this congenial setting. And it's almost too good to be true to see Miss Loy in a full-size leading rôle. One wonders why this "exotic" lady isn't exploited to the limit. Reginald Denny is satisfactory as the man who intends to stop this flirtation with a native and marry the heroine. Louise Closser Hale grumbles refreshingly.

And speaking of grumbling, I must say that the film drags a bit about halfway through, and I thought the exchange of horsewhippings between hero and heroine had been abandoned in favor of the more popular Gable wallop.

#### "To-day We Live."

Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Louise Closser Hale, Roscoe Karns, Rollo Lloyd, Hilda Vaughn.

Joan Crawford's latest picture will attract fans because of her great popularity, but it will not satisfy either as an entertaining film or a congenial vehicle. There are many reasons for this, not the least being that the star is subordinated to the men supporting her. Another is that it is overly long, lacking but a few minutes of two hours to tell a story that isn't as important as all that. It is a glum narrative, too, and a more cheerless quartet

Ramon Novarro sings charmingly and frequently to Myrna Loy, in "The Barbarian," the picture all their admirers have been waiting for these many moons.



Joan Crawford, though nominally the star, plays second fiddle to three leading men in "To-day We Live," a war film.



Walter Huston gives a splendid performance as a fantastic President of the United States in "Gabriel Over the White House."



of characters would be impossible to find outside Russian drama. Miss Crawford begins in grief and continues tearful with scarcely a break. And the dashing clothes expected of her are missing from this picture of the war, but she and Gilbert Adrian, the designer, take advantage of their restricted opportunities. A tweed suit with a lapel peaked to the point of imperiling Miss Crawford's jugular vein causes at least one spectator to hope that it will not be copied by girls at large, especially in the subway.

While scenes of airplane warfare are spectacular and the motor-boat raids are unusually thrilling, the star is not concerned in these long sequences. When the picture returns to her it is not easy to become interested again in her sorrows. She is a British aristocrat in love with Gary Cooper, an American aviator. Believing him killed in action, she seeks consolation from Robert Young, her childhood sweetheart and her brother's pal. When Mr. Cooper returns the four are miserable over what has occurred, but Mr. Young and Franchot Tone, Miss Crawford's brother, are eliminated that the heroine may enjoy Mr. Cooper without twinges of conscience.

Somehow all this is related cloudily. It isn't clear what the characters are driving at and faulty recording further obscures issues. There are times when it isn't even clear what Miss Crawford is saying, but this is perhaps due to the staccato monosyllables provided for the players in an affected effort to be casual, British, or Heaven knows what. When Mr. Tone introduces Miss Crawford as "Sister. Mine," you wonder what's up. And when she says, "Trouble. Eyes. Blind," you are convinced it is somebody's idea of fine writing. Just as when Mr. Tone goes through the picture with a pipe upside down in his mouth you realize it is a frantic effort to be individual, to characterize. Mr. Tone, an intelligent actor, on second sight shows himself lacking the warmth, color, and magnetism necessary to make him a favorite of fans. He is professorial. Mr. Young is thought to give the better performance. At least he is not afflicted by the dour glumness of the other men.

#### "Gabriel Over the White House."

Walter Huston, Karen Morley, Franchot Tone, Dickie Moore, Jean Parker, David Landau, C. Henry Gordon, Arthur Byron.

We who continually carp at stereotyped plots and characters and plead for freshness in our film stories certainly get our wish here. And are we brightly grateful? We are not; we are bored.

This is an ambitious picture and a well-intentioned one, but it is marred by excess and a childish viewpoint. Every problem of the nation to-day is triumphantly solved by the simple expedient of "yishing" troubles away. *President Judson Hammond* has only to give foreign diplomats a piece of his mind to have them cringe and hand over war debts. He wipes out the

depression and eradicates crime with the easy force of his personality. He has, you see, acquired supernatural power following an automobile smash-up. The curtains in his sick room flutter and we are told that on the breeze has come the Angel Gabriel who takes possession of his soul and gives a punch to everything he says. It is this punch that is so effectual in collecting foreign debts, in disarmament, dismissing the cabinet, squelching Congress, and placating hunger marchers.

You see, while the material is striking, it has no more bearing on reality than "Alice in Wonderland," although it deals with the world we live in.

Walter Huston gives a good performance as *President Hammond*. In fact, no other actor could suggest a president as well as he does. But the character is silly.

#### "A Bedtime Story."

Maurice Chevalier, Helen Twelvetrees, Edward Everett Horton, Adrienne Ames, Baby Leroy, Gertrude Michael, Earle Foxe, Reginald Mason, Leah Ray.

The vogue of Maurice Chevalier fast ebbing, it is no surprise to find him in a picture that tries hard to provide him with a new rôle, a different background and more humanness. It is as if some one had awakened to the fact that he had grown monotonous as the too-insistent heartbreaker with irresistible power over the opposite sex, when every one knows that even *Don Juan* and *Casanova* had their defeats. The new picture is pleasant atonement for past mistakes of overemphasis, though it will hardly recapture the position that once was Mr. Chevalier's. His limitations are now too apparent, his charm too worn; but wisely he is not asked to carry the story unaided in this picture.

Chief among his cohorts is Baby Leroy, an amazingly effective

infant whose naturalness disarms all suspicion that he is acting, yet so uncannily does he take direction that he seems actually to give a performance. The scenes between the baby, Mr. Chevalier, and Edward Everett Horton as his butler are the best because they are humorous rather than maudlin, as might be expected when a bachelor chooses to give up the bright lights and devote himself to a foundling discovered in the back seat of his car.

That is the gist of the story, with complications supplied by Mr. Chevalier's sweetheart's discovery that he has hired a nurse, Helen Twelvetrees, to look after the baby. Mr. Chevalier sings four songs.

#### "Oliver Twist."

Dickie Moore, Irving Pichel, William Boyd, Doris Lloyd, Barbara Kent, Alec B. Francis, George K. Arthur, Clyde Cook, Sonny Ray, George Nash.

Dickens comes so rarely to the screen nowadays that any film based on a book of his cannot be lightly dismissed, however lacking it may be in what constitutes a good picture. That is why I enjoyed this inferior

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Maurice Chevalier's luck was never more apparent than when he chose Baby Leroy for his teammate in "A Bedtime Story." The infant is adorable.



# NJOMAN AND KETOET

The two Balinese dancers in  
are hot-cha girls

By Edwin Stone

IT was my pleasure recently to  
who have achieved no little fa-  
yet they have remained  
at home all the time, letting  
the cameramen—and inter-  
viewer—find the out-of-  
the-way path to their own  
doors. No doubt you have  
seen "Goon-Goon," the  
Balinese romance featuring  
Njoman Pulog and Ketoet  
Teblong, those dusky maid-  
ens of the East Indies who  
are drawing crowds all over  
the country. With the aid  
of an Armenian who makes  
his home on the island of  
Bali, I arranged to see the  
players.

I had learned that they  
crashed into pictures much  
in the manner of their  
white sisters of the screen  
who first danced before the  
footlights, except in this  
case they were temple danc-  
ers. Not long ago this  
"Last Paradise" was dis-  
covered by stage and screen  
people, and the native danc-  
ers performed for occasional visitors like Douglas Fair-  
banks, Charlie Chaplin, Ruth St. Denis, and Ruth Page.

Tales of the beauty of the island and the natural grace  
of the natives reached producers' ears, and now several  
films have been made there.

The girls live in the village of Klandis, near Den  
Passar, the largest town on the island. I called for  
Njoman and Ketoet at nine o'clock one morning with  
my car and a Chinese interpreter who spoke Malay, the  
native tongue. Thinking the girls might be reticent in  
their own home, I invited them to go to the country  
where the scenes of "Goon-Goon" were photographed.



Though only sixteen years old, Njoman  
and Ketoet have danced for eight years  
in the temple, the highest honor accorded  
a woman in Bali.

they could not  
ried. They may  
never perform in

Their teeth be-  
believe that they  
not filed, that t  
to go to heaven

I am sure yo  
is their custom  
The first meal o  
at seven in the  
the morning bet



win the confidence of his wife on a sea voyage. We have also the tables turned on the husband when the pair fall in love and admit it to his face.



And somehow, due to the twisted ethics of the movies, the husband is made to seem unworthy to touch the hem of his wife's billowy skirt.

Miss Francis is serene and gracious and smartly gowned. It is not her fault that her rôle is shallow. Mr. Jenkins and Miss Farrell deliver their salty wisecracks with amusing conviction and Henry Kolker is imposing as the jealous husband.

#### "Infernal Machine."

Chester Morris, Genevieve Tobin, Victor Jory, Elizabeth Patterson, James Bell, Edward van Sloan, J. Carroll Naish, Mischa Auer, Arthur Hohl.

A decidedly novel plot—for the screen, that is—virtually wasted through undistinguished direction and indecision on the part of the adapters. As often happens, they cannot make up their minds how to treat the material at hand. The resulting compromise takes a fling at comedy, drama, satire and tragedy. From out of this comes a happy ending.

Most of the action takes place aboard ship, its passengers a sort of "Grand Hotel" composite of good and bad. Genevieve Tobin is engaged to a ruthless millionaire played by Victor Jory and is besieged by Chester Morris, an impecunious tourist. Their flirtation comes to a head when the captain receives a wireless notifying him that an infernal machine concealed somewhere in the ship will go off at midnight. This is the hoax of a mad officer who wishes to witness the terror of those he hates.

Whereupon Mr. Morris, ever a joker, pretends that he sent the message and will save the ship if—oh,

ing, Kay Francis, George Brent, Glenda Farrell, Allen Jenkins, Monroe Owsley, Helen Ware, Henry Kolker.

As happens more often than not, the title belies the picture and has little or no meaning. Certainly there isn't anything surreptitious about this little dramalet; all is as clear as the view from the Empire State Building on a fine day. But rather less inspiring.

Embellished with wisecracks by Allen Jenkins and Glenda Farrell, whose rôles are far more interesting than those of the nominal leads, George Brent and Kay Francis, the proceedings are feeble notwithstanding. We have a suspicious husband who hires a gentlemanly detective to



what infamy—Miss Tobin will come to his cabin. Then we see the craven passengers, including her fiancé, imploring her to immolate herself on the sacrificial altar. And Miss Tobin does so as if she thought it just that. However, we are tricked. We are told that she and Mr. Morris played chess! Mr. Morris, incidentally, goes back to his roistering mood of "Cock o' the Air" in this, which is warning enough to those who, like myself, think he is effective only in sinister rôles.

#### "Working Man."

George Arliss, Bette Davis, Hardie Albright, Theodore Newton, Gordon Westcott, J. Farrell MacDonald, Edward van Sloan, Frederick Burton.

George Arliss's popularity leaps higher by reason of his most refreshing picture in months, if not years. His new film cannot fail to please every one, including those who may have grown a little tired of the star's familiar artistry. It has the advantage of cleverly capturing one's interest in other characters besides that played by the star, yet he is not at all subordinated. There is a freshness of attack and a timeliness of characterization that makes the film only a little less than exhilarating. Best of all, the characters progress and grow instead of being merely concerned in a plot.

Mr. Arliss is a wealthy shoe manufacturer who falls in with the children of his competitor. He finds



them and their friends a thoughtless, dissipated lot, at the mercy of an unscrupulous manager who is ruining the business. Whereupon Mr. Arliss, his identity concealed, maneuvers their financial guardians into appointing him the children's personal mentor, a sort of adopted father. They exult in the idea. His apparent ignorance of everything will enable them to carry on more handsomely. Then the old gentleman turns the tables on them, makes them go to work and rehabilitates them as self-respecting young people.

There's much more to it than this

—many more threads and moods and complications—and it's all delightful. Mr. Arliss is at his best and Bette Davis plays with great skill and charm the impudent, wayward heroine whose fundamental fineness is never quite obscured. Theodore Newton, a newcomer, does well as her brother and Hardie Albright has a splendid opportunity to please his admirers.

#### "Pleasure Cruise."

Genevieve Tobin, Roland Young, Ralph Forbes, Una O'Connor, Herbert Mundin, Minna Gombell, Arthur Hoyt, Theodor von Eltz, Robert Greig.

A pleasant, ingratiating and at times sharp-edged little comedy this, with the advantages of an exceptionally adroit cast and a modern story. Though lacking brilliance, it is uniformly diverting and is put forth with a consistently light touch. Worth while, if you are in the mood for a liqueur after dinner.

A young married couple get on each other's nerves when the husband



stays at home to write his novel and keep house while his wife works to keep things going. He is suspicious and jealous and she is tired of the arrangement. So she goes on a ten-day cruise for what she calls a marriage holiday and he goes aboard as a barber to watch her. There are complications, of course, some of them humorous, others verging on slapstick, and Roland Young and Genevieve Tobin take advantage of them. Mr. Young giving one of the best variations on his familiar delicate humor, which to me always has the savor of a dry wine.

Una O'Connor's first appearance outside of "Cavalcade" is very interesting. You loved her, of course, as the servant in that picture. Prepare yourself for versatility for here she is a skittish widow hot on the trail of Mr. Young. Another delightful performance is that of Ralph Forbes who follows his comedy in "Christopher Strong" with an equally en-

gaging and skillful portrait. He seems at last to have come into his own and there isn't a superior drawing-room comedian in Hollywood, if you ask me.

#### "Supernatural."

Carol Lombard, Randolph Scott, Vivienne Osborne, Allan Dinehart, H. B. Warner, Beryl Mercer, William Farnum, Willard Robertson.

The producers of "White Zombie" offer another spooky picture and it is a relief to report that it is much, much better, although just as wildly



improbable. But it has handsome backgrounds and is earnestly and effectively acted by a superior cast. You end by believing it—almost—and enjoying the turbulent tale. It certainly is that. *Regardez:*

The criminal instincts of a murderess are transferred to an innocent girl who happens near the body of the bad woman after she has been electrocuted. Whereupon the girl begins where the murderess of three lovers left off! Until she is brought back to normalcy by the ghost of her dead brother. Violent as this is, credit must be given director and players for projecting the idea with smooth persuasiveness and achieving a picture that is really entertaining.

Carol Lombard is uncommonly fine as the nice girl who becomes a seductive fiend. She manages all the moods of the dual character with finesse and vivid dramatics. Allan Dinehart, too, is admirable as the spiritualistic villain, and Vivienne Osborne offers a striking portrayal as the murderess. Beryl Mercer, H. B. Warner, and Randolph Scott add much to a perfect ensemble and all are to be commended for simulating naturalness in an artificial atmosphere.

#### "The World Gone Mad."

Pat O'Brien, Evelyn Brent, Neil Hamilton, Mary Brian, Louis Calhern, J. Carroll Naish, Buster Phelps, Richard Tucker, John St. Polis.

This quickly made picture has the advantage of an excellent cast, lively

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She was always "tired." She wanted to be left alone. That these characteristics should prove so astounding as to earn for her comparison with that all-time king of publicity stunts, Barnum, no one, least of all Greta herself, could have foreseen.

She became easily tired because she has never been particularly robust. For a whole year she suffered seriously from anemia. The mystery is no deeper than that.

The really interesting fact about her chronic fatigue is that it has influenced not only her life, but her acting. Because she *must*, she is continually conserving her energy. Her every gesture is simple but significant. Always she seeks a maximum of effect with a minimum of effort.

As for her desire to be alone, this trait is no rare phenomenon among

## Why Garbo Is Tired

typical Swedes. Like all Northern peoples, Swedes have a tendency toward moodiness, and moodiness requires solitude. Perhaps to understand this moodiness, these spells of brooding melancholia, it is necessary to have known the long black winter of the North, with its relentless cold, its cruel lifelessness, and to have experienced that most enchanting of contrasts—a Northland summer with its midnight sun.

At any rate, Greta Garbo's compatriots seem to have no great difficulty in believing her sincere when she asks to be left to herself.

She appears in the Stockholm streets, in the theaters, in shops, without the famous goggle disguise.

No mob surrounds her twelve-cylinder American car as it waits for her in front of the indoor tennis courts where a young engineer, who

has known her since childhood, is teaching her the intricacies of the game, and where seventy-year-old "Mr. G.," who is none other than His Majesty the King of Sweden, also plays—whenever he is not astonishing the Riviera with his remarkable agility.

"Oh, well," you say, "perhaps Greta Garbo isn't so popular in Sweden."

Not popular?

She had tea recently in the home of a rather well-known artist. The stubs of a few cigarettes she had smoked were secretly rescued from an ash tray by a young son of the family, who proceeded to auction them off among his schoolmates.

"Guaranteed touched by Garbo's hand! Guaranteed touched by Garbo's lips!"

*And did they sell!*

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lived alone in Hollywood, she should maintain a strict formality about her life.

She had an older woman for a companion and when young men came a-calling, they were always introduced to the chaperon. And June sent her callers home earlier than did any other girl in Hollywood.

To-day, Anita Page is just beginning to enjoy the unchaperoned companionship of the opposite sex. As every one knows, her father and mother have kept Anita out of the social swim, and until recently if a young man wished to see Anita, he also saw Papa and Mamma Pomares, whether he wished or not. For her parents always assisted their fair daughter in entertaining visitors.

However, instead of militating against Anita's popularity, this surveillance seems only to have whetted the interest of Hollywood's eager swains. Since the bars have been lowered, the youths have beaten a well-worn trail to the domicile of the Pomares family.

Though she has been married and divorced, Loretta Young now lives at home with her family, which consists of her mother and stepfather, baby stepsister Georgiana, and beautiful grown sisters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young.

And Loretta and Sally and Polly Ann are just three more examples of how home-loving are the young men of Hollywood. Loving the homes of the nicest girls, I mean.

Every night Loretta's neighbors think a party must be going on in the Young household, so many cars are parked before the door. But it's only the boys who have dropped by

to see three of the most popular girls in town.

Of course, other girls in Hollywood have dates. Even those girls who are not so "nice." But the fact remains that it's the *nicest* girls who have the most fun.

Which brings up the question "Why?"

Not that Mary or Dorothy or Anita or Loretta are not pretty enough and attractive enough to merit all the attention they receive. But in a town glutted with beauty and attractiveness, there's bound to be another reason for finding all the real popularity combined with propriety.

For after all, human nature remains unchangeable throughout the ages, and morals are never a matter of geography. It would certainly be ridiculous to assume that just because a young man lives beneath the waving California palms that he has lost his natural talent for wine, women, and song.

So there's another reason for the current vogue of purity in Hollywood. And that reason is—*Hollywood men are afraid!*

Oh, I know that sounds like heresy. The idea of accusing our stalwart screen heroes of cowardice, even cowardice of the spirit rather than of the flesh, seems like rank treason.

And yet, the young men of Hollywood have had too many disastrous experiences, both personally and vicariously, to take their associations lightly. Too many promising careers have been damaged, too many bank accounts nicked, by girl friends who were chosen neither wisely nor well.

Some few cases have broken into

print. At present, Monroe Owsley is involved in some sort of breach-of-promise action brought by a past sweetheart. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is currently the victim of an unsavory lawsuit. There have been many others.

But for every case of which you hear, there have been a dozen that threatened but were bought off. In most instances, the men were victims of fraud and blackmail. In others they suffered for their indiscretion. But rather than endanger their reputations—and their screen futures—by going to the courts, it has been deemed more prudent to make private settlements, regardless of the young men's innocence or guilt.

And you may be sure that all sorts of rackets are attempted against our screen heroes.

There was one case where the ex-sweetheart of a New York gangster called the hotel apartment of one of the best-known screen juveniles who later became an orchestra leader and appeared in a New York show. She wanted to come up to the apartment, but fortunately the young man's mother was there on a visit and denied her admittance.

The young woman finally tried to say that the mother had invited her to come up at the appointed time, but gave up her attempts when the mother told her simply, "I am his mother and I don't even know you."

On another occasion, a prominent leading man was walking down the street with a friend, when a girl rushed up and said, "If you don't hand over all the money you have with you, I'll scream and accuse you of attacking me."

## Virtue Is Their Best Bet



This young man had the good luck to be with his bodyguard who told her to go ahead and scream. The girl ran away, but had she carried out her threat, a portion of the public would have believed her tale.

So, with the knowledge of the various ways and means employed in attempts to extort money from them, is it any wonder that the Hollywood boys rejoice in the security of going out with girls who may not be exciting—but are perfectly safe?

Not only are various blackmail rackets attempted against the poor defenseless males of cinemaland. There are also those girls who have come to Hollywood to get in pictures, and failing in that, feel that the next best thing would be to marry a successful actor.

Therefore, it behooves a young man who values his bachelor freedom to watch his step and his associations. He may know that an evening spent with one of Hollywood's nice girls

will offer him no unexpected thrills—but it will occasion him no unexpected entanglements or troubles, either.

That's why the gallant Lotharios of Hollywood have learned that discretion is the better part of valor. And though the chaperon or watchful mother may not be welcome in any other city, in Hollywood the boys have learned that not only is three a crowd, but three's a protection.

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manner, while the young Ruggles heir simultaneously goes for his airing. Those filmers have a new idea a minute of something to do. Don't try it with your baby, if you have one. It strikes us as risky.

**Celebrating Lager Festival.**—Beer was welcomed with the usual enthusiasm displayed for anything new in Hollywood. It wasn't legal in the town itself, because of a Los Angeles ordinance which prohibits the sale of any beverage with even a slight alcoholic content outside the downtown limits. But Beverly Hills, Culver City, Santa Monica, and other surrounding places were not so inhibited, and a crowd forgathered at the Beverly Brown Derby on April 6th about midnight to hail the arrival of the brew.

They got their beer at exactly twelve forty-five, which was the time required for the trucks to come out there from the brewery. Meantime, at the one lonely establishment of that character surviving in Los Angeles, Jean Harlow acted as a sort of mistress of ceremonies and tapped the first keg, or gave it her blessing or something. The entourage of press agents and others who witnessed the rites were disappointed, though, in the quantity of beer dispensed. There was only a glassful for each.

Beer parties were quite the rage. Buddy Rogers was host at one, which was in part ballyhoo for "Five Cents a Glass." Other stars entered into the festivities, a very large party being given by M. C. Levee, who handles the business affairs of Joan Crawford, Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and others, who were among his guests. Mary Pickford also attended a party celebrating the arrival of the beverage.

Strangely enough, there are plenty of speakeasies in Hollywood nowadays, and while they always cater to a goodly crowd from the film colony, everybody seemed to enjoy a legal beverage, even one of small alcoholic

content. Beer appears regularly on the luncheon tables of those studios where its sale is permitted.

**Marxes Go into Business.**—It's years since any star or group of stars have burst forth with an announcement of going into production independently. So it's worth at least passing mention to say that the Marx brothers are so embarking, and—would you believe it?—Arthur—none other than Harpo—is president of the company. Groucho is treasurer. He probably talked himself into that job. And it strikes us just about right, too, that the most negative of the quartet—Zeppo—is vice-president.

**A Kittenish Catastrophe.**—Sari Maritza says it's all just nonsense, but she had a day in court defending a case over damage to an apartment she had rented. The landlord listed the wreckage as follows: Two broken beds, two davenports torn, burned or spotted, several table tops chipped and burned, dining chairs broken, rugs and drapery soiled, stained and spotted, silverware bent and missing, and glassware and china broken or missing. Which sounds very much as if the apartment had been used as a setting for a slapstick comedy.

Sari declared most of the damage must have occurred after she moved out of the apartment. Some of it was done by her kitten, she added.

Well, movie actresses are always getting blamed for things they don't do, as well as for things they do do. So take your choice or wait for the judge's decision.

**Luck of a Barrymore.**—Good luck seems to shine on John Barrymore these days. Not only does he go from one good rôle to another, and one good contract to another, but he was recently handed \$40,000 by the government because he was overcharged on his 1929 income tax. Under the terms of a new contract

with RKO, John will receive in straight pay and percentage about \$100,000 a film, and these pictures aren't to interfere with anything that he will do for M.-G.-M., for which he is paid \$3,500 weekly.

**Myrna Shares Ramon's Joys.**—Maybe there is something to rumors of a romance between Myrna Loy and Ramon Novarro. The first person that Ramon cabled about his success as a singer in France was Myrna, and she proudly displayed the message.

The cynics of Hollywood are saying that it is all just to attract attention to the hot love story in which they are seen in "The Barbarian," but very often the cynics are wrong. Devotion between Ramon and Myrna was pretty apparent before Novarro went abroad.

**New Rules for Hubbies.**—A new precedent has been set for Hollywood husbands. Henceforward they shall not become enthusiastic over knocks received in their fair spouses' fan mail.

Janet Gaynor mentioned this as one of the forms of mental cruelty practiced on her by Lydell Peck, and, with other counts, it succeeded in gaining the star her divorce. She also accused him of being jealous and suspicious of her.

**A Germanic Alliance.**—For some reason or other Marlene Dietrich and Dorothea Wieck were expected to fly at each other's throats when they first met in Hollywood. It was thought that they would be terribly jealous of each other, but their first get-together in the studio lunchroom disclosed mutual cordiality.

Miss Wieck is a most engaging personality, and has a radiant smile. She distinguished herself in the East by her refusal to have her legs photographed, and in the West by expressing a passion for ice-cream sodas. Right when beer was the talk of Hollywood, too. [Continued on page 72]



ambition," she confessed. "I ordered one and it arrived when the banks were closed and my salary had been cut in half. Did I feel silly!"

Smartly gowned and riding regally in this ultra car, with a chauffeur stiffly at the wheel, Joan is like a kid with a new toy. The car is black with cream-colored trimmings.

The most important play of the spring, "Dinner at Eight," was having a première in a Los Angeles theater the evening following our talk. But was Joan going? I should say not. She had a date to stay home and study English literature.

No wonder she enjoys evenings at home. Her house is enchanting. A strong adjective, and the only one befitting the exquisite taste she has displayed in furnishing it. Situated on a quiet street, far from city noises, it was hers before marriage and she will continue to reside in it. She has commissioned William Haines to design new hangings for the living

## Off with the Old Love

room and she described how she expects to have a few of the chairs reupholstered. The brass knocker—heads of Joan and Doug kissing—is no longer on the front door.

Marriage to Doug has been the most eventful chapter in Joan's colorful life so far. She will never go back to the hey-hey existence, for what was at the start a veneer of culture has evolved into a reality. The girl who began at the bottom with no advantage has become the personification of the typical American girl who makes good in a big way.

Joan has discovered, via the trial-and-error method, that the nicest things in life are best, that loyal friends are invaluable, and that it is important to be tolerant and sympathetic as well as earnest. She has lost the cynicism she used to have.

She actually has her movie crushes, even as you and I. James Cagney was introduced to her for the first

time recently and Joan was so impressed she couldn't think of a word to say. And she wouldn't meet Ronald Colman for three years, for fear he wouldn't live up to her expectations.

It is too bad that Joan and Doug couldn't put permanency into love's young dream. But

They loved, they laughed, they cried,  
Then suddenly love died.  
The story ends  
And they're just friends.

Joan is fated to climb to greater peaks and to have many men in her life. Meanwhile she's raring to live. Salutations to the Crawford of 1933, the latest edition. May she never become prosaic!

(Editor's Note.—Since this interview was written Joan Crawford has sued Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for divorce, alleging cruelty. Hollywood is confident that she will marry Franchot Tone as soon as the decree becomes final.)

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for work had given the same vague encouragement, he was unmoved. However, a few days later the agent really did let him know—of a chance to join a company touring the country towns of England. Astonished that work should come from this of all quarters, he took it quickly, lest they reconsider their munificent offer of four pounds a week.

At college, he had dabbled in theatricals, more interested in the writing than the acting. Now a member of a professional company, he was not aware of any such thing as destiny fulfilled.

"The four pounds—twenty dollars at normal rate of exchange—was the means and the end of life at that moment. I remember no feeling about the job other than a sympathy for those actors, some of them getting on in years, who had spent their lives doing dull little plays in dull little theaters, with London a dream never to be realized."

Howard père had had definite things to say about acting as a profession for a grown man. His son, observing the thwarted, fruitless lives of the shabby little company he worked with, was inclined to agree with him.

Then where, one is bound to wonder, where and how did he learn to act?

"Oh, the audiences teach one that. They were all that taught me, at any rate. I began to be aware of that wave of understanding or misunderstanding following this gesture or that reading of a line. It seems

like telepathy, but I suppose it is just response to a physical manifestation of something mental. You think thus and so and the audience understands because your thought is expressed in a movement of the hand or an intonation of the voice.

"That is one reason why I must always get back to the stage at intervals. I *know* how to act only when the audience is there and I am aware of the current between us. When I act before a camera, a mechanism, it is only remembering."

After a year or so of touring, marked by wistful applications to London producers whenever he came near the city, he found himself without any work at all. The company had disbanded, nothing else offered. His wife was expecting a baby. And there they were, two young people tossed by the War into mature responsibilities for which they were unequipped. The black period of despair and ill fortune inevitable to most lives was upon them.

One or two insignificant opportunities to join other touring troupes occurred, but with the baby's arrival imminent, Howard could not bring himself to leave his wife. Finally, he got a post as secretary to a producer, grateful to what he considered an indulgent fate for the financial security of his modest salary.

It was after several months of secretaryship that the preparation of a play was halted by the illness of the leading man. In the midst of the pandemonium, an almost inaudible voice was Howard's, mildly asking if

he might be given a chance at the part. Because the producers were desperate, he was allowed to read the rôle. And was hired.

That performance in London which is the one key to more performances in London, established Howard as a "promising young actor." In a not very long time he had materially fulfilled the promise. His name acquired importance, his life took shape as he became seriously interested in the theater. Finally accepting one of the insistent offers to come to America, he was acclaimed as one of New York's, as well as London's, greatest actors. And thence West to the inevitable movies.

His evolution as an actor, one of the important actors of the modern theater, has been unusual, as you see. Nor is there anything usual about him as a *person* who is, during business hours, an actor. His intelligence, which is of a high order, is not exercised in the conventional channels of his profession. Over his thoughtfulness and considerable wisdom is what can only be described as lightness of touch, the final grace of the civilized mind.

When he is talking, his English blue eyes focus somewhere in space outside the window. His face would give an impression of mysticism were it not also humorous. He has wit, of the kind not consciously recognized until remembered.

Since his entry into pictures under the auspices of M.-G.-M. and a six months' contract which brought him some bad pictures, he refuses to sign

## Riding High



a contract anywhere, preferring to select for himself. He is about to begin a picturization of his beloved "Berkeley Square," and immediately thereafter plans to go East for a play with Helen Hayes.

Other plans include at least one picture in Europe with René Clair. He is, besides that, absorbed in photography, in his two charming children and in any opportunity to "live country," in California or outside New York or in his house in Surrey. Not happy in a city, his relaxation lies in swimming, tennis, riding, polo.

But, unlike many actors whose careers were built carefully from childhood, it is not at all likely that he will sacrifice his professional and personal standards to the possibility of a marble swimming pool and an entire Beverly hill.

### They Say in New York—

Continued from page 25

of "Wild Decembers." She had hardly left the studio when they began figuring that eight weeks was the very longest that they could get along without her. It will be no small disappointment to Miss Wynyard if she has to give this part up. Any rôle that Katharine Cornell plans to play on the stage is a prestige builder for other actresses. That's why Gloria Swanson and Norma Shearer would like the film rights to her current play, "Alien Corn." It isn't much of a drama, but the mere fact that Cornell plays it makes it desirable.

Adrienne Ames, who entered pictures about the same time as Miss Wynyard, but who has not had half the opportunity to distinguish herself, came back to New York wondering what people thought of her in pictures. So in the midst of shopping and dinner parties and seeing old friends she gave a tea for the press who have been known to blurt out unpleasant comparisons between the hostess of the moment and other more eminent players.

The poor dears don't mean to be insulting, they think any one should be delighted to be compared with Garbo's little finger.

One young man attempted to make a hit with Miss Ames by telling her that he adored her in pictures because she seemed so unassuming and democratic. Another told her she was a joy to watch, she was so beautiful. A late arrival in search of a drink wandered up on the tag-end of the conversation and ventured to remark that he thought she was a swell actress.

"Darling," she shrieked, "that's what I wanted to hear!" Somewhat

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WEIGHT 120 LBS.

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SKIN

BUST  
35 IN.

WAIST  
26 IN.

HIPS  
36 IN.

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"I had lost weight and my complexion was terrible, but Ironized Yeast soon gave me 8 lbs. and a lovely skin."  
Ida Lenze, Houston, Tex.

#### 10 lbs. in 1 month

"For several years I had no pep or ambition. Was very nervous, tired, worn out, skinny. I've taken Ironized Yeast for one month now and gained 10 lbs., new strength, wonderful complexion."  
Wilma Tesar, Houston, Tex.



in a daze the young man confessed later that he did not recall having seen her at all. But Miss Ames went back to Hollywood greatly encouraged.

**Latest Import.**—Making an abrupt about face from the policy that led them to bring over Marlene Dietrich and Maurice Chevalier, and years ago Pola Negri, Paramount has imported the keenly sensitive Dorothea Wieck. She played the school-mistress in "Maedchen in Uniform."

The ship reporters were a bit nonplused when she refused to pose showing her legs. There was some slip in arrangements and no one from Paramount met her at the ship, but she seemed to think that slight of little importance. George Palmer Putnam, trying to make peace with her, offered to introduce his wife, Amelia Earhart. She did not seem

to care one way or another. She expected to be very busy seeing the sights and writing long letters to her husband in Germany. She does not fit any of the lurid or ingénue types that pictures have concentrated on. She is an artist. Her face is mobile, though plain. She is neither smart nor dashing. Had she made her début in Hollywood she would have been pigeon-holed a character actress.

**Our Ambassadors.**—While Jeanette MacDonald is making a sensational success in concerts and pictures in Europe, Ramon Novarro is winning no small glory as a singer, Tay Garnett is looked on as a model of courage by the Swiss who watch him perilously clinging to an Alp as he films a Universal picture, and Norma Shearer is one of the sights of the beach at Cannes. Grace Poggi, who danced in "The Kid from Spain," is

in Paris and leaves there reluctantly to work in Eddie Cantor's next.

**Distress Signals.**—Every picture company is looking at the moment for an actor. Not just any actor, but one who will make girls' hearts flutter and remind old ladies of moonlight and honeysuckle. The Gary Cooper-James Cagney-Clark Gable era is waning, they figure, and the world is ready for a great romantic hero. But can they find him? No! They're bringing a lot of radio comedians to the screen in the hope of keeping audiences laughing while they look about for a hero in the great tradition. The nearest approach to an idol presented during the past few years is Leslie Howard. Or Johnny Weissmuller. If you can just suggest some one who combines the best features of each, Hollywood will bless you.

Continued from page 51

"Trouble in Paradise" is her favorite film.

She considers Bill Powell her best leading man, although she has played opposite such excellent actors as Herbert Marshall and Ronald Colman.

She turned down a chance to star on Broadway in a play that she felt was doomed to failure. She was right.

She has a slick sense of humor. The floods of publicity about her style sense worry her not at all. If you think her style a trifle *outré* at times, it is when the studio has draped something on her. When you see her at her best, which is very good indeed, she has selected her own wardrobe. Her sense of humor has helped her to wear some amazing creations in the name of Hollywood style.

Lilyan Tashman has made a fetish

## Does Kay Mean Tashman?

of what to wear and how she wears it. She has been called clothes-crazy, and she has denied the charge. Kay Francis has been called her rival as the style authority of the West Coast. But it all is so much *blanc-mange* to Kay.

"I can think of nothing more tremendously unimportant than being the best-dressed woman in pictures, or anywhere else, for that matter. I have absolutely no ambition along that score. Still, there is little danger of my going dowdy. I'd make a terrible frump. I like clothes. Any woman does. And I propose to dress as I have always dressed—carefully, correctly, as smartly as I know how.

"But I shall never make it a ballyhoo. It's silly. It's childish. And it gets you nowhere. I want to be known as an actress, not a clothes-horse. I'm not interested in championships."

In her next picture she will play a woman doctor.

"I hope it will be interesting," she said. "There is always an added pleasure in making an unusual picture, 'One Way Passage,' for instance. That was grand fun. We made the ending twice, once the imaginative way, with glasses tinkling before an empty bar, the other with hazy figures standing there. It was encouraging to hear that most theaters used the better ending, with its 'Outward Bound' quality."

At this juncture, husband MacKenna came home with Dwight Wiman, the producer, and Hu hurried to the pantry for reinforcements.

Kay Francis is one of the lucky stars. She can meet her public face to face any day, serene in the knowledge that her screen personality carries over in the flesh.

Continued from page 61

pace, and good acting. Like many others produced in like manner, it barely misses a higher rating than it deserves because of hurried preparation. At that, it is more entertaining than many films on which average money and care are expended. Don't be misled by the title, though. There's nothing sweeping and all inclusive in this story of crooked finance and organized crime. It tells of the various scoundrels who loot a corporation and murder the district attorney.

The story gets its second wind when Pat O'Brien, as a reporter, follows the trail of corruption through devious paths until it ends at the door

of the corporation's president who happens to be the father of his pal's fiancée. That's enough to give you an idea of the yarn though it doesn't include many threads in what is the most complicated plot of the month.

Mr. O'Brien gives a good performance in his customary brash, brisk mood, and Neil Hamilton is capital as his friend who succeeds the murdered district attorney. It is a pleasure to see Evelyn Brent again in one of her smoothly credible underworld characterizations and it continues to be one of the minor surprises of the movies that Mary Brian, after all these years, is shrill and awkward.

## The Screen in Review

### "Reunion in Vienna."

John Barrymore, Diana Wynyard, Frank Morgan, Henry Travers, May Robson, Una Merkel, Bodil Rosing, Nella Walker, Herbert Evans.

This belongs to "The Guardsman" school of worldly comedy and is a likely follower of that brilliant triumph, but it is neither so piquant nor so amusing. It is boisterous where the other was sparkling and it is a little obscure at first in establishing the characters, their relationships and motives.

But once it gets under way and you know that Diana Wynyard, hap-

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## Sunday Supper with Harlow

Continued from page 55

Claudette Colbert prefers her Sunday-night supper cooked alfresco—outdoors at the beach or on the desert, weather and conditions permitting. She has an outdoor grill and whenever she can round up a few kindred souls, packs pots and pans into the car and hies herself for the great open spaces. Her specialty, which she cooks herself, is scrambled eggs, New York style.

Before leaving home she soaks a thin slice of ham in lukewarm water for thirty minutes, then cuts it in thin Julienne-shaped pieces, until there is one cup. When she reaches the beach, she places in hot pan over grill two tablespoons of finely chopped onion and one and a half tablespoons of butter and the ham and cooks for five minutes. She then adds five mushrooms peeled and cut in slices and cooks five minutes. In another pan she scrambles eggs, with one teaspoon of cream and one-eighth teaspoon of butter added for each egg. The ham mixture is served on the same plate with the scrambled eggs.

Minna Gombell's baked pineapple tomatoes is as palatable a dish as you could desire. It calls for six medium-sized tomatoes, three slices of crisp bacon, one cup crushed pineapple, one-half cup of bread crumbs, grated cheese, and butter.

Scoop out centers of tomatoes; chop bacon and tomato centers together; add the pineapple and buttered bread crumbs; mix all together thoroughly; stuff tomatoes with the mixture; top with buttered bread crumbs and grated cheese, and bake fifteen minutes in moderate oven. It makes six servings.

Jean Harlow's recipe for cottage meat-pie—and how her friends love it!—is slightly more elaborate:

Chop four cupfuls of boiled lean beef very fine and mix with one tea-

spoon of finely chopped parsley, two tablespoons of finely chopped onion, two finely chopped pimentos, two teaspoons of Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, and a dash of nutmeg. Butter an earthenware baking dish, fill with meat mixture and cover with mashed potatoes, seasoned with salt and pepper, rub smooth with a knife dipped in milk and mark with cross lines with a fork. Brush with melted butter and bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

Ruth Chatterton serves creamed oysters and mushrooms, made as follows:

3 tablespoons butter  
5 tablespoons flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon pepper  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped mushrooms  
1 pint oysters

Heat butter, add flour, salt and pepper, and mix until smooth. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook over hot water eight minutes. Stew mushrooms in a little butter until tender. Drain oysters, clean and pick over. Heat in remaining oyster liquor until edges curl. Add to white sauce with mushrooms. Serve in patty shells with small mounds of chopped spinach.

Mary Brian plies her guests with a vegetable and ham soufflé that lingers long in taste. Loretta Young is known for grilled shad roe. Betty Davis dotes on crab meat patties. Janet Gaynor favors a salmon and noodle combination and Fay Wray favors a noodle ring.

It's a night of specialty, culinarily speaking, is Sunday night in Hollywood, and the stars strive to find something different in the way of a supper dish. How well have they succeeded? Try some of these dishes yourself!

## Going, Going, Gone

Continued from page 17

the films, as in all other lines of business. What they are doing now is just paying the piper.

And here for absorption, if you wish, are some salaries other than those already mentioned. One wonders whether they will be higher or lower a year from now: Wallace Beery \$5,000 a week for forty weeks; James Cagney \$2,800, including bonuses; George Raft, \$500; Clark Gable, \$2,500; Joan Crawford, \$4,500; Colleen Moore, \$2,000; Will Rogers, \$125,000 per picture;

Wheeler and Woolsey, \$100,000 per picture split between them; Joan Blondell, \$1,000 a week soon; Greta Garbo, latest figure, \$800,000 for two films; Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, and Harold Lloyd, impossible to estimate on weekly basis, because in various cases they make their own films; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., \$3,000; Ramon Novarro, \$4,000.

Anyway, the roster of big money people is gradually diminishing.

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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTES
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> Max
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTES
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> Max
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEADS
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> Max
Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check eye color and hair <input type="checkbox"/>
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## When Fans Are a Pain in the Neck

Continued from page 45

if a star is involved, cause major traffic blockades. Even a flat tire sometimes does the trick. Then there descends upon the poor victim the merely curious, the gibbers and practical jokers, the news hounds, the photographers, and the autograph and souvenir seekers. For a star to run out of gas on a public highway, in an open car, is a disaster akin to falling off a horse in front of a cattle stampede!

Comedians often suffer a type of persecution peculiar to their kind. Serious-minded and sensitive Joe E. Brown is followed by a wave of laughter down Hollywood Boulevard. A roar of mirth on any Hollywood street corner may indicate that Eddie Cantor has purchased a paper from a newsboy. And when Zasu Pitts was in court divorcing Tom Gallery for desertion, after waiting six years in the hope he would return, a very sad picture of her was published under a caption, "Ah, woe is me." Un-

derneath was another: "Zasu Pitts, who doesn't know why husband left."

Now add to this formidable list of things that annoy stars, the various financial leeches, ranging from mere panhandlers, sponging friends and relatives, grafting retainers, ex-wives, and ex-husbands, to dangerous blackmailers and that dark villain, Uncle Sam, with his income tax. No wonder high-salaried stars go broke.

Probably the final straw, however, is the necessity of being host at all hours of day and night to other screen celebrities and their friends. There is the true story of the famous male star, owner of a twenty-six-room mansion, who appeared late one night at a hotel and asked for a room.

An alert reporter who had been shadowing him discovered the reason. The actor's house had been taken over by "drop in" guests. By the time they had all been tucked away for the night, there was no sleeping place left for their involuntary host.

## Njoman and Ketoet

Continued from page 59

and nine and an hour in the afternoon between two and three. The rest of the day is spent visiting and sleeping with their friends.

In the evening they practice dancing between seven and nine and retire at midnight unless performing in one of the temples, where they dance sometimes as long as from nine in the evening until four in the morning. It usually takes the girls two years to learn one of the intricate temple dances. The music is provided by an orchestra called a gamelon, consisting of about twenty men playing native drums and instruments resembling and sounding like our xylophones.

Njoman and Ketoet are very heavily chaperoned and are never allowed to see boys alone. When they do go out, it must always be in groups. Until recent years Balinese parents chose their daughters' husbands, but now most girls are allowed freedom in their own selection. Njoman and Ketoet would tell me of no male friends. However, they blushed prettily when questioned, so I imagined they had some one in mind who made the heart beat a little faster. They wore several rings on their fingers. I wondered if any of these had the significance of an engagement ring, and Njoman called my attention to the thick cylinders of lontar leaves rolled up in the lobes of her ears.

This signifies that a girl is not married, and when she takes out these rings it means she has found a husband. The flowers in their hair was just another means of attracting the males, and it was surprising to note the boys did the same thing. They also wore long finger nails which, they told me, indicates that no menial work is performed.

Neither wore any make-up whatever, but I learned that when preparing for the dance they paint their eyebrows with a black paste, using a yellow powder for the face and body. Instead of rouge on their lips, they rub the betel nut on them, which produces a crimson stain.

We had by this time reached the temple in the village of Singapadoue, where the outdoor shots for "Goonah-Goonah" were taken. Here in the temple I photographed them looking through Picture Play, the first fan magazine they had ever seen.

They were keenly interested in Picture Play, and Njoman chose pictures of Ralph Bellamy as the handsomest man and Anita Louise the most beautiful girl. I am sure that it was Anita's blond tresses which attracted her attention. Ketoet picked Richard Cromwell as her favorite and Kay Francis as the most appealing woman.

They expressed great surprise at the clothes worn by our stars, and I



am sure that they would have expressed even more surprise if they had learned of the cost of these garments. They thought such clothes would be very uncomfortable, and had no desire to wear them. In fact, it was evident that they were content with their own lives and had no desire to go to Hollywood or "go Hollywood."

They had little to offer in regard to their experiences in the picture,

saying that the director was kind and they simply did as told. They were particularly impressed with André Roosevelt, who directed "Goon-Goon." Njoman said, "He very nice man."

On our way home I concluded that their life consists of a little sleep, a little to eat, a little work, a little flirt, and mostly a little of everything. Thus life goes on easily and smoothly in this "Last Paradise."

## Red-headed Rebel

Continued from page 43

The Shuberts demanded that the girls all sign a year's contract. She alone refused to commit herself for that long.

"They were to open in Chicago and said I couldn't go with the company if I wouldn't sign. But, as it was too late to teach any one else the steps, I made my debut anyway! I quit after the Chicago run and joined a vaudeville dancing troupe. Two weeks of that and I said 'No' again. It was terrible!"

Returning to New York and mother, she found a job in the chorus of "Treasure Girl," a musical which quietly and quickly expired. Then in the chorus of the first "Little Show," which ran a whole year.

"In my spare hours I haunted casting offices, having decided to go in for real acting. One day I heard that George Jessel was planning a new play. I vowed to interview him and get a part. A man was typing in the office when I went in. He turned out to be the playwright.

"I was so entranced at meeting an author I told him all my dramatic ambitions. He said I could walk on during the first act, and he wrote in one line for me to say. It was, 'Have you a match?'

"My next job was a small rôle, that of a chorus girl, in the play 'June Moon.' I also was understudy to the star, Linda Watkins.

"One afternoon—just as in backstage films—Miss Watkins was ill and I played the lead. That was literally my big chance, for a prominent critic happened to attend that matinée, and he wrote a rave about my performance. Samuel Goldwyn, out in Hollywood, was searching for a new face for Ronald Colman's 'Devil To Pay.' My agent sent him the review, and on the strength of it I was given a talkie test in New York."

Connie chose a two-minute speech from Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma" and emoted for all her worth. It won her the movie rôle, and she

and her mother entrained happily for the promised land which they had once so carelessly passed by.

"Mr. Goldwyn told me to dye my hair blond. I refused, and we compromised on a wig. Knowing nothing of camera angles or styles, I accepted advice from every one on how to act, what to wear, and how to talk, until I emerged positively *blah!* Loretta Young replaced me.

"Thanks to Ronald Colman, who felt sorry for me, I stayed to try again. He introduced me to an agent who placed me as the lead in Columbia's 'The Criminal Code.' The feminine rôle was small, and they probably figured that, even if I were bad, I couldn't spoil the plot."

She satisfied, however, and was rewarded with more leads. Other studios have been borrowing her for important parts. At present she is making pictures in England and going social in a big way, all this following a legal joust with Columbia. They forgot to take up her option, then swore they did it verbally. Which Connie denied—and won the case.

Her mother lives with her, and they already feel like old Hollywood citizens. Connie is a gregarious person, and there was a spell when she went out every evening for two months. Intelligent, well informed, athletic, and appreciative of good music, she's grand company.

She is not, strictly speaking, a beauty. But she has applied herself diligently to learning camera effects. In the past year she has parted with fifteen pounds for the sake of a slimmer silhouette, and she has experimented with make-up until she photographs older and more glamorous than she actually is.

Fame has cast its halo upon Constance Cummings early in her exciting life. I fancy that beneath her calmness and red-headedness she is dreaming of a man who will come along and tame her. It will be a battle royal to subdue this one-woman revolution!



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## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 66

pily married to a Viennese psychoanalyst, once was intimate with an archduke and that he is expected at the yearly reunion of exiled aristocrats, you know that something concrete is bound to happen. And it does. *Rudolf*, a madcap, bombastic fellow, tries to win Miss Wynyard away from her husband and, as in "The Guardsman," you are left to decide whether he succeeds or not when the husband leaves them alone together. Just why the jealous husband should go out of the house for the night, even to prove his magnanimity in interceding with the police in *Rudolf's* behalf, is something that makes the piece inferior in my eyes. However, *Rudolf* swaggers out and leaves Miss Wynyard to spend the remainder of her life in unruffled domesticity, it is hoped.

She gives a delightful performance, much gayer and more temperamental than any of her others, and John Barrymore, as the archduke, is in one of his more florid moods, which is to say that—well, I can think of no better description of him than Miss Wynyard's: "You have elephantiasis of the ego." It's *that* kind of a part and does Mr. Barrymore let a chance slip by to prove it?

Frank Morgan is splendidly restrained and sympathetic as the husband and Henry Travers contributes a little masterpiece of character as his chattering, cheerful father. The picture is superbly produced.

## "Humanity."

Ralph Morgan, Boots Mallory, Alexander Kirkland, Irene Ware, Noel Madison, Wade Boteler, Betty Jane Graham, Christian Rub.

Little that is diverting relieves the

dreary commonplaceness of this sordid story of two doctors, father and son, and the clash of their respective ideals. The senior physician has labored in the slums all his professional lifetime, with no thought of bettering himself or acquiring financial independence. His son arrives from Vienna to establish himself and because he is enamored of a society girl and visits night clubs with her, no sympathy is granted him by the picture. His father exhorts him as if he had disgraced the medical fraternity.

Then the junior, eager to put his profession on a paying basis, listens to the persuasions of an old friend who has become well-to-do through association with the underworld. The gang needs a doctor who will attend criminal cases without reporting them



to the police. This is dramatized vaguely and isn't as exciting as it promises. The picture therefore trickles into watery nothingness.

Good-enough performances are given by Ralph Morgan and Alexander Kirkland as father and son, but Boots Mallory and Irene Ware show their inexperience as public speakers.

## "Bondage."

Dorothy Jordan, Alexander Kirkland, Nydia Westman, Rafaela Ottiano, Edward Woods, Merle Tottenham, Dorothy Libaire, Isabel Jewell, Jane Darwell.

As a tract, a preachment, an awful example, this is more interesting than many similar pamphlets, but it is much too heavy and humorless to rate as a superior picture or even a good one. Biological facts being what they are and houses of refuge for unmarried mothers being what they always have been, there seems no reason for the picture. The agonizing experiences of the heroine will hardly cause



her sisters in real life to cease yielding to men, nor will the portrait of an inhuman matron cause her prototypes in actual "homes" to reform.

This, then, is just another story of a nice girl who, about to become a mother, joins others in similar trouble to await the coming of her baby in the dreary refuge where she works

formances, particularly that of Allen Jenkins, the comedian, who here has his lengthiest rôle and makes it stand out in stellar proportions. He is the hard-boiled confederate of the turbaned *Chandra* who assists him in mulcting gullible yokels and warns him against romance, marriage, and honesty.

Mr. Jenkins is immensely funny in a sly, bitter way and is rapidly becoming a box-office advantage to every picture in which he appears, judging from the response he draws from audiences as soon as he comes on the screen. The most interesting sequence shows how *Chandra* answers questions penciled by his audience. At least it was to me, knowing nothing more of carnival side shows than the screen has taught me.

At any rate, Constance Cummings leaves her small-town home to become *Chandra's* secretary and marries him, never suspecting that his occult gifts are phony. Such credulity is too much for Miss Cummings to make believable. She is sensible, forthright and sophisticated, qualities that do not match the character. Slowly she discovers her hus-



to pay for her keep. Her baby sent away while she is out finding a job, she attacks the matron with such justifiable fury that an attempt is made to commit her to an asylum for the insane. When this fails, she takes to the streets until arrested and saved from a prison sentence by a young doctor who has followed her case. He follows her, too, as she disappears in the fog.

Dorothy Jordan is pathetic and convincing as *Judy* and some of the smaller parts are admirably played, especially by Nydia Westman, Isabel Jewell in a bit, and Dorothy Libaire as *Judy's* good-time friend. Rafaela Ottiano is a ferocious and fascinating matron and Alexander Kirkland a forthright doctor.

#### "The Mind Reader."

Warren William, Constance Cummings, Allen Jenkins, Donald Dillaway, Natalie Moorhead, Mayo Methot, Harry Beresford, Earle Foxe, Ruthelma Stevens.

This exposé of the fortune-telling racket is only tolerably revealing and is comparatively unexciting. Its merits come from admirable per-

band's racket, he reforms and embarks on another more unscrupulous one that ends in murder. Sentenced, Miss Cummings promises to wait for him.

Her devotion is never real, nor is Mr. William as the inspirer of it. They are an ill-assorted pair. This is no reflection on Mr. William's acting, however, which is good.

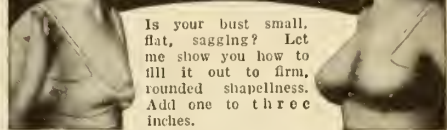


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# Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 63

**Doris Marrying Horse King.**—Doris Kenyon has stopped long enough in the fulfillment of her dual ambitions of becoming a more and more successful concert singer, and an equally successful screen actress, to decide to get married. We saw Doris on the set of "Voltaire," and she looks exceedingly attractive and seemed ever so happy.

Arthur Hopkins, whom she is wedding, has admired her ever since he was a youngster. He used to deliver newspapers to her father, and thought she was the most beautiful thing in the high school they attended.

Finally, about a year ago he proposed to her, but they managed to keep the seriousness of their intentions a secret until just a month or

so ago. Doris considers May an unlucky month, and so postponed their marriage until June.

Hopkins is a breeder of fine horses, who lives near Syracuse.

**Alice Will Languish.**—Chances are that Mary Pickford will give up her idea of making "Alice in Wonderland" with Walt Disney furnishing cartoons of the white rabbit, Cheshire cat, and all the other inhabitants of Lewis Carroll's realm of fantasy. The picture is regarded as too costly and too experimental. Disney would have had to supply 150,000 cartoons, more or less, to make this full-length feature.

Mary has talked of playing in "Alice" for all of ten years, but the plan has gone awry again.

## Information, Please

Continued from page 8

1903; Cary Grant's, January 18, 1903; Mae West is in her forties.

**MARGUERITE BOLLINGER.**—Address Elissa Landi at the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California. See K. Krueger for a list of her films. Jean Harlow is with Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. That was Robert Young as *Ricardo*, in "The Kid from Spain." And don't be afraid to "bother" me again.

**A KAY FRANCIS FAN.**—Now, that's a coincidence that your favorite should have the same birthdate as yours—January 13th. Yes, Miss Francis has the sweet disposition you'd imagine her to have. You wouldn't be one wee bit disappointed were you to meet her. Katherine Gibbs is her real name. "Mary Stevens, M. D.," is her latest. Susan Fleming is a native New Yorker, born there on February 19th. She is five feet four, weighs 109, and has blue eyes and reddish-brown hair.

**L. V. CLEVELAND.**—I agree that Allen Vincent may have been neglected in the movie magazines, but surely the producers have not let him go by unnoticed. Read this list of films: "This Reckless Age," "Street of Women," "Two Against the World," "Crooner," "Thrill of Youth," "No More Orchids," "Mystery of the Wax Museum," "Broadway Bad," "Daring Daughters."

**A. V. B.**—In "Lena Rivers," Charlotte Henry played the part of *Lena*, and Morgan Galloway that of *Durrie Graham*. No, Cary Grant is not married, but the woman in his life seems to be Virginia Cherrill. Tom Mix may head his own circus troupe on a world tour that will take him to England, Africa, and Australia.

**EMMA KEELER.**—Lionel Atwill, whom you've seen in "The Silent Witness," "Doctor X," "Wax Museum," "The Secret of Madame Blanche," and "Murders in the Zoo," was born in London, though he doesn't give the date. He is five feet ten, weighs about 160, and has brown hair and gray eyes. Write him at First National Studio, Burbank, California.

**MARY.**—Yes, Bill Boyd is under contract to RKO. He was born on June 5, 1898, in Cambridge, Ohio; six feet one, weighs 170, and has blue eyes and light hair. He is married to Dorothy Sebastian.

**ROSALIE DOYLE.**—Although I am sorry not to be able to identify the extra you describe in "The Sign of the Cross," I am happy to tell you that Weldon Heyburn played the part of *Ronasa*, the Indian who loved Estelle Taylor in "Call Her Savage."

**PEGGY L.**—Now you can't accuse us of overlooking Leslie Howard. The answer is that you haven't followed this department as closely as you should if you wish to learn all about your favorites. Mr. Howard is from the stage, to which he may return any day. Born in London, April 24, 1893; five feet ten and a half, weighs 145, fair hair, blue eyes, and is married and has two children. His films include "Outward Bound," "Never the Twain Shall Meet," "Five and Ten," "A Free Soul," "Devotion," "Reserved for Ladies," "Smilin' Through," "Animal Kingdom," "Secrets," "Berkeley Square."

**F. E. HALLWORTH.**—The Joan Crawford picture to which you refer was "Laughing Sinners," with Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton. In "Strange Interlude," Norma Shearer did not die in the end. You will find that Metro-Goldwyn advertise their latest pictures in Picture Play.

**HARRY.**—Sorry, but I do not keep a record of the musical scores from the various pictures.

**DOT FROM NEW YORK.**—It was Einar Hansen, and not Lars Hanson, who was killed in an automobile accident in Santa Monica on June 3, 1927. Lars returned to Sweden when talkies came in, and is acting for European studios.

**MONA MUSE.**—You will be glad to know that John Boles does sing in his latest, "My Lips Betray." That was Roland Varno as *Albert* in "As You Desire Me." Mary Carr gets a part now and then. You



may have seen her in "Primrose Path," "Kept Husbands," "Beyond Victory," "Honeymoon Lane," "Law of the Tongs," "The Fighting Marshal," "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Forbidden Trail," "The Dentist," Lily Damita was born in Paris, France, September 19, 1904; five feet one and a half, weighs 112, and has golden hair and brown eyes.

ROBERT CONROY.—Platinum-blond, blue-eyed Lyda Roberti hails from Poland. Her sense of humor is in demand on stage and screen. You've probably seen her in "Dancers in the Dark," "Million-dollar Legs," "Big Broadcast," "The Kid from Spain."

MARIE AND GLADYS.—If you refer to Greta Granstedt, she is a Scandinavian, with blue eyes and blond hair. Frankie Darro was born in Chicago on December 22, 1918. For a photo of Jean Darling write to Hal Roach Studio, Culver City, California.

EDNA BAXTER.—When Agnes Ayres divorced her Mexican husband, Manuel Reach, she retained custody of their daughter; now aged seven. Miss Ayres is said to own a chain of markets in Hollywood. She retired from the screen a number of years ago. Clark Gable was thirty-two on February 1st last. Address him, and also Jean Harlow, at M.-G.-M. Studio, Culver City, California; Clara Bow and Janet Gaynor at Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

A. L. A.—Irene Dunne was born on July 14, 1904, and may be reached at RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. Dorothy Jordan on August 9, 1910; write to her at Paramount Studio, Hollywood. Wynne Gibson celebrates her birthday on July 3rd, and Glenda Farrell is twenty-eight. Rochelle Hudson is five feet three; Maureen O'Sullivan, five feet four; Phillips Holmes, six feet.

A HUDSON FAN.—Here is a list of Rochelle Hudson's pictures: "Are These Our Children?" "Fanny Foley Herself," "Beyond the Rockies," "Hell's Highway," "Penguin Pool Murder," "The Savage Girl." She was born in Claremore, Oklahoma, March 6, 1915; five feet three, weighs 105, and has brown hair and gray eyes.

ROSEMARY.—Hereafter don't save your questions. Space is limited and by sending in a few at a time you give the other fellow a chance for a reply. Yes, that was Kent Taylor as *Dick Garfield* in "A Lady's Profession." Kent celebrated his birthday on May 11th; six feet, weighs 165, and has dark wavy hair and brown eyes. Write to him at Paramount Studio, Hollywood. Karen Morley was the heroine in "Arsène Lupin." Buddy Rogers was born August 13, 1904, and is six feet one. Cary Grant is six feet one, weighs 172, and has black hair and brown eyes; with Paramount Studio. Sari Maritza is five feet one and a half, weighs 103, blue eyes, brown hair; Paramount Studio. Gloria Shea celebrates her birthday on May 30th.

JUST DOT.—Don't tell me you missed

that interview with Lee Tracy in December Picture Play, and the roto picture accompanying it! You may address him at the M.-G.-M. Studio, Culver City, California. Lee was born in Atlanta, Georgia, April 14, 1898; five feet ten, weighs 145, and has blue eyes and sandy hair. Not married.

PATRICIA O'BRIEN.—While none of the players you mention have been known as dancers, most of them have had stage experience. These include Kay Francis, Tallulah Bankhead, Sylvia Sydney, Katharine Hepburn.

R. J.—And here is another Boris Karloff admirer. Your questions are covered in the above answer to Bob Olds. Some of the titles you list were included in his stage career and not his screen work as you seem to think.

CARYL.—Yes, Fox has decided that James Dunn and Sally Eilers make a good team. Their next picture together will be "Sailor's Luck." Sally is also scheduled to play opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Grand Central Airport." Besides writing the story of "Deception" for Columbia, Nat Pendleton also plays one of the principal rôles.

JOHNNY.—Yes, young Creighton Chaney is the son of the late Lon Chaney. He made his screen debut in "The Bird of Paradise," and is currently in the serial, "The Last Frontier." Born in Oklahoma City twenty-two years ago. Under contract to RKO, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.

A. B. C. D.—Of course you could have signed your name with the whole alphabet, but then what would I do for space for your answers? Clark Gable's latest picture is "No Man of Her Own," with Carol Lombard and Dorothy Mackaill. Eric Linden is five feet nine, weighs 140, and has brown hair and eyes. Born in New York City, July 12, 1911.

ALICE HUGHES.—Fan clubs are organized with the idea of honoring a player and showing interest by correspondence between members, exchange of information and opinions. At your request I shall be glad to send you a list of clubs so that you may join as many as you like. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, August 10, 1904; five feet one, weighs 118, and has brown hair and blue eyes. She is scheduled to make "La Tendresse."

DONA LISA.—Any relation to *Mona Lisa*? Leon Waycoff comes from Adelphi, Indiana, and attended Indiana University. He played football for three years with the Adelphi High and also took part in a few games at Indiana. Playing in repertory companies, Waycoff gradually won a prominent place as a leading man. While appearing in the play, "To-morrow and To-morrow," he was approached by several movie companies, who asked him to make screen tests. He then was engaged for "Murders in the Rue Morgue," followed by "The Stowaway," "The Famous Ferguson Case," "A Successful Calamity," "Thirteen Women," "That's My Boy."

## THAT WRITING URGE

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I might have been."

C. G.

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# Around the Cuckoo Clock

Trailing the Hollywood great through press and publicity bulletins.

**W**ALLACE BEERY is made lieutenant commander in the naval air forces, bona fide papers coming from Washington. . . . Buster Keaton, commissioned admiral in the navy of Nebraska, reports that his dry-land yacht lists to port. . . . Uncle Carl Laemmle says, "You and I are above finding any satisfaction in the fact that any competitor is involved in difficulties." . . . *Mickey Mouse* interviewed for opinions on big issues of the day, in popular magazine.

Katharine Brush, who wrote the immortal "Red-headed Woman," feels she can't do justice to her writing except in a new thirty-foot circular studio, and at a half-moon desk. . . . KBS productions advertises "Where the hell are we going? Forward!"

Lion's head fell off stand in Gary Cooper's parlor zoo and bit Countess di Frasso. . . . Chevalier's goldfish disappeared after a party. Suspicion is that one of the Marx Brothers ate them. . . . Guests shoed away from extra turkey at film mogul's buffet supper. Only *rented* to add a hospitable touch. Bill Haines adds orchid rental service to his interior decoration trade, after having tried out the innovation at his own parties.

From our heartthrob scrapbook:

Gloria Swanson sat in a tiny seat at Hawthorne School here to-day and was told to be a good little girl. She sat before the same teacher she had years ago, and marched with the little girls and boys of six and seven years. And as memories came back to the actress—memories of when she was not a titled lady—tears, unashamed, stole down her cheeks.—*Los Angeles Herald and Express*.

Recent bank holiday set players off to saving the situation by some fancy economizing. Just in case the country might go off canned food standard, Bebe Daniels lays in a big supply, and the publicity boys did right well by the stunt. Calls up Ben Lyon to ask how many cans of truffles she'd better get. . . . Helen Twelvetrees struggling along with less than a thousand a week, announces she will do her own housework. . . . Claudette Colbert, after much budgeting and rebudgeting, announces through the publicity office that she'll not buy any books for a while. . . . Major studio

## By James Roy Fuller

economizes by cutting stenog.'s wages again and snapping up a play marked down to \$110,000.

Goose Girl statue at Radio City Music Hall hidden from Roxy, the sensitive maestro, and John D. Rockefeller, but every one else knows where to find the naughty nude down in the innards of the theater. . . . "We need a Damrosch of art in the movies for the children of America to enable the screen to do for the pictorial art what he has done for music," noted educator tells National Board of Review. (Educator's classes please diagram foregoing sentence.) . . . Board O. K.'s "Pick-up" and "Mamma Loves Papa." Marx Brothers start work on "Grasshoppers."

Will Hays reëlected czar of movies. Annual report shows that much has been accomplished in cleaning up screen morals. . . . Some pure titles of the past year: "Age of Consent," "Careless Lady," "Compromised," "Evenings For Sale," "Faithless," "False Madonna," "Impatient Maiden," "Lady of the Night," "Play Girl," "The Purchase Price," "Lady with a Past," "No Man of Her Own"—originally "No Bed of Her Own"—"She Done Him Wrong," "Shopworn," "Sinners in the Sun," "Stepping Sisters," "Strangers May Kiss," "Strictly Dishonorable," "Tarnished," "They Call It Sin," "Fast Workers," "Unashamed," "Wayward," "Week-end Marriage," "Week-ends Only." . . . Hays office points with pride to fact that "nursery" has been eliminated from screen dialogue.

"Every film must be timely and coincide with the news of the day," says film executive. . . . "King Kong" does big business at the new Roxy, 50-foot apes being both timely and newsy.

Writer nominates Janet Gaynor queen of movies to succeed Mary Pickford. Publicity bulletin from Fox offers, in support of argument, that Miss Gaynor occupies "Irish cottage with mortared walls and heavily thatched roof. Inside there are living rooms, bedrooms, dressing

rooms, a kitchen, and a bath. It is the symbol of Hollywood queenship." . . . Publicity bulletin: "Janet has good intentions—her negligee is naughty!" . . . Also symbol of something or other: "I walk down the Boulevard and do lots of things like other people."—Dolores del Rio.

Marx, Marx, Marx, & Marx, incorporating for independent production, dallied with the name of "International Amalgamated Consolidated Affiliated World Wide Film Productions Company Incorporated, of North Dakota," but changed their company title to "The Marx Brothers, Inc." . . . "I will tell you anything you want to know, but if I knew anything about anything I wouldn't tell you, so that's why I can tell you about everything."—Will Rogers.

Bernard Shaw explores the Coast and can see nothing but "trees, rocks, water, and Americans." Accused Ann Harding of pirating a play of his, and Ann ran off and cried. Insulted Alice Brady by asking her how a pretty woman could wear a hat like hers. . . . Quotation from Shaw recalled: "In America I am not a legend. I am a god. They worship me." . . . "Pickfair" investigates Shaw's pedigree and wires Roxy to present the playwright with the Goose Girl statue when he arrives in New York.

Combination of earthquake, Shaw's bog-trotter "sense of humor," and salary cuts too much for Hollywood nerves: One hundred thousand earthquake plants ordered, so that when their leaves shrivel, a temblor can be looked for two hours later, and relief in form of outdoor film theater sent to Long Beach. . . . Doug, Jr., tells press he will prove that he still loves Joan by making long-distance phone calls every day, long-distance phoning being the supreme token among all the acting profession.

Diana Wynyard achieves the Hollywood hall of fame in being invited by Sid Grauman to record her footprints in the cement sidewalk of the Chinese Theater. . . . The ceremony went along pompously until time to introduce the lady to the spectators, and then Sid said, "My dear, I'm sorry, but just what is your name?"





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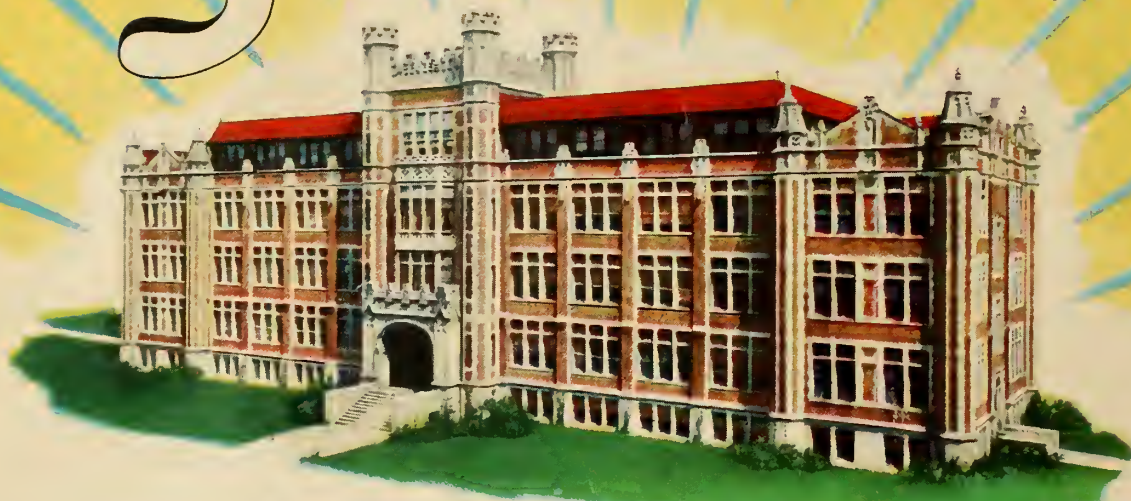
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# STREET & SMITH'S PICTURE PLAY

AUG. 1933

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CHAS. RUBINO







Leo, the famed M-G-M Lion, directs a scene between Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in their new M-G-M picture "HOLD YOUR MAN!"

**LEO** "Give them everything you've got! Remember they saw you in 'Red Dust' and you'll have to go some to top that performance."

**CLARK:** "Don't worry, Leo, when I get a role like this I need somebody to hold me down!"

**JEAN** "If you'll stop smothering me, Clark, I'd like to say I've never enjoyed a part so much before."

**LEO** "I predict that's what the public will say!"



Jean Harlow and Clark Gable...as you desire them! Together again by demand of a public that packed theatres from coast to coast to watch them in "Red Dust." You'll like them even better in their new M-G-M romantic sensation "HOLD YOUR MAN." It's the rousing story of a smart aleck crook who escapes everything but love. He thought he was tough enough to let her take the penalty for him...she knew she could do it for his sake and smile! And what a climax! A splendid supporting cast including Stuart Erwin, Dorothy Burgess and Muriel Kirkland. Magnificently directed by Sam Wood.





I was so lonely and friendless, a newcomer to town. Neighbors had made their polite calls, but I noticed they never came again.



The nights were so long and dull. My husband hid behind his paper, bored and unhappy. I was almost desperate myself.



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The Stars Try Social Climbing

Not content with the fame that attaches to their professional endeavors, almost all the stars have attempted the society racket, too. Some by cultivating and entertaining distinguished guests, others by enlarging their circle of friends in New York. Meanwhile, actual society in Hollywood, Los Angeles, and the surrounding territory steadfastly refuses to invite players to their homes except in rare, unpublicized instances.

Next month's Picture Play will tell you some of the tactics employed by stars to gain a foothold outside the studios and what their exertions have profited them.

This subject throws an interesting side light on the restlessness of stars and their often futile attempts to bolster their egos by the applause of the drawing-room as well as the theater.

The Real Mae West

Malcolm H. Oettinger, known for his ability to nettle stars by telling the truth about them, visits Mae West in September Picture Play and describes this extraordinary personality exactly as he finds her. He pays tribute to her success as a box-office star, but when Miss West speaks of her "sec'atary" he does not gallantly change it to "secretary." That's the spirit of the interview--the truth and nothing but the truth.

Changing Birth-dates

Repeatedly fans complain that last year Joan Crawford's birthdate was not what they had read it was the year before, and they blame Miss Crawford--and other stars--for prevaricating.

By all means read next month's article discussing the birthdays of virtually every star, including those honest enough to stick to the same year season after season.



# Famous Lovers



ADAM and EVE . . . . .  
first love and love at first sight



ANTONY and CLEOPATRA  
a love that made the sphinx sigh



ROMEO and JULIET . . . .  
the first of the porch-climbers



NAPOLEON and JOSEPHINE  
where a lover first met his Waterloo

and now



MARY BOLAND CHARLIE RUGGLES  
in "*Mama loves papa*"

A Paramount Picture directed by Norman McLeod with

LILYAN TASHMAN GEORGE BARBIER

WALTER CATLETT >>> RUTH WARREN

But why speak of love when there's so much laughing to be done. Ladies and gentlemen, we can promise a blow-by-blow ringside description of the laugh battle of the century, as these two famous lovers go into action.



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# WHAT THE FANS THINK



"A perfect example of American manhood," is what an English girl, Sybil Moore, says of Neil Hamilton. "It is a sheer joy to hear him speak," she adds. Good boy, Neil, for showing Britishers that pure speech is spoken in Hollywood.

## Big Brother Neil.

**W**E in England admire American films and praise them unstintingly for their thoroughness. There is nothing slipshod and "spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar" in Hollywood's methods, and their casting is, as a rule, flawless. But there is one young man whom we, in this country, consider to be a perfect example of American manhood, the sort of man a girl would like for her brother. I think that is the highest compliment one could pay. Why he is not given leading rôles, instead of some of the insipid heroes who do very often get this honor, we cannot imagine. I refer to Neil Hamilton. He steals nearly every picture he plays in, and his acting with Connie Bennett in "What Price Hollywood" must surely place him in the stellar class.

Neil Hamilton is so sincere and so refined in his every word and action. He appeals to English people by these virtues alone. It is a sheer joy to hear Neil speak, nothing grating or harsh. He is a tender, protective sort of lover, and such a good sort altogether. And, incidentally, Connie Bennett has never been seen to such advantage as when she is teamed with Neil. The great moan we have over here is that we only see him once in a blue moon.

SYBIL MOORE.

131 Mayfield Road,  
Chadwell Heath,  
Essex, England.

## Go On, Jean, Be Naughty.

**I** AM like a microbe hunter—I look for the germ of human kindness in everything I read about the stars, their home life, their studio life, and the life their press agents write for us. I have been a picture gazer for twenty years and I have seen the rise and fall of all of them. I feel that I

have not missed much good and bad. But I have never had the nerve to write about them.

The astrological letter of Andy Blasco of Porto Rico in Picture Play for May gave me the idea that after all, my favorite, Jean Harlow, deserved his letter. She is like the switch one touches and gets a full charge of electricity. She may portray vulgarity or sex or whatever any one wants to call it, but she shows life and red blood. Like a good burlesque show, she leaves a lot to the imagination. The dirtier the mind the more you see for your money.

Go on, Jean, be naughty. You and Mae West make the picture game worth while. It is dying for lack of blood and flesh and pep because of emaciated beauties and studied acting. I'd like to see Mae West, Clark Gable, and Jean Harlow all in one picture. Boy, *what* a picture! Hey, who left the furnace door open?

ANOTHER PORTO RICAN.

Bridgeport, Connecticut.

## We Take a Bow.

**I** WISH to add my commendation to the remarks made by R. E. Griffith in May Picture Play.

I have often thought that Picture Play has more individuality than any other fan magazine. It has always, in the past, been a magazine that men can enjoy as well as women, and that cannot be said of some of the film publications, which go in for style departments and much ado about hip pounding. Picture Play has been the one authentic and sincere magazine of the screen—but lately I fear some of Mr. Griffith's qualms are well founded.

It is not necessary to elaborate on the very timely and apt remarks of Mr. Griffith—but I will enter a plea that Picture Play make no compromise with individuality and become just another fan magazine. It is the only publication that I buy month after month, and I do not wish to deprive myself of that pleasure.

Give us back Fanny the Fan, and let Norbert Lusk write reams more about pictures. His reviews are the only ones published in the film magazines that show anything more than a superficial knowledge of the pictures involved. He minces no words, and readers are really able to form a fair opinion of pictures.

Please, Picture Play, always keep your departments as accessible, your individuality as decided, and your caliber as select as you have done in the past. I have noticed only in the last three or four months a getting away from your established standard.

CALDER B. VAUGHAN.  
5115 Washington Boulevard,  
St. Louis, Missouri.

Continued on page 9

Jean Harlow elicits a paen of praise from a Porto Rican fan. He declares that she is like "a switch one touches and gets a full charge of electricity."





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It seems almost impossible, that since last May when I first started wearing your corset, my hips have been reduced nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.  
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Have really reduced five inches through the hips and two and one-half inches in the waistline — the most that it massages like magic, even when you are breathing.  
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# Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

## By The Oracle

**SCOTTIE.**—Hail to another swimming champion, Buster Crabbe, who has found a niche for himself as a result of "King of the Jungle." Born in Oakland, California, in 1911, he attended the University of Southern California. Is six feet one and weighs 188. Address him at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, where he recently completed "College Humor." His next will be "Stairs of Sand." He eloped in April with Adah Virginia Held, twenty, of Beverly Hills.

**HEPBURN FAN.**—Hope you have been patient, for your answer couldn't appear any sooner. Katharine Hepburn may be reached at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. She doesn't say just when she was born in Hartford, Connecticut, but she is married to Ludlow Smith, a New York broker. She is five feet five and a half, weighs 105, and has reddish-brown hair and green-gray eyes. June Picture Play had an interview with her.

**SALLY KLEIN.**—That is George Raft's right name. He is a New Yorker, born there September 26, 1903; five feet ten, weighs 155, and has black hair and brown eyes. For his photo, write to Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

**NANCY.**—Herbert Marshall was forty-three on May 23rd last. Just six feet, weighs 155, and has hazel eyes and brown hair. His films include "Murder," "Secrets of a Secretary," "Michael and Mary," "Blond Venus," "Trouble in Paradise," "Evenings for Sale." You may next see him in Dorothea Wieck's first American film.

**E. J. GARTY.**—Richard Arlen is five feet eleven and a half; John Barrymore, five feet ten; Buddy Rogers, six feet one.

**B. L. YOUNG.**—The picture to which you refer with Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Bellamy was called "The Magnificent Lie," released in 1931.

**TWO MARCH HARES.**—Here is a list of Fredric March's pictures to date: "The Dummy," "Wild Party," "Studio Murder Mystery," "Paris Bound," "Jealousy," "Footlights and Fools," "Marriage Playground," "Sarah and Son," "Ladies Love Brutes," "Paramount on Parade," "True to the Navy," "Manslaughter," "Laughter," "Royal Family of Broadway," "Honor Among Lovers," "Night Angel," "My Sin," "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Strangers in Love," "Merrily We Go to Hell," "Smilin' Through," "Sign of the Cross," "To-night Is Ours," "The Eagle and the Hawk." If you will send me a self-addressed stamped envelope I shall be glad to mail you a list of fan clubs.

**GUS Y.**—There have been no end of queries as to whether the monster ape in "King Kong" was mechanical or a real man. Here is the explanation. The thirty-foot figure of the ape is really only a foot or so tall. The scenes were shot with miniatures, double and triple exposures,

and process shots, a task requiring monumental diligence and application. The film was the idea and ambition of Merian Cooper and the late Edgar Wallace.

**DAVID R.**—Elissa Landi has completed "I Loved You Wednesday." For her photo, write to Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California, inclosing twenty-five cents. She was born in Venice, Italy, December 6, 1906, and educated in England; five feet five, weighs about 117, and has light-auburn hair and green-blue eyes. Married

Fans should avoid questions requiring long answers, such as all an actor's past films and casts of pictures, if intended for publication. Self-addressed, stamped envelopes should accompany requests for lists of films and casts, for personal replies.

to John C. Lawrence, an English bar-rister.

**LEON ADAMS.**—I've never heard what Leon Janney's middle name is, but the initial is E. No, he hasn't a brother in pictures. Thank you for taking the trouble to be so polite.

**M. C.**—See David R. for information about Elissa Landi. "Tanned Legs" had the following cast: Arthur Lake, June Clyde, Dorothy Revier, Ann Pennington, Albert Gran, Allan Kearns, Sally Blane, Edmund Burns, Lincoln Stedman, and Nella Walker.

**JOAN MARTIN.**—Glad you decided to take advantage of this department. Always glad to be of service. Here are those birthdates: Lila Lee, July 25, 1903; Miriam Hopkins, October 18, 1902; Mary Pickford, April 8, 1893; Spencer Tracy, April 5, 1900; Leila Hyams, May 1, 1905; Dorothy Jordan, August 9, 1910; Anita Louise, January 9, 1916. Tracy is five feet ten and a half. He has a son and a daughter.

**MARGARET COLE.**—First, many thanks for the nice things you say about Picture Play. Now for that list of Charlie Farrell's films: "Wings of Youth," "Sandy," "Old Ironsides," "Rough Riders," "Seventh Heaven," "Street Angel," "Fazil," "Red Dance," "The River," "Lucky Star," "Sunny Side Up," "Happy Days," "City Girl," "High Society Blues," "Liliom," "Princess and the Plumber," "Body and Soul," "Man Who Came Back," "Merely Mary Ann," "Heartbreak," "Delicious," "After To-morrow," "First Year," "Tess of the Storm Country," "Wild Girl."

**T. S.**—Fay Wray, heroine of all those eerie pictures, was born in Alberta, Canada, of Vina M. and Jerry H. Wray, and is one of five children. She was educated

in Hollywood High School. If she has a stepfather, his name is unknown to me.

**MERCEDES DRAIN.**—Lew Ayres is to be starred in Universal's "In the Money." He was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, December 28, 1909; is five feet eleven, weighs 155, and has brown hair and dark-blue eyes. Divorced from Lola Lane February 4, 1933.

**ANN RILEY.**—You will find your questions covered in my reply to Sally Klein, above.

**JUST DORRIE.**—For a photograph of Nils Asther as *General Yen*, try Columbia Pictures Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City, inclosing twenty-five cents. "Strange Rhapsody" for Metro-Goldwyn is his next.

**RUTH ELLIS.**—John Gilbert's \$10,000-a-week contract with Metro-Goldwyn expired recently. He has no particular plans for the future. Yes, his last picture, "Fast Workers," was originally called "Rivets." He was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1895; five feet eleven, weighs 160, and has dark-brown hair and eyes. Since 1925 he has played in "The Big Parade," "Merry Widow," "Bardelys, the Magnificent," "La Bohème," "Flesh and the Devil," "The Show," "Twelve Miles Out," "Man, Woman, and Sin," "Love," "The Cossacks," "Four Walls," "Mask of the Devil," "Woman of Affairs," "Desert Nights," "Hollywood Revue of 1929," "Redemption," "His Glorious Night," "Way of a Sailor," "Gentleman's Fate," "Phantom of Paris," "West of Broadway," "Downstairs."

**A-A-A.**—That reads like a report card. Considering this and the description of yourself which you sent, you must be well-nigh perfect. Hope your mother thinks so! Yes, Myrna Loy is an American, and hails from Helena, Montana. Warner Baxter was born March 29, 1891; Joan Crawford, March 23, 1908; Sylvia Sydney, August 8, 1910; Lew Ayres, December 28, 1909; Robert Montgomery, May 21, 1904; Fredric March, August 31, 1898; Joel McCrea, November 5, 1905; Clark Gable, February 1, 1901; Marlene Dietrich, December 27, 1905; Jean Harlow, March 3, 1911.

**JOHN THOMPSON.**—Some of Jack Holt's silent films were "Enchanted Hill," "Sea Horses," "Blind Goddess," "Forlorn River," "Man of the Forest," "Mysterious Rider," "The Tigress," "The Warning," "Smart Set," "Vanishing Pioneer," "Water Hole," "Submarine," "Court Martial," "Avalanche," "Sunset Pass." Besides those you list, Bela Lugosi has played in "Veiled Woman," "Oh, for a Man," "Broad-minded," "Women of All Nations," "Island of Lost Souls," "Death Kiss."

**BETTY E. CAUM.**—Although Eddie Cantor and his family are now living in Hollywood, where he is at work on a picture,

Continued on page 72



## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6

### Estranged Case of Romney Scott.

HAVE just finished reading Romney Scott's article, "The Strange Case of Bob Montgomery." It amused me. I could not help wondering what Robert Montgomery had done to Romney Scott. It is quite evident that Mr. Scott is miffed about something, and that that something has been done recently. The article sounds as though it had been written before the ire had had time to cool off.

Granted that it is all true, and I don't doubt that it is, why did Mr. Scott have to administer such a thorough trouncing? Talk about Robert Montgomery's lack of tact!

Why not let Mr. Montgomery covet Mr. Lunt's rôles? Just because he couldn't possibly play them doesn't make it such a sin. I should like to be a millionaire, yet I do not believe that the fact that I'd be a rotten one should be reason enough to condemn me for wishing. And I'll wager that Mr. Scott would just as soon be the author of the world's best novel or play. What's wrong with *wishing*?

JAMESINA BROOKS.

Walla Walla, Washington.

### Saying Things About Mae.

WHY do people seem to want pictures that are vulgar and rotten? That is all you can say for some of them.

Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong" was vulgar and every one around me was making remarks not flattering to the actress.

Spencer Tracy is a fine actor and his pictures are aboveboard and lots of fun. Probably I am silly and romantic, but I like such actresses as Dorothy Jordan and Madge Evans, and you see them so seldom. When Madge played with Al Jolson I did not go to see her.

I surely hope they make more musicals. "Forty-second Street" was great. Although I dislike Al Jolson, I thought Ruby Keeler very good, and hope they put her in something else soon. JOAN MARTIN.

Columbus, Ohio.

### A Round-robin Rave.

THE all-American girl has been praised in prose, poetry, and song. May we designate the actress who typifies that young lady? Madge Evans, of course. If you combed our United States from the sunny shores of California to the rock-bound coast of Maine, you could not find a more suitable example. Madge is as refreshing as a spring rain, as dainty as a dew-laden rose, as sweet as a shy little violet half hidden in its leafy foliage. Her smile is as warm as the sun's rays, her eyes as blue as the sky, her lips so luscious, her hair soft as down—and what a gorgeous figure!

She is not only the most decorative actress on the screen, but one of our most talented starlets, proving the falsity of that well-known phrase, "beautiful but dumb."

Here's to you, Madge. We are only five of your hundreds of fans who are eagerly following your career, and hoping the powers that be will realize your possibilities. Let's boost Madge to bigger and better rôles.

ELSIE MOSER, 2104 South Sixty-fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

MARIAN MORRIS, Conway, Arkansas.

MARIE JUDGE, Baltimore, Maryland.

RUTH FIFFER, Kearny, New Jersey.

JEAN HUBER, Morris Plains, New Jersey.

# A BLESSING IN DISGUISE



"B.O." GONE —  
*most popular girl at the hotel!*

GRANDMA AND I WANT TO STAY ANOTHER WEEK, DADDY! WE'RE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME

WE ALL PERSPIRE ... A QUART DAILY...

... EVEN MORE ON HOT DAYS ..

DON'T RISK "B.O." — BATHE REGULARLY WITH LIFEBOUY

**Its purifying lather keeps complexions lovely, too**

LIFEBOUY lather gets you *extra-clean* from head to toe! It guards your personal daintiness — guards your skin beauty, too. That's because it *purifies* the pores. Wash with it daily — see your complexion grow clearer, fresher, *younger*!

Lifebuoy's hygienic, quickly-vanishing scent is your assurance of real "B.O." (body odor) protection.



## Have a Cigar, Marlene.

**W**HAT is the world coming to? Or maybe I should say what is Hollywood coming to? In the past few months so many ridiculous things have happened in the movie city that I am beginning to think the press agents are overdoing their stuff. If Marlene really smokes cigars, why doesn't her husband or her studio do something about it? I am not mid-Victorian, and I never intend to be. On the contrary, I am thoroughly modern, but in being modern nobody is forced to change his views about elementary common sense.

If I were as beautiful as Dietrich, or had her figure, I should not hesitate to wear dresses, smoke ordinary cigarettes, for the rather poor reason that everybody else does it. Let us hope that our younger players will not try to imitate those stars who make themselves ridiculous under cover of starting a fad. Let us hope, also, that Marlene, who used to be my favorite actress and who would still be if it weren't for all this hocus-pocus, recovers her senses and acts like a human being.

As for Katharine Hepburn, has she gone Hollywood, too? Or is it just the work of publicity agents? Does she really lie down in the middle of the street at her studio to read her fan mail? And does she really do adagio dances to land in the arms of handsome Joel McCrea? And does she pick up trays and help the waitresses in the restaurants? If she does, well, I can only say this: stars may do almost anything under cover of their glamour, but there is nothing that hinders a movie career more than bad publicity.

Now, Katharine, wake up to this fact. You're a grand actress, you even possess genius. Don't spoil it and your future with cheap gags that aren't even interesting to fans.

JACKIE GIRL.

Montreal, Canada.

## Alice and the Little Brat.

**M**ANY stories have been told of kindness shown to fans by the stars, but here is one that until now has been unknown—that of Alice White when she was appearing at a St. Louis theater.

A little girl went backstage and asked if she might meet Alice. The manager, evidently annoyed, replied, "Miss White is not in." Dejected, the child asked the manager to give Miss White the two candy bars which she left with him. Later she wrote Alice of her unsuccessful



"Has Katharine Hepburn gone Hollywood, too?" asks Jackie Girl of Montreal. Jackie catalogues Miss Hepburn's shortcomings and begs her not to spoil her future with cheap gags.

"Why in the name of common sense do Hollywood producers allow such a magnificent, capable actor as Colin Clive to get out of their grasp?" Marguerite de Valere wants to know.



attempt to meet her, and Alice, dear, dear girl, answered immediately, asking her to come down to the theater before she left, as she'd like to meet her and would gladly give her a signed photo of herself.

Must I add that a very happy and excited little brat, as she was commonly called, went to the theater despite the fact that rain was pouring in torrents? When she arrived, Alice came out in a white lace dress that she wore on the stage.

"Where is the little girl who came to see me?" she asked, and, spying her small visitor, hurried to her. Clapping her hand she said, "Honey, I have to go back on the stage in a minute, so if you don't mind please wait here for me." Like a summer breeze she disappeared through the stage door.

After fifteen minutes of listening to the chatter of the chorus girls, the brat was delighted to see Alice appear through the door, and ran to meet her. Alice clasped her hand and took her to her dressing room where she changed her dress and slipped on a pale-green velvet negligee. As it was her last day in St. Louis, she was very busy and talked with her visitor only a few minutes.

Finally the little girl left with a signed photo Alice had given her, and out of that meeting has developed a correspondence that to this day still lasts.

How do I know this story so well? I was the little brat. However, I am no longer little, because I matured in one year as children in the awkward age do.

MARGARET HASKELL.

304 Dade Avenue,  
Ferguson, Missouri.

## Keep Clive Over Here.

**I** HAVE just seen Katharine Hepburn in "Christopher Strong." I went to see her, but stayed to see Colin Clive. I was so enthralled by his acting that I felt I had to say something about him, so I, of course, turned to Picture Play.

Why in the name of common sense do those Hollywood producers allow such a magnificent, capable actor as Colin Clive to get out of their grasp? He is a splendid actor. What actor in Hollywood would be able to play both "Journey's End" and "Christopher Strong," and quietly, and without fanfare, make both portrayals finished gems of artistry? I doubt if there is one who could do it. The sheer finesse and power of his characterizations I have yet to see equaled, unless it is by Nils Asther.



Mr. Clive is what is known as an actor in Europe. He isn't an Adonis for looks, nor has he a Tarzanish physique, but his personality and ability overshadow and far outshine both. Yet it seems no studio has even made him an offer. He wouldn't even be known to us if his good friend and ours, James Whale, the director, didn't persuade him to come over and act for us once in a while.

MARGUERITE DE VALUERE.

71 Ovington Terrace,  
Brooklyn, New York.

#### Mae West Soft on the Eyes.

**R**ECENTLY I saw Mae West, in "She Done Him Wrong." Say, there's a girl who can show these demure ingénues, sophisticated women of the world, and simpering dowagers a few artful tricks. There can be only one Mae West. Her rich, throaty voice has that indescribable quality which makes one listen fascinated.

She lived her part so realistically that one was in sympathy with her in spite of her hard exterior. It certainly was soft on the eyes to see a woman that actually *looked* like one instead of an emaciated creature strutting her bones before the camera.

All in all, it was a refreshing picture and I hope Mae is in Hollywood to stay.

ALICE LORENZ.

7043 Bryn Mawr Avenue,  
Chicago, Illinois.

#### Johnny Left the Little Woman!

**T**HANK heavens we have at last come to an end of those animal pictures! Surely no producer will have the nerve to foist another of those nightmares on us after Johnny Weissmuller has completed "Tarzan and His Mate," for movies of that type have been done to death. Fans are hopeful that in the future the settings will be laid in civilization and not in some jungle where the hero does nothing but cavort with animals.

As for Johnny Weissmuller, I hope the public will react strongly against him, seeing what he did to Bobbe Arnst. Just let a few of those ham actors get a bit of publicity or a successful part in a movie, and they cast discretion to the wind. And the first thing they think of is to divorce the wife who has been staying with them through lean years. I hope that Johnny will get the razberry which he richly deserves, and maybe the film folks will learn a lesson. Some of them certainly need to!

Library A. S. T. C.,  
Boone, North Carolina.

#### Joan Made by Publicity?

**T**HIS is in answer to N. L. Wyman's silly letter in May Picture Play.

Just what does he mean by suggesting that Norma Shearer has less ability and personality than Joan Crawford? Doesn't he know that Miss Shearer achieved her present high position on the screen by hard work and that Miss Crawford must give thanks to publicity? To me, Joan Crawford is the most ballyhooed actress on the screen. And now this front-page stuff about Doug, Jr., and herself! Ah me, what a treasure she has in her publicity man.

And now may I add a few words about Katharine Hepburn and then I'm finished. When my five-year-old niece wrinkles up her face most unbecomingly in a tantrum I find it appropriate to say, "Be careful, don't make faces like that, or you'll grow up to look like this girl." Then I show her a picture of Katharine Hepburn, and presto! she is her cute, smiling little self again.

Well, that's about all, and thanks for listenin'.

MARGOT BLAKE.

1675 Lunt Avenue,  
Chicago, Illinois.

#### Montgomery Can't Make Love?

**M**ANY thanks to Romney Scott for the article about Bob Montgomery in May Picture Play. I've known all along that Mr. Montgomery is that type of person, but it really gave me pleasure to see the truth so convincingly written. The publicity stunt he pulled with the polo ponies is almost equal to the Crawford-Fairbanks separation.

The only part Mr. Montgomery can successfully play in a drama is the goat. He certainly has never put over a love scene in his entire screen career. When I want to see romance sincerely portrayed, I see Melvyn Douglas, Phillips Holmes, and Ramon Novarro.

Robert Montgomery can never hope to attain the ability of Phillips Holmes, although he might study and act for a lifetime. Given the rôles and studio prestige that have been laid in Mr. Montgomery's lap, Phillips Holmes would be an established star to-day, instead of a featured player.

So I say down with the egotistical Montgomery and three cheers for Phillips Holmes, an actor that really deserves a chance.

MARGOT.

Chattanooga, Tennessee.

#### Don't Reform Diamond Lil.

**A** BOUQUET of orchids to Mae West for "She Done Him Wrong." She was honest. Unlike Crawford, Garbo, and Shearer, playing mistresses and trying to hide behind smart gowns and broad A's, feeling terribly insulted if any one referred to them as paramours, Mae West came right out and practically screeched what she was, and the result? A marvelously acted film and a funny one at that. She can act rings around any woman on the screen. She could do any

kind of rôle, but good heavens! I hope she sticks to the naughty kind. No one could ever do it one tenth as well.

Why ask Lilyan Tashman if she's an actress or a clotheshorse? The answer is obvious. She never could act. Just simpers self-consciously and makes nine out of every ten persons terribly sorry for her.

Why, if Gable poses as a regular he-man, must he wear bérêts?

Why doesn't Joan Crawford get wise to herself? That gal is slipping. Almost all my friends used to admire her, but now? They simply shrug and say "Her individuality has completely disappeared. Just a poor imitation of Garbo. Too much hair, too long eyelashes, too large a mouth, and too droopy eyes. She's just one big exaggeration."

A. PACE.

Los Angeles, California.



Margot of Chattanooga says that Robert Montgomery "can never hope to attain the ability of Phillips Holmes," but other fans stoutly champion him against all comers.

GENE AYDEN.



**Bob Can't Be That Bad.**

I HAVE always read Picture Play and liked it, but I am absolutely disgusted with Romney Scott's article about Bob Montgomery. Naturally, he has some mistakes and faults, but he certainly can't be as bad as he is made out. I would like to know what personal peeve inspired Mr. Scott's article.

Robert Montgomery is my favorite male star, and I'm not going to believe it until I can get some definite proof. I'm also ready to bet a good many of his fans agree with me.

I certainly don't blame him for saying, "Leave my wife out of this." It shows that he has some consideration for her and I admire him for it.

To get on a different subject, I certainly agree with "Philadelphia Fan" about James Cagney. To say he's terrible is to put it mildly, in my opinion. Why, even Clark Gable is better than he is and that's going some. He can't act and what does it matter how well he can punch if he can't act?

I hope a good many other Montgomery fans agree with me and raise their voices in protest.

A DISGRUNTLED FAN.

New York City.

**Johnny Get a Hair Cut!**

I AM patiently awaiting the big break for Cary Grant. Here is an actor who is all charm. He is likable, cheery, and a fine actor. Paramount will have a big sensation on its hands if he ever plays in "Blood and Sand." Of course there will be the loyal Valentino fans who will say that no one can compare with Rudy. But there will be others of us who will thrill at this revival.

In looking through "Information, Please," I note that Cary Grant seems to be one of our most popular players. Every one wants to know about him. I might add that it is a pity that a player like Johnny Weissmuller is given so much publicity just because of one picture. He has not yet shown that he is a finished actor. I believe he is another one-part player, and I might add that I wish he would get his hair cut.

Another thing, there has been importation of too many foreign stars. They all have such queer names that I can't tell one from the other, Anna Sten, Wera Engels, Gwili Andre, Tala Birell, Benita Hume, and so many others. If they could all match Lilian Harvey I would be satisfied. But Miss Harvey is to be another sensation like Marlene Dietrich. She is marvelous. However, not one of the other foreign actresses named can touch our Mae West, Helen Hayes, and other American girls. Also, too much publicity will kill Katharine Hepburn. I am afraid to open movie magazines for fear they will be loaded to the hilt with pictures of this young lady.

HOPE REINBOLD.

North Hollywood, California.

**Take It Back, "F., W., and 21."**

WHEN any person writes an absolutely uncalled-for letter such as "Free, White, and Twenty-one" wrote, she deserves an answer right back at her.

As far as Helen Twelvetrees's baby is concerned, can you show me a mother anywhere that isn't proud as *Punch* over her baby, and doesn't care who knows it? "Free, White, and Twenty-one" says she doesn't care if Miss Twelvetrees has a dozen babies. It takes time to have that many. Perhaps if you have patience, F. W., and 21, Miss Twelvetrees will oblige you.

I think it is a case of "Vas you dere,

Sharlie?" in regard to Gary Cooper and the animals that he shot. Animals have been known to be shot, and if Mr. Cooper wishes to shoot them, why what? And they *do* have animals in places other than the zoo, you know.

I can't for the life of me understand the tirade against Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. British royalty enjoy entertainment as well as their subjects, and after all Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his wife are not total strangers to the world.

As long as you are going to write such hard things about people, why not come right out and sign your name and let us know who the charming author is? After all, "Free, White, and Twenty-one" is vague.

PEGGY A. MACDONALD.

6302 Fifteenth Avenue, N. E.,  
Seattle, Washington.

**Buddy, Theme Song of Nation.**

THE grandest, most likable person I have ever met is being neglected shamefully—and that person is none other than Buddy Rogers, who was the greatest male idol a few years back.

I can remember the time when in opening a fan magazine the first thing that caught one's eye was an item about "America's Boy Friend." The flappers went wild about him, and fond mothers pointed him out as an ideal boy. He was rumored engaged to every nice girl in Hollywood, never had anything but favorable publicity, and kept on smiling, even though he wanted to chuck the whole thing for his music. He stayed away from parties just because they weren't quite nice enough for "the darling of the debts," submerged himself and his development into his rôle both on and off the screen, and for what?

The minute Clark Gable and several others hit the screen, fans left Buddy flat and then wondered what had happened.

He played two heavier rôles in "The Lawyer's Secret" and "Working Girls," but you were so busy with Mr. Gable that you didn't take notice.

After that he decided to stop trying to please fickle fans and be himself.

Being himself meant packing himself and his instruments off to the big town where he gathered himself an orchestra and three contracts. One for broadcasting, one for making the Pennsylvania Hotel roof more alluring, and one for appearing in that smash hit, "Hot-Cha!"

But he gave all that up. Gave up a great future with his orchestra to come back to films—without even knowing he was welcome. Don't you think he deserves his throne again?

Fans, I haven't known Buddy long, but the Buddy I know isn't the saccharine youth who used to thrill you in the old days. The Buddy I know deserves all the admiration one can give because he's no longer playing a rôle—he's being himself.

I'm asking now, fans, for the sake of a man who has proved that he isn't a quitter, can't the theme song of the nation be "Our Buddy Once Again"?

DORIS LOUISE BORTH.

2621 Wilkens Avenue,  
Baltimore, Maryland.

**Telling the Fans.**

MAY I answer some of the fans whose letters appeared in the March issue?

Elsie Mast: It was cruel of you to term Leslie Howard a "Marcelled pretty boy, fluttering and wishy-washy." Mr. Howard is sensitive, intelligent, and too little understood by a vast audience sympathetic alone to virility in its men. Clark

Gable seems to be quite a god in your life, Elsie. Kneel, even if what you kneel to is a god of clay. It's better than not kneeling at all.

Lorraine Mason: You were quite right when you predicted Katharine Hepburn would soon be a rave. This new arrival from Broadway with her nasturtium tresses and caustic wit is the very essence of gay modernity. Though undoubtedly influenced by Garbo, she totally lacks the Great Swede's languidness and mystery. Miss Hepburn has a more earthy and elemental quality.

Marguerite Wright: What a perfectly mad person you must be! Imagine Crawford plotting with Dietrich to dethrone Garbo! As Lil' Tashman would say, "It's just too, too ridiculous!"

Dan Rohrig: Your classical description of Elissa Landi was well said, only I wish to remind that you forgot the spiritual and illusive loveliness of Psyche.

Betty Crew: You poke fun at anæmic faces and dramatic poses. Garbo? Too much has been said about her already. But Joan Crawford, this gloriously improved girl may not have the poise of Norma Shearer or the æsthetic perception of Helen Hayes, yet she may become the greatest of them all because of her tremendous power to grow. Those horrible lips you mention are being copied, nevertheless. Did you ever notice the new make-up of Adrienne Ames?

Gerald Preste: It's not Jean Harlow's fault that she wears a bias gown or a low-cut negligee. Did you ever consider that the director might be the guilty one? Miss Harlow has a beautiful figure even if she may not come up to your expectations as a dramatic actress, and she certainly justifies the gorgeous gowns that Adrian designs for her. JACK HENRY.

3463 Descanso Drive,

Hollywood, California.

**Muni Is Appreciated.**

MARY REIDY'S letter in May Picture Play was a bit arrogant, but perhaps her subject excuses it. Yes, Miss Reidy, we not only have Paul Muni in America, but we want our English cousins to know that we appreciate him, too.

In that connection, I want to ask when he is to make another picture. I've seen "Scarface" five times and "Fugitive" four, and now I've nothing to do but twiddle my thumbs till another Muni picture comes along, for his great art *plus* fascinating personality has spoiled my interest in most other movie heroes.

I succumbed for a short time to the Gable craze and still had a slight hang-over from Brent when I first saw "Scarface," but Muni makes all the screen sheiks look cheap. Those that are not made to seem crude by his subtlety look anæmic beside his sincerity and virility. I know he needs big stories worthy of his genius, but there's hardly a great picture put out that I don't imagine how much better it would be with Muni creating one of his intensely real characterizations in it.

Please go back to Hollywood, Muni, so your fans all over the world can see you again.

JEAN RADCLIFFE.

9859 Fifty-first Avenue, S. W.,  
Seattle, Washington.

**Toasting Harlow.**

LOOK out, you anti-Harlow fans! Here's another South African plunging into the fray, and I'm all for Jean.

Miss Crowley, do you realize that you are indirectly paying Jean a compliment? If she is able to convince you that she is cheap, common, and sometimes disgusting on the screen, it only proves how well she plays her rôles. She has not yet been



given a rôle worthy of her, but when she is, it's a pair of stockings to a tie you'll like her as much as we do. Oh, yes, I always pay my bets!

What a pity, Miss Walker, that poor Chester Morris was insulted by being cast with Jean in "Red-headed Woman," which picture seems, from all accounts, to have been highly successful. Do drop Chet a line of condolence, won't you?

And don't be catty about Jean's figure! Your statement that "any girl who would walk before the camera minus the necessary underclothing would make a hit with us" is ludicrous, not scathing, as I suppose you meant it to be! Jean's figure is a decided treat after some of those lean and hungry-looking girls.

Shake, George Ferris. Jean is beautiful and unaffected. More, she is considerate and really appreciates her supporters.

Come back, Frank Tully. Join me in a toast: "To Jean; brave, lovely, and courageous Jean."

ALEX KNOX.

P. O. Box 35, Vereeniging,  
Transvaal, South Africa.

### Now This Is Settled.

AFTER reading Betty Crawford's letter in March Picture Play, I felt I just had to write and let her know how heartily I agree with her in everything she said, especially about Garbo. I don't know how Garbo ever got in the movies. She isn't good-looking, she can't act worth two cents, and at times I think she is vulgar. The only thing I can say to her is, "Go home until you know what it's all about."

Crawford's another one that thinks she's pretty good, but as far as I'm concerned, she's the only one that thinks so. She's too artificial all around. Connie Bennett positively gripes me. She walks around with that "I'm Connie Bennett!" look. I don't think it's getting her any place. I've never seen her really act. She's too snake-like when she even makes an attempt. She's another one that ought to get wise to herself.

Now to talk about actresses who are a credit to movieland instead of a drawback. In my opinion Helen Hayes takes the cake. She's wonderful. She's not a pasty-faced, languid piece of humanity. She knows how to act, all because she's natural, fine, and beautiful. I do wish people would realize that her beauty, charm, and wit far surpass a lot of these so-called actresses. Sylvia Sidney runs a close second to Helen, even if the world does not yet realize it.

W. H. A.

7325 Twenty-third Avenue,  
Kenosha, Wisconsin.

### What's Become of Sally?

I HAVE seen two of my favorites, Molly O'Day and Sally O'Neil, only once each in a long time. Why is this? They are both beautiful, talented, and charming actresses. What is more, they are unusual. There is no one like Molly anywhere. She is fresh, sweet, intelligent, and different, with an indefinable but potent appeal. Who will ever forget how lovely she was, how splendid her acting in "Shepherd of the Hills" and "The Patent-leather Kid"? And recently she was excellent in a different rôle in "Sob Sister."

Sally O'Neil is another individual personality. She, too, is fresh, sweet, and intelligent in her own way, and often delightfully mischievous. Don't you remember her in "The Floating College," "On With the Show," and others? She was so adorable in "The Brat" not long ago and gave a grand performance. People love both these types, although they are not one-rôle players, and they should be

very popular in the right stories. Won't some really intelligent producer give them the good pictures they deserve?

LILLIAN ADELE BALL.

622 Prairie Street,  
Arlington, Texas.

### Up from the Hills of Athol.

CONGRATULATIONS, Mr. John G. Whidding, on your letter in regard to Neil Hamilton in April Picture Play.

I, too, have watched this fine young actor's progress with great interest, having known him as a young boy. While he was still in high school it was his ambition to become an actor. By sincere hard work he has gone far in the cinema world.

Just look at the long list of stars he has supported. That is enough to turn the head of any young actor. But not Neil. His devotion to his parents, wife, and baby prove his sterling qualities.

He writes to me occasionally, and always inquires for old friends and classmates. I wrote him at one time that his old home had burned down, and in his reply he asked me "If it was the little 2 x 4 they used to live in?" So, even though he may live in a mansion now he has not forgotten his humble little home in the hills of Athol, where he dreamed the dreams that have come true.

Producers, please give us more pictures with Mr. Hamilton.

AN ATHOL FAN.

Athol, Massachusetts.

### Dietrich Loses a Fan.

I AGREE with Miss Bruce when she says Marlene Dietrich is making a vulgar display of herself in trousers. If she could realize how many fans she is losing by this publicity stunt, I believe she would stop. I used to be a most ardent admirer of hers, but now I'm through—*finito!*

Fans, give Bob Montgomery another chance. Many a fine player has gone haywire in Hollywood. I'm sure he will wake up—referring to the article "The Strange Case of Bob Montgomery." Come on, gang, fill his mail box and do a fine lad a fine favor.

What about giving la Crawford Norma Shearer's rôles and see what that girl could do? I've always admired her and always will. Keep it up, Joan. We all believe in you. You'll always be my favorite.

MARY EUGENIA STEVENS.

Box 6, Garrison, North Dakota.

### But What Can You Do!

MRS. ANN RUNYAN, I agree with you entirely. I was greatly impressed by your sensible letter which appeared in February Picture Play.

It seems to me that to have a career one must lose his self-respect, and in some cases marriage is but a cloak to cover loose morals.

I am not condemning any star. Please don't misunderstand me. I suppose they live their lives according to their standards and what intelligence they possess.

They don't want love and the companionship of one man or woman. They are looking for novelty and change, and most of them get it.

MRS. ELEANOR STUART.

12 Martens Avenue,  
Fullarton, Estate, Australia.

### Now You're Talking.

I THINK Picture Play is the best of the fan magazines. The articles in it are always worth reading. They tell one something besides how much Harding loves Harry Bannister and Ruth Chatterton loves her former husband and, finally, that they separated or were divorced because they loved each other so much!

The letters in "What the Fans Think" are also of a superior brand. They are not all built on the well-known "I-love-Joan-Crawford-but-I-hate-Norma-Shearer" pattern.

I enjoyed the article "Tinsel Talent vs. Real." Perhaps I liked it because I would have picked out the same six as real actresses, and in the order named. I would not be so willing to admit that Marlene Dietrich and Myrna Loy are not also real actresses. The former labors under the disadvantage of speaking and thinking in a language which is foreign to her. The latter has, up to the present, been forced to play rôles which were all of one type.

No mention is made of Greta Garbo. I do not know whether or not she is a great actress. She is certainly a wonderful personality, which gives to her pictures a great fascination for most theatergoers.

However, isn't it true that at the present time people are going to the theaters to see the male stars rather than the female?

DONALD K. MACPHERSON.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

### Who Gets the Cellar?

TIRING of jig-saw puzzles, I wonder what the fans think of my room game. Here's my list:

Mary Pickford ..... Throne room  
Marion Davies ..... Reception room  
Cecil DeMille ..... Bathroom  
Mae Murray ..... Courtroom  
George Arliss ..... Tea room  
Kate Smith ..... Broadcasting room  
Genevieve Tobin ... Ballroom  
Lilyan Tashman ... Dressing room  
Lois Wilson ..... Schoolroom  
Clara Bow ..... Boiler room  
Lupe Velez ..... Children's room  
Ramon Novarro ... Music room  
Gary Cooper ..... Trophy room  
Norma Shearer ... Sun room  
Maurice Chevalier ... Bedroom  
Greta Garbo ..... "Private"  
Maureen O'Sullivan ... Green room  
George O'Brien ... Gymnasium  
Kay Francis ..... Blue room  
James Cagney ..... Pool room  
Ruth Chatterton ... Drawing-room  
Clive Brook ..... Living room  
Richard

Barthelmess ..... Library  
Leslie Howard ..... Dining room (reserved for ladies)

Constance Bennett... Mezzanine  
Polly Moran ..... Kitchen  
Marie Dressler .... Spare room  
Bebe Daniels ..... Operating room  
Marlene Dietrich ... Men's room  
Will Hays ..... Conference room  
Mary Brian (and plenty of others) ... Sick room  
Zasu Pitts ..... Parlor  
Tallulah Bankhead (and plenty of others) ..... Smoking room  
Edna May Oliver ... Hall and Stairway  
The Barrymores ... Standing room

CHARLES LEONARD.

Hazleton, Pennsylvania.

### Harry Cohen's Travels.

WELL, fellow fans, here's another cinema addict who has made a pilgrimage to the mecca of all true fans. And was I impressed?

I saw Marlene Dietrich dressed in a man's suit walking down the Boulevard. Thrilling? Yes, but when Marlene turned around—was I impressed?

I saw Joan Crawford carrying a camellia in one hand, dancing with Doug, Jr., at the Coconut Grove—and when I saw her later the same evening dancing with Franchot Tone she was carrying an orchid, whatever that means.



## What the Fans Think

I read in the papers that after Paramount cut his wages in half, Gary Cooper was rolling his own cigarettes to save money, and I felt very, very sorry for Gary, and then I thought of the thousands right there in Los Angeles who hadn't carried a cent in months.

And then I saw a première—oh, yes, I saw a première. At Grauman's Chinese Theater it was, and "Cavalcade" was the picture. They tell me the film is very good. I must see it some time. Although I was in the audience that night, I don't remember what it was all about. What with all the spotlights, flashlights, cameras, speeches, and so many furs, so many diamonds, so many faces all alike, grinning foolishly, cooing silly "glad-to-be-heres" into the microphone—was I impressed? So impressed that every night since then I have a dream. In the dream I always see a woman in a drawing-room. She is all decked out in satin and diamonds and looks very beautiful, but when I get near her, I notice that her neck is dirty and her finger nails grimy. Am I impressed?

HARRY W. COHEN.

67 Kingston Avenue,  
Newport, Rhode Island.

### Leave Them As Is.

IN answer to my letters in "What the Fans Think," a girl wrote me saying that she disagreed with me when I defended the stars, and that it was a help to the players to criticize their physical shortcomings, adding that a caustic criticism might effect a correction and improvement on the part of the player. But how can a star change the size of her feet or mouth? Can it be done? If they could be changed, I would still want the stars as they are, and I do wish all this comment would come to an end, and that people would stop saying that:

Garbo has big feet and long stride,  
That Crawford's mouth is very wide;

That Gable has beetle brows and big ears,  
That Bill Powell has ugly sneers;

That Bow keeps tinting her hair,  
That Marlene's legs are a grand pair;

That Shearer's giggle is bad taste,  
That Velez should be more chaste;

That Twelveteens's eyebrows are a fright,  
That Tashman has a lofty height;

That Jean Harlow slithers her hip,  
That Chevalier underslings his lower lip;

That Harding wears her coif too plain,  
That Clara Bow should never gain.

You can see that

At verses and rhymes I'm not so hot,  
But I can tell when what is what:

That the stars are one grand lot  
And change them I would not!

G. ESTES.

95 Nevada Avenue,  
West Asheville,  
North Carolina.

### Answering Nita Naldi.

NITA NALDI'S statement in May Picture Play about "George Raft being a night-club symbol and that when beer comes in he'll go out" was in very poor taste, to say the least.

It's very commendable to revere Valentino's memory, but Raft can hardly be blamed for looking like him or for the parts he plays. If Raft clips his hair be-

hind his ears and does away with that sheik look, I'll wager he will appear taller and also have a better chance of proving his versatility.

At the time Valentino entered films the public was amazed at the "miracle" of motion pictures, and actors or actresses with the slightest claim to good looks and poise were idolized partly because of their charm, but chiefly because they were part of the "modern miracle."

Miss Naldi also states that "Garbo made the most of her opportunities, including Jack Gilbert's fan following."

Critics and fans discovered Garbo just as they have discovered Katharine Hepburn. In Garbo's case she wasn't even a "bet." No grooming for stardom as in the case of Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Clara Bow. Garbo was a dark horse who most people thought impossible for screen requirements. Yet what other woman, in a strange country, alone, ill, and considered a giantess in her surroundings, could have set the world ablaze as she has?

Norma Shearer deserves a special medal for keeping her eyebrows straight instead of going the way of otherwise capable stars. Norma is a fine actress and a beauty. Her greatest professional handicap lies in the fact that she is "the lucky Mrs. Thalberg."

VIRGINIA K. GUNTHER.

348 East Forty-ninth Street,  
New York City.

### Thus Saith Prophet Rohrig.

FOR six years I have been prophesying, silently and otherwise, that Gilbert Roland will ultimately achieve dizzy heights of cinema glory that will surprise even his intimates. Now it begins to look as if the dawn has indeed "come." After such a trio of successful appearances as he made in "Call Her Savage," "She Done Him Wrong," and "Our Betters," something ought to happen. I say "ought to" advisedly, because I am cynically aware that Mr. Everyman is likely even to-day to pass up an art gallery to visit a carnival. Gilbert Roland's main failing—and thank God for it!—is his unwillingness to sacrifice good taste to put on a show. One is unsavorily reminded of the South American who a few years back ran amuck in Hollywood headlines and who to-day is all but forgotten, save for his exquisite nostrils.

When Gilbert Roland first rocketed into the cinema firmament five or six years ago, his light was dimmed because a certain meteoric personage of similar mien had just succeeded in capturing the giddy public's fancy with a lot of pyrotechnics and eye flashings. Every one knows that the public can have but one idol at a time. If said personage, who now is fast on his way to Stygian oblivion, had been a sailor or huckster or glass blower, instead of a lucky movie actor, Gilbert Roland might have deftly slipped into the freshly vacant Valentino throne. Not that he is a Valentino by nature or appearance—only by potentiality. Jinxed as he was by an actor obviously his inferior in everything but showmanship and sensationalism, to which fickle gods he steadfastly refuses to kneel, he hadn't a chance. To-day things are different.

He is coming back with bells on. To-day there is no one like him. I'm still prophesying.

DAN ROHRIG.

402 East D Street,  
Ontario, California.

### Take a Look at Powell.

I HAVE sat back all these months reading about this actor doing this and that actor not doing that. I have some one

whom I want to put on the auction block to be torn apart by criticism or praised by the way I have praised him. Enter Dick Powell!

Dick has been on the screen less than a year and has appeared in only four pictures, but he has made a permanent place for himself among the stellar lights of Hollywood. He was taken up by the best in the movie city. How did this young man manage all this in such a short time? The answer is personality and naturalness. I have known Dick personally for three years and predicted a screen career for him. He deserves every good thing coming his way.

I want to know what the fans think of Dick. I am inviting trouble, maybe, but I want you all to dissect this young wonder of "Forty-second Street." We know all there is to know about Garbo, Gable, and Bow. Let's tell Dick about his efforts. In my opinion, Dick Powell's entrance in pictures was a "Blessed Event," and, incidentally, that was his first picture.

BOB ALLEN.

289 Huffman Street,  
Waynesburg, Pennsylvania.

### Don't Spoil a Good Cowboy!

THE letter by A. A. Shue regarding George O'Brien was rather irritating to me. To "put this star where he belongs" is perfectly ridiculous. To me, George is absolutely the perfect cowboy, and Fox has treated him very well indeed, providing the best of Zane Grey's stories and filming them in the authentic location, with wonderful scenic backgrounds and good supporting casts.

I have just seen "Robber's Roost" and found it a most perfectly entertaining Western, and surely a good picture for George to show his skill and acting ability. I would have no objection to placing him in other types of pictures occasionally, but for the greater part of the time let's see George as the perfect cowboy and king of the range.

J. LESLIE GREEN.

125 Warren Street,  
Fall River, Massachusetts.

### Weissmuller Can Do No Wrong.

INDIGNANTLY I come to the defense of Johnny Weissmuller after reading a fan letter bawling him out for everything he has and hasn't done.

What a sob story—his divorcing Bobbe Arnst! As if he is the only actor in Hollywood who's done it!

I really doubt if this fan saw "Tarzan, the Ape Man." To say that all he needed to play the rôle was a fine physique burns me up! There are plenty of actors in Hollywood who could have taken the rôle on that basis, but he was chosen because he could act the part. No one else could have given the performance with such sincerity and with so much success.

He made you feel as though he were really born and bred in the jungle. His call to the wild elephants rings in my ears yet.

This talk about Buster Crabbe being a deadly rival of Tarzan is all bunk. I sat back in my seat, very bored, watching "King of the Jungle," and wondered why in Heaven's name they hadn't put some one in the picture who could act the part of the Lion Man. Despite Buster Crabbe's splendid physique, he didn't click. He would be more appropriate in a college picture.

I am waiting patiently for "Tarzan and His Mate."

SYLVIA MARSHALL.

1443 Fifth Avenue, North,  
Fargo, North Dakota.



STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XXXVIII  
NUMBER 6

# PICTURE PLAY

AUGUST  
1933



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

KATHARINE HEPBURN further tests her skill—and her newly achieved popularity—by portraying another complex heroine in "Morning Glory." Her rôle is that of a young actress, half genius and half naïve child, who undergoes a powerful emotional experience before she finds her rightful place on the stage and in life. Adolphe Menjou has a congenial rôle in the Broadway producer who causes the heartbreak that sends Miss Hepburn to success.





A basket of apples and a sob in her voice make easy sailing for this girl.

**M**ISTER, please, will yuh stake a hungry man to a cuppa coffee?"

He stands near the entrance of the Paramount studio, a shabbily dressed but husky young man in his early thirties. You have seen hundreds of his fellows, hundreds with the same furtive eyes, the same beseeching voice, the same indecisive, shambling walk. He is not easily repulsed. He follows those who refuse his plea for several paces and his voice rises to a desperate crescendo of supplication. Day after day you find him—or one of his kind—at the studio, for word has been broadcast that the stars of Hollywood, prodigal as ever, give not only well but very foolishly.

"Brother, can you spare the price of a meal?"

He haunts the M.-G.-M. gates, a middle-aged man in a ragged coat. He approaches only those who are well-dressed, and he never lets a player escape his plea.

"I'm hungry, mister, won't you help me out?"

His doleful voice greets you as you park your car at Universal studio, and, with a sudden stab of pity, you see that his face is marked by a long,

flaming scar. One of his arms is twisted out of shape. Surely this one is deserving.

"Won't you please buy an apple?"

She sits on the steps just outside the RKO studio—a pathetic, poorly dressed girl with beseeching eyes. She holds out her hand and thanks you profusely.

The panhandlers say that the best sob-story artist among them can't melt Constance Bennett, Sylvia Sydney, or Wallace Beery.



Hollywood is overrun by an army of beggars, a legion of mendicants of every type and description. They haunt the studios, cluster around the restaurants. Wherever players gather, there will be found a regiment of moochers for the stars have won a reputation from Gotham to Guam as easy marks.

Don't mistake me. Hollywood has its quota, perhaps more than its quota, of deserving poor. Many honest men are out of work and in need. But they form a different group, entirely un-

allied to the tattered horde of panhandlers which has descended upon Cinemaland.

From Chicago, from New York, from every city and every section, the panhandling gentry have bunned their way to Hollywood. Three squares a day, thanks to the Community Chest, a flop each night in



The panhandlers of Hollywood, at a respectful distance, sneer at the easy "touches" and pay their respects to the stars who give no hand-outs.

By  
Eric L. Ergenbright



One of the rescue missions along Main Street, a pleasant climate and an avalanche of quarters by day from the stars who, true to their repute, swallow every hard-luck story, hook, line, and sinker. Here is panhandlers' paradise.

Before condemning me for lack of sympathy, read the rest of this article. For weeks, I have been investigating the beggars of Hollywood.

On three successive days, in front of Paramount studio, I was stopped by the same shifty-eyed beggar. Each day I gave him a coin. On the fourth day, he broached me again, and I drew him aside.

"How long have you been making a stand here, and how much sucker money do you take in on an average day?" I demanded.

He was both cringing and indignant. "Brother, you got me all wrong," he protested. "I'm outta work. I gotta live, ain't I?"

I showed him the edge of a five-dollar bill. "How much do you take in?"

He dropped the pose. "O. K., pal, if that's the way you feel about it. I thought maybe you was a dick."

His name, he said, is John Vorhees. He's twenty-nine years old and he's been a professional moocher for four years, during which time he has never looked for work. He has panhandled in every sizable city in America and been jailed in most of them.

"But I never hit a better spot than Hollywood," he confided. "This town's full of easy money. Tell 'em a hard-luck story and they all dig deep. I don't make any more touches here, but a two-bit piece is about the smallest hand-out."

"How much do you take in?"

"Better than wages. One day I got twenty bucks. Of course, I don't work one spot all the time. They'd get wise if I tried that."

"Have the stars given you much money?" I inquired.

"Sure." His voice took on a note of genuine pride. "I've made a touch from almost every star here. Chevalier gives me a quarter every time he comes by. Dick Arlen's a good guy and Gary Cooper's passed me a half buck twice. Say, I've had a real kick talking to all these movie stars.

"We like to hit 'em for a touch right in front of the studios. There's always a bunch of sight-seers hanging around and the stars cough up for fear of looking cheap if they say no."

So much for Mr. Vorhees. How about that apple girl? Her name is Anna Walsh. She told me that she is supporting a four-year-old daughter, that she came to Hollywood a year ago and has made an excellent living

The  
favorite stars  
of the  
moochers are  
Frances Dee,  
Richard Dix,  
and  
Lupe Velez.  
Lupe is  
unanimous  
choice  
for queen of  
Hollywood,  
for she is  
good for  
dollar  
hand-outs.



ever since with her basket of apples, her pathetic appearance, and the sob note in her voice.

She is a red-hot fan and admits that she has had a "wonderful thrill" from seeing the stars in the flesh and talking to one now and then. By her account, nearly every player of importance in the RKO and Paramount studios has given her money. Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper, William Gargan, Joel McCrea, Dick Arlen, Frances Dee, Julie Haydon, Anne Harding, Richard Dix, and Wynne Gibson were listed as "regulars." George Jessel stopped one day and gave her a five-dollar bill. Anne Harding donated one of her cast-off coats. Other feminine players have contributed clothing from time to time.

After talking with her, I found an office window from which I could watch her. The studio was in its morning doldrums, yet in twenty-five minutes she was given money by five persons, two of whom were Creighton Chaney and Rochelle Hudson. Not one of the five accepted an apple. However, she at least offers something for sale and can hardly be compared to the out-and-out moocher.

Conrad Nagel, until recently president of the Motion Picture Academy, investigated one beggar who produced copious tears on the least provocation. Nagel proved that the crafty sobber had stolen a leaf from the actors' handbook and was using glycerin to turn the trick.

Several weeks ago, I stood in a doorway and watched a legless pencil vender for nearly an hour, and during

Continued on page 68



# The BITTER TEA of ASTHER



There have been times during the past three years when Nils himself felt that he was through, finished, washed up. Several times he was on the verge of withdrawing from Hollywood and admitting defeat. Then some ray of hope would hold him to his purpose. He studied English whenever his hectic domestic affairs permitted, and waited, restlessly impatient, for a chance to show what he could do.

Eventually Metro-Goldwyn cast him in "Letty Lynton" in which his performance allayed all doubt as to his qualifications in the talking field.

When Columbia decided to picture "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Asther was one of many under consideration for the title rôle. The final decision was left to the feminine employees of that studio and they chorused, "We want Asther!" They got him.

One of the reasons that fans read little about Nils Asther is because he lacks showmanship. He won't acknowledge that a good mixer who can't act often progresses faster than a good actor who can't mix.

The unhappy Swede became an unhappy Chinaman who worked eighteen hours a day with his eyes taped up and his brow line shaved. The performance was hard on Nils, but it reaffirmed his possibilities in a manner that convinced even Hollywood.

M.-G.-M. is at last willing to do right by Nils. They have given him a romantic starring rôle, with uniforms and everything, in a story called "Strange Rhapsody"—no relation to "Strange Interlude." Nils is pleased with his rôle, and shows his optimism in his changed manner.

If he is only permitted to work steadily, he will have much less time to brood over the innumerable harassments that beset him during his absence from the screen. He may even become reconciled to the fact that he can never have a home with the three people he has loved most.

Recently I sought him out in the hope that he would cast aside for a little while his natural reserve and talk of his dramatic personal affairs. Foolish hope!

A new and agreeable sprightliness was upon him when we met, and he recklessly took me to a funny little kosher restaurant where patrons try to avoid elbowing



Nils tries to reconcile himself to the fact that he can never have a home with the three people he has loved most.

**N**ILS ASTHER is getting a new deal, a good new deal that is likely to restore him to the screen for keeps. Three cheers and a tiger!

Asther fans have long deplored the absence of this striking personality from pictures. He is as important to them to-day as he was four years ago when the advent of talkies all but ended his career. Such loyalty, when "out of sight, out of mind" is the rule, speaks well for the Asther personality and ability.



The hectic marriage of an intellectual Swede to a bohemian sprite, which kept Nils in hot water—and oblivion—is revealed as the unshackled actor hits his stride on the screen.

## By Madeline Glass

each other while eating excellent food. Our table commanded an unromantic view of the kitchen.

"Look at the bird on the stove!" exclaimed Nils.

I looked and saw a handsome roasted turkey.

"You can ask me anything you like," he presently assured me.

This turned out to mean that I could ask him anything I liked regarding his work. And when have fans been interested in an actor's work? Or interviewers either, for that matter.

"You are under contract to M.-G.-M.," I stated. "Why haven't they given you more to do?"

He answered by shrugging his massive shoulders and smiling. And when Nils hauls off and shrugs you know exactly what he means.

I commented on his fine performances in "Letty Lynton" and "General Yen." Nils smiled some more and seemed pleased but somehow unconvinced. I am told that he has an unflattering opinion of his abilities. An interesting story came to mind regarding his test for the former picture and I attempted to draw him out on the subject, but he remained politely non-committal.

"Letty Lynton" was produced before the divorce of Nils and Vivian Duncan. Life in their abode seems to have been, despite Nils's objections, a sort of party marathon. When Nils was being considered for the important rôle of the South American, he took his test script home and attempted to study it. Success in that test was enormously important to him. His future career hinged on the outcome.

Realizing the impossibility of concentrating on his lines because of the prevailing party spirit, he went to a beach town and engaged a hotel room. No sooner had he settled down to master the dialogue than Vivian, her sister, Rosetta, and their friends swooped down upon him.

Vivian explained that she thought he was mad at her and that she had come to straighten out the supposed misunderstanding. Nils tried to make it clear that he only wanted a quiet place to study. But he got precious little privacy and when the time came for the test—

"I can't think in Swedish," said Nils, "much less English!"

The test was one of the worst on record. Never was an actor so confused, nervous, and hesitant. Remembering his excellent work in previous films, the studio gave him another chance. The second test was better and he got the part.

I remembered also numerous stories of domestic strife when Nils's mother came from Sweden to visit him and his bride. Being an only child, he and his mother are very close. It was the dream of this actor's life to have a quiet home with his wife, mother, and child, a home where one can read and dream and talk with one's friends amid well-filled book shelves, flowers, civilized music, and good Swedish cooking.

The mother would have been less than human had she failed to realize her son's need for a tranquil home, and more than human had she been able to refrain from trying to so arrange

his and Vivian's establishment. Frolicsome Vivian, hoping to convert her pensive Swede into a playboy, naturally resented interference with her wifely rights.

The Asther-Duncan marriage was a romantic union between an intellectual peasant and a bohemian sprite. But love is said to accomplish wonders, and it is possible that, if left alone, this marriage would have survived on a compromise basis. But it wasn't left alone; it was assailed on every side by the most absurd and unjust demands. Apparently Nils found himself married to the whole Duncan family. Even to-day Nils is called upon to extricate his wayward ex-brother-in-law from difficulties.

But the climax is capped, I think, by a suit recently brought against Nils for a \$600 grocery bill incurred by Rosetta Duncan before Vivian and Nils were married.

Sure, the Asther-Duncan home was like a boiler factory. Vivian thought it was a marvelous life. What Nils thought must be left to conjecture. His mother did all she could to make him comfortable and happy. Then one day some one reported to the immigration authorities that Mother Asther was overstaying her visitor's permit. Her return to Sweden was immediate and final.

People who know Nils tell me that he is extremely sensitive and easily hurt. He is also affectionate and likes to be made much of by those he loves. Before his marriage Rosetta Duncan said, "I have always babied Vivian; now Vivian will have to baby Nils."

He grieves over losing his young daughter and has tried to get possession of her, or at least prevent her being taken out of California. So far he has been unsuccessful. The Duncan sisters consider it a cute trick to take her along when they appear on the stage and

Continued on page 62

The marriage of Nils to Vivian Duncan, left, was Hollywood's strangest union. Recently he was sued for a bill incurred by Rosetta Duncan before his marriage.





# IS CHATTERTON MONEY-MAD?

**S**PLIT it any way you want to, \$675,000—*just take that in!*—is a lot of money. Of course, there's the agent's commission out of it. That's ten per cent. Therefore, deduct \$67,500 right off the bat. And that

leaves \$607,500. Then there's the cost of maintaining one's prestige as a star—clothes, cars, dinners at eight, luncheons at one, and all the other things that the flesh and the spirit are heir to in Hollywood.

But for all that, Ruth Chatterton is still one of the financial nabobesses of the movies. Or was when she signed a contract which, according to all the major indices—and I almost looked right into the document myself—brings her in the grands and grands and grands mentioned above, all in two years.

Miss Ruth, stage-schooled, charming, persuasive, and vocally triumphant in the early talkies, for one of which she really should have won the Academy prize, is one of Hollywood's big-money gals. Her agreement with Warner Brothers calls for three pictures annually at approximately \$100,000 per for herself alone.

Other stars have received more. Ann Harding gets a trifle larger stipend for a contract signed in the throbbing warmth of her days of big success. Constance Bennett is up around the same figure. Garbo and Norma Shearer garner more. Ridiculously large sums have been paid to such male stars as Al Jolson, John Gilbert, and Richard Barthelmess—ridiculous considering the intake of their productions at the box office, except in the instance of Barthelmess.

Had it not been that some of her pictures were of indifferent character, Ruth's six-hundred-thousand-plus contract might not have fired up the spectacular attention it did when it was signed. Also, it is to be remembered that its signing was part of the famous raid upon Paramount by Warner Brothers.

Obviously, though, what has drawn spirited comment and even criticism upon the Chatterton money-getting enterprise has been the fact that she wouldn't, according to all reports, take a cut when cuts were being made everywhere. Charges were suddenly flaunted that the fair Ruth was money-crazy. Greedy! The charges have become a legend, and legends everywhere shine for good or ill in the colony. They generally stick out like a sore thumb.

It has been hinted in semiofficial circles that Miss Chatterton is one of those obsti-

"It is a matter of business, and if any adjustment is to be made, it should be in some other way than altering the terms of a contract," says Miss Chatterton.

Photo by Ball





Ruth says her feelings are hurt by the rumors that she's money-crazy—and then with quiet, ladylike determination nips in the bud any talk of salary cut. So what?

## By Edwin Schallert

nate stars—quiet, yes, but terribly, devastatingly determined. "You can't do anything with her," is what one hears via the grapevine information. "She won't listen to reason."

Such talk was making the rounds more perhaps before "Frisco Jenny" than it is to-day. Whenever a picture is a hit, nobody cares particularly how much a player receives for working in it. But when pictures are slithery in quality, then immediately screen reputations go boom-boom, and the most logical thing to pick on is money. So we hear from time to time that Ruth will have a hard job finding any more soft spots for herself in the studios, that this is her last big contract, and that in November *finis* may even be written to her career.

During all this, little or nothing has been heard from the lady herself. She has maintained a dignified silence, and I never knew that the rumors and talk really hurt her until one day I talked with her on the set. She firmly and quite intriguingly took the attitude that people were unfair to her.

"As long as things are as they are in pictures, I can't see why my salary should be singled out for such marked attention, and why I should be accused of being in opposition to all the efforts toward economy," she said, setting forth her argument with meticulous precision. "I am not so blind or so hopelessly insensible to what goes on in the world as not to recognize a change in conditions. That would be pitifully narrow-minded and materialistic, not to say stupid, of me, and I could not look myself in the face were it true. But it isn't."

"I'll admit I have never taken a cut in salary, though possibly some other stars have seen fit to do so. All I can say is that I was never *asked* to take a cut. Had I been, I don't know that I would have considered it. That is impossible for me to state definitely. I have always felt that agreements are something to be faithfully lived up to. It is a matter of business, and if any adjustment is to be made, it should be in some other way than altering the terms of a contract."

"I have always said that, considering the financial changes that have occurred, I would be willing to make



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# THEY SAY IN

**M**ANY a fan has hoarded her pennies to come to New York in the hope of rubbing elbows with film favorites as she lunches at Sardi's, visits Radio City Music Hall, or attends the theater. Often she gets no more than a glimpse of Jimmy Durante as he scuttles into the stage door of a theater as reward for her celebrity hunt. Broadway at times displays almost as few film favorites as any prairie town. But this month Hollywood swarmed to Broadway, to work, to play, to seek stories, to hunt a brother who could spare a dime.

Douglas Fairbanks returned from Europe, hurried on to Hollywood, planning to take a company to China to film an adventure story against the background of the Great Wall. Rumor has it that he will play Marco Polo.

George Arliss paused long enough to see a few plays before going on to England for a rest. When he returns in the fall he will add Baron Rothschild to his album of famous characters.

Thelma Todd, looking more beautiful than any hard-working girl has a right to, skipped off to London with the Hal Roach company to make a comedy in England.

Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, and little Barbara Bebe summoned old friends by telegraph to meet them at a grand party that started at the Hotel Warwick and streamed on down to the *Ile de France* on which they sailed for picture-making in England. Bebe will make at least two pictures in England, then go on a concert tour. Ramon Novarro's great success abroad has paved the way for lucrative bookings for other American picture favorites.

Sally Eilers went along with Bebe, anticipating a vacation, but she, too, was persuaded to make a picture in England. They like our players over there. Lest Sally should develop any notions of extending her stay abroad Fox cabled at once that her next story was ready for her.

There is nothing strange or neurotic about Irene Dunne. She is poised and radiant and looks as if she had had plenty

Hollywood swarms to Broadway, to work, who can

James, Lucille, and Russell Gleason, accompanied by Marguerite Churchill, returned from England and, to the dismay of the many who regard them as their favorite family in pictures, went on all too soon to Hollywood.

Chevalier ambled around town, a man of sorrowful mien when not cavorting before the camera. Jean



Photo by Ray Jones

Isn't Lupe Velez the luckiest girl? No sooner does her stage engagement end than she is hustled back to Hollywood for musical films.

Arthur, Olga Baclanova, and Ian Keith came back to the stage, Irene Dunne appeared for a visit, Nancy Carroll was seen here and there, and what with one person and another, Broadway boasted an all-star Hollywood cast at most of its gatherings.

**Force of Habit.**—On the last night of "Dinner at Eight" Douglas Fairbanks noticed George Arliss sitting in front of him. Mr. Arliss's public manner is a bit austere, but that has not always spared him from overtures of strangers. As soon as the lights went on for intermission, Fairbanks reached forward and stuck his program in front of Mr. Arliss. Without even glancing around, Arliss took the program, scrawled his autograph on it, and with a weary sigh handed it back.

**A Prima Donna's Life.**—If any scenarist could capture the undercurrents of hope and triumph, fear and despair, that seethed under the pleasant social



# NEW YORK—

By Karen Hollis

to play, to seek stories, to hunt a brother spare a dime.

surface of a recent luncheon, he would have a gripping picture. Always providing, of course, that he had the all-star cast from life.

It was one of the weekly luncheons of the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers, and Gerald Griffin, of the Catholic Actors' Guild, had brought the guests of honor.



Thelma Todd sped through New York just in time to catch a ship for England where she is making a picture and dazzling all beholders.

There at the head table sat little Ann Barrie, only seventeen, heroine of the story that is hackneyed in pictures but rare and thrilling in life—the understudy who stepped into the leading rôle and made a hit.

Nightly the audience at "Music in the Air" falls in love with her. At the luncheon Mr. Griffin let out the news that Chevalier had demanded that a test be made of her for the lead in his next picture. Next to her sat Irene Dunne, poised and radiant, a perfect picture of the success the screen can bring to a girl within a few years of her début on Broadway.

But success in pictures is fleeting and dependent on stories more than on the player herself, and even a girl in her late twenties feels that the skids are being oiled for her when she sees Aprillike seventeen being groomed for the screen.

Beyond Irene Dunne sat the real dramatic contrast, the mask of tragedy, in the person of Fritzi Scheff. The toast of the town, the whole country, before Ann

Barrie was born, Fritzi Scheff has known recently what it is to be penniless and almost friendless. Perhaps it is an error to say "almost friendless" of any one who numbers Walter Winchell among the few who have one's welfare at heart, for that advertised bad boy puts on terrific campaigns to help unfortunates.

He has bullied managers into giving Fritzi Scheff engagements ever since the mortgage on her home was foreclosed.

There she sat, haggard and trembling from recent illness, haunted by memories of that triumphant night many years ago when an audience clamored for still more encores after she had sung "Kiss Me Again" eighteen times. Wondering, too, about the hardship of the years that followed after lavish spending and bad investments scattered the fortune that she garnered during one triumphant tour after another.

The brief hours of the luncheon were Fritzi Scheff's triumph, though, and perhaps the years will bring her occasional bursts of the tribute that is so dear to a player's heart. For after Ann Barrie sang in a sweet, bell-like, childish voice, Fritzi Scheff got up. Although struggling against a cold, her tones rang out resonant, electric. She went past the ears of her audience, deep into their hearts. Ann Barrie's singing had a springtime lilt of prettiness; Fritzi Scheff's had fire and passion and majestic beauty.

Sally Eilers set off for a European vacation but went to work in a film.



In the most ingratiating, informal manner imaginable, Irene Dunne stood up and confided that no one had asked her to sing. In fact, when she was invited she was told that she was not to do anything. Just let them try that on her again, she warned.

Three prima donnas side by side. One with a promising future, one who is enjoying success now, and one who is living on memories of a glorious past.

**Nothing But Bouquets.**—If you like scandal, dirty digs, constructive criticism, or disclosures of clay feet, please skip this paragraph, for I find Irene Dunne thoroughly satisfactory. At a time when fashion slaves were wearing padded and Continued on page 62





Photo by Fryer

Bette frankly discusses the taboo subject and tells how she gets around the greatest pitfall of movie marriages.

# MARRIAGE COSTS BETTE PLENTY

Can a girl support her husband and be happy, and keep him happy? Most players and their husbands have shouted "No." Miss Davis says "Yes."

**H**OLLYWOOD, with all that name can possibly imply, is not the menace that confronts my marriage.

"The problem that 'Ham' and I have to face is the economic one." Bette Davis, quietly thoughtful, answered my query as to her design for living happily, though married, in Hollywood.

"Too often Hollywood has been blamed for the failure of marriage. I'm not trying to deny that it is harder to achieve a successful marriage there than in less glamorous communities. There are many reasons for that, from geographical location to Freud.

"But the thing that has broken up more cinema homes than any other cause is the *money situation*. More marriages have been wrecked by money problems than by blondes.

"By that I don't mean the actual struggle for bread and meat. Most of the persons who land on the front pages as a result of marital difficulties are successful enough financially to have their cake and eat it, too.

By Laura Benham

But in Hollywood there are so many households in which the wife earns either the entire income or the greater portion of it.

"Mine is one of those households. And therein exists the problem."

Noting my startled expression, Bette paused for a moment to consult the luncheon menu. It's true I *was* surprised at her frankness. All too many times have I broken bread with beautiful young ladies of the screen who were bearing the economic responsibility of their families. This was the first time one of them had admitted it.

Heretofore, the glaringly obvious fact that the wife was the wage earner had been relegated to the realm of taboo subjects. To find a denizen of the cinema village as frank as Bette, and as sensible, was disarming to say the least.

After ordering for us a luncheon that would put to shame all Madame Sylvia's stanch adherents, Miss Davis turned back to our discussion.



"There's no way of tactfully evading the issue," she insisted. "It was only because Ham"—Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., sometimes referred to as "Mr. Davis," to his honest amusement—"and I faced the situation and considered its every aspect before taking the final step, that we expect to achieve a happy and permanent union.

"Ham is a musician, you know. There's not the money in that line of work that there is in the theatrical profession. Besides, it takes longer to achieve success in music.

"Ham and I faced the fact that for the next few years my earnings would be far in excess of his. But we recognized that my success—if you can call it that—will probably be fleeting. Cinema fame has a way of fading just as quickly as it is attained.

"The screen life of an actress, her popularity with the public and consequent ability to secure good rôles, usually lasts for about five years. By the time my career is beginning to show signs of wear, we believe that Ham will have become firmly established in his work and will be just coming into his success. And his success will be permanent.

"In the meantime, we decided to adjust ourselves to conditions as they exist and to make the best of them. While realizing that they are not ideal, delaying our marriage indefinitely and spending the next few years apart seemed no happier solution."

"When you say that conditions are not ideal, just what do you mean, Miss Davis? Despite the fact that you will be earning far more than Mr. Nelson, as long as you have no financial worries, just why do you feel that an economic problem exists for you?" I asked, thinking of the many couples who would not quibble over which partner earned the money as long as their bare struggle for existence were relieved.

Miss Davis seemed to divine the thought behind my words. "Present conditions and an advanced point of view cannot change the age-old tradition that a man should be the head of his house. Regardless of how modern we have become, it is basically and fundamentally true that some things belong in woman's sphere, some things in man's.

"When a wife earns the livelihood for the family, the husband is likely to lose his identity and his self-respect. No woman can respect a man who does not respect himself. And the right sort of love, the sort of love that makes for enduring marriage, is founded on mutual respect.

"It was not easy for Ham and myself to face the fact that it would be my money on which we lived during the immediate future. We realize that if he decides to buy a new automobile, it will be my money which purchases it. If he sends me flowers or buys me a gift, in the final analysis I'll be buying it for myself, for it will be my income which provides the wherewithal.

"I know that I'll always love to keep a firm grip on myself and never to say to him, 'I don't want to spend money that way'; if he wishes to buy something that I consider an extravagance.

"But we are keeping our eyes on the future. We're considering not just to-day or to-morrow, but five years from now—and ten. We consider the present an investment in our real lives which will begin when Ham comes into his own. Then we believe that he will earn far more than I have ever dreamed of making.

"But now our problem is to conduct our lives so that the fact that I am earning the principal portion of our income never obtrudes itself into our personal relations.

"Frankly, if we had not had enough money, we would never have considered marrying and running the chance of getting into a situation that would be humiliating to Ham. If ever the time comes that he feels less a man than I can respect and who can respect himself, I want him to leave me right then and there. And I've told him just that!"

Bette's eyes flashed with sincerity. Sitting across the table from me in her rooms at the Ambassador, she appeared strangely youthful to have acquired such a practical attitude. Which fact she attributes to her New England background.

She was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, the daughter of nontheatrical parents. However, her mother had always cherished a regret that she had not been an actress, consequently was delighted when Bette announced her intention of going on the stage.

Mrs. Davis did all she could to further her daughter's ambition and when Bette finished at the public schools of her native town, she was sent to New York to attend the John Murray Anderson School of the Theater.

Incidentally, it was as a student in grammar school that Bette met Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., her husband, who occupied the desk across the aisle from her.

After the usual apprenticeship in dramatic school, Bette secured a job with a stock company in Rochester, New York, which was followed by

Continued on page 65

Bette's investment in Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., is for their "real lives when he comes into his own as a musician."







Photo by Hurrell

Though born Richards, Tommy insisted on being a Farrell like his mother, so she had his name legally changed.

# SHADY LADY'S SON

By  
Dena  
Reed

Ten-year-old Tommy is Glenda Farrell's protector, adviser, and critic in one of the tenderest relationships of all Hollywood.

**I**F I told you that Glenda Farrell, one of the newest and most intriguing "shady ladies" of the screen, was born in a small town in Oklahoma, educated in a convent, made her stage debut as *Little Eva*, and played stock in practically every city in the United States before being taken to Hollywood with the play, "Life Begins," it wouldn't be very different from the stories of many other screen sensations.

So I'll tell you about Tommy, Glenda's dearest pal, severest critic, and probably the best commentary on Glenda that can be found.

Tommy is Glenda's son, aged ten—her protector, her adviser, her *raison d'être*. No wonder in the film of "Life Begins" they chose Glenda for the hard-boiled gal who made a lullaby of "Frankie and Johnnie." Glenda could make a lullaby of anything.

Not that she'd dare to with Tommy around! When you have a son in military school, you've got to be one of the fellows, no matter how many sleepless nights it costs you, and if you don't think that Glenda is just that, don't mention it where Tommy can hear you. He knew Glenda was a swell guy long before any of us were well enough acquainted with her to agree.

Glenda's marriage wasn't a success and she has been divorced a long while. Glenda will say, "Tommy's father was all right"—and she'll trail off into silence. Tommy, whose father never understood him, won't say anything; the subject is too painful to him.

But it is indicative that Tommy Richards in a household of Farrells—Glenda, her father, and two kid cousins—said one day, "Look here, why can't I be a Farrell, too? I don't like being 'Richards' as if I were a stranger or something."

So Glenda, at Tommy's request, had his name changed to Farrell by the court. "I never would have done it unless he wanted it," she told me.

Tommy and Glenda are buddies. She can see him at school every afternoon if she wants to, but work usually limits their visits to twice a week and week-ends, unless there's a preview of one of his mother's pictures. These he usually attends with her, and he gives her the full and frank benefit of his opinion of her work. Glenda, Tommy, and three of his school friends went together to see "Life Begins." There was no mystery, no embarrassment, no snickering.

"What hospital were you born in?" was the chief question among Tommy and his pals when Glenda

wasn't in evidence on the screen. Tommy thought his mother did a swell job in "Life Begins." But he was rather disappointed in "I'm a Fugitive."

"You shouldn't have been bad right through. You should have been redeemed," he told her seriously. "It's better box office."

Tommy has heard rôles and every other subject discussed before him from the time he was a tot, so he thinks nothing of the fact that his delightful mother is always seen in "bad" rôles. To him, as to Glenda, it means a better chance for characterization. Glenda loathes straight rôles and has always been a character woman. Tommy knows that shady parts are more interesting and more likely to attract attention.

While Glenda was in New York with the "Forty-second Street" train, she received the following wire from her frank son: "Just saw preview of 'The Key-hole.' Allen Jenkins steals the picture."

Tommy wasn't reconciled to his mother's coming East until he heard that his hero, Tom Mix, was to be aboard. That more or less fixed things. But a year ago when Glenda's first picture, "Life Begins," opened in New York, she had been East for several months dicking for a stage play. The separation was too much for Tommy. This year he said, "You be back in three weeks or else—"

The day I saw Glenda was the last before her return. She was being called back for a picture that was awaiting her.

"We're all about fit for rest cures," she said. "But I've simply got to get to Macy's to-day and see if I can get some leopard-skin shorts. Tommy's in the *Tarzan* age and wants to climb trees in a leopard loin cloth this summer at Leguna Beach where we've taken a small place.

"Well, I suppose I can stand it," she smiled wistfully. "I've already weathered his broken arm and fractured rib. One has to get used to things like that with a boy. It's rather hard on me, though, because Tommy was such a sick kid back East. Bad tonsils had affected his heart, and we had a terrible time, but since he's been on the Coast he's been wonderful, thank Heaven, except for an occasional mishap. I had to put a stop to football, because he's too long and lanky. But he makes up for it in fencing," she sighed.

It seems that shortly before Glenda came East, Tommy had come home one week-end with mercurochrome under one eye.

[Continued on page 63]





HERE always is another side to every player and the portrayer of hard-boiled rôles is more often than not a saffie in real life. Glenda Farrell like that. Loak far and wide and you won't find a mother whose life is ore centered on her son and—but read about them on the opposite page.

Photo by Bert Longworth





BESIDES her natural good looks and simple directness, Miss Allan's speech is a joy. She has a British accent, yes, but it is not as exaggerated as some of the stage English cultivated by those of our native actresses who have never been nearer England than Bermuda. Here's hoping that she stays long with us.



GREAT BRITAIN could not find a more valuable envoy than Elizabeth Allan whose first Hollywood picture, "Looking Forward," did more than countless speeches of statesmen to bring us closer to the real British spirit, particularly the modern English girl whose perfect composite is Miss Allan.





Photo by George Hurrell



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



POET and peasant, millionaire and tramp, highbrow and lowbrow, grown-ups and children—everybody is enthusiastic about Mae West who somehow reaches them all shattering every preconceived notion of what a movie star should be. Her next film: "I'm No Angel."





**INCOMPARABLE** Gloria! Denying that she is financially pinched, Miss Swanson points to her husband and children as proof of her wealth. Yet she fails to include among her assets that indomitable spirit which, even more than her family, will keep her on top—where she belongs. Dauntless Gloria!

Photo by Irving Chidnoff





Photo by Elmer Fryer

VERSATILITY, thy name is woman! Here is Loretta Young, the coolly capable, all of a sudden becoming provocative, exotic, luring, heavy-lidded. And all by the simple expedient of bangs! Well, anyway, let's watch for her in "Lady of the Night," with Ricardo Cortez.





Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

If you saw Greta Nissen in "The Circus Queen Murder" you must have been struck anew by her fine talent which too often has been wasted on unworthy rôles. To say nothing of her legs, which are too divine for program films! Let's hope for Greta at her best in "Melody Cruise," a musical.





CAROL LOMBARD, who once  
fralicked in Sennett comedies, is  
a shining example of the good  
derived from a rough-and-  
tumble training. She last self-  
cansciausness and learned to  
emphasize her beauty by skill-  
ful make-up.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



NOW she is recognized as a  
first-rate dramatic actress with  
an individuality all her own.  
Naturally she has learned much  
from her husband, William  
Powell, whose adroit acting and  
unusual intelligence make him  
a mentar par excellence.





IF the ladies in Gary Cooper's life—and they are too numerous to mention—have succeeded in making him a better actor, then let him be another Casanova for the good of himself and the screen! "One Sunday Afternoon," an unusual Broadway play, will be his next film.

Photo by Irving Lippman.



JEAN HARLOW believes in the value of fans. There is yet to be found an admirer of hers with a complaint of indifference, negligence or a photograph withheld. Instead, her loyal legion extol her for the personal interest she takes in them. And is Jean popular? By the way, her next picture will be "He Was Her Man," formerly called "Black Orange Blossoms."

Photo by Harvey White







# FREE SOUL

Constance Bennett does her best to prove that a girl without inhibitions is the one who receives the best deal in life. "A Bed of Roses" is the document in question.

CONSTANCE BENNETT as the heroine with reformatory training is seen at top of page in the luxurious setting earned by her wits in dealing with men. She is pictured, above, with John Halliday.



JOEL MCCREA is the hero whose display of money arouses Miss Bennett's interest at first although love unites them in the end. Pert Kelton, well-known stage sou-brette, is Miss Bennett's companion in the picture at the left.






# VICKI

Miss Landi is the ballet-dancer heroine of "Loved You Wednesday," with Warner Baxter, Victor Jory, and Miriam Jordan as her companions in a sophisticated romance.



MISS LANDI in a capricious rôle at last captures the warmth and spontaneity which has been lacking from her admirably intelligent performances. She has the additional advantage of association with Laura Hope Crews, who is the masseuse pictured with her at top of the page.





Ann Dvorak is just as attractive as when she deserted Warners for a fling at foreign travel though her career has not been furthered by absence from the screen. However, she's back in the fold and waiting cheerfully for an assignment to prove that she's a girl fans can't forget.

Photo by Elmer Fryer



# SHE LOVED TOO WELL



Sylvia Sidney promises her most interesting characterization as Jennie Gerhardt, unhappy heroine of Theodore Dreiser's novel of that name which will come to the screen with its title unchanged. Here Miss Sidney is seen in Jennie's old-fashioned overblown finery of a bygone day.





**PRESTON FOSTER**, one of the more vigorous actors who has made his presence felt in minor rôles, describes himself as a roughneck. Though fans will not agree with his self-made classification, they cannot fail to be interested in his story on the opposite page and the news of his great opportunity.

Photo by Elmer Fryer



# PRESTON'S BIG CHANCE

Stardom comes to Mr. Foster after only a year of lesser rôles, and this after getting on the stage purely by accident.

By William H. McKegg



Preston's big fan following won for him the stellar part in the story of the late Mayor Cermak's life.

WITH the best players of the screen and the stage as strong competition, a newcomer has only one chance in a thousand to win the notice of fans. In fact, it might be said that the hardest thing for any actor to do, at the present moment, is to attract attention at all. But there is one thing harder—to keep on attracting attention *after* the first taste of success.

Preston Foster has been in Hollywood little more than a year. In that short time he has proved himself a real actor and has caught on with the fans. His first screen effort, a subordinate part in "Two Seconds," registered. He added to his standing in the rôle of the lunatic murderer in "Doctor X." As the cause of all Paul Muni's troubles in "I Am a Fugitive," he took a few more bows. Then he played the much sought after rôle of *Killer Meers* in "The Last Mile." It was this rôle that made Spencer Tracy shine on Broadway, and Clark Gable, in a lesser degree, in Los Angeles. Now he is to play the star part in Fox's "Man Who Dared," inspired by the life of Anton Cermak, late mayor of Chicago, whose life was ended by an assassin's bullet.

"I had the time of my life getting that part," Foster told me, when I talked with him on the Warner lot. "They didn't want to lend me out.

"I begged the casting director to let me go," he continued. "I pointed out that it was a lead, a star part. Finally Warners were very decent about it and lent me to Fox for a part originally intended for their own Spencer Tracy. Now you know it must be good."

"Of course you'll put more effort into this rôle than in any other?" I inquired to find out how the land lay.

"I certainly will," Foster shot back. "A lead, or a bit, each is very important to me."

And there, boys and girls, you have the secret of how Preston Foster has attracted attention, even in minor rôles.

"No matter what I've been assigned to do," he said, "I've gone about it earnestly. I've always done so. Especially on the stage. The least thing connected with it meant a step higher for me, so I tackled even bits with the attitude of one playing a star part.

"But don't get the impression that I had a rough road

to travel in the theater world. Everything slid along nicely for me. There was no starving, no misery. That cropped up once or twice when I worked at other things."

And in case you believe an actor must be born to art, let Pres disillusion you.

So far as professions go, he has been almost everything.

He was born in New Jersey. After school was over, he started out as a salesman. Then followed a series of other jobs. I'm not certain whether he was a radio announcer, but I do know he was a newspaper reporter in Philadelphia. Don't say that becoming a reporter is a lad's first false step! Being a reporter was Preston Foster's first step into the theater—into grand opera, of all things!

"I was a fairly good singer," he remarked, not boasting, but merely explaining how he had got on the stage. "I was sent to the theater one night to cover a performance. The company needed some extra voices in the chorus. Right there I threw up reporting and started out in opera as a super."

He was eventually elevated to small rôles in such operas as "Othello," "Hamlet," "The Masked Ball," and "La Bohème." He also sang *Aida's* father. From all this, I gather he is a baritone.

Well, the opera at Philadelphia ended and our hero was on Broadway, jobless and almost penniless. He decided to try to land something in a musical comedy. In attempting this, he found himself hoisted into drama instead, for such are the strange ways of theatrical life.

Lionel Atwill directed the first play in which Preston Foster appeared. Atwill took an interest in the young man's work and helped him a great deal. Other plays followed, including "Doctor X" and "Two Seconds."

Am I missing anything? Oh, yes. Pres had to attend to love. He attended to it very well, too. There was Gertrude back in his home town. Since the stage at that time seemed in no way jeopardized by the screen, Preston and "True"—his pet name for her—were married. And married they have been these seven years.

Then talkies appeared and swallowed dozens of Broadway's élite.

[Continued on page 66]



# HOLLYWOOD



Photo by Wide World

**I**S Greta Garbo jealous of Marlene Dietrich? If she isn't, then why was she so wildly desirous of having Rouben Mamoulian, who made "The Song of Songs," as her director? She even did the unheard-of thing of seeking him out at his own studio, and viewing there the picture starring her rival.

The Swedish star had every one puzzled and wondering when she took such a step. It was without precedent in her career—Garbo, the aloof, the elusive, actually coming down to earth, and pursuing a guide for her film-making. It started a host of rumors that she was at last taking notice of the success of a star who is an invader of her own sphere.

Aside from this, Garbo's return to Hollywood followed just about the normal course. She remained the "divine lady of mystery"—"divine" largely because she continues to be glorified in the publicity attending anything that she does or says,

Squawks and twitterings of the little bird who sees to it that privacy is impossible in the movie colony.

though there isn't anything to chronicle in the way of utterances by her. Not one whit more, indeed, than before she left for Sweden.

Nevertheless, she got columns of space in the newspapers on her return. It became a sort of popular custom to infer in a kidding way that she had been interviewed, and M.-G.-M. was swamped with solicitations for appointments for exclusive chats with Greta. All were, as usual, refused, while the star continued in her wonted retirement.

Her first days were spent with her old friend, Mrs. Berthold Viertel, who collaborated on the film, "Queen Christina," in which Greta is appearing, and then later she hid out at Santa Barbara. She is living alone now, as has long been her custom, near the seaside. She looks much better than she did when she left for Sweden, being a living proof of the value of sun baths, which she still insists on taking almost daily.

Joan Crawford's divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., forbids her marrying for a year, but she and Franchot Tone are happy just the same.

Kay Francis plainly dressed? She's in a doctor's uniform for "Mary Stevens, M. D."

Despite the fine healthy color she is wearing these days, naught can change Greta's strange and solitary temperament. She is still Hollywood's most famous recluse. And its most fascinating personage.



**Ann Quits Sphinxing.**—By comparison, Ann Harding, another "silent" star, has become garrulous. She discussed fully the details of her swift flight to Cuba, and the maritime disaster, when the fishing boat which she was aboard capsized, and she, Alexander Kirkland, and her secretary, Maria Lombard, had to cling to the keel, while their Cuban boatman lost his life trying to bring them aid.

The story of the accident has been too widely told to need repetition. Also the saga of the impetuous jaunt of Ann and Kirkland to Havana.

Ann was greatly disturbed by the shipwreck and its aftermath, even when she returned to Hollywood, but managed to begin work on "Double Harness" within a few days.

Explaining her hasty flight to Cuba, she said it was only for the purpose of a much desired rest. That the journey didn't turn out that way was just her ill luck.

She declared that she isn't marrying Kirkland; indeed, that she doesn't ever expect to marry again. Incidentally, she divulged that she calls Kirkland by the name of Billy instead of Alex-



# HIGH LIGHTS

By  
Edwin and Elza Schallert

Leila Bennett is almost like Chic Sale—fans don't know her as she really is. Here she is without make-up, but not as you will see her in "Sunset Pass."

ander. It's his nickname. They have known each other since the old Hedgerow Theater days in Pennsylvania; hence the familiarity.

It is now recognized that Ann is more a creature of impulse than was ever dreamed before. The whole character of the airplane trip gave proof of that.

**Foreigners Overfêted.**—Foreign actresses receive all the honors; American enjoy none. And the same thing is true of actors.

This is the only conclusion we can draw after attending three large parties given to introduce European players. One was for Lilian Harvey, the other for Henry Garat, and the third for Dorothea Wieck. It almost looks like discrimination in favor of talent from abroad, as the most that is given new arriving New York stars in Hollywood is the press agent's handshake at the railroad station.

Not altogether fair, we'd say.

**Connie and the Marquis.**—Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise used to attract attention by journeying to far places together before they were married, but they now elicit even more interest by traveling separately. The marquis went to the Dutch East Indies on a picture venture financed by Connie, and she shortly afterward set forth for Honolulu for a vacation.

Naturally there are rumors of a matrimonial split, and Connie is even reported interested in Gilbert Roland, who happened to be in the Hawaiian Islands at the same time as she. Connie scoffs at the rumors, declaring that they arose because she happened to be seen in the Agua Caliente gaming hall standing beside Roland one evening after the marquis had decided to go to bed, and because on another occasion she was at Palm Springs when Gilbert was there. And he appeared with her in "Our Betters." Nevertheless, the tongues of the gossips are wagging.

Connie went to Honolulu in company with Eileen Percy, her adopted son, Miss Percy's child, and her secretary. She averred her belief that this was sufficient chaperonage for anybody, and at one time threatened to abandon the trip if she were annoyed by any more "foolish reports."

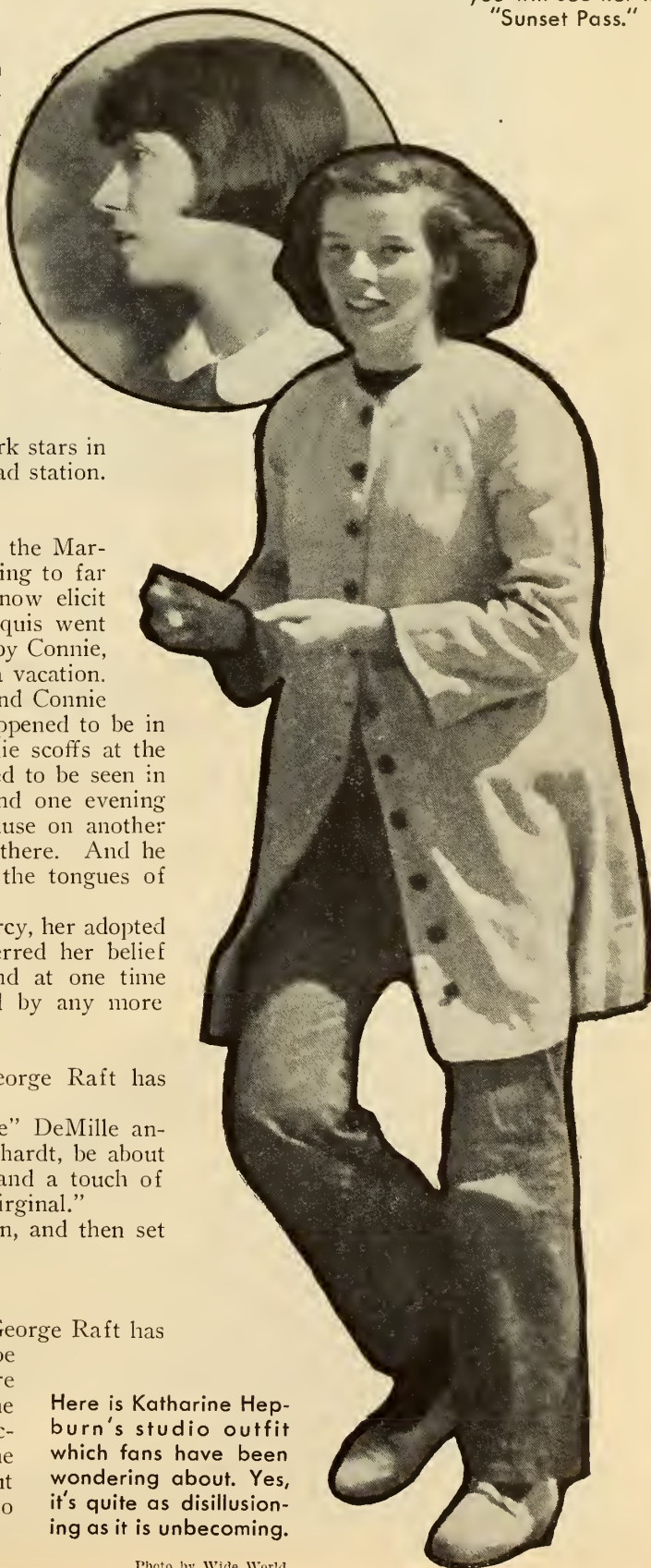
**Raft Liberal-minded.**—Total of ladies whom George Raft has dous lot to live up to.

Before finding his heroine for "This Day and Age" DeMille announced that she "must look like Diana, act like Bernhardt, be about eighteen years of age, with a mature understanding and a touch of sophistication, and must also be vivacious, sweet, and virginal."

He picked Mari Colman, new Paramount acquisition, and then set about to discover a better name for her.

It's the old DeMille ballyhoo.

**Raft Liberal-minded.**—Total list of ladies whom George Raft has escorted here and there in Hollywood must now be nearly a hundred. George certainly plays the field more assiduously than any other male favorite. Among the more recent charmers he has attended are Florine McKinney and Marjorie King, and remarkably enough he was seen with each of them during a single evening, but at different hours and places. He's a smart one not to get tangled up.



Here is Katharine Hepburn's studio outfit which fans have been wondering about. Yes, it's quite as disillusioning as it is unbecoming.



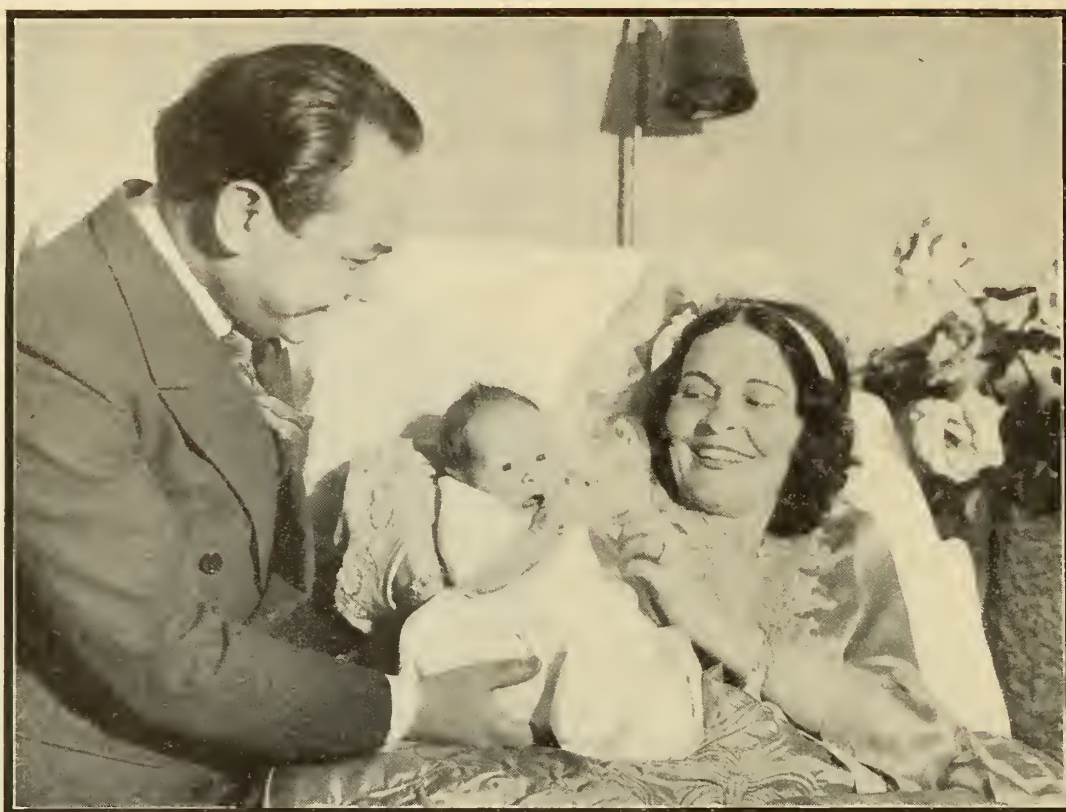


Photo by Cosmo-Sileo

Here is that terrible menace to law and order, *Little Caesar*, brow-beating his wife and child, Gladys and Edward G., Jr.

# Soft-boiled EDDIE

What can a mild, home-loving man like Robinson do to live down his gangster reputation?

ONCE a gangster—always? Edward G. Robinson wants to know.

By Cruikshank

Shark." Folks don't hesitate to reveal their private lives to the editor of "Five Star Final." Any one's safe as the law of averages in matching

May not the sinner see the light?

Can't a feller reform? Is there no balm in Gilead, no escape from an impression once created? Send your answers, together with a self-addressed envelope, to Mr. Robinson, who promises not to read them.

Bowling along at a merry clip, discussing the return of beer and the like, Eddie and I passed a traffic signal. A bullet-headed arm of the law approached with a scowl on what passed for a brow, a ticket in hand. It was a dark moment, but it was soon illuminated by the wide grin of Officer 666 when he spied Eddie.

"Okay, *Cæsar*," quoth he, "get along wit ye!"

And we were off before you could say Jack Robinson—no relation, by the way, to *Little Cæsar*.

"There y'are," said Ed, "you see how it is?"

I didn't, but I'd been in Hollywood long enough to say "Yes."

"You know," he practically soliloquized, "in my entire career in pictures I've played a gangster just once."

"Yeah, I know," I said brightly, "in 'Little Cæsar.' But what about 'The Racket'?"

"That was on the stage," explained Robinson patiently. "Yes, sir, just once, yet—there y'are. I'm *Cæsar* even to the law!"

And it's true. No one ever shrinks from Eddie in memory of the hook-handed Portuguese of "Tiger

quarters or, in pre-Rooseveltian days, nickels, with the slick gambler of "Smart Money." And it never occurs to any one to crack about "no tickee, no washee" to "The Hatchet Man." Wherever Robinson wanders, he remains *Little Cæsar*.

Of course, there's a reason. Even Eddie himself admits that of all his films he fancies "Little Cæsar" most. But no matter how many brilliant histrionic plumes are pinned on his bonnet, the one awarded for that portrayal remains irritatingly in prominence. There have been times when I thought the lad would break down and cry, "I don't wanna be a baddie!"

There never was a more unvicious fellow than this same Edward G. Robinson. He's a genial, mild-mannered gentleman, given to good cigars, light wines, and after-dinner story-telling. He's in love with his own wife, as is every one who meets the gracious Gladys. He's modest except about his Thespian ability, and pretense in the face of such accomplishment as his would make a mockery of modesty. His interest in events outside the studios renders him an entertaining talker on a variety of subjects. And he's a good listener, too, a rare gift in an actor.

Look him over carefully, study his features, his speech, his mannerisms, and I'll yet defy you to call his nation-



ality. If you're French, you'll think him Italian. If you come from sunny It', you may think him Roossian. If you're Russian—but why go on? He's been mistaken for everything but an American. As a matter of fact, he was born in Rumania thirty-odd years ago. But he came over with the family while young enough to attend New York schools and to take a degree at Columbia.

During the formative period of youth he veered from the church to law as a career, and eventually became absorbed in amateur dramatics, scholastic debating, and—whisper it—some political soap-box oratory. In the end he turned definitely to the theater, and was ready to give his all to Broadway when Uncle Sam stepped up and put the finger on him as a soldier. Well, not exactly a soldier, for Eddie did his hitch in the navy, and never shot anything but sevens and elevens.

When the War was over and there was nothing left to do but collect European loans, Eddie didn't bother to join the army of the unemployed; he just became an actor. The terms were synonymous until he wrote a sketch called "Bells of Conscience," and played it himself in vaudeville. That was really the beginning. Later he appeared in a dozen plays for the Theater Guild, such highbrow productions as "The Brothers Karamazov," "Peer Gynt," "Night's Lodging"—that kind of thing. And then again, in "The Kibitzer," which he coauthored. Darned versatile, this Robinson!

But we started with pictures, so let's get back to 'em. Eddie made his screen début way back yonder years ago with Dick Barthelmess, in "The Bright Shawl." But it wasn't until much later, when "The Racket" in the theater presaged the deluge of shoot-'em-up sound films, that Robinson, the Robinson voice, the Robinson personality, the Robinson gift for character creation, came to knock the cinema and its lovers for the well-known loop. Eddie went West to show the Coast a real, live gangster in the theater. Oddly enough, when "The Racket" was made into a picture, Louis Wolheim, of lamented memory, did the Robinson rôle.

But though the cinema mills grind slowly, they get there just the same—or words to that effect—and it wasn't long before Warner Brothers had Robinson signed, sealed, and delivered at their studio. The rest has been easy for both the Warners and Eddie, for their League of Nations star quickly demonstrated that he could play Jewish, Italian, Portuguese, Chinese, Russian, or American rôles with equal facility and equal impressiveness. Not only could he, but he did.

Between times he's had his fun in a quiet, unobtrusive, Robinsonlike way. He's the sort of chap who likes to laugh, even when the joke is on him, as it was when at a certain Hollywood party he was victimized by Vince Barnett. Vince, you recall, is the professional insulter of the cinema city, and what he did to Eddie was aplenty.

The ribber, this time disguised as a distinguished foreign visitor, accused the polite Robinson of being an uncouth, unmannerly hoodlum off screen as well as on,

and finally insisting that Eddie had insulted him. Only when Robinson, completely fooled, suggested that they go outside did the hoax end.

Now a Robinson never forgets, and Eddie bided his time until along came "Tiger Shark." Then the star suggested that his good pal Vince be given a part in the picture. *R-r-revenge!* By the time the film was finished everything was even between them. Not only did Robinson see to it that poor Barnett was slapped around by the giant tuna fish featured in the film, but in one sequence Vince suddenly found himself swung aloft on a boom and carried far out over waters seething with shark! Of course, he was securely fastened—that is, pretty securely—but Vince didn't know that.

After "Smart Money" Eddie took time out to visit his friend, Jack Dempsey, at Jack's Reno home. Together the friends made a round of the gaming halls, Eddie assuming his "Smart Money" character of a big-time gambler. In no time at all, half the habitués of the casinos were trailing along with every bet Robinson made. And although his knowledge of the roulette ball, the bird-cage dice, the faro bank, and the various other now-you-see-it-now-you-don't pastimes was merely theoretical, Lady Luck showered down her favors on him and his followers. He had a great time. But months later, seated with the ex-champ and a party of friends at the Biltmore, Jack warned Eddie not to try it again. Such fortune, he assured the star, couldn't last. Robinson has taken his advice.

Not only is Eddie an accomplished linguist, valuable in half a dozen tongues, but he has a peculiar facility in picking up dialects. Let him spend an hour or so in the company of a person who speaks tanglefoot English, mixed and garbled with the accents of any other tongue, and he will be able to give a perfect reproduction of the patois into the microphones. However, he has a real interest in studying languages. One of his ambitions is to become fluent in Chinese. Thus far, he says, the toughest tongue he has tackled is Finnish. Incidentally, his English is flawless.

For the first time Robinson played a simon-pure American in "Silver Dollar," in which he impersonated one Haw Tabor, a bluff and colorful character of Colorado's silver days. It was a part rich in opportunity, and

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Mr. Robinson has played but one gangster rôle on the screen but he was so good that even the cops call him "Caesar" and grant him special privileges.

Photo by Cosmo-Sileo







Wynne's story is one setback after another, but she goes merrily on.

# LUCK Done Her WRONG

Wynne Gibson has everything it takes but that elusive lucky break.

By Drummond Tell

WYNNIE GIBSON is Hollywood's original hard-luck girl. Oh, she's done well enough by herself financially, and lots of people write her fan letters, but that smash hit, that one outstanding rôle that puts one on top of the heap, always dangles elusively just beyond her reach. Every time it seems to be within her grasp some invisible hand snatches it away.

It's been the same in her private and domestic life. Two marriages have gone flooey and ended in divorce just as happiness and love seemed permanent.

The set-up was all wrong for her in the beginning. She comes from a family of nonprofessionals. She finished her education—the book part of it—at Wadleigh High School in New York. After graduation, a couple of her classmates got jobs in musical comedy.

One day they called at Wynne's home and talked her into accompanying them to the theater to apply for jobs in a new musical show. Among other things, she had studied stenography and typewriting at school. Her friends told the producer of these accomplishments. He looked Wynne over appraisingly and smiled.

"I've got a great idea," he announced blandly. "You come into my office for a couple of days and work there. Then I'll call in the newspaper boys and tell them that after combing New York for a girl to play a certain part, I found her right here in my own office—my secretary. We'll get a grand publicity break."

It sounded like a good idea to Wynne. She reported the next morning and spent the first day looking around.

"Nothing happened," she said. "He hadn't any dictation. All he had was a safe full of jewelry he used to pass out to girls—when the occasion demanded. But the second day, he came in and five minutes later grabbed me. I didn't know straight away but I'd read a lot of novels, so I screamed. The man in the next office rushed in and I was saved."

She told her family nothing of what had happened and when the girl friends applied for a job in "Tangerine," Wynne went right along with them. To her surprise, she was signed for one of the six little wives.

The show broke in in Atlantic City, Baltimore, and Washington. The pater caught up with it in the latter city, took one look at it, and went in search of his erring daughter.

"You get some clothes on and come with me," Gibson père addressed his offspring sternly.

Wynne's career seemed doomed.



But she liked to cavort, so she started wheedling. By the time they'd got to New York, she had practically convinced her father that there are worse things a girl can do. So she got a job in the chorus of "June Love."

Ray Raymond was the discerning chap who went backstage after a performance and asked the stage manager, "Who's the little blonde in green, sixth from the left end as the crow flies?" The stage manager knew exactly whom Ray meant. Introductions followed and presently Wynne was singing and dancing in the leading rôle of Ray's new vaudeville revue.

After that had run its course, hard luck sat on her shoulders and bore down. "I've been broke so many times," Wynne murmured, "I can't remember them all. It was one long continued hunt for jobs. I was playing musicals most of the time, and there were always four or five weeks of rehearsal without pay. Often the show would close the first week. In addition, there were the long stretches between jobs.

"Once I had two cents in the wide, wide world—and I'd picked that up from a table where some one had left it. I was paying \$125 a month for my apartment and no prospects of a job. For some reason I got to feeling lucky. So I walked about three or four miles to the home of some friends where I knew a bridge game would be going on for pretty good stakes.

"I got there all right and made a killing. But when it came time to settle up, they told me they hadn't been paying off for a couple of weeks. Whoever won had to deposit the money in a 'kitty' they were getting up to pay the expenses of a blow-out they had planned for the next Sunday night.

"That's where my winnings went. I had to walk home, too. Was I mad!

"Right after that I got a job and the next Sunday we had our blow-out. We went down to Dinty Moore's and had steaks about three inches thick."

In the end, she joined Ray once more in "Castles in the Air" which they played up and down the West Coast. That engagement was a jinx from start to finish. She married, Ray was killed in a domestic tragedy, and her marriage went smash—all during the course of the tour.

Now she speaks of her marriages ruefully, but without malice. "It was my own fault. Ray told me not to marry him and I should have known better. A girl ought never to marry a man unless he's at



Well, eat, drink,  
and be merry,  
with a hey-ninnie-  
nonnie—that's Wynne  
Gibson's motto.



Perhaps her luck is changing. Wynne is scheduled for the leads in two films this year.

least five years older than herself. Older men have such a swell outlook on life. And no matter how old he is, she ought not to marry him unless he's already been married before."

"But every man can't be a widower or divorcee," I protested. "There's got to be a first time for everything."

"Well, let somebody else break them in, then," she replied indifferently. "Those are my ideas and I'll stick to them."

After her second marriage flopped she went to Europe for a year and on her return started opening and closing shows again.

In 1929 she opened in "Jarnegan," opposite Richard Bennett. While they were playing in Philadelphia she made her film debut, playing Helen Kane's sister in "Nothing But the Truth" at Paramount's Long Island studio. She worked in the film during the day and then took a train to Philadelphia every evening to appear in "Jarnegan."

In the spring of 1930 she came to Hollywood, played in "Children of Pleasure" and "The Fall Guy." Nothing happened. M.-G.-M. let her go and she appeared in the Los Angeles

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# LOST—THE GABLE

Clark sits up through the night and thinks about himself. Has too much introspection robbed him of his force and punch?

**I** HAVE changed," Clark Gable said recently as we looked back on his three years in Hollywood.

When he first made a hit I interviewed him and something he said that day stuck with me. It was this: "I'll never change. If I'd come out here new and made a hit, I might take it seriously. But I didn't come out here new. I was out here five years ago—alone, broke. Nobody noticed me. Nobody wanted to know me. And I know that except for the lucky breaks I'd be in ex-

arrogance, of high-hattedness. But it's been time wasted, for he hasn't changed an iota so far as I can see.

Yet it hasn't been exactly time wasted, either, for in the interim I've got acquainted with Clark a little better, and the respect and liking I felt for him then has grown and kept pace with our acquaintance.

On this particular day as we sat at lunch together I was congratulating him on having kept his word—and his head—and on not having changed.

"You're wrong," he smiled. "I *have* changed. Not in the way you perhaps thought I would, but in other ways. They say your character is constantly and gradually changing so that at the end of every seven years you are a completely different person. I knew you broaden as a result of experience or you became bigoted and petty, but it seemed to me that you went on developing your character always along the same line. Now I know I was wrong.

"The other night when I came home from a party, I went to bed but I couldn't sleep. I got up and pulled on a dressing gown and went out on the porch. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and there was no traffic on the road in front of the house, nothing to be heard, no light but the moon. I got to thinking about myself, wondering where I'm headed.

"I was a little disgruntled over not having been able to get away on a hunting trip. I grumbled to myself that I'd developed into a slave. Then suddenly I realized that on the contrary Hollywood had given me courage for the first time in my life *to be myself*.

"I used to have an ungovernable temper. When I stop to think about it, Hollywood has taught me to control that. Not long ago I was arguing with one of the studio executives about a rôle. All at once I realized I was getting plenty sore. Before I completely lost my temper I said, 'I'm sorry. I just remembered an important engagement. I'll see you later,' and left before I said something I'd regret. When I'd cooled off, I went back and talked him around to what I wanted.

"To attempt to get what you want by flying into a rage in an organization the size of the average studio is not unlike a bird's trying to reach a certain point by flying against a cyclone. Outbursts of temper antagonize not only the people against whom they are directed, but they sour your own disposition. They strain not only diplomatic relations but your voice, your face, your acting, and your general bearing.

"Another thing Hollywood has taught me is the difference between friends and acquaintances. The former are few and far between and it seems to me that, in return for their friendship, they should be given more



Mr. Gable thinks that three years of success have changed him, in a way; the writer insists that he hasn't changed at all.

actly the same boat now. I know that all these friends who come up and wish me well would shy away just as quickly now as they did then if I should flop. So I don't take it seriously."

I'd heard other actors say the same thing when they first began to be noticed. But usually those were the first ones to go Hollywood. That's why I've been watching Clark Gable for three years for the first signs of



# WALLOP

By Samuel Richard Mook

consideration and thought than you give your acquaintances. The idea of a smile and a handshake for everybody is the bunk. A little respect and consideration impresses them and enables you to save affection for your friends.

"I know there are some very fine people out here, but I think the majority are more fickle, more changeable, than elsewhere."

I interrupted for a moment. "I wonder," I suggested, "if it isn't because they don't *dare* be genuine. They can only afford to know you as long as you're on top. If two people are friends and one of them does something to offend the heads of the studio and is put in the dog house as a result, wouldn't it jeopardize the other's standing at the studio to be seen around with him too much?"

"To hell with that sort of thing," Clark exploded. "I'm going to be friends with whom I please, regardless of what other people think. I don't give a tinker's dam about whether friendship is expedient or not. I'm going to stick to the people I like and who amuse me.

"I think probably the greatest thing Hollywood has taught me is that—for me, anyhow—the best things in life are the simplest. I go to parties occasionally, but when I'm through at the studio it isn't parties and picture people I think of. I don't yearn for the Grove or the Mayfair. I want to get as far away from all that as possible. My closest friends are ones who have no connection with pictures.

"One of the swellest times I've ever had in my life was on my last hunting trip. My companion was a man who has never seen me on the screen."

"Didn't you feel hurt because he hadn't?" I inquired curiously.

"Lord, no! I loved him for it. When I go out anywhere and people start trying to get me to talk about myself, that's when I never want to go back to that place again. I find out what business my host is in and then try to discuss that intelligently with him—partly because I'm really interested in other lines of work and partly because it's the easiest way to bridge the gap. My hunting companion could talk to me about how he keeps his dogs in condition, how lions live, how he goes about trapping animals, and all the other things I love to hear about.

"That sort of thing helps to keep my perspective. I stay in a place like the Kaibab Forest in Arizona for a couple of weeks where I neither see nor hear about pictures, and then I come back with a fresh viewpoint.

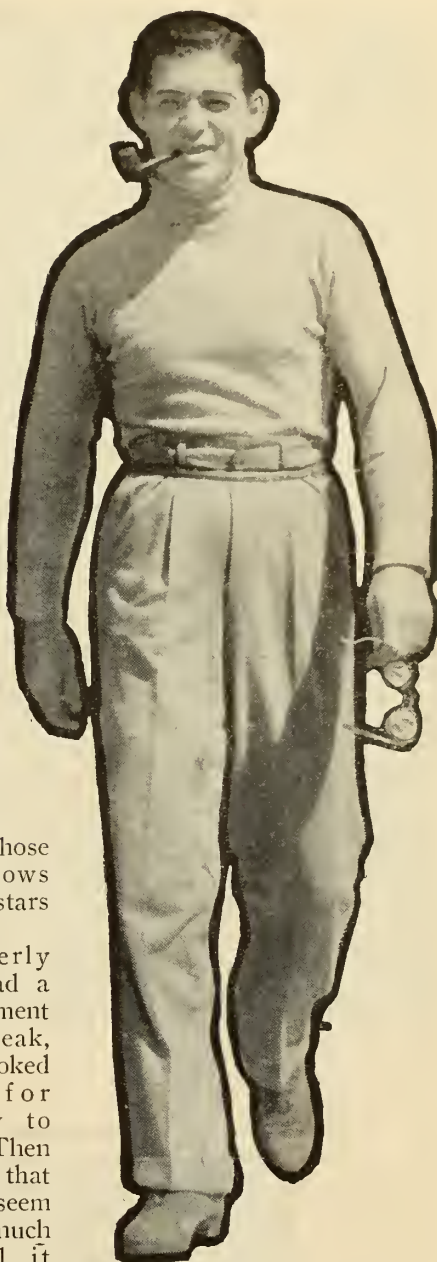
"Another thing that I've learned is to keep dislikes and disappointments under my hat. Maybe one of the reasons we like dogs so much is because when they're sick or hurt they always go off by themselves. When they're around they always put their best feet forward. There's more real affection in those grand little fellows than in all the stars in Hollywood.

"Formerly when I had a disappointment or heartbreak, I always looked around for somebody to tell it to. Then I noticed that that didn't seem to do me much good and it made my listener feel bad. That started me thinking. To begin with, you can usually get yourself out of your own mess better than any one else can, for you know what put you into it and he doesn't.

"I recalled my own feelings when I had had to listen to other people's sob stories. Unless they were *very* close friends, I was usually embarrassed by their confidences. Often I was surprised and disappointed over the revelation of some weakness in their characters I had not known was there. And sometimes they would be so regretful later for having exposed themselves, it would seriously impair our future relationship.

"Add to this the undoubted power inscrutability lends any personality and you can see why I've tried hard to learn this lesson."

Clark looked at his watch and jumped up. "I've got to show up a moment at a luncheon Mr. Mayer is giving



"I know there are some fine people in Hollywood," says Clark, "but the majority are more fickle, more changeable, than elsewhere. I have learned the difference between friends and acquaintances."

## What Hollywood Has Taught Me:

- To Analyze Myself Occasionally.
- To Be Myself.
- To Control My Temper.
- To Differentiate Between Friends and Acquaintances.
- To Keep My Troubles and Disappointments To Myself.
- The Power of Inscrutability.
- The Best Things Are The Simplest.
- To Cultivate Friends in Other Walks of Life As a Means of Keeping My Perspective.

—Clark Gable.



# A GODDESS to

Una's Southern accent gets thick with emotion when she tells how wonderful Helen Hayes is. Here's something different—one actress raving about another through a whole article.

IN a place renowned for its artificiality and tinsel glitter, there are few things that strike the observer as real. Friendships are more likely to be based on expediency than a desire for congenial companionship. Yet in all this hypocrisy there is one thing that strikes an observer as real—the friendship of Una Merkel and Helen Hayes. It has survived time and separations.

"I can't talk about Helen without becoming maudlin," Una admitted one day. "I adore her. I've seen her in almost every play she's done and each time I marvel anew over her talent. I first saw her in 'Golden Days.' I still remember every costume she wore. I got a craze for her that enables me to understand fan crushes in other people.

"Some time after that I went on the stage myself. Eventually I was called to Jed Harris's office for the reading of a play. There two seats away from me sat Helen, my idol. I couldn't keep my mind on the lines. I didn't remember a word of them. All I could think was, 'I'm going to be in a play with *her* and I'm going to get *paid* for it!' The play was 'Coquette.'

"Instead of the association being disillusioning, it only made me fonder of her. You know what the rehearsals and try-out of a new play are like. Every one gets on every one else's nerves for fear they are stealing your best lines, and all that sort of thing.

"Helen is always a wreck during those periods. She can't sleep, she can't eat, she has no confidence in herself or the play—she's like a madwoman. And yet, with all

that, she's an angel to every one else. It's only herself she's hard on.

"We opened in Atlantic City and found that there was too much comedy for so poignant a drama. The audience laughed so much at Andrew Lawlor, Jr., and me that it was ruining the play. The drama was so throbbing, they seized on anything that would relieve the tension.

"Most of our scenes had to be cut. I didn't mind—much—because I realized it was necessary to the success of the piece, but if it hadn't been for Helen much more of our rôles would have been deleted. She insisted that they leave enough in to give us a chance to make individual hits."

The reviews next morning were only tepid, and Helen wanted to close the show. She had never wanted to do it, anyhow. Harris had held "Coquette" for three years hoping to get her to play it. Only three people had any confidence in it—her mother, whom every one calls "Brownie," George Abbott, who wrote it, and Jed Harris. They finally induced Helen to try it a couple of weeks.

They played in Philadelphia the next week and the day after it opened there it was sold out for sixteen weeks in New York.

"I'll never forget the opening in New York. It was the most thrilling experience I've ever had," Una said.

Her eyes clouded and she gazed reminiscently out the window a few seconds to regain control of herself.

Una adored Helen long before they played together in "Coquette."



Photo by  
Rayhuff-Richter



# MERKEL

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

Waitresses clattered past us in the studio restaurant. The buzz of conversation came to us as remotely as the drone of insects across a field in summer.

Lee Tracy, Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, and Clark Gable sat at near-by tables. She neither saw nor heard. She was three thousand miles away, in New York that night seven years ago when Una was backstage at the Maxine Elliott Theater waiting to face her first metropolitan audience in the company of a star she worshiped.

"Neither Helen nor I could eat anything all day," Una resumed. "We were perfect wrecks and kept wishing we were dead or could be magically transplanted to some place far from there so we wouldn't have to face that audience. Minutes after we were out on the stage we wouldn't have been in places with any one in the world."

"Nearly always something goes wrong on an opening night, but not this time. Everything moved like clockwork. There wasn't a missed cue, a dropped line, a late entrance—nothing. It was perfect. When it was over, the audience cheered for fifteen minutes and that's something that doesn't happen often. Helen came out on the stage and cried. That was the night that lifted her from the ranks of clever actresses into the position of one of the most brilliant virtues of the stage."

"After the play settled down into a long run, some of us used to go out nights after the performance and get hamburgers and onions. Helen would go out with Charlie—Charles MacArthur, whom she afterward married. Charlie likes fancy food, so Helen would look at us longingly as we'd leave and say, 'I wish I could go with you, but I've got to eat some of Charlie's high-falutin' dishes.' But every once in a while she'd ditch him and come with us."

"When we were playing in Chicago my mother and father came out there to be with me on their wedding anniversary. I had only a room in a hotel, but Helen had taken an apartment. She said, 'Let's have the party at my place.' Mother brought all the food and father got hold of a case of champagne somewhere. We had a grand time."

"After we were through eating, we all did stunts to entertain the rest of the crowd. Helen did two sketches in pantomime. One of them reduced every one in the room to tears, and that's no mean feat when you're celebrating and having a good time. The other one threw us into hysterics. And she didn't utter a word in either of them! She was as embarrassed as a small child at our applause."

"Then she and Charlie married and eventually we all met again in Hollywood. I think she's as great in pictures as she was on the stage. There's some inner quality in her that brings out sincerity in people. Every one I know has given his best performance working with her. Look at Gable in 'The White Sister.' He'd never acted like that before. And Ronald Colman in 'Arrow-smith' was something more than a debonair actor. And Gary Cooper had never before made you believe in him as he did in 'A Farewell to Arms.'"



Miss Hay  
suming a  
that she  
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"I don't know what I'm going to do about it."

"'You're crazy,' I told her, but I couldn't convince her. She went to Paramount and offered her services free if they would remake the ending."

"She never has any confidence in anything she does. I can't understand it. Somehow she gives you the impression of fragility and helplessness, but she isn't that way at all. She's well able to take care of herself. Charlie has one of the most brilliant intellects I've ever known, but I think Helen is his equal."

"When she first came out here to do 'Madelon Claudet' she came crying home to her mother and said 'What am I to do? It takes them hours to put make-up on me. How are they ever going to do anything with this homely mug of mine?' Yet they've made her look beautiful on the screen. Too beautiful, I think. That's all right for girls who have to capitalize on every possible asset, but Helen doesn't need looks to get by. She's the greatest actress in pictures and I don't want her to look so beautiful people will notice her looks instead of her work."

"I wish the studio would buy 'Coquette' and let the two of you do it on the screen," I suggested.

"So do I," Una agreed enthusiastically. "That picture Mary Pickford made a few years ago wasn't 'Coquette.'" She paused a moment and went on, "But Helen doesn't want to do it. She wants to do a comedy, and I think she's right. People will get tired of seeing her die all the time—and she's such a superb comédienne."

"Do you know," she continued, switching to another

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Henry Garat proves to be less than exciting in "Adorable" while Janet Gaynor's sweetness is all but overwhelmed by the magnificent settings of a mythical kingdom.

Bette Davis and Gene Raymond make "Ex-Lady" far more interesting than it would be without them and Bobby Gordon brightly plays a bit in this story of restless moderns.



## the SCREEN

A foreign actor disappoints, a New Englander is jeered at, and depravity is condoned

By Norbert

### "Ex-Lady."

Bette Davis, Gene Raymond, Claire Dodd, Kay Strozzi, Frank McHugh, Monroe Owsley, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Bodil Rosing, Alphonse Ethier.

IT is one thing to be sweetly winsome, naïve and what have you, but it is rather a serious lapse to be dull while about it. That is exactly what Janet Gaynor and her cast manage to be in their praiseworthy effort to restore innocent romance and waltzes to favor. The background of a mythical kingdom provides opportunity for lavish staging though it doesn't make for novelty, consequently the frail story is swamped by the settings. They are vastly overdone, too, with pomp and pageantry galore and heavy-handed touches of Hollywood comedy as, for example, when a flunky asks the prime minister if he will "preview his majesty's breakfast."

Miss Gaynor is a willful princess who tiptoes out of the palace to attend a servants' ball where she meets a lieutenant also incognito. When she discovers that he is not a servant she promotes him to a captaincy and all the way up in rank until presently he is a prince and eligible for marriage with her. I told you the story was frail but, as the lady beside me said, "Janet dances adorably." There are songs in the picture, too, nice, easy songs with a lilt to them such as used to come out of the music box in grandma's parlor long ago. Altogether a strange offering in this year of sophisticated movie-going.

Henry Garat, the French actor, is mildly pleasant, but his smile betrays no sense of humor, his acting no dash, and his singing barely qualifies him to be called a singer at all.

Justifiably Bette Davis is the star of this picture and she takes advantage of her opportunities to such an extent that you willingly nominate her for permanent stardom. Her performance really is distinguished. I know of no other actress who typifies better the modern girl's straightforwardness in so refreshing and likable a fashion. But Miss Davis does more than represent a type and contribute an understandable personality. She is too good an actress to stop at being merely a type. Consequently she plays smoothly, skillfully and convincingly a heroine who doesn't know what she wants and proceeds to make interesting her restless search for satisfaction.

First she tries living with the young man of her choice, but that doesn't work out. Then she marries him and she finds that everyday contact is reducing their romance to humdrum routine. So they separate and he becomes a visiting husband. However, mutual jealousy puts a stop to individual freedom and they decide to live under the same roof again.

There isn't anything startling in the foregoing out-





"Pilgrimage" is the story of an Arkansas mother who separates her son from the girl he loves only to lose him in the war. Marian Nixon, Norman Foster, and Henrietta Crosman play leading rôles.

Eric Linden, Laura Hope Crews, and Joel McCrea have provocative rôles in "The Silver Cord," an unusual picture which shows the other side of mother love.



## in REVIEW

land actress achieves stardom, mother love by the censors in this month's pictures.

### Lusk

line—not in this day of uninhibited lifelike dialogue, constant conflict, unmistakable tang of the modern. All the characters make the picture in get anywhere, of course, and prove restless modern lovers cannot reach without each other, but it is entertainment grasp at a will-o'-the-wisp.

Gene Raymond is excellent as the foil for Miss Davis. They make a tween them carry an ordinary picture rather than it would get without them.

#### "Pilgrimage."

Henrietta Crosman, Heather Angel, Marian Nixon, Maurice Murphy, Lucille LaVerne, Betty Blythe, Frances Rich.

Unless I was in a particularly preview, this is a rather strong, under your skin now and then, picture to Henrietta Crosman's sensitive hidebound dominating mother who goes to Paris to get thawed out into a

It couldn't be that I was taken sweet suffering or the dazzling lo

for the reviewer must be ice no matter what woes befall the comely gals in a picture, and in this opus they suffer plenty from a situation first celebrated in American fiction by *Hester Prynne*.

As to the story, there are two films in one. In the first half, you see the stern mother snatching her son of *Mary Saunders*—Miss Nixon—and he in the trenches just to keep him safe, because she is the daughter of the setting and tempo are reminiscent of "The Silver Cord," with Norman Foster playing the

lives of that glorious pilgrimage, the star mothers to France, come to *Ma* her into taking a holiday abroad at ense. The picture here turns around itself and such a strange mixture of saw. One is Lucille LaVerne, cob you can imagine the hit she makes in gently sniffing mothers and sophis-

the party in Paris after she and Miss astonished French soldiers how to ends a boy and girl about to be separated mother, just as she had wrecked Arkansas. Her maneuverings make heartlessness, and you feel that *Mrs.* ell. Maybe the transformation of the because all rural France is pictured side, with lovely girls dancing round good reason except to interpret their is the prettiest of them all, and



Maurice Murphy is the boy *Ma Jessop* helps to get straightened out.

#### "The Silver Cord."

Laura Hope Crews, Irene Dunne, Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, Eric Linden, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Helen Cromwell.

The screen has done more in its comparatively short life to hokumize mother love than any other fictional medium. Therefore, it is as surprising as it is reassuring to discover a picture that blasts maternal devotion into smithereens, representing mamma as a menace rather than a madonna. I doubt if it will be popular, or even understood by many.

Some, I fear, will look upon it as a funny picture about a meddling mother-in-law, as the audience did when I saw it. But it is a courageous venture for all of that and it is capably acted, especially by Laura Hope Crews, who created the mother rôle on the stage. She is marvelously adroit in portraying all the perverse moods and maneuvers of a parent more typical than some of the quiescent victims of maternal domination in real life will admit. And, curiously, the actress contrives to awaken sympathy through all the character's misguided and frequently outrageous behavior.

You see, *Mrs. Phelps* strives to keep her two grown sons dependent on her and uses every feminine wile from cooing affection to tigerish self-defense, especially when other women appear to dispute her ownership of the young men. The elder brings home his wife and *Mrs. Phelps* schemes to reduce the younger woman to subjection. Though she succeeds in breaking off the marriage of her other son to a desirable girl, and nearly separates husband and wife, the latter's claim is stronger than that of the mother, and her husband follows her, leaving *Mrs. Phelps* defeated and deserted. This establishes a new note in the handling of a heretofore sacred theme.

This bare outline gives little idea of the conflict of character constantly at hand, and no inkling of the fine acting displayed by every one of the players. Irene Dunne is splendid as the calm, reasonable young wife, exceeding, in my opinion, anything she has done, including her *Sabra* in "Cimarron." Frances Dee captivates with a finely wrought performance which reaches a startling climax in a hysterical outburst so real that it is painful, while Joel McCrea and Eric Linden have never been seen to better advantage.



Madge Evans is the girl who sets out to trap the shyster lawyer played by Lee Tracy, in "The Nuisance."

#### "The Nuisance."

Lee Tracy, Madge Evans, Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth, John Miljan, Virginia Cherrill, David Landau.

Lee Tracy's gift of gab finds a perfect outlet in the rôle of a shyster lawyer who is equally at home chasing ambulances or troubled blondes. His racket is to get hold of accident victims and, by means of phony X-ray negatives prepared by a quack doctor, soak somebody plenty, pocketing half the damage claims. Tracy's pet hate is the trolley car corporation whose lawyer had once done him dirt.

In this particular town street cars are such dashing, helter-skelter conveyances that

they are always running into each other and the damages collected are terrific. The trolley directors and their attorney, John Miljan, set Madge Evans on the trail of the shyster lawyer to collect evidence of framed-up damage suits and so on. Detective Evans gets the goods on him all right, but she complicates things by falling in love with Mr. Tracy. But *J. Phineas Stevens* is a slick one. He learns that *Dorothy* has betrayed him and there is but one way short of murder to stop her testimony against him. To reveal this would spoil one of the best scenes for you, however.

Miss Evans is appealing and I can't blame *Phineas Stevens* for being taken in. The lesser rôles are so nicely cast that a program film is lifted above the average. It has action, boisterous humor, enough romance, all done with a light touch. I am glad to report that only flashes of trial scenes are present. Frank Morgan presents an excellent bit of acting as the drunken doctor who could turn out photographic evidence of twisted vertebrae and cracked ribs in a *Venus de Milo*.

#### "The Story of Temple Drake."

Miriam Hopkins, Jack LaRue, William Gargan, Florence Eldridge, Sir Guy Standing, James Eagles, Irving Pichel, Elizabeth Patterson, William Collier, Jr.

If you read William Faulker's "Sanctuary" you were properly stunned by the announcement that it would be brought to the screen, as well you might be. The picture becomes more important as an example of skillful softening of a hideous story, while retaining its evil implications, than entertainment for the majority. I doubt if the fan with no knowledge of the book will appreciate the extraordinary acting of Miriam Hopkins as

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Miriam Hopkins surpasses herself in "The Story of Temple Drake," but it is an empty honor for the picture will





# TARZAN IS SORE

Johnny Weissmuller looks back with regret to the days when he was hailed the world's champion swimmer instead of just another movie star.

By A. L.  
Wooldridge



Tarzan and his mate, Maureen O'Sullivan, in training for their strenuous rôles which leave even Weissmuller pretty badly ruffled in temper and body.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER wishes he had never done it. He says so. He had a good job with a bathing-suit company when along came the call to movies and he fell.

"Behold *Tarzan, the Ape Man!*" announced Metro-Goldwyn a little more than a year ago. "This is Johnny Weissmuller, world's champion swimmer, who is to star in our series of Edgar Rice Burroughs stories. We searched all America for just the right young man for this rôle and were fortunate in finding Mr. Weissmuller. Look him over. What a physique!"

So Johnny traded his bathing suit for a leopard skin plus a pot of grease paint, exchanged his flivver for a twelve-cylinder, land-going battleship, and discarded his turtle-neck sweater for silk shirts with his monogram.

He was to become a screen star, he was certain, and earn a million dollars and maintain an "estate" with butlers and valets. He would be the envy of all those ruddy-faced, lithe-bodied young men who worked out with him at the Hollywood Athletic Club and be the pride of his old pals, the life guards at the beaches. He would be a big shot.

"Oh, yeah?" he now grins. "I'm a star, all right. But also I'm 'The Ape Man' and so branded for life. Johnny Weissmuller, world champion swimmer, has disappeared somewhere."

The holder of medals and trophies won in the Olympic Games at Paris in 1924 and at Amsterdam in 1928, together with championship awards from more than fifty local, national, and international contests, he looks back ruefully upon his decision to become a screen *Romeo*.

"I was doing right well with the bathing-suit company when the picture offer came," Johnny confided as we lunched in the M.-G.-M. restaurant. "I had a salary of \$600 a month and was provided with an expense account of \$100 a week. I even had ideas of becoming a member of the firm.

"My duty was to travel about the country, meet the trade, put on swimming exhibitions, and show boys the correct swimming strokes. I designed the first bathing

suit which left the body free for maximum action, something particularly welcomed by women. I was under a five-year contract and the bosses were pleased with my work. They told me so.

"Then the movie scout approached me. 'Two hundred dollars a week for forty-two weeks the first year,' he said. 'And if you make good, there'll probably be a bigger offer awaiting you. Nice, easy work, fame and fortune. We'll buy your bathing-suit contract. What do you say? Think it over and let us know.'

"I wasn't particularly impressed by the movies. F. W. Murnau had asked me to go to the South Seas with him to make 'Tabu.' But I said 'Nix on pictures!' and turned the offer down. But here was one of the biggest producers offering \$50 more a week than I was making, with the possibility of good raises. The prospect looked pretty swell.

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Crawford is panned when she is not her old self.



A firing squad is suggested for Clark Gable.



Bouquets are piling high in Jeanette MacDonald's life.

WHEN our glamorous girls and boys in Hollywood pick up a fan magazine, their first thought is for that interview which repeats their own views on life, love, and their latest picture. And it's a sure thing they don't waste much time on "What the Fans Think" in getting to it.

Sad to relate, the fans don't even get a decent break in their own magazines. My plea is more respect for the fan mail, since what the fans say is often more pertinent and amusing than the words which fall from the perfect lips of their favorites.

Fans are the real star makers, anyway, and it is high time more attention was paid to their opinions. Their ideas make very good copy, by the way, and here, specially offered for the benefit of the stars, is a direct report of their public's opinion. With the friendliest intentions, it is suggested that the "screenies" please stand by to listen in on what their unknown followers say about them.

Since this is to be a change from the usual order, let's begin with gentlemen first. And in the stag line the fans' delight is, as ever, Ramon Novarro. More stamps and stationery are used in argument for Ramon than for any other star—man or woman. In most of the letters the fans bewail the fact that Ramon is cast in such indifferent pictures in spite of his voice, his charm, and his artistry. To them he is just a poor misunderstood boy, but the elusive Mexican has not yet signified whether he knows or cares just how seriously his public takes him.

I wonder if it makes any difference to Ramon that an earnest lad from Newark has got himself all worked up over what he considers the sad case of Novarro? Cries Roger Kenmore,

Can't something be done about Novarro? With a talented singing voice like his and no chance to display it in his three latest pictures—it is heartbreaking!

We fans are more than disappointed to think that we have been deprived of hearing his glorious voice. When it's singing we want we crave none other than Novarro. No one else can take his place, either as an actor or a singer. So sing, Ramon, sing!

But Ramon took his time and heeded not until the return of screen musicals

# THE STARS

The comment of fans often makes bitter reading for players. Can it all be only so many love pats?

paved the way for "The Barbarian." Yet fans go on pleading his cause from every other angle—distressed because "his music, his dreams, his beauty, and his superlative charm" are wasted. Better heed these voices, Ramon, or soon they'll be calling to a less indifferent hero. And how they will be missed!

As a matter of fact, there are already some insurgents among the ranks of the Novarroist crusade. One hard-boiled traveling salesman comes out and says,

I'm tired to death of reading of Novarro's spotless life. Singer or no singer, I don't give a hang about him. If he wants to join the monastic forces, I think we could struggle along.

Now what can one retort in a case like this?

Generally speaking, even when the fans are antagonistic toward a star, they handle the male more gently than the female. And since Gary Cooper has staged his comeback after his trip to Africa, his followers have welcomed him most tenderly. If he has been the recipient of a stray knock or two, it all should be chalked up under the heading of love pats.

One fan waxes poetic about him and what he has done for Hollywood. He is, according to her,

Strong, clean-limbed, and tall—lean as the wild horses he has broken in his youth. His coming to Hollywood brought a bracing draft of desert air to that stuffy atmosphere which was polluted with sheiks and sleek matinée idols. Like a living flame, he purged those about him.

Of course some of this is rather surprising to the ordinary-minded, who have no idea conditions in Hollywood are as terrible as all that. But if you believe it, it's so, and as "Galahad" Cooper goes on his healthy, wholesome way, his fans just naturally gather around like moths to his flame.

Some of the comments anent Cooper are a little more earthy. One South-

Constance Bennett has inspired many caustic letters.







To the fans Janet Gaynor is either ga-ga or adorable.



A fan has the nerve to quip about the Barrymore profile.



"Refreshing as the fragrance of roses," a Landi fan gushes.

# TAKE IT

By Judith Field

ern girl writes, "I hope he keeps awake and doesn't get tied up with a girl—especially one like Lupe." Furthermore, the lass says she likes our tall Mr. Cooper because he has "such a kissable mouth." So do be careful, Gary! Concentrate on your work and—the right brand of cigarettes.

While reviewing the males of the movies, I might say that even a Barrymore isn't immune from a little criticism. I hope John will excuse us, but it really isn't my fault that an impudent Brooklynite has the nerve to remark, "It would be a treat to have John Barrymore turn around and look the camera in the eye."

It seems the fellow thinks John should forget the good old profile for a while. And it might not be such a bad idea at that.

Then, there's a girl who believes that, with Robert Montgomery, love-making is no longer a fine art. And that he ought to take another course—or words to that effect—before it is too late. Upon her ears his "I love you!" sounds about as emotional as if he were saying, "I'll take my eggs three minutes, please!"

And now that she has brought it up, one does remember that Bob's manner, of late, has been too crisp and businesslike to be romantically authentic. But Bob may be worried about something.

And would you believe it? A certain brash gal from the movie State considers Clark Gable nothing more or less than a false alarm. She even goes so far as to mention that she wouldn't mind if Gable were cast opposite a firing squad! It would be dangerous to disagree with a girl like that.

Of course, we all know those who like Garbo are mad about that mystery, that glamour, that grand and tragic manner. And those who aren't

under the lady's spell rave against her freakish clothes and coiffure, her voice, her awkwardness, and her unsociable disposition. Greta continues to be a big, big point for discussion among fans. To some fans she is as momentous a question as the problem of the next meal to the unemployed.

Next in line is Joan Crawford. Even though there are Crawford fan clubs all over the country, and countless high-school girls walk around our towns and villages ecstatically imitating that certain Crawford look, Joan comes in for her share of razzing. However, it's all given in good part with the old this-hurts-me-more-than-it-does-you spirit. You see, most fans have taken a sort of personal pride in the rise of Lucille LeSueur.

But now Joan is distressing them dreadfully with her increasing artificiality. They think she is beautiful, and it annoys them that she is keeping those lovely features hidden beneath that exaggerated make-up. Overdone mouth and heavily blackened eyes just don't appeal to her old friends. Then, too, Miss Crawford would be doing them a big favor if she could be a little more restrained in her acting. In short, her audience wants their Joan a bit more natural.

A little bird tells me that Connie Bennett is being a very good girl nowadays. And people aren't misunderstanding her nearly so much as formerly. She minds her p's and q's, actually speaks when she's spoken to, and is quite polite and sporting about it all. Therefore, probably she will laugh if she hears that one fan considers it a great mystery why she is on the screen at all. While another can't see "why Connie married Henri Marquis when she loved Joel McCrea much better."

Norma Shearer has always been one of our favorites. But fans are no respecters of persons, so don't blame me, Mrs. Thalberg, when a guy writes in that among other things he doesn't like your giggle.

While on the subject of what the fans don't like, I might as well record that a Mr. Heintz of Buffalo, New York, wants to know "How any one can praise Tallulah Bankhead? All Miss Bankhead does is to strut around, look bored, more strutting, et cetera."

And I'm sorry to say here's a knock for little Janet Gaynor. A gentleman from Rhode Island doesn't hesitate to

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"Lean as a wild horse—a living flame," sings a Cooper victim.





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*Temple Drake* or really understand the strange and terrible story. More likely he will dismiss it as another picture that seems a waste of time. But to the initiate it is a great deal more than that.

True, there is no good reason why it should ever have been brought to the screen, even in a modified version, but it does represent a step forward in appealing to the adult mind. There has been no film so intelligently presenting depraved and vicious humanity minus false glamour or sophistry. While many will justly ask why such a piece should be filmed at all, others with equal justification will call attention to its honesty and point out the many hypocritical films which romanticize the waywardness of their heroine.

For *Temple Drake* belongs to that sisterhood, except that her experience is not coyly romantic—it is brutal. Poor *Temple* is quite the freest of the free souls, but I doubt if any girl susceptible to screen influence would have the hardihood to follow her into the deserted mansion which houses a group of vicious characters. One of them, *Trigger—Popeye* of the novel—assaults her, shooting a half-witted boy who tries to protect her. *Trigger* takes *Temple* to a house in town where she regularly receives him in dazed fascination. Eventually found by a friend, she refuses to be taken back to her father, a judge. She kills *Trigger* and, called as a witness in the case of the boy shot by him, she clears the man wrongfully accused of the crime and confesses to her relations with *Trigger* in a courtroom crowded with persons who have known her since childhood.

Miss Hopkins exceeds anything she has ever done in her portrayal of the complex Freudian heroine, the pity of it being that the picture will not win friends for her. The acting throughout is noteworthy, Florence Eldridge in particular achieving a triumph as the slatternly "hostess" of the tumble-down mansion. James Eagles, too, a newcomer seen heretofore in "From Hell To Heaven," is remarkably good as the half-wit, but I'm afraid that some communities will not allow the picture to be shown.

#### "Peg o' My Heart."

Marion Davies, Onslow Stevens, J. Farrell MacDonald, Juliette Compton, Irene Browne, Tyrrell Davis, Alan Mowbray, Doris Lloyd, Billy Bevan.

A worthy picture for Marion Davies at last! She is perfectly delightful as the barefoot Irish heroine who goes to England to be a lady in this piece which took theatergoers by storm some twenty years ago. In-

teresting as an example of public taste before the War, it interests, too, because of its unabashed sentimentality and innocent romance. One speculates on the fate of such a picture nowadays and wonders if a heroine as naïve as *Peg* can hold her own with her emancipated sisters of the screen. *Temple Drake* and *Peg* wouldn't understand each other at all. No doubt *Miss Drake* would count herself superior. Anyhow, you can take your choice.

Everything you need to know about *Peg's* story can be summed up in one detail. She is the sort of heroine who inherits two million pounds. No matter what the current rate of English sterling, that is a fabulous fortune and so, too, is *Peg* a storybook heroine who gets not a penny of her inheritance unless she disowns her fisherman father.

The process of becoming a lady takes her to the impoverished home



of British aristocrats whose lack of scruples is thrown into bold relief by *Peg's* natural nobility, our Irish lass going so far as to compromise herself in order to save the reputation of the snobbish daughter of the family who has treated her shabbily. Naturally, everything comes out all right and *Peg* bestows her two million pounds on a husband who has the good sense to appreciate his benefactress.

Miss Davies gives a tender, touching performance, her best in many a long day. Her singing, dancing and her brogue are winsomely appealing and she expresses the moods of *Peg* with unerring skill. In fact, the Irish scenes are the best in the picture and reek with the sentiment, wistfulness, and the nameless charm of that country and its people.

An Irish boy with a tenor voice of heartbreaking quality adds much to the picture, but I cannot tell you his name as it is unprogrammed. On-

slow Stevens is a dignified and believable lawyer-hero, his voice and diction being among the finest heard in all the speech offered by Hollywood these days.

#### "Looking Forward."

Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone, Benita Hume, Elizabeth Allan, Phillips Holmes, Colin Clive, Alec B. Francis, Doris Lloyd, Douglas Walton, Viva Tattersall.

This is a picture that more than satisfies in separate bits, but as a whole its message misses fire and it lacks contrasts in tempo. It moves along evenly, pulselessly, whatever interest it holds coming from character studies and the fine talent that gives them the breath of life. The subject is somewhat alien to average interests, too. It largely concerns the owner of a London department store and the bookkeeper he is forced to discharge after forty years' service. The latter survives when he discovers that his wife is a fine pastry cook, however, and they embark on a small business conducted in their home.

The picture tries to point out that all the bookkeeper needed was to be fired to become a success. Meanwhile the wealthy man loses his money, is deserted by his unfaithful wife and his pampered children turn out to be true blue. Rather ineffectually the picture endeavors to prove that "sweet are the uses of adversity."

But if acting alone satisfies you, with little thought of what inspires it, this is an uncommonly worth-while film. Lewis Stone, as the department store magnate, really has the stellar rôle and he plays it with even more than his usual skill. Lionel Barrymore, as the ledger clerk, is also very fine and the scene of his homecoming after his discharge is memorable in its quiet pathos. The début of Elizabeth Allan, the English actress who plays Mr. Stone's daughter, is auspicious. She is human, understandable, and quietly expert—in short, a delightful actress—while her sister Britisher, Benita Hume, plays beautifully the ungrateful rôle of her frivolous stepmother.

#### "Picture Snatcher."

James Cagney, Ralph Bellamy, Alice White, Patricia Ellis, Ralf Harolde, Robert Emmett O'Connor, Robert Barrat, Barbara Rogers, Rene Whitney, Alice Jans.

This is the sort of picture in which everybody likes to see James Cagney. It is fast and tough, funny as befits the subject, and the star dominates every scene whether he is visible or not. However, if you look at it with a searching eye you will decide that neither the story nor the central char-



acter is altogether credible, but that really doesn't matter to admirers of Mr. Cagney's vivid personality and acting. He dashes through the proceedings like a blue streak, combating every situation and character and, of course, coming out on top.

An ex-convict ambitious to become a reporter, he takes his first step



when he steals for a tabloid newspaper a photograph guarded by its owner with a shotgun. For this he is promoted and is given a camera to cover difficult assignments. From then on his career is fast and furious. He locks a fellow reporter in a speakeasy, steals his credentials and attends an electrocution where he betrays confidence by photographing the prisoner with his camera strapped to an ankle. But he redeems himself after a fashion by tracking and photographing a criminal while the latter is being by the machine-gun squad.

From this comes reconciliation with his girl, the daughter of a policeman. Other girls figure in the picture snatcher's hectic life, especially Alice White who loves him in vain and gets pushed in the face. Miss White enlivens every scene in which she appears and there's another girl, Rene Whitney, who is treated roughly by the pugnacious Mr. Cagney. All of which means that this is a typical Cagney film.

#### "The Kiss Before the Mirror."

Nancy Carroll, Frank Morgan, Paul Lukas, Gloria Stuart, Donald Cook, Walter Pidgeon, Jean Dixon, Wallis Clark, Charles Grapewin.

Another interesting and unusual idea which isn't realized more than half-heartedly. I wonder why this occurs all too often in pictures. Too much talk takes away from the drama of this adaptation of a Viennese stage play. In several processes of its evolution the point has been dulled. Anyway, it is only a passable picture more interesting for what is missing than what is present.

Here is the story. A criminal lawyer is called to defend a man accused of murdering his wife. He learns that the man got the first inkling of his wife's infidelity when in kissing her he saw the expression on her face reflected in a mirror. That plants the seeds of suspicion in the mind of the lawyer who has a capricious, pretty wife. So he kisses her and watches. What he sees causes him to buy a revolver and his courtroom defense of his client is based on justifying his intended murder. In the end, however, he changes his mind and they are reconciled.



The result falls rather flat and the acting likewise fails to come up to the highest standards of Frank Morgan and Nancy Carroll who play the leading rôles. Miss Carroll is attractive in her mature gowns and coiffure. Paul Lukas is more successful in creating interest for the murderer and Gloria Stuart is too charming to be his victim early in the proceedings. She can't be spared from the sagging interest in what follows.

#### "The Warrior's Husband."

Elissa Landi, Marjorie Rambeau, Ernest Truex, David Manners, Helen Ware, Maude Eburne, John Sheehan, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Lionel Belmore.

If rowdy humor had only given way to barbed satire this would be a far better picture than it is. With the idea at hand it might have been an extraordinary one. As it stands, however, interest peters out as the spectator becomes accustomed to seeing the sexes reversed, especially as nothing much comes of it.

Marjorie Rambeau, as queen of the Amazons, rules a mythical isle where women are brawny and bois-

terous and men are shy, skirted beings versed in the art of coquetry. Fortunately, only one specimen is seen, Ernest Truex, who plays with skill and comic effect the part of a youth desired by the queen.

When the island is invaded by Greeks the romance of *Antiope*, the queen's boyish sister, and a Greek soldier is given prominence in the sketchy story and the gradual awakening of the girl, who is feminine after all, is prettily, though insufficiently, shown.

Elissa Landi in this rôle is charming and much less inhibited than in former pictures. David Manners is the soldier. Of all these it is Miss Rambeau who really strikes brilliant sparks from her rôle which she plays not only with gusto but lurking humor and she looks exceedingly handsome.

If it strikes you as hilariously funny to hear "scram" and "oh,



yeah" issue from the mouths of women in classical era, then the picture was made for you. This obvious comedy is the keynote of a richly beautiful and glamorous production.

#### "The Circus Queen Murder."

Adolphe Menjou, Greta Nissen, Donald Cook, Dwight Frye, Ruthelma Stevens, Harry Holman, George Rosener.

Another of the *Thatcher Colt* detective stories comes to the screen and proves to be more entertaining than the *Philo Vance* yarns though, if you regard it closely, you will wonder why an ace detective isn't able to prevent an expected murder or apprehend the murderer before he kills himself.

In spite of this the picture is good and the acting first rate, particularly on the part of Adolphe Menjou who, with William Powell, is the ideal "class" sleuth. Then, too, the picture brings back Greta Nissen in the best

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wheel her out for a curtain call. To the reserved Nils each such appearance of his child is like a knife thrust.

In mentioning these things I do not wish to seem overcensorious of the Duncan sisters. Years of gypsy-like show business have given them utterly different habits and viewpoints from those of conventional folk. Moreover, after risking her life to have the child—and in Vivian's case the risk was great—she probably feels that it is her right to do with the child as she pleases. This fact makes the situation difficult for Nils.

Discussion of these matters is taboo so far as Nils is concerned, nor will he reply to the charges of gossips.

"Scandal frequently starts," he told me, "by some one saying 'I think.' The next one says, 'I have heard.' The third one says, 'I know,' and the fourth one says, 'His own mother admits it!'"

Nils is now taking singing lessons to improve his voice and perfect his English. Having read a blurb which stated that he speaks seven languages, I asked him which languages he really does speak besides Swedish and English.

"I don't speak English," he stated, with his enigmatic smile.

## The Bitter Tea of Asther

He speaks it very well, of course, although slang expressions still confuse him. When he showed up thirty minutes late for our appointment, tossing apologies all over the place, I observed, lightly, "I thought you were going to stand me up." "Oh, no," he replied considerably, "I don't want you to stand up."

Lately he has gone in strongly for physical culture. When he is not working he rises at six thirty and devotes several hours to road work, boxing, and horse-back riding.

I commented on his blithesome attitude and added, "Possibly you are in love."

"Possibly," he replied, the baffling smile still in evidence.

At that I gave up and let the interview shift for itself.

One conspicuous quality in Nils Asther is his lack of showmanship, that quality so helpful to success in the movies. He is oblivious to the fact that a good mixer who can't act often progresses faster than a good actor who can't mix. Lobbying and wire-pulling are foreign to his disposition. Although he is graciousness personified to writers, he regards interviews as a task. He realizes that he is expected to sell himself and he hasn't the inclination.

Nor is he properly interested in other means of publicity. Popular actors have a mass of new portraits taken every month or so in order that magazines and newspapers may be supplied with up-to-date material. When the publicity department reminds Nils that new portraits of him are required, he is apt to reply, in all seriousness, "I had some made last year."

But if Mr. Asther is devoid of showmanship, he is well supplied with ability. His histrionic effectiveness is tremendous. When a characterization like *General Yen* comes his way he sweeps all before him.

One senses a clumsy, groping quality in this tall, handsome, hundred-and-ninety-pound Swede, and desires to help him. And we can help him by demanding his permanent presence in pictures.

Before me is a letter from a group of New York City girls who write in part, "Ever since 'The Bitter Tea of General Yen' was shown on Broadway last January we have watched the magazines and newspapers in the hope of finding that Nils Asther has been cast in a new picture." You see? It's fun to be fooled—but we're not fooling! We want Nils!

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## They Say in New York—

plained shoulders and leaning-tower hats, she appeared in a conservative tailored suit built on natural lines and a felt sports hat. In a welter of finger-nail tints that ranged from iridescent pearl to nasty purple, hers were flesh color.

There was nothing strange or neurotic about her make-up, and she looked as if she had had plenty of refreshing sleep. And instead of touring the night clubs to discover the new low in decadence, she fled to Greenwich to glory in the fragrance of lilacs and honeysuckle and wistaria.

Perhaps I was in a mood to appreciate healthy radiance more than usual, because I had just seen "The Story of Temple Drake." Always one to shout for the freedom of the screen and to doubt the wisdom of any censorship, I find myself wishing that this picture had never been made, or that I had seen none of it. With rare courage it depicted the sordid and sinister aspects of an underworld group of the South. But why?

**Chevalier Obliges.**—Tourists who come to Sardi's for luncheon hoping to see stars in person have a hard time getting out without buying a copy of "In Your Hat," the book of

racy memoirs by Renée Carroll, famous hat-check girl of the establishment. One woman who had resisted the posters, the sales arguments of the waiters, and Renée herself, finally dashed up to the checkroom thrilled because she had just seen Maurice Chevalier come in. "If you can get him to autograph it for me, I'll buy a book," the woman panted.

Now Maurice has been kidded by Renée so often because he comes in without a hat, thus doing her out of a tip, that he was glad of an opportunity to get in her good graces. But instead of autographing the front page of the book, he turned to the particularly vicious cartoon of him by Gard, a cartoon that shows him clad only in shorts. "To Mrs. So-and-so," he wrote, "Sorry, lady, but I have even more hair on my legs than this."

Marlene Dietrich, a great favorite of Renée's, is reported to have laughed until the tears ran down her face when she saw the drawing that Gard had made of her for the book.

There are just two kinds of celebrities in the world—those who laugh at cartoons of themselves and collect them, and those who go into a choleric rage and wonder if they have cause for a damage suit. Ex-Presi-

dent Hoover, Gloria Swanson, and Harold Lloyd are among the collectors who show friends their distorted likenesses.

**On the Stage.**—There are three plays that Hollywoodians rush to see when they come to New York. One is "Nine Pine Street," with Lillian Gish, a play based on the Lizzie Borden murder that was the talk of the country in the '80s. Miss Gish gives a magnificent performance of the gentle little New Englander who was driven to commit two grisly murders, and who, though acquitted, was shunned by every one the rest of her life.

Peggy Wood and Ian Keith attract them to "Best Sellers," and Olga Baclanova and Jean Arthur to "\$25 an Hour." In the latter, the exotic Olga is guilty of some of the most flamboyant acting seen on the contemporary stage. She has adopted the Australian crawl style of vamping.

In sharp contrast is the fine, sincere, and beautiful performance of Jean Arthur. After her last stage appearance Miss Arthur was summoned to Hollywood to play in "The Past of Mary Holmes." They should draft her again.



"Good Lord!" cried Glenda. "What now?"

"I'll tell you only if you promise not to worry. You take these things too much to heart," he said calmly.

Glenda of course promised to do better and Tommy told her. One of the boys who had been fencing with Tommy had got hold of the fencing master's sword. The guard had come off and Tommy missed getting his eye stabbed by a fraction of an inch. Glenda spent the ensuing sleepless nights worrying about what *might* have happened, but she didn't dare let the boy know.

Tommy is told exactly how much money Glenda makes and exactly how hard she has to work for it. He knows, too, that his mother is inclined to be extravagant and so he has elected himself to keep an eye on her. Week-ends when he's home, they go window shopping together. Glenda often goes into raptures over a new dress. If Tommy thinks she can't afford it, he'll yank her away with a firm "Uh-uh. Not to-day, lady!"

He is just as fair about his own expenditures. The last thing he said before his mother boarded the train was "Don't forget the leopard skin, but remember it doesn't have to be

*real*. A painted one will do just as well."

"I'm like all mothers," said Glenda, with another one of her wistful smiles. "I want Tommy to have everything I missed. I lived in a trunk practically all my life until I came to Hollywood. That's why I hope he won't be an actor, but I'm awfully afraid he will. He writes all his class plays and acts in them, too.

"I'd like him to keep up with his painting—he's awfully good at it—but if he decides to act as a career, I suppose I'll have to get used to the idea. I'd never interfere in anything he wanted to do, at least not in the old-fashioned-parent way. Tommy and I talk everything out like pals now, and I hope and imagine we'll continue as he grows up. He's made me know that no matter how hard life is, it has its compensations."

About her new-found career in the movies, Glenda is enthusiastic but principally for Tommy's sake. "It lets me give him a home and earn the money I need to give him the things I went without. I don't think he'll ever be spoiled, not when he knows the value of money and takes care of me at the age of ten."

Perhaps nothing tells so much of

the relationship between Glenda and Tommy as the fact that she came East on the "Forty-second Street" special. Glenda always gets train-sick, and was deathly ill for three days, but she went with it so Tommy wouldn't think her soft.

"How about the stardom that's been promised you?" I asked. "Leaving Tommy out of the question, how do you feel about it?"

"Well, at the moment I don't think I want it. I'd rather do a good character rôle in a meaty picture like 'I'm a Fugitive' than carry the weight of a picture myself as you have to do when you're a star.

"It's true a star has a little more to say about her rôles, but not much. The thought of stardom frightens me—though I don't have to worry about it yet. Not a word has been said to me directly. In fact, I don't even know what picture I'm being called back for.

"Stardom? It's hard to say now whether I'd take it or not if it came. I suppose it would make Tommy proud though," she laughed, "so you see it all goes back to him in the end."

How's that for a portrait of a shady lady? I think it's more like Tommy's swell guy, don't you?

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## Tarzan Is Sore

"Ow-wow-wow, how the troubles started! 'Nice, easy work, fame and fortune,' the picture scout had told me. I came out of 'Tarzan, the Ape Man' with toe nails torn loose, stone bruises on my feet, and my body cut by underbrush. I hobnobbed with alligators and chimpanzees, and let monkeys hop around on my head and shoulders. I climbed trees clad only in a strip of leopard skin and swung, at the risk of my life, from grapevines. Honest, I *felt* like an ape when I gave that wild cry in the jungle.

"Fourteen weeks I put in making that picture. This was followed by ten weeks of personal appearances on the road. Then idleness. And more idleness. Twenty-four weeks' work in a year and a half! Thirty-nine weeks sitting around, drawing my salary and waiting for the next picture to be readied. I moved to the Athletic Club when Bobbe Arnst and I separated. There I learned that I no longer was 'Johnny Weissmuller' to the old crowd. I was 'The Ape Man.' They razed me like nobody's business.

"I was thrown with the screen folks a great deal and I couldn't speak their language. But I hung around like a big dub and tried to make myself agreeable. They were

kind to me—took me in and invited me to their parties. Which meant that I must buy clothes. And more clothes. And that I must entertain, too. That takes money.

"My expenses doubled. I had to act like a man of means. They do that here, you know, whether they've got anything or not. I couldn't just go along as 'Johnny Weissmuller, the swimmer.' No, no! I had to be 'Johnny Weissmuller, the movie star.' And there's a big difference.

"At best, my fling in the movies can last but a few years. With the commercial concern, I'd have had a tie-up which could continue a lifetime. However, the advertising I'll get as 'Tarzan' may make me still more desirable in my old job and possibly I can go back to it. I wish I hadn't left it."

Now that Johnny is definitely set for a screen career, however, he expects to give it the best he has. Not long ago, M.-G.-M. awarded him a new contract which sets this year's salary at \$450 a week, next year's at \$550, and the third at \$750. He expects the "Tarzan" stories to run their course, in time, and then he doesn't know what rôles he'll play.

Six feet three inches tall, weighing 190 pounds, straight as an arrow and as flexible as steel, Johnny is the

Adonis of the studio lot. The boys of America write him about learning to swim. Men ask his advice on what to eat. His fan mail has become enormous.

The principal regret of Johnny's life is the termination of his romance with Bobbe Arnst and their subsequent divorce some months ago. Bobbe said that Johnny "went Hollywood" when he became an actor and blamed Lupe Velez for the break. I don't believe there is ground for either accusation. Johnny never will let Hollywood get him and Lupe can never be more than an incident in his colorful life.

"I'll be an actor some day," Johnny said as we strolled over to his car for a spin along the sands at Santa Monica beach. "Right now, I'd rather make a good picture than win another championship. I've never been beaten by a competitor in the water, but I hardly expect to make any such record as an actor. I'll merely do my best."

What a strange attitude to take! Literally dragged into pictures, starred in his first production, awarded a new contract after a little more than a year, with salary doubled. And yet he believes he made a mistake! It doesn't often happen that way.



down in black and white that you can demand thus and so, you hesitate to ask for anything. You feel that you are taking advantage of a prerogative, and, incidentally, of the other fellow, and that is a most unsatisfactory handicap.

"I could probably have had better pictures with Warners if I had battled more. I wouldn't have the 'Crashes' and the 'Frisco Jennies,' but would have striven for something of higher aspiration—and probably might not have made so successful a picture as 'Frisco Jenny,'" she concluded smilingly.

It is customary to say around Hollywood that Ruth has not been happy in the fulfillment of her career with Warner Brothers, because it is a masculine type of studio. That is, the stars who have made the greatest headway there are those heroes like Edward G. Robinson, George Arliss, and James Cagney, while the feminine idols like Barbara Stanwyck and Miss Chatterton languish.

Miss Chatterton holds, I believe, no particular brief on this point. She has been pretty well satisfied with the general outcome of the engagement. One thing it has brought her, especially, is her marriage to George Brent, who played the lead in her very first picture, "The Rich Are Always With Us." Ruth has poetic dreams of their future.

The ultimate dream is a farm somewhere. Not a conventional one. It can be visualized from what Ruth told me as one of Norman French architecture, probably set in the Midi or near there. Her letters from abroad indicate that she has already set out to look for such a ménage. Ruth's leanings in life are essentially Continental. She was formerly mad over Paris. She still likes London and the Noel Coward set there. But she is gradually becoming wild over

## Is Chatterton Money-mad?

Berlin and Madrid. It is the social life that most attracts her, not to speak of the theatrical and artistic.

Brent can easily gravitate to any surroundings. His Irish birth entitles him to be a good mixer. He has the temperament of the bon vivant, the soldier of fortune, and the man who thoroughly enjoys life and living. He is a man's man, what's more, and appears to be highly companionable to a woman with the outlook on the world that Ruth possesses. Furthermore, women go mad about him, both young and mature. Even Ethel Barrymore raved about his talents as displayed on the stage. And Ethel isn't given to overcheering and overcommendation.

Ruth and George can go along together as long as they wish to. Hollywood will have small chance of separating them, as they are not subject to the *pâté de foie gras* influences. They live a social life there, for Ruth has such boon friends as Ronald Colman, when he is present, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, and Bill Powell and Carol Lombard. Also Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer.

She loves to entertain at dinner, and George mixes in amiably. There is also a good-natured friendship between both of them and Ralph Forbes, Ruth's ex. Their life is therefore civilized, and not fraught with impetus toward any break-up. If there should be division of their destinies, it will be simply on personal grounds. Perhaps on grounds of that personal independence which is typical of both of them.

Ruth won't necessarily quit pictures at the end of her contract, which draws to a close within a few months. In fact, farm dreams notwithstanding, I think the stage and the screen will always claim her. She feels that henceforth she will make

pictures less frequently, and possibly under individual arrangements with the producers. Perhaps she will take a percentage instead of a straight salary as at present.

"I think it would be better for me," she commented, "because then I wouldn't be inhibited as I am now about selecting the sort of pictures that I want, nor would I have to make those I don't want under some sort of iron-bound agreement. There must be a happy medium, even though as yet I haven't found that perfect rainbow."

She has engaged another agent, Harry Edington, of Garbo-and-Harding-management fame—more expense! Whether she will star in a seventh film under the Warner banner is now debatable. They may decide to call it quits after the sixth.

Another little secret I have discovered, and that is that Ruth's resistance to reductions has been right in line with her personality. She is no hard-boiled arguer. On various occasions worthy gentlemen of the studios have approached her with a view to altering some provisions governing her work and what she was to receive. Ruth would greet them with the utmost cordiality and inveigling aloofness. They would talk with her for a time, mildly hinting at this and that, and receive a delicate but firm negation, though perhaps not an outright "No" for an answer. Then they would retire half apologetically, with "Oh, well, we just thought we'd ask."

So maybe, after all, she is an abashing czarina. She keeps them all fooled and guessing, that's certain. And she gently manages to put people where they belong.

All of which may or may not prove that Ruth is money-crazy. But she is smart! One *has* to be in this film racket.

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**Dear Little "Alice" Mae West.**—Everybody suddenly had the idea of making "Alice in Wonderland" at one and the same time in Hollywood, including Mary Pickford and two different studios, but at latest reports Paramount won out, and who do you think is being suggested for the rôle of *Alice*? None other than Mae West! Well, that *would* be funny. You can't deny it.

**Code for Husbands.**—When a second husband starts in to throw compliments to a first husband for his talent in choosing furniture, it must be an expression of nobility, not to say generosity. We heard

## Hollywood High Lights

Al Scott, Colleen Moore's present spouse, toss just such bouquets John McCormick's way in remarking how well-suited to his own tastes were the furnishings of his bedroom in the mansion which Colleen and he occupy at Bel-Air.

It seems that John McCormick supervised the interior decoration of the room, and he appears to have greatly pleased Al.

Other first husbands might do well to observe this result. It evidently pays for them to consider the future, along with the present, in devising the domestic *décor*.

**Colony Proves Prolific.**—Will

Rogers started lots of trouble for himself when he broadcast a call for a family with three or four children to appear in his film, "Green Dice." Will let it be known through the papers that such a group of youngsters would be desired, and suggested that he himself would do the picking.

Half a dozen or more families immediately camped on the Rogers estate at the beach, and waylaid him while he was en route home. In all, about two or three hundred fathers and mothers of three and four showed up at the studio and elsewhere, all demanding to see the humorist in person.

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## Lost—the Gable Wallop

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the Japanese navy. Got enough for your yarn?"

It was my turn to smile. Three years ago it was the same thing. We had been talking when suddenly he jumped up and excused himself to have some pictures taken with a horse. And he had been just as anxious then as now to know if I had got enough for my story.

No, despite what he says, Clark hasn't changed. He learns, but he doesn't change. And he never will, either, except for the better.

## Marriage Costs Bette Plenty

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a summer of repertory work with the Provincetown Players on Cape Cod.

During that summer, she renewed her friendship with her old classmate, Ham Nelson, who was playing in the orchestra of one of the Cape Cod hotels.

When she returned to New York, Broadway jobs were awaiting her and daily letters from Ham further enlivened her existence.

She appeared in "The Earth Between," "Broken Dishes," and "The Solid South," with Richard Bennett. It was while appearing in the latter that a Universal scout saw her and signed her for film fame and fortune.

During her first year in Hollywood, Miss Davis appeared in several unimportant pictures, doing, as she admits, the worst work of her career.

However, George Arliss saw a screen test of her, and when Universal failed to renew an option on her services, that discerning Englishman was responsible for assigning her a leading rôle in "The Man Who Played God."

This led to her contract, and after performing creditably in various films she is now starred in "Ex-Lady."

It was last summer that Mr. Nelson could stand the separation no longer. He came to Hollywood to see Bette, and this visit led to the marriage about which we have been talking.

"Of course, it's foolish ever to make positive statements about the future," Bette told me in parting. "None of us knows what fate has in store. But barring fire, flood, and earthquake, you can expect to be invited to our fiftieth wedding anniversary, if both Ham and I are still alive."

"It's just the New England influence, I guess. You know, in New England we marry for keeps!"

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"I certainly *hoped* to get a chance in Hollywood," Pres said. "The talkies seemed just the thing to spread your name over the country. An actor can spend his whole life on Broadway, and never be known outside New York. And, say what they will, actors like to be known far and wide.

"I was fortunate enough to be sent to Hollywood to play in 'Two Seconds,' for I had done the same rôle on the stage. Later on I was still more fortunate to have my option taken up."

Mr. Foster does not "grin boyishly," as actors are often reported to do. He is a sturdy, thick-set fellow with a good sense of humor. He calls himself a roughneck and let's it go at that.

"My wife remained in the East until I knew for certain that I'd landed a job," he said. "When Warners kept me on, I wrote her to pull up the tent and move the camp out here. Now you couldn't get her out of California. Nor could you get me away, for that matter."

True handles his fan mail. She sees that all letters with intelligent

remarks about his work come directly before her husband's eyes.

"I've paid particular attention to what the fans say in Picture Play about me and my work," he said, "and I'm grateful. I really mean it.

"Oh, don't let any one kid you into believing an actor pays no attention to what's said of him," he quickly added, when I remarked that most players informed me they ignored all printed comment. "I have often heard a player say that he never bothers about reviews or fan mail. Tell him he's a liar," Pres went on, having undoubtedly lived up to his advice.

"The first thing I do the morning after a picture has been released is to read the reviews. If most reports are complimentary, I feel great; if they're not so good, I'm wretched all day."

The only difference he finds between acting on the stage and in the studios is that the screen actor has to go through more. There is less faked "reality" in the studios.

During the filming of "Two Seconds," Pres had to fall off the top of a skyscraper. Though they did not shoot the scene on a real build-

ing, the drop on the set was enough for him.

"I fell on a mattress all right," Pres related, "but I landed on one side of my face. Not that it was so important, but I might easily have broken my neck."

In "You Said a Mouthful," he played the heavy. In the undersea episodes taken at Catalina Island, Preston and Joe E. Brown had to wear iron weights round their waists to keep them under water. One day Pres put on too many weights and all but stayed under water for good!

He hopes to get good rôles, better than some of those he has been handed. But, on the whole, he is grateful to Hollywood and Warner Brothers.

He greatly admires Paul Muni as a splendid actor. "To rise to the heights in pictures as he has done, with only a few pictures, proves that Muni has what it takes," he said.

Yes, indeed. To attract attention at the present time is a tough proposition. Only one actor in a thousand succeeds. Yet why stop at a thousand? Why not a million?

For the time being let's stop and applaud Preston Foster.

## Preston's Big Chance

Continued from page 64

The pay-off occurred when it was determined that several of said parents, not possessing sufficient children of their own, had borrowed one or two from the neighbors. The craze to get into the movies still hits hard, even in the blasé colony.

**Was It All Play-acting?**—With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in Italy, ostensibly writing a book called "So Many Summers," and Joan Crawford hard at work in Hollywood on a picture, and their divorce also granted, *finis* may be written to another of the romantic fantasies of Hollywood. We suppose it is the end, although up to the time of Doug's departure the two had a habit of being seen together, and there was much hullabaloo and hokum publicity connected with the break-up, which made it seem very phony.

It might be remarked that no marriage could keep up the pace that Doug and Joan set for theirs, with perpetual public demonstration of their joy in love during the earlier days. We can't forget how Joan was forever "Dodoing" Doug in that effulgent period. It was "Dodo" this and "Dodo" that on every occasion.

**Wally Gets Walrus Boat.**—Just a boat of walrus hides turned the trick. Well, almost. Anyway, Wal-

lace Beery signed again with M.-G.-M., and when the contract was closed, the burly he-man star had a clause written into the agreement that stipulated he was to receive a craft made of pelts that was being used in the film "Eskimo."

Wally got attached to the boat when he saw it around the studio, and asked if he could have it when the picture was completed. When he finally decided he'd stay with M.-G.-M., he thought he'd make sure that the odd craft would be his. Therefore, he had this written into the agreement along with salary, morals clause, and other things.

Wally has always been a great big child about certain things, but through all the years has been one of the biggest money-making stars. His difficulties with the company were chiefly over the question of salary. He gets approximately \$5,000 weekly. And that's because he's just about the primary masculine drawing-card in pictures.

**Romantic Entanglements.**—There's always trouble stirring somewhere. Johnny Weissmuller has been seen out with Estelle Taylor. And what will Lupe Velez do about that? Plenty, probably!

Meanwhile Maureen O'Sullivan appears faithful to John Farrow,

while Jimmy Dunn has been beaung Helen Vinson. And Merian Cooper, the producer, and Dorothy Jordan are still devoted.

Also the usual complexities prevail with the return of Marguerite Churchill, who visited England with the Gleasons, including Russell, and on coming back to Hollywood had dinner and other dates with George O'Brien.

Young love is a perpetual jig-saw puzzle.

**Raymond Smart Host.**—One young-man-about-Hollywood may be said to exhibit taste and discretion in his social activities, and that is Gene Raymond. He gave a party that was among the quietest and most dignified ever arranged by a young actor, with guests chosen very discriminately. The locale was the reserved precincts of an apartment hotel which George Arliss has found much to his liking on occasion. And that's enough said.

Loretta Young, seen also at times with Bruce Cabot, was the principal stellar guest. She has embarked on a free-lancing career and apparently everybody is offering her jobs. She plans to make some pictures abroad each year, as well as some in America.

Sister Sally Blane is in Europe

## Hollywood High Lights



now, having caused no end of commotion by almost sailing on the same ship with the Earl of Warwick. We learn that Sally isn't as deeply interested in the earl as rumors say she is, but Heaven knows she may become so before returning to America.

**Anna Sten Emerging.**—Anna Sten, the half-forgotten mystery star of Hollywood, is about to blazon forth on the screen. She is making "Nana" by Emile Zola, in a greatly modified version, but still very sexy.

What if, after a year's build-up, it should happen that Miss Sten wouldn't be liked by you fans? What a headache that would be for the producer of her film, Samuel Goldwyn! However, advance glimpses of Anna create the impression that she is highly interesting.

**Gary Fêting Celebrities.**—Gary Cooper is now taking up celebrities regularly. He played host to Elliott Roosevelt, when the President's son arrived in Hollywood, and showed him about the Paramount studio, where all the stars showed a frantic desire to become acquainted with the young man.

Mr. Roosevelt's baggage failed to reach Hollywood at the same time he did, and he had only one suit and one pair of shoes. He had to hide out in Gary's dressing room while he sent his clothes out to be pressed before he was presented to the cinema celebs. The best the wardrobe de-

partment could do to help him out was to offer a Roman toga or a halberdier's costume, but Roosevelt was too shy to appear in actor's togs.

**Colman May Return.**—Ronald Colman, we learn, is still bound by contract to Samuel Goldwyn. The talk has been that Ronnie was through, but it's just talk. He may come back and make "The Dark Angel."

Ronnie lost one of his very best friends when Ernest Torrence died, and those who have heard from him say that he is very broken up about it.

**A Traffic Blockader.**—Dorothea Wieck, newly arrived from Germany, was much puzzled by the technique of getting past traffic signs and signals in Hollywood. Sometimes these signs are lettered on the pavement. Sometimes "STOP" appears right on the road. Miss Wieck found it very confusing, and when she read one of the "Stop" signs on the pavement she stopped. And she stayed.

The motorists behind her honked and honked, but she wouldn't budge. One of them, a little madder than the rest, got into her car and taking the wheel away from her, drove her automobile to a suitable parking place alongside the curb. He was all for giving the star a piece of his mind as well, but succumbed to the blandishments of her smile, and explained the American traffic methods to her.

## Soft-boiled Eddie

Continued from page 47

Eddie so endowed it with his art that author David Karsen sent him a silver dollar as a reward and a souvenir. Eddie treasures it. Not that he's superstitious, but still—

He is now working on his second American rôle in "Red Meat," an epic of the Western slaughterhouses.

For the rest, this mild-mannered tough guy adores music, especially the classical variety. Another of his hobbies is travel. He hates speech-making and exercise. He's never fully dressed without a cigar in his mouth. One of his superstitions is to have Mrs. Robinson play some minor rôle in each of his films. He abhors dress clothes and tight collars, and he renamed himself after a fictional character he admires.

He has been received in audience by the Pope; drinks a quart of milk a day; devours carloads of fruit; considers "The Hole in the Wall" his

worst picture; likes chocolates and dislikes motoring; says the only way he'll be killed in an airplane accident is if one falls on him; retires early when working and at any old time when not; is a keen judge of precious stones; loves a home, but resides in hotels made homelike by Gladys; or did, until he bought a house in Hollywood for Gladys and Edward G., Jr.

As to movies, he'll pay any time to see Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, George Arliss, or Jeanette MacDonald. On the stage his favorites include Pauline Lord, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne. Among the moderns he enjoys the music of George Gershwin, and the musicals of Fields, Rodgers, and Hart.

And there, in a word—or at least in twelve hundred of them—you have Edward G. Robinson.



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## Brother—Can You Spare a Dime?

Continued from page 17



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that time he averaged one contribution every three minutes. Lupe Velez passed by, spoke to him as to an old acquaintance, and dropped a dollar bill in his outstretched cap.

During the hour a second beggar hobbled up on his crutches and chatted with my pencil merchant. I overheard fragments of their conversation—and one sentence spoken by the legless mendicant was revealing:

"I'm off Al's place—think his games are on the level, but he gets tough if you don't spend a roll of dough every time you go in. And his liquor's slop."

It wasn't hard to guess where Lupe's dollar would be spent.

In the course of one week, I talked to at least twenty moochers. After I had convinced them that I was not a plain-clothes detective, they talked willingly, even boastfully, but at the same time seemed inclined to jeer at the stars for being such easy "touches." All of them stated that they were making better than wages.

They listed Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Paul Lukas, Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond, Marion Davies, Clark Gable, Jack Oakie, Marie Dressler, Robert Montgomery, Maurice Chevalier, Mae Clarke, Lupe Velez, Richard Arlen, and Richard Dix as the most generous stars. And without exception damned—albeit with a certain admiration—Wallace Beery, Constance Bennett, and Sylvia Sydney as three who never donate.

Lupe, it seems, considers a dollar the smallest monetary hand-out. Chevalier starts each day with a pocketful of quarters. His secretary is similarly armed and the two of them give to all who ask. I asked Chevalier if he believes that every beggar is deserving.

"No," he replied. "I think most of them are what you call frauds—but maybe *one* is hungry."

In front of Paramount studio stands an aged woman who gives her name as "Just Sophia." She sells pencils, or rather displays pencils, as an excuse to beg.

She told me a story that wrung my heart—illness—suffering—a son-in-law out of work. I asked her how much she earns in an average day. She pointed to her decrepit shoes.

"Nothing—almost nothing," she said. "No one wants to help an old woman."

I gave her fifty cents and asked her to pose for a picture.

She clutched my arm and the tears

streamed down her face. "God bless you, sir," she sobbed. "God bless you!"

I felt like crying, too, and gave her another coin. I asked her if none of the stars ever helped her—and she swore that they are all an unfeeling, miserly lot who never give to an old woman.

That statement provoked a few doubts, so I found a hiding place where, without her knowledge, I could watch her. In not more than fifteen minutes, she gleaned money from Cary Grant, Bobby Vernon, Charles Ruggles, the everpresent Chevalier, and two studio workers.

And in every case, she produced that sudden burst of tears! Truly a great actress lost to the screen!

Detective Jack Dineen, who has specialized on vagabond street peddlers and panhandlers for the Los Angeles Police Department since 1924, laughed at my reluctance to believe that street begging is an out-and-out gyp game and that almost without exception the beggars are unworthy of help. He gave me incident after incident.

"At least ninety per cent of the beggars in Hollywood are professional bums who wouldn't do a day's honest work for love or money," he declared. "In the last eight years, I've learned all their tricks and become personally acquainted with hundreds of them."

"It's no secret that moochers from all parts of the country try to visit Hollywood at least once a year. Most of the stars are haphazardly generous; a lot of them have been down and out themselves and they're all too emotional to refuse a clever sob artist. Their generosity is admirable, in a way, but it is flooding Hollywood with the greatest army of moochers that ever congregated in one town."

"We have to detail police squads to every première because of the panhandlers. At one première, not long ago, we picked up thirty 'vags' who were working the crowd and taking in plenty. Every one was a professional, and most of them had long police records."

"Isn't there any cure for the situation?" I asked.

"Well," Dineen said, "if some one could just convince the stars that folks who really deserve charity usually get it from the Community Chest and similar organizations, and that these street beggars are playing them for suckers—if somebody could do that, it might help!"



## A Goddess to Merkel

Continued from page 53

subject, "as well as I know Helen, I'm never quite at ease with her. I've never been able to lose my awe of her despite the fact she's plain and unassuming. I remember one night when Ronnie was out of town and Charlie was working, Helen came over to my house for dinner. She had a little knot of hair at the back of her neck and after dinner she took all the pins out, let her hair down, kicked off her slippers and lay down on the divan to relax—just like any one else would. I kept thinking to myself, 'Is this real? Is this the great Helen Hayes here in my house, lying on my sofa?'

"I think I love her most of all when she's with her baby. The child adores her and follows her around like a shadow. Once when I was over there, Helen told her to go play in the swimming pool. As Mary toddled off, Helen watched her with troubled eyes and said, 'I don't know what to do about her. I don't want

her to be a mamma's baby. I want her to be independent and play with other children.'

"The next thing I heard, Helen had gone out and rounded up every child in the neighborhood, and brought them in to play with Mary. Most stars would have sent a servant out to fetch them, but not Helen.

"She's the grandest——" suddenly Una stopped again and looked at me with moist eyes. "I warned you I couldn't talk about her without becoming maudlin, didn't I?" she demanded with a catch in her voice.

Who cares? I got an insight into Helen Hayes's character that a year's acquaintance with her hadn't given me. And more, I learned that, despite all assertions to the contrary, it is possible for two actresses to be friends—unselfishly, disinterestedly, unenviously. Possible, that is, when one of them is Helen and the other Una.

## Luck Done Her Wrong

Continued from page 49

stage production of "Molly Magdalene." When that show closed she was signed as the gunman's moll in "The Gang Buster," with Jack Oakie. Her work in that film brought her a Paramount contract and she seemed set. She gave outstanding performances in "June Moon," "Kick In," "Two Kinds of Women," and "Ladies of the Big House."

Her option came due and she sat in the office of one of the Paramount executives. "I'm afraid we can't keep you," he announced. "You're getting too much money."

"Let's not talk about money," Wynne replied. "Let's talk about me. Why did you sign me in the first place?"

"Eh?" said the startled gentleman. "Why did you sign me in the first place?" Wynne persisted. "Because you thought I had something, didn't you? Because you thought you could do something with me, didn't you?"

"Well, yes," the official admitted. "Have you ever tried?" Wynne went on. "Have you ever given me a part where I could really show what I could do? Am I less capable with the experience I've had this past year than I was when you signed me?"

"No-o," the executive conceded.

"Well, suppose you pay me whatever you feel you can afford for the

next six months, give me some decent parts so I'll really have a chance and then, if I click, we'll talk money. How's that?"

"Fair enough," said the gentleman.

Wynne took a terrific cut in salary and, as a starter to enable her to show what she could do, they starred her in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane." The picture failed and Wynne bore the brunt of the blame. It wasn't her fault. It was an impossible story and followed closely—but not successfully—the pattern of a better constructed picture which had already been released. But studio officials never seem to realize it's barely possible they could have made a poor selection of a scenario. It's never their own fault when a film fails to click. It's either the adapter's fault, the director's or the star's. Whoever talks the loudest and presents the most convincing arguments is absolved. Wynne doesn't argue, so she was blamed.

They put her back into bits again, in which she played molls, fallen women, and what have you. Then she was cast opposite George Bancroft in "Lady and Gent" and turned in one of the best performances of the year. Her rendition of the song, "Every One Knows It But You," makes me feel she's the only actress

Continued on page 71

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## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

part she has had in ages, *Josie La Tour*, queen of the air. So attractive is Miss Nissen that you are sore when she is killed by a poisoned dart as she performs on a trapeze. *Thatcher Colt*, debonair police commissioner of New York, is mixed up in this rather declassé ensemble when he goes away for a rest and picks at random a town where the circus is playing. Recognized by the press

qualifies the picture as a musical show even through Rudy Vallée croons and a song is sung by a young person who calls herself "Baby" Rose Marie.

For the rest of it, there's a jumble of incidents transpiring in a hotel at Wu Hu, China—that name striking the exact keynote of the humor throughout the display except for W. C. Field's antics in a miniature automobile which he runs into the hotel and down the fire escape. This is novel and really comic.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce plays a character called *Peggy Hopkins Joyce*, which will give you a fair idea of the subtlety of her rôle. Nevertheless, she projects much of the charm that has kept her in the public eye and her voice is soft, persuasive, and intelligent, though I wish she didn't say "lonjeray." That pronunciation of lingerie isn't what is expected of a traveled cosmopolite. However,



agent, he is drawn into the proceedings as the procession passes down the street and *Josie La Tour's* husband hisses a threat at her.

Though unpretentiously done, there is a great deal of authentic atmosphere in the circus scenes and the parade somehow gives one the thrill of a youthful bystander. Dwight Frye and Donald Cook give excellent performances and Ruthelma Stevens, who possesses the deepest voice of any actress, uses it persuasively as Mr. Menjou's assistant.

### "International House."

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, W. C. Fields, Stuart Erwin, Sari Maritza, Bela Lugosi, Sterling Holloway, Edmund Breese, Lumsden Hare, Rudy Vallée, Burns and Allen, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Baby Rose Marie.

This is one of those hodgepodes that attempt to be funny by being irresponsible and insane. But genuine fun is not so easily achieved and this example is one of the most irritatingly futile I have ever seen. It is inept exploitation of a lot of personalities, including some from radio, but most of the latter are given little to do and would never be missed if they did nothing at all. Burns and Allen appear most often and perform along familiar lines, but even they give the impression of being squeezed into the sequences in which they appear. There is one song-and-dance number featuring girls in cellophane which is quite good, but this hardly



except for Mr. Fields, the efforts of none of the well-known players are up to standard, due, of course, to the flimsiness of the material provided for them and the clumsiness that animates the whole.

### "The Eagle and the Hawk."

Fredric March, Cary Grant, Carol Lombard, Jack Oakie, Sir Guy Standing, Forrester Harvey, Douglas Scott, Kenneth Howell, Leyland Hodgson

The author of "Wings" never tires of his subject no matter if spectators find that it pours rather thinly after many concoctings. There is little excuse for the current dish of aviation because previous films of the same kind have caused a surfeit. None, however, have been better acted nor had Fredric March and Cary Grant in leading rôles. Few, if any, have been so indifferent to love interest, either. It is Carol Lombard's ill luck to supply what little there is of it—just a brief sequence, after which she



is never seen or heard from again. It isn't her fault, but the misguided author and director who probably



thought their picture superior to the taste of average spectators and ignored a love story to prove it.

In place of it we have two aviators, to mention the principals only, who are strongly contrasted characters. One, Mr. March, is tormented by the deaths he causes and the other, Mr. Grant, is cold-blooded and merciless. They quarrel and thereafter exchange insults, as is the custom in pictures dealing with groups of men. In the end Mr. March shoots himself and Mr. Grant, fired with nobility, makes it seem that his quondam friend was sniped by the enemy and therefore died a hero.

All this is well acted, especially by Mr. March who, however, labors in a lost cause so far as interest in the picture as a whole is concerned. Douglas Scott, the boy who was Diana Wynyard's younger son in "Cavalcade," is briefly and pleasantly seen and the airplane maneuvers are strikingly managed. But they always are.

## Luck Done Her Wrong

Continued from page 69

on the screen who can put over a song in a way that would really get her a job in a night club. The picture itself was a runner-up for the Academy award.

"At last," she thought, "I'm set."

But the ways of producers are as inscrutable as the ways of Providence. Almost every part she's had has been as a loose woman. Her reputation on the stage was made as a comédienne. Following her hit in "Lady and Gent," more bits followed and she made every one of them stand out, among them a rôle as George Raft's mistress in "Night After Night" in which she more than held her own with such players as Raft, Roscoe Karns, Alison Skipworth, and the doughty Mae West. Then she contributed what, to my mind, was the outstanding rôle in "If I Had a Million," that of a street-walker.

Her option came due again, but Wynne had learned her lesson. She had hoped to get free of her contract so she could choose her rôles. I happen to know she had had offers from other studios if Paramount let her go. It ended by their taking up her option, giving her the raise her contract called for, and making new promises.

By way of showing what they intend doing with her this coming year they gave her the feminine leads in "The Devil Is Driving" and "Crime of the Century."

"Well," I comforted her, "at least you're playing leads."

"Yes," she retorted. "In one picture Edmund Lowe is featured and in the other I'm killed off in the middle. Oh, well," she finished philosophically, "Hey-ninnie-ninnie and a hot-cha-cha! If I don't get the parts I want somebody else is getting them—somebody who needs them worse, perhaps."

That's Wynne. Live and let live. Eat, drink, and be merry. To-morrow you die—maybe. And maybe to-morrow you get the part you've always dreamed of. Disappointments don't embitter her. She's too real.

She's five feet two inches tall, weighs 103 pounds, doesn't have to diet, has light-brown hair, gray-green eyes, has shortened her name from Winifred to Wynne and is one of the most charming hostesses in pictures—or out.

She plays an expert game of bridge. She also has a complexion that asks no odds of the morning sun and a sense of humor that enables her to laugh at her own misfortunes. She swaps jokes and experiences with you in a way that makes you forget time and space and even home and mother.

She could be one of the big stars—if she ever got the breaks. But whether she does or not she'll always rank with my nominations for the regulars, so far limited to Gibson, Blondell, and Lombard.

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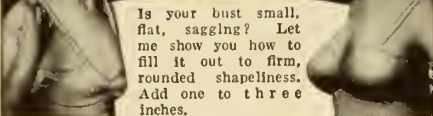
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29x5-25-19	2.7 1.15	30x5	3.35 1.35
30x5-25-20	2.75 1.15	33x5	3.25 1.45
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### The Stars Take It

Continued from page 59

say, "It's about time Jane discarded her ga-ga ways and baby-faced innocence and immature speech, and be what she is, a fully grown, mature woman."

## Information, Please

Continued from page 8

he maintains an apartment in New York. His right name is Izzy Iskowitz. Born in New York City, January 31, 1893; five feet eight, and his black hair and brown eyes.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN FAN.—Your favorite entered pictures as leading lady to John McCormack, in "Song o' My Heart." This was followed by "So This Is London," "Just Imagine," "Princess and the Plumber," "A Connecticut Yankee," "Skyline," "Big Shot," "Tarzan, the Ape Man," "Fast Companions," "Skyscraper Souls," "Strange Interlude," "Okay America," "Payment Deferred," "Robber's Roost," "Tarzan and His Mate," "Tugboat Annie." She is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn. Sorry, but there isn't space to give you complete casts of all her films. Master Tommy Clifford played the part of Maureen's brother in "Song o' My Heart." Miss O'Sullivan was educated in the Sacred Heart Academy in Dublin.

VON.—Still seeking further information about Phillips Holmes? I'm glad to oblige this time with a list of his films. "Varsity," "Wild Party," "Stairs of Sand," "Pointed Heels," "Only the Brave," "Paramount on Parade," "Devil's Holiday," "Grumpy," "Her Man," "Dancers," "Man to Man," "Stolen Heaven," "Criminal Code," "An American Tragedy," "Con-

On the other hand some one else considering Janet insists that "Her public likes her to play Pollyanna parts." So what can one do when one is Janet?

But a star doesn't spend all her time in dodging the verbal blows, the fans can also throw bouquets. Bless their hearts!

Now Jeanette MacDonald wasn't so popular when she first appeared on the screen—but now look at her. More power to Lubitsch and Chevalier who knew what they were doing. She's quite the rage in England and France. A Londoner echoes the sentiments of more than one of his fellow citizens when he excitedly writes,

She's exquisite, she's delicious. Why can't we see this divinity more often? Give us romance, give us music and comedy, and to complete our bliss, give us more Jeanette.

In Chicago they appreciate Ellisa Landi

because she is a lady. More than that—a lady in the truest sense of the term—she has captivated the esteem and admiration of those who appreciate real art and a most charming personality. To see this young lady act and to hear the earnest, sincere voice of this lovable girl is as refreshing as the fragrance of roses.

Such fulsome praise might effect envious reaction among Miss Landi's sister stars—unless they remember that they, too, are ladies.

And this, idols of the cinema temple, is how your fans feel about you.

fessions of a Coed," "Broken Lullaby," "Two Kinds of Women," "Night Court," "70,000 Witnesses," "Secret of Madame Blanche," "Men Must Fight," to be followed by "Strange Rhapsody." Sylvia Sidney played in two of these, "An American Tragedy" and "Confessions of a Coed."

RONNI.—Colin Clive, who has been seen here in "Journey's End," "Frankenstein," "Lily Christine," and "Christopher Strong," was born in St. Malo, France, on January 20, 1900. He has dark-brown hair and eyes. Married to Jeanne de Casalis. We have never published an interview with him. Although not under contract, perhaps RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, can supply his photo.

DORIS MARY WALTON.—Boris Karloff, whose real name is Pratt, was born in London, England, November 23, 1887, is six feet, weighs 175, and has dark-brown hair and eyes. Information about Colin Clive and Herbert Marshall will be found elsewhere in this department.

CLIVE HENRY L.—My records do not give the street address of the Shearers when Norma was born. As for Regis Toomey, he had a featured rôle in "State Trooper," released in February, and in "Soldiers of the Storm," released in April. Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Texas,







# Around the Cuckoo Clock

By-products of the movie mills salvaged and spiced up for home consumption.

**F**U FU DUST to be distributed to audience at "Samarang," says trade-paper headline. Also these headlines:

YOUNG DOUG IN ITALY.  
GAYNOR DIVORCED.  
"GABRIEL" AT LOEW'S.  
GARGAN IN "HEAVEN."  
ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE  
PIX BIZ.

The Cuckoo Clock's share of Fu Fu Dust to Joan Crawford for setting the date of her divorce announcement to jibe with certain publication dates, to replace the dust she threw in the eyes of the fan writers who fell for her eternal-devotion line up to the very minute of the smash-up.

Actors who created *Killer Meers* and Gloria Swanson's ex-husbands plan joint Fourth-of-July outing and baseball game. . . . Kentucky Colonels stepping on each other, now that Richard Bennett, Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, and Ken Maynard have been commissioned by Governor Laffoon of the Bluegrass State. . . . Managers of New York movie theaters, who are only majors, plenty jealous, take matter up with Hays's office.

Nanny goat working on "Strange Rhapsody" checked in as one and out as head of a family of four. . . . Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne ride elephant at the head of a circus parade. . . . Cameraman sent to Africa to photograph wild-animal film, writes to studio, "we have yet to see a monkey and we'll have to shoot some at Selig's Zoo for the picture!" . . . John Barrymore in the market for live penguin.

Mae West mentioned by Paramount for "Alice in Wonderland." Timely hints which might pull the movie racket out of the depression: Wallace Beery as *Peter Pan*; Oliver Hardy as *Wendy*; Clark Gable as *Oliver Twist*; Will Rogers as the *Sheik*; Buddy Rogers as *Frankenstein*.

Flash news sent in by publicity agent: "Adrienne Ames is so fond of gardenias she has a garden of them directly below her bedroom, so all she has to do is to open her windows and the room

By  
**James Roy Fuller**

is filled with perfume." . . . Screen sheik dives into swimming pool at Palm Springs and loses his false teeth.

Universal to reissue "The King of Jazz," shooting a few new scenes. . . . The now slenderized Paul Whiteman can play his own kid brother. . . . Recovered from earthquake, Hollywood wits hit new high mark:

Bert Wheeler: "Oh, well, we'll be able to beer up under our troubles now."

Robert Woolsey: "Sud, but true."

Slogan in Will Hays's office: "It's not the size of the dog in the fight—it's the size of the fight in the dog." . . . Production on "Tarzan and His Mate" delayed due to lack of leaves on trees at location. . . . Six Beverly Hills estaters offered free use of their artificial flowerpots. . . . Joan Crawford ghostwrites: "Try for a moment to imagine a world without love. What a drab, dreary place it would be. Wealth, fame, and glory mean nothing unless they are sought and won for the sake of love." . . . Pola Negri says, "Men have almost ruined my career, but the urge for fame saved me."

History lesson supplied by press bulletin: "Alan Dinehart's grandfather was the only one of five men to escape with his life when they fled from the Mormon territory. Dinehart's ancestor then settled in Carthage, Missouri." . . . And just what did grandpa do to annoy Brigham Young? If press agents were more movie-minded, Grandpa Dinehart could have been pictured galloping across the plains with the pick of a private collection of pearls, à la Zane Grey.

*Mickey Mouse* publicity soars to new heights every month. It was Mickey over Buckingham Palace last month, now R. C. Sheriff, author of "Journey's End," is quoted as saying: "Future development of the motion picture must be along the lines of the

*Mickey Mouse* cartoons, particularly since the camera has no brains nor imagination. The present system of making pictures is little short of cruelty to the players. Our grandchildren will look back in amazement and wonder how we could submit human beings to the cruelty of being used for making pictures." . . . *Mickey Mouse* announced as King of Prosperity Festival at Worchester, Massachusetts. . . . The Cuckoo Clock asks time out for full salute of twelve cuckoos to United Artists publicity department.

Johnny Weissmuller chosen athletic hero of the Girl Scouts in nation-wide poll. . . . Roland Young has no bone on the end of his nose; he broke it when he was fourteen years old and the bone stopped growing. . . . Lilyan Tashman gives little Sunday-afternoon tea, with only two or three hundred intimate friends present. . . . Comedian making \$3,000 a week raises rumpus in restaurant over luncheon check of fifty-five cents.

## BALLYHOOEY

Movie managers' section of trade paper tells the stunts that pull you in: Tin Can Parade: Beaverboard sign, blurring the picture, bordered with old tin cans, put on back of auto and paraded through town. In the theater lobby are loads of other tin cans, in some of which are prizes. Customer draws one as he enters.

Blindfolded Jig-saw Worker: Pick a man with a big nose so he can look straight down and see under the blindfold, put him in prominent window. A knock-out if the man is put into a gunny sack—thin enough for him to see through it. Better if some of the threads are plucked out, which won't be noticed.

In Cleveland, Ohio, a theater manager had a girl to dress as *Frisco Jenny* and tour the streets and midtown shops, handing out cards suggesting dates at the theater.

Pie-eating contests are recommended. A Baltimore exhibitor got some free publicity last summer by offering to let customers remain all night in his air-cooled theater. A donkey was half-blanketed and paraded to call attention to "The Half-naked Truth." A real hog-calling contest drew them in to see "State Fair" out in Iowa.



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**ONLY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER COULD DO IT!**





I got mighty lonesome last year. An occasional game of pool or basket-ball with the boys seemed to be about the only pleasures I was getting out of life.



But, when, it came to parties—especially mixed parties—I was a "wash-out." About the only thing I could do was a little clowning now and then. No wonder I wasn't popular with the other sex.



Until that day when I read how another fellow—just like me—had become popular in a few months' time by learning to play music through a new short-cut method. I wrote to investigate.



Say, when that demonstration lesson came I was sure surprised—knew at once that at last there was a way to learn to play that was quick, easy and sure-fire. I sent for the course. Every lesson was real fun.



The next time I was invited to a party I offered to play for the crowd. They thought I was kidding—but when I sat down at the piano and really played music, you should have seen their astonishment. Keep me playing for hours, for singing and dancing.



Never feel lonesome, now. In fact I've got so many invitations to parties it keeps me stepping. Thanks to the U. S. School of Music, I've quit being a "stay-at-home." And better yet, I've found Janet, and we've set the date.

# Friends....Good Times....Popularity

## —so easy when you learn music this short-cut way

**T**HINK of the most popular men and women that you know. What is there about them that makes them welcome wherever they go? Why are they always the center of attraction? Why do they have such good times at parties?

Isn't it because they are *good company*? Isn't it because they can *entertain* and make people happy? You bet it is! There's no question about it—the man or woman who can entertain is always popular. And being able to play a musical instrument is one of the finest and most appreciated forms of entertainment.

And now the fun and popularity of being a good musician is no longer within the reach of only a few who can afford private instruction or have the time and patience to practice day after day for long, tedious hours. At last everyone can learn to play his favorite musical instrument—simply, easily, quickly—at the cost of only a few pennies a day.

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out a teacher  
No tricks—No stunts**

The whole secret is in the wonderful "print-and-picture"

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When you finish your course with the U. S. School of Music you do not depend on any trick "numbers" or any secret method to pick up pieces—but you play from music just like the best musicians. You play real music—popular or classic, *right from the notes*. We don't teach you tricks—but music—and in a fraction of the time it would take you the old, uninteresting way.

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Piano	Violin
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Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
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Piano Accordion	
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Harmony and Composition	
Drums and Traps	
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Juniors' Piano Course	

These remarkable lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not entirely plain, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

No matter what instrument you take up, you find that every essential is taken up thoroughly and clearly. The course is practical. Theories are forgotten—*accomplishment* is stressed—you learn from the start *how to play*.

The U. S. School of Music course is highly simplified, direct. That is why many of our pupils get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast*—as those who study the old, slow and dull way.

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We couldn't possibly tell you the whole interesting story of the U. S. School of Music on this page. So we have printed a book—"How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home" that fully explains this remarkable course. Clip and mail this coupon NOW, and the fascinating free book and Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. Instruments supplied wherever needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 539 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

**U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC**  
539 Brunswick Building, New York City

Please send me your free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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# PICTURE PLAY

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## The High Cost of Hollywood Parties

Even though most stars tell interviewers they never go anywhere, preferring to remain home with a few friends, don't you believe it! Hollywood is party-mad, always has been and always will be. Who gives the parties and who goes to them, if not the stars?

Well, anyhow, there's a lot to say about festivities in the movie colony and in next month's Picture Play Edwin Schallert relates some unwritten history about parties. He tells of their lavishness, the amount of money spent, why parties are given when they are for diplomatic or political reasons, and some of the customs peculiar to partying. All in all, a most illuminating and diverting article that will rate as one of Picture Play's best, and that's going some.

## Franchot Tone

Every one knows about Joan Crawford's dancing partner and leading man. Fans have taken to him whole-heartedly and after only two appearances. Most of them know of his cultural background, his wealthy family and his success on the Broadway stage. But they complain that they feel they do not really know the man.

Whereupon Samuel Richard Mook, eager to fill the aching void, interviews Mr. Tone in October Picture Play with zest and appreciation. He and Mr. Tone conspire to furnish one of the most unusual interviews ever recorded.

\* \* \*

Margaret Lindsay, the girl from Dubuque, Iowa, who was chosen for an important part in "Cavalcade" because of her English accent, tells, next month, how she deceived Hollywood and is now overcoming her Anglicized speech.

\* \* \*

There's no let-up in the high standard set by this reliable and unique magazine.

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to see one of  
these great

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## "CAPTURED!"

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with KAY FRANCIS... LYLE TALBOT... GLENDA FARRELL. The passionate pilgrimage of a woman doctor...



## "GOODBYE AGAIN"

B'way's sensational stage success with Joan Blondell, Warren William, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Chandler, Wallace Ford, Hugh Herbert.



## GEORGE ARLISS

in "VOLTAIRE" with DORIS KENYON. The greatest characterization that Arliss has yet brought to the screen.

AND WATCH FOR EDWARD G. ROBINSON, KAY FRANCIS, GENEVIEVE TOBIN IN

## "I LOVED A WOMAN"



# WHAT THE FANS THINK



## Deploring Clara's Diary.

**C**LARA BOW'S published diary, recording her European impressions, brings the blush! Poor old Europe! What had it ever done to Clara other than to wine and dine and entertain her? To give her entrance to its halls of rare treasure, its galleries of old art, glimpses of its natural beauty, introduction to its splendid culture, and last, but by no means least, to make her the guest of its perfect courtesies?

All of which, apparently, found no appeal in the mind of Clara Bow. Europe was not to be compared with America! But in a foreign land where race, education, and point of view are naturally peculiar to that land, yet whose doors are flung wide open in welcome to the stranger within its gates, are not comparisons odious? Did Clara, while crossing the Atlantic eastward bound, expect to find America?

And what did she buy in Europe? She bought, according to her diary, a "hair seal phoque," which, quoting from a foreign journal, perhaps hailed from America, while her husband, Rex Bell, a man of very fine taste, bought a cuckoo clock in Switzerland. Clara Bow, if I be not mis-

**Norma Shearer's age has come to be an international problem among the fans.**



taken, arrived at the port of Genoa on a magnificent, sunny day! But this did not touch her!

Would it not be wiser for such players when traveling to continue silent instead of going talkie?

Milan, Italy.

EMILY C. BURKE.

## Let's Build Up, Not Tear Down.

**E**XTRACT from my diary, dated April 21, 1933: "Saw a very grim movie, 'To-day We Live,' in which Joan Crawford wept and wept, and it rained and rained, and every one was very, very noble. They all talked with clipped sentences. Instead of saying 'This is my sister,' they said 'Sister. Mine.' And the way they expressed love, as I'm sure no human being would, not even the English!"

I always thought my critical faculties were fair, but imagine my joy to find Norbert Lusk, in July Picture Play, expressing exactly the same sentiments anent the same picture! From his review I quote the following: "Miss Crawford begins in grief and continues tearful with scarcely a break." And, later, "When Mr. Tone introduces Miss Crawford as 'Sister. Mine.' you wonder what's up."

And while on the subject of movies, may I make a suggestion? In this fine department which could be used to even greater advantage, the fans waste pages in silly bickering about established play-

Emily C. Burke writes from Italy deploring Clara Bow's failure to appreciate Europe.

ers. It doesn't seem that Novarro has collapsed under the barrage of argument concerning his perfection of mind, soul and voice, nor has Garbo gone into mourning because a few fans decide that she cannot act. In fact, she is right now beginning a new picture.

What I want to ask is, why not build up the actors who need your encouragement now as they never will again, instead of trying to tear down stars who will inevitably fall if they are so destined?

Now come on, fans. Stop arguing about Marlene's trousers or Chatterton's broad "a." Give some of these deserving newcomers a boost. They need your cheers as the Garbos and Gables do not, for they are only starting and the others are established. Let's not tear down reputations, let's *build* them—always, of course, giving credit where credit is due for sincere performances, no matter to what rank the player belongs.

A. B.

146 East 19th Street, New York City.

## Threshing Out Norma's Age.

**T**HE purpose of this letter is to ask Bernard Hassert how he knows Norma's age is twenty-five; because he went to school with her and his own age is twenty-five? Don't misinform Marguerite Wright, Bernard. There is a flaw in your figuring. The incidents that I mention and the dates can be verified by the Montreal *Daily Star*.

Olive Thomas, ex-Ziegfeld beauty, starred in a series of Selznick pictures just prior to her sudden death in 1920. Previous to the showing of the last of these in Montreal, a photograph of Norma Shearer was published in the Montreal *Star* with the heading "Montreal Girl

Continued on page 10



---

# The woman who entertains well—

THERE'S something indescribably fine about the woman who entertains well. From the cheery appearance of her home to the service she so deftly affords—everything is so natural—yet so charmingly different.

Such splendid hostesses, once very rare and belonging only to the idle classes, are now to be found everywhere. They grace homes in every walk of life—making them happier through the many friends they attract.

What is it that keeps these women ahead of the commonplace? Advertisements! In the advertising pages of this magazine you will find news of the newest and most delightful things. New customs, new methods, new comforts and conveniences. They tell what the world approves as correct.

The woman who entertains well must read the advertisements. Not only to keep pace with progress—but to learn how to do so on a limited purse. For advertisements are more than harbingers of style—they are announcements of economies that may be practiced safely.

*Read the advertisements—to know what is new, what is correct—and what is economical*

---



# Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

## By The Oracle

**B. KOLASH.**—And now comes Franchot B. Tone to set maidens' hearts a-throbbing. His fine performances in "To-day We Live" and "Gabriel Over the White House" are to be followed by "Night Flight." Under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, Niagara Falls, New York, takes a bow as his home town; he was born there on February 27, 1906. He headed for the Broadway stage after his graduation from Cornell, and played opposite such actresses as Lenore Ulric, Jane Cowl, and Katharine Cornell. Keep your eye on him, girls! By the way, you pronounce his name "Fran-show." In "Luxury Liner" Fritz was played by Henry Wadsworth.

**M. H.**—Happily married to Winifred Bryson since 1917, and always busy making pictures, leaves little time for Hollywood parties in the life of Warner Baxter. Wasn't he just fine in "Forty-second Street"? More rôles like that and he'll show 'em. He is five feet eleven. Latest picture is "I Loved You Wednesday."

**CONSTANT READER.**—That's mighty fancy writing you do. Can't imagine how you form all those curlicues. That was J. Carrol Naish as Kent in "The Past of Mary Holmes." He is a free-lance player with no permanent studio address, but you might try RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, for his photo. Has played in such films as "Crooner," "Tiger Shark," "Kid from Spain," "World Gone Mad," and "Elmer the Great." Ramon Novarro's contract with Metro-Goldwyn has not yet expired. His concerts in Europe were great successes, and his next screen appearance is to be in "The Cat and the Fiddle," with "Laughing Boy" to follow.

**CLAIRE MILLER.**—Hope this settles that argument. December 28, 1909, is Lew Ayres's birthdate. He is five feet eleven, and weighs 155.

**JOYCE CHIPPETTE.**—You may write to George Raft and obtain his photograph at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood. He will be thirty on September 26th, and is five feet ten.

**E. M.**—That very fine actress, Louise Closser Hale, was *Grandma* in "No More Orchids." Norma Shearer's son, Irving Thalberg, Jr., was born on August 24, 1930.

**WINIFRED ATKINSON.**—The players in "Lucky Devils" were Bill Boyd, Dorothy Wilson, William Gargan, Roscoe Ates, Bruce Cabot, Creighton Chaney, Julie Haydon, Phyllis Fraser, Betty Furness, William Bakewell, Bob Rose, Gladden James, Sylvia Picker, Edwin Stanley, Charles Gillette.

**TYRO.**—Claudette Colbert has been married to Norman Foster since 1928. Though they maintain separate homes, they are still husband and wife. You may address

her in care of Paramount Studio, Hollywood. To date she has made about seventeen pictures.

**MAXINE ROPER.**—Lilian Harvey hails from England where she was born on January 19, 1907. Frances Dee is not married. She is five feet three and weighs 108.

**MARIE G. F.**—That was Kay Johnson as Walter Huston's wife in "American Madness." She does resemble Karen Morley, which explains your sister's confusion.

**ELIZABETH DALE.**—In 1927 Nils Asther came to this country under contract to Joseph Schenck. He began his screen ca-

The Oracle gladly answers questions of general interest in this department. Requests for casts or lists of old films should be accompanied by a stamped envelope for personal reply. Foreign readers desiring personal replies should inclose correspondence coupons obtainable at post office. Foreign stamps cannot be accepted.

reer as the son in "Sorrell and Son." His talking pictures include "Sea Bat," "But the Flesh Is Weak," "Letty Lynton," "Washington Masquerade," "Bitter Tea of General Yen," and "Strange Rhapsody." Born in Malmo, Sweden, January 17, 1902, just a little over six feet, weighs 170, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Divorced twice. Did you read the interesting interview with him in August Picture Play? Yes, he played with Greta Garbo in "The Single Standard."

**E. M. C.**—Write to Tim McCoy at Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood. Born in Saginaw, Michigan, April 10, 1891; five feet eleven, weighs 170, and has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Divorced from Agnes Heron Miller in 1931. Has two sons and two daughters.

**NANCY JANE SMITH.**—Diana Wynyard has gone back to England to fulfill a stage contract. She will return to California in the fall to make further pictures for Metro-Goldwyn. Unless you are a fan-magazine writer, a reporter, or a magician, you stand little chance of having a personal interview with any star.

**BO OF MILWAUKEE.**—Say, Bo, what makes you think it's any trouble to answer your questions? On the contrary, it's a pleasure! Both Glenda Farrell and Lyle Talbot may be reached at First National Studio, Burbank, California. You will be seeing Warner Baxter with Janet Gaynor in "Paddy." Baxter is five feet eleven, weighs 165, and has brown hair and eyes. His birthdate is March 29, 1891.

**J. L. S.**—I do not recall any picture called "Bride of Colorado," but Pathé's "Man-made Woman" had the following cast: Leatrice Joy, H. B. Warner, John Boles, Seena Owen, Jay Eaton, Jeanette Loff, Sidney Bracy.

**JUVENILE STAR FAN.**—To give you a list of Jackie Cooper's, Dickie Moore's, and Jackie Searle's films would require more space than is available. Therefore, I must ask you to send me your name and address, with stamped envelope, for a personal reply.

**ALICE C.**—After completing "Ann Carver's Profession," Gene Raymond left for a vacation in Europe. Perhaps the Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California, can supply that photo you desire. It is customary to inclose twenty-five cents with such a request. You will see Richard Cromwell in Cecil DeMille's "This Day and Age." Dick was born in Los Angeles, January 8, 1910.

**ROBERT.**—See you didn't forget us! Robert Williams of "Platinum Blonde," and Robert Ames of "Rebound," both died in November, 1931. I am surprised you didn't read about this at the time. Although "The Red Dance," starring Dolores del Rio, was a very showy picture, I doubt if it was a box-office success. Miss Del Rio's latest, "Green Mansions," is being filmed in South America, where the story is laid.

**CHARLIE TRENT.**—I can see that you like our cowboy heroes. Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Indiana, December 4, 1889; six feet, weighs 174, and has brown hair and gray eyes; Ken Maynard in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895; six feet, weighs 185, black hair, gray eyes. Maynard is now playing in "Fiddlin' Buckaroo."

**KATIE PARROTT.**—Ginger Rogers is just about the busiest of players these days. She is playing opposite Lew Ayres, in "In the Money." Born July 16, 1911, at Independence, Kansas; five feet five, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Sylvia Sydney, born in New York City, celebrated her twenty-third birthday on August 8th; five feet four, weighs 100, and has dark hair and blue-green eyes.

**A LITHUANIAN.**—There seems to be only one player who claims the honor of being a countryman of yours. He is Ivan Lebedeff, who comes from Upsolai.

**MIRIAM SMITH.**—You will be seeing Jack Holt in "The Wrecker," with Genevieve Tobin. He was born in Winchester, Virginia, May 31, 1888; six feet, weighs 172, and has brown hair and eyes. His wedded bliss ended in the divorce courts last April.

**BEANS.**—Hope your ship has come in! Conrad Nagel has deserted the screen for a while to try out a few stage plays. Thomas Meighan is taking life easy. Joel McCrea will be twenty-eight on November 5th. The talkie version of "Over the



Hill" included Mae Marsh, James Kirkwood, Joe Hachey, Tommy Conlon, Julius Molnar, Marilyn Harris, Nancy Irish, James Dunn, Sally Eilers, Edward Crandall, Claire Maynard, Olin Howland, Eula Guy, Joan Peers, William Pawley.

**FLEUR-DE-LIS.**—Fan mail intended for the stars is addressed to them in care of the studios for which they work. I do not keep a record of the home addresses of players. Write to Jean Parker at M.-G.-M. Studio, Culver City, California; Mary Brian at 401 Taft Building, Hollywood, and Joel McCrea at RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.

**AILEEN S.**—Lovely Diana Wynyard is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn. January 16, 1908, is her birthdate, and she is still single. In "Cavalcade," the rôle of *Ellen Bridges* was played by Una O'Connor, who is now with Fox. Robert Frazer was *Beaumont* in "White Zombie." He is free-lancing. Wilhelm Dieterle, who is now a director, played the part of *Faust* in the picture of the same name, released in 1926.

**ARMENIAN GIRL FROM CHICAGO.**—Rouben Mamoulian, director of Marlene Dietrich's "Song of Songs" and Greta Garbo's latest, was born on October 8th, in Tiflis, Caucasus, near the border of Georgia and Russia. Won recognition as a stage director before he was twenty. His father, an Armenian, had established a bank in Tiflis, and his mother was manager of the Armenian Theater of the same city. Under contract to Paramount, he has also directed "Applause," "City Streets," "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Be Mine To-night."

**S. COTTERELL.**—Now, you can't accuse me of overlooking Bing Crosby, for I remember leading this department with some information about him more than a year ago—April, 1932, to be exact. His feature films include "Big Broadcast" and "College Humor." Paramount has signed him for two more, "Every Man for Himself" and "Cloudy with Showers." Born in Tacoma, Washington, May 2, 1904. Yes, he is still married to Dixie Lee, and do I hear Bing broadcasting the arrival of Sir Stork? Incidentally, his right name is Harris Lillis Crosby.

**D. HARRIS.**—Colin Clive made "Christopher Strong" for RKO. Perhaps that studio will take care of his fan mail. Kent Taylor comes from Iowa, and celebrates his birthday on May 11th. He is six feet, weighs 165, and has dark wavy hair and brown eyes. John Garrick is now appearing on the London stage. It is possible that you might be able to obtain scenes from recent films by writing to the studios where they were made.

**NELL MERRY.**—The Greta Garbo picture to which you refer was called "As You Desire Me," with Melvyn Douglas playing the male lead. There is no *Bill* listed in the cast of "The Sport Parade." How did you like that picture of Leslie Howard in the July issue?

**VINCENT DESTEFANO.**—The sweet little blond chorine who accompanied Dick Powell in the "Young and Healthy" number of "Forty-second Street" was Toby Wing.

**GEORGETTE FERGUSON.**—Dorothea Wieck, the sympathetic teacher in "Maedchen in Uniform," has a five-year contract with Paramount, and has just finished "White Woman." She was born in Davos, Switzerland.

Continued on page 72

## BILLY SAVES THE FAMILY REPUTATION

MY SON, BOBBY, AND LITTLE BILLY ARE GREAT CHUMS. AND I'D LOVE TO BE MORE FRIENDLY WITH BILLY'S MOTHER, ONLY.....

ONLY SHE'S NOT AS CAREFUL AS SHE SHOULD BE, SOMETIMES. POOR THING, THAT ONE FAULT KEEPS PEOPLE FROM —



LATER —

THERE'S A PIECE OF CAKE IN THE PANTRY FOR EACH OF YOU. BUT FIRST YOU MUST WASH THOSE DIRTY HANDS

MOM, CAN WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?



GEE, BOBBY, THIS IS SWELL SOAP. JUST LOOK AT ALL THE LATHER AND IT SMELLS SO CLEAN

IT'S LIFEBUOY. ME AND DAD AND MOM ALWAYS USE IT. IF YOU AND YOUR MOM USE IT YOU WON'T EVER HAVE ANY "B.O."



MUMMY—BOBBY SAYS IF WE USE LIFEBUOY SOAP WE WON'T HAVE ANY "B.O." CAN'T YOU GET SOME? IT MAKES SWELL LATHER

I'LL GET SOME TODAY! YOU AND I DON'T WANT TO HAVE "B.O." DO WE?



"B.O." GONE — everybody friends!

BILLY JUST ABOUT LIVES HERE, HE COMES OVER SO OFTEN. AND I'M AFRAID I DO, TOO

YOU CAN'T RUN IN TOO OFTEN TO SUIT ME. AND WHAT GOOD TIMES WE HAVE GOING PLACES TOGETHER!



.... AND MY COMPLEXION THRIVES ON LIFEBUOY



**M**ADAM, the millions of Lifebuoy users *know* that it agrees with the skin. Lifebuoy lather is creamy, gentle — yet it *penetrates* pores. It washes out every speck of dirt — leaves your skin fresh, clear, glowing with health.

**What its scent tells you**

Lifebuoy's pure, hygienic scent, which vanishes, as you rinse, tells you that Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps. Its abundant lather purifies and *deodorizes* the pores — stops "B.O." (*body odor*).

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.







A New York fan, V. Witt, hails Elissa Landi as the most exciting personality on the screen.

Continued from page 6

Breaks Into the Movies," and a caption underneath told how Norma had obtained a bit in the Olive Thomas film.

A movie fan then, as now, I went with others in my class at school to see that picture, partly because of curiosity concerning the tragic death of the beautiful Olive, and partly from a desire to see the Montrealer who had got a lucky break. That, Bernard, was in the spring of 1920. I was a kid at school then, and I am to-day more than twenty-five.

If, according to you, Norma is twenty-five now, she must have been twelve years old then, which is utterly ridiculous, as the Norma I saw in 1920 was certainly no child. She looked no less than seventeen.

I have no criticism to offer anent Norma or any other actress decreasing her years. It is part of their profession, and they are not the only women who do it.

But it rather pricks pride when a nonprofessional insists that a star I saw playing bits when I was wearing short frocks, is now several years younger than I.

Norma Shearer has been in pictures sixteen years, Bernard, and she was not a child when she left Montreal. There are plenty of people here who "knew her when," so how come the twenty-five?

Montreal, Canada.

#### Landi Makes the Blood Tingle.

IF Elissa Landi were to kiss an Eskimo, the Eskimo would die of pneumonia," quipped a Hollywood wisecracker. Well, quips this New York fan, if more actresses in Hollywood were as lovely as Elissa we'd never have to wear fur coats.

She sends the blood tingling through my veins every time I see her, which is more than Constance Bennett or Jean Harlow can do. This glamorous girl has all it takes to spell success. She has a divine figure and a piquant personality. She is the greatest dramatic actress on the screen to-day, besides having a remarkable sense

of humor. Who else could have portrayed the part of *Mercia* in "The Sign of the Cross" so well as Elissa?

Who was it that spread the idea that Marlene Dietrich has beautiful legs? You haven't seen anything till you see Elissa's legs in "The Warrior's Husband." They're something to look at!

Elissa is a gorgeous creature. She's no clothes-struck manikin showing off her wardrobe, but a girl whose heart and soul are in her work.

From the bottom of my heart, gorgeous Elissa, I wish you all the success in the world. May your pretty head never be turned because of a mere Hollywood wisecrack. Just think of your loyal army of fans who think you are great and who wish you a long and happy reign.

V. WITT.

229 East Kingsbridge Road,  
New York, N. Y.

#### A Tribute to Barthelmess.

I HAVE been reading raves about every new player that lands in Hollywood and gets a chance to do his stuff on the screen. Some get attention by socking the ladies on the chin, some by undressing and galloping around in the jungle, and some by being the drawing-room type with perfect manners, et cetera.

They all seem to attract a following for a while and within a year or two are forgotten.

However, such isn't the case of Richard Barthelmess. He is one actor the public has never tired of. He isn't a type, he is an actor. His publicity isn't the cheap love-life kind. In fact, I have followed his career for years and yet I know little of his private life. Instead, he gives to the screen his best—and that, judging by his success, is all that the public demands.

I think, of all the actors, he has made the greatest amount of screen history. Under D. W. Griffith's direction, he and Lillian Gish made "Broken Blossoms" immortal. His portrayal of *Tol'able David* is still talked about. In the talkies he can point with pride to several fine rôles. I'm waiting for his next.

GLENN A. BROQUIST.

711 — 28th St., Rock Island, Illinois.

Richard Barthelmess doesn't have to rely upon theatrics to hold his public, says Glenn A. Broquist.





## What the Fans Think

### Garbo No Spik Engleesh!

**D**UE fairness toward Greta Garbo prompts my protest against the unkind criticisms appearing in various magazines concerning her.

Miss Garbo has given us her dramatic talent and genius. The public's approval and acceptance, with such an overwhelming majority of admiration, is sufficient proof of her worth, also to settle contentions concerning her part in M.-G.-M.'s success.

It is her right to voice her objection to vulgar curiosity and to all intrusions on her privacy.

Likewise she merits credit for returning compliment for insult in Erich von Stroheim's ungentlemanly action during the filming of "As You Desire Me." Assuming that Von Stroheim is aware of what constitutes a gentleman, he forgot himself when in Garbo's presence. Who could condone this?

Miss Garbo is a foreigner whose command of English is limited. She is entitled to indulgence rather than ridicule, since she could easily vindicate herself in her native tongue.

RAVOLDE.

California.

### Gable Hideous, Hayes Too Frail!

**T**O me it seems strange that some people still rave about Clark Gable. I honestly haven't found him to be the person some fans think he is. He may be a swell guy at heart, but he is hideous-looking and is not a good actor. I have tried to like him, but the more I see him the more I think that Hollywood needs spectacles or something.

Recently I had my greatest movie disappointment. It came when I saw "The White Sister." I hadn't even seen the silent version, and having heard many of my friends say how wonderfully Ronald Colman and Lillian Gish played their rôles, I expected to see something extraordinary. Clark Gable bored me, and although Helen Hayes acted well, she was so delicate looking that her performance became unpleasant. Some people say that Joan Crawford is too thin, but why doesn't some one criticize Helen Hayes?

Why couldn't Ramon Novarro and Elissa Landi have taken these parts? Both are much better actors, much better lookers, and certainly are more pleasant. The story was so beautiful that it is a pity that mediocre acting of the two great stars gummed the works.

Some pen pals of mine have asked me what I think of several screen personages. Here goes!

Ramon Novarro: Exquisite, and words could never express the love and respect I hold for the Mexican marvel.

Ricardo Cortez: The closest second to Novarro. Don't you love his eyes?

Fredric March: Outstanding in his type. Watch him go!

Elissa Landi: Foremost among actresses. Real? And how!

Donald Novis: By the way, why doesn't some one give him a big chance?

Among newcomers, I suggest watching Cary Grant and Onslow Stevens.

TEDDY GEORGE.

525 York Road,  
Towson, Maryland.

### "Clean" Story for Harding.

**I** AGREE with Hazel D. Behr in June Picture Play when she says we need more real actresses like Ann Harding. She is refreshing and natural—we are tired of the glamorous ones.

We are disgusted with men slapping women's faces, and women using such tactics with men.

Ann would have been as lovely as Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through," but she isn't given a fair chance. We want the Ann Harding of "East Lynne," "Devotion," and "Holiday." She and Leslie Howard are a perfect team and I should like to see her play opposite Fredric March in some clean story suitable to both.

JEAN STEVENSON.

Oak Park, Illinois.

### She's Hep to Hepburn.

**R**EADING June Picture Play I noticed certain unfair criticisms of Katharine Hepburn.

Now I appreciate the fact that one cannot like all the stars, but why any one should have anything against Miss Hepburn is beyond me. She is the greatest actress that ever came to Hollywood. Magnetic, original, wonderful, she still is the most striking discovery of last year and this.

The thing that makes Miss Hepburn so different is that she is so natural. She is just her own sweet self. Moreover, she is good-looking in a different way, too—not in the usual movie-queen manner at all.

Also, Miss Hepburn has that thing called chic. There are, by the way, only about ten stars who have, and Katharine is the most chic of them all.

Miss Hepburn is more than just a favorite star to me. She is a very dear inspiration as well. I don't, as a rule, worship any star, but when a girl like Katharine comes along—ah, that's different. I guess I just can't help loving her.

Again may I say that Miss Hepburn is the most wonderful and sweetest girl that has ever graced the fair city of Hollywood.

SALLY RICH.

175 Prairie Avenue,  
Providence, Rhode Island.

### Russia Speaks.

**W**HAT has Hollywood done to outstanding players of the old-time movies, who also have every right to shine in the present-day talkies? What has it done to players like Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and Joseph Schildkraut?

Bushman's screen personality, abilities, and appearance would make him the greatest riot as the screen's personification of modern American youth. If there is ever a film or trend in films glorifying the American boy, there is nobody more ideal for it than Francis X. Bushman, Jr.

Joseph Schildkraut combines the silent screen's acting abilities with a well-trained voice, many years of stage experience, a fine stage reputation, and a personality, and looks, which would make him a lover of a fame greater than that of Valentino.

Both were miscast, with few exceptions, in the movies. Both have valuable abilities to give to the talkies.

Tons of money and time are wasted to bring over Garbo's numerous doubles, train their voices and develop their personalities into "second Garbos." Does all this pay? Why does Hollywood give a lion's share to unworthy newcomers while overlooking real talent among those present? Is Hollywood an art center or simply big business serving only box-office purposes?

ROSE SHPETNER.

Staro-Moskovskaya Str. 6-8,  
Kvartira 23,  
Kharkov, Russia, U. S. S. R.

### Gentle Defense of Buddy.

**T**O our Scotsman, Dugald McAlpine, who wants acting, too: You say you suffered through "Working Girls." Well, I just want to say that Buddy Rogers is a

mile ahead of Gable, Cagney, and Raft, regardless of your opinion.

Do you know that you are limited when writing such a letter? I'd like to know where Gable, Cagney, and Raft get their histrionic ability. We prefer our own type of American youth and all the Scots in the world can't change our minds, so there!

Buddy proved he was an actor when he played Larry Brooks in "Lawyer's Secret." He will still be an idol and a great success while Gable will be only a passing fancy. It's not Buddy's fault he didn't get the right rôles in the beginning of his career.

Buddy has a clean, wholesome personality which nice girls prefer and all the Gables and Scotsmen can't change our opinion and feelings toward him.

BEULAH M. KLINK.

713 Cook Avenue S. W.,  
Canton, Ohio.

### Saluting Madge Evans.

**M**AY I say a word for my friend and favorite actress, Madge Evans?

Hers has been no meteoric rise. She has steadily gained in public favor since "Son of India." She is one of the few actresses in Hollywood who will listen to suggestions about her work. She works long hours without complaint, and she doesn't rant and tear her hair when the breaks aren't coming her way.

Madge is a quiet, unassuming person. Her sincerity and common sense are refreshing in a town of synthetic poses. She wears sensible clothes, drives an inexpensive car, and has no exaggerated ideas of her own importance.

Although she is the screen's most promising leading lady, she refuses to take herself or her work too seriously. She does, however, place her work ahead of parties and night clubs. She is, in that respect, the most sensible young woman in Hollywood. She has the happy faculty of perceiving her own merits and shortcomings from the unprejudiced viewpoint of a casual acquaintance. She realizes, you see, what many stars learn too late. That is why she is going places and on a one-way ticket, too.

If you have not made Madge Evans's acquaintance, hasten to the nearest theater showing one of her films. Study her poise, beauty, and obvious culture. Watch the expressive use she makes of her hands and eyes and mouth. Listen to her clear, meticulous enunciation. If you are not then a full-fledged Madge Evans booster, you had better give yourself up. She's stardom-bound. Make no mistake about that.

Madge Evans—grand trouper, grand actress, and very grand person—I salute you!

LEROY KELEHER.

494 Ash Street,  
San Diego, California.

### Marlene.

**O**H, even in her tailored tweeds  
She is still the lovely Lorelei.  
Her beauty radiant, warm, unchanged,  
Her smile the gift for which we sigh.

If graced by slouch instead of toque,  
Her hair's no less the same spun gold,  
Her eyes, her lips enchant us still,  
Her baffling look defeats the bold.

And, trailing from a tailored cuff,  
Her hands, as ever, curled white flowers  
That hold one's heart eternally—  
A faithless slave through deathless hours.

So pouf! for those who disapprove;  
A fig for don'ts and can'ts.  
She is still the lovely Lorelei  
In four-in-hand and pants!

W. E.



## Spotting Two Geniuses.

**T**HERE are two newcomers, or rather comparative newcomers to the screen, who are, in my opinion, worthy of the very highest praise—Charles Laughton and—ah—Lee Tracy. Charles Laughton is my idea of a really fine actor. His accent, voice, and intonation are perfect, and his characterizations are flawless. He stands out as the dominant note in every film in which he takes part, whether or not he is listed as the star. His *Nero* was superb, and it amused us all very much to see Claudette ape his mannerisms and hear her imitate his diction so inexpertly.



Charles Laughton manages to be dignified by sheer force of personality, says Kay d'Alton, praising his genius.

Joan Crawford's acting now harks back to *Lady Vere de Vere*, complains a disillusioned fan, Dorothy Rogers.



one never feels that tiresome, strained after effect one feels in other people's acting.

In my years and years of film going, I have never felt so exhilarated or so satisfied with any player's characterizations as his in "Doctor X" and "Blessed Event." This Tracy guy has got me crazy for more of his films. And I am not the only one. He deserves popularity for his all-round satisfactory performances and real histrionic genius.

KAY D'ALTON.

Stalia 327, Lomas, F. C. S.,  
Buenos Aires, Argentina.

## A Goddess Crashes.

**J**OAN CRAWFORD is on the decline. Hard to believe, but true. In "To-day We Live" she is completely eclipsed by Franchot Tone—something new and delightful—Cooper, and Young.

She is artificial, melodramatic, insincere. Never, even in her most tragic scene, does she fail to pull her chapeau over her right eye. Her smile is not the lovely Crawford grin of old; she seldom relaxes her facial muscles or those enormous orbs, and when she does, she dons an air harking back to *Lady Vere de Vere*.

Somewhere, somehow, she has lost all the naturalness and sincerity that put her over in "Our Dancing Daughters." Ironical, isn't it, that the character which won Joan her spurs, and that which marks her decreasing popularity, both bore the moniker *Diana*?

Crawford lacks the depth and genius to shine in a film sans sexy love scenes. *Diana* is an aloof, conservative Britisher; Crawford is a white, passionate flame. Were she an actress of Helen Hayes's caliber, she'd have breathed tremendous life into that rôle. But Joan is a mere performer beside Miss Hayes.

The question has been asked, "How will the Crawford-Fairbanks public take their divorce?" My guess is that Doug has every one's sympathy.

I realize now that of which I could not be convinced four years ago when Joan was my heaven and earth. Doug, Jr., is a fine, clean boy with high ideals—the sort of boy who falls in love for keeps. Joan is a shallow creature who used Doug as a stepping-stone socially. Without the Fairbanks name I doubt very much if Hollywood's social lions would have recognized her. Doug says he still loves his ex-wife, and yet she charged "extreme mental cruelty." I cannot imagine Doug being cruel to some one he loves. The charges made by Joan in her divorce suit were ridiculous and cheapened her tremendously. How any judge can grant a divorce on such grounds is difficult to comprehend. I felt a twinge of regret when I read of

their separation, but they can't blame it on Hollywood. It is just a case of a fickle girl and a sincere boy.

Five years ago, in her life story, when Joan announced her engagement to young Fairbanks she said, "If two persons love one another, nothing can come between them." So, Joan, you evidently didn't love your husband. Your married life is shattered, you've lost a great many fans by your gaudy, insincere airs, your acting is weak, your career is going to pieces. Unless you change you can never compete with Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer. And would you believe, Joan, that two years ago this spring a letter of mine in "What the Fans Think" stated that you were my inspiration, my ideal?

DOROTHY ROGERS.

3103 Trumbull Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

It is ridiculous to say, as some people do, that Tallulah stood out in "The Devil and the Deep." She and Gary Cooper, the nonchalant one, seemed very amateurish and slight beside Laughton—no joke intended. Another splendid proof of ability is his dignity. With his appearance it is hard to be dignified, but by sheer force of personality he manages it. Good old England has at last proved her boast that the finest actors are hers.

And then—Lee Tracy! Perhaps I'd better stop writing for ten minutes and have a little private rave, or Frank Tully and similar stern he-men will be rending me to pieces for another Crocella. But honestly, he's fine. I've only seen him twice, but I'm a confirmed Tracy addict from now on. He's got such vim, such ability, such sincerity. He actually lives his rôles and



**Aw, Cissie, Forgive Us.**

**T**HERE is one defect in Picture Play which hurts me very much. Any time my favorite star, Greta Garbo, is mentioned her first name is often omitted. I respect this wonderful star, and find it too much to close my eyes to this fault without comment.

If I could have my way the only time I would allow this is when the words "the great" are put in place of "Greta."

Fans who disapprove of Greta Garbo are of her own sex, the reason being that they are jealous of the glory, romance, and mystery which surrounds this incomparable star. They try to copy her walk, dress and talk, but the results are unsuccessful. No one can imitate her.

Did not Marlene Dietrich, Tallulah Bankhead, and Lil Dagover try, and have they not failed? Even Joan Crawford tried in "Letty Lynton." Some fans will say it is ridiculous. Why, then, in "Letty Lynton" did Joan develop a deep, slow voice? Why did she alter her hair to look as much like Greta's as possible? And why the sudden liking for high necks, long sleeves and stand-up collars that Greta first brought to the screen and made popular? Joan even copied the way she walks with her arms folded; the way she sits. Still, despite all this, Joan is a poor imitation of Greta.

They have all failed and always will. Why? Because they are all artificial, while Greta feels, lives, and suffers in her rôles.

Greta is hated by some, but in their hearts they know years will elapse before we have another such actress as she, and we shall never be able to thank her enough for the wonderful performances she has given us.

CISSIE RUFF.

St. Mildred's, Nash Lane,  
Westwood, Margate,  
Kent, England.

**What of Pink Lace Chairs?**

**M**YRTLE GEBHART'S article in June Picture Play criticized Hollywood as being a glorified circus of superficial elegance and dramatic individuality.

It must be admitted that for years screen clothes and settings were conceived in order to startle and amuse. That was before the advent of the talkies. It used to be that the wife of a millionaire wore spangles and chinchilla to breakfast or glided about in a ball gown of leopard skin. That sort of thing delighted many people who enjoyed scoffing at the movies. That dream has been shattered. We realize to-day that women of wealth do sparkle, but not in quite such an obvious manner. Spangles, chinchilla, and what not are in evidence still, but they are worn with more subtlety.

Hollywood at one time plunged itself into the realm of the ridiculous but has emerged intelligently and rather gracefully.

White leather chairs, fur-trimmed lampshades, metal-cloth draperies and red-and-white beach cottages must be blasphemous according to most people. Why blame Hollywood? Perhaps you would like to know the name of New York's most successful beauty specialist whose apartment has walls of silver decorated with black

and white ostrich plumes and illuminated with chandeliers of pastel crystals, or the Parisian hairdresser who sleeps in a glass coffin and dyes his poodles according to mood?

What have you to say, fans? Is Hollywood the cause of all this and must it shoulder *all* the blame?

JACK HENRY.

3463 Descanso Drive, Hollywood, California.

**Gene Is the Berries.**

**I** HAVE seen "Red Dust," "Ex-lady," and "Zoo in Budapest," and think Gene Raymond is one of the finest actors I have ever seen, and certainly the handsomest. In each picture he has had an entirely different rôle to portray, and all were done in an excellent manner.

One of our local newspapers mentioned that he is "cursed with masculine beauty," but surely his good looks can be nothing but a blessing, which, along with his acting, will carry him to the top—and quickly!

So here's to Gene Raymond! In the future I hope to see more of his pictures, more write-ups about this blond boy, and more portraits for my album.

MILDRED V. HARDESTY.

2920 Kensington Avenue, Richmond, Virginia.



Gene Raymond's good looks are not a handicap, concludes Mildred V. Hardesty.

**Americans Fail in English Rôles?**

**T**HIS is not a "hands across the sea" letter, but one suggested by the attitude of Bernard Hassert, who, in June Picture Play, resents any criticism of American players by non-American fans, and to whose views you appear to subscribe.

The first reaction after amusement at the naïve ignorance of facts by Mr. Hassert, is to point out that American film magnates are at the present moment struggling to hold on to some of their valuable market in the British Empire, which fact is undoubtedly responsible for the many films with English locales and players made lately.

Not being too conceited, we realize this is not from any love of us, but because we are the customer, and surely Mr. Hassert, as one of a nation which has deified salesmanship, should realize that the way to keep customers is not to insult them.

The next fact ignored is that Norma Shearer often plays the rôle of an English girl, and so Hilda Brown, had she never moved five miles from her birthplace, is a better critic than any American, and I fully agree that neither Miss Shearer nor any American player has *ever* given a true picture of an English character to the talking screen.

Of course, nothing Miss Shearer has done could be as funny as Jean Harlow's conception of an English girl in "Hell's Angels" and others who have provided us with plenty of good, clean fun along the same lines as this.

Oh yes, another funny thing is the habit Americans have of saying that an Englishman speaks with an English accent, which is like saying a Frenchman speaks with a French accent.

CONSTANCE HEAP.

12 Main Street, Stapenhill,

Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, England.



## What the Fans Think

### The Supreme Enchantress.

I FEEL that words utterly fail me when describing the beauty, charm, kindness, and enchantments of Jean Harlow, so here's hoping we'll soon find the key word for such a description of her.

She is my ideal and supreme favorite of the screen. I have seen her pictures over and over. All were wonderful. Not many can portray the rôle of a "bad girl" as our Jean can; she is perfect in every detail.

I believe there is only one word that can amply and fittingly describe our Jean—*gorgeous*! This adjective can also be well applied to any of her pictures, for she is an actress who believes in giving us the best that is in her at all times.

Many players give us one good picture and then fall back into a rut of acting. Their stock of emotions are always the same. Jean gives us something new in each of her pictures, and portrays her characters so vividly and true to life that they seem as real as flesh-and-blood persons—you have all experienced this when watching Jean Harlow. MARY BOLDEN.

158 Beach Street,

Halifax, Nova Scotia.

### With Malice Toward None.

THERE seems to be an awful lot of bickering among the fans. We all can't have the same likes and dislikes. However, my bit is all pleasant, because I am writing about actors and actresses I like tremendously.

I can't understand why Robert Montgomery is not seen in more pictures. He is not only very good-looking, but he typifies, to me, at least, the American youth of to-day. I think his work in "Private Lives" was marvelous.

Every one is wanting to be "smooth." I think Leslie Howard is without a doubt our smoothest actor. I have never missed one of his pictures and I think that "Reserved for Ladies" is his best.

Cary Grant is an up-and-coming actor. He was very good in "Madame Butterfly" and "The Woman Accused." I hope that Nancy Carroll and Cary are in another picture soon.

Why aren't Madge Evans and Anita Page seen more often in pictures? I have always thought that Anita did very well in her small bits, and Madge is so very lovely.

H. L.  
Flushing, Long Island.

### Setting Them Straight.

A BUSE never won adherents for a cause, and nobody will blame Miss Brown of England if her opinion of Americans is considerably lowered by your offensive and most uncalled-for letter, Bernard Hassert. If Miss Brown thinks Norma Shearer is cheap, do you really suppose your violent tirade will alter her opinion? However, her letter is not representative of British opinion, any more than I think yours represents the United States.

Norma Shearer is the best known and most popular Hollywood actress in England, and a great box-office attraction. Furthermore, it is the women who rave over her, and last, but not least, she was born in Montreal, Canada, so Miss Brown could have been casting no slur on Americans when she used the adjective "cheap."

Congratulations to "Smitty," R. Roberts, Harold Schneider, and Clara Varick for their well-voiced objections to the low-moral type of picture which we too often see. I find that I can safely rely on Norbert Lusk's reviews, however, and I can't say the same for other reviewers.

Do "they say" in New York, Karen Hollis? Names, please, or else stop making those feeble cracks about Norma Shearer and Ann Harding.

Bravo, Hazel Behr, you hit the nail on the head when you say we like some one as refreshing and natural as Ann Harding. Besides, she's a wonderful actress.

What has happened to Lois Moran? Why is her talent ignored? Must *she* shave her eyebrows, get a bee to sting her lower lip, and walk around in men's garb to achieve fame? Come on, you fans, and let's hear your views on one who, I believe, is the greatest potential actress we have seen on the screen, with the possible exception of Madge Evans.

Oh, oh, E. V. I. E., what a deluge of abuse you will get for daring to pass an uncomplimentary opinion on that marvelous actor, Clark Gable. It's no use arguing with Gable fans; his ugliness is considered the height of beauty—my dear, those dimples, too divine dõtcha think?—his self-satisfied grin a bewitching smile, his unwieldy bulk manly muscle, and his growls pass for superb acting. Well, well, every one to his own taste.

MARY ANN.

Kelowna, British Columbia,  
Canada.

### The Limit in Bad Taste.

HAVING seen "The Warrior's Husband," I feel a great let-down. This opus was heralded and thumped up to a million here. What did we see? The most suggestive lines that have ever come out of Hollywood, not even barring "So This Is Africa." Really was disgusting to an intelligent person. I am no prude, but there are limits, and the very bad taste, the evident lack of refinement, was to me not in the least entertaining. The public likes smart entertainment, and things a trifle off color are all right, too, but a film like "The Warrior's Husband" is entirely too much. Don't ever let use see the magnificent Elissa Landi in another picture like that.

"Cavalcade"—one needs another book besides the dictionary to describe it. It is really perfect, and to my mind the greatest, most entertaining, and most splendid thing ever to reach the screen. The finesse with which it was handled has never been equaled in the presentation of any picture.

C. B. V.  
5115 Washington Boulevard,  
St. Louis, Missouri.

### Bombing a Few Fans.

LIKE Zona E. Irwin, I am joining the ranks on Picture Play's battlefield of fighting fans. Here are my bombs on the enemy's camp:

E. V. I. E.: Since "Possessed," Clark Gable has not exploited his virility by "a few well-aimed uppers on the smooth jaw or cheek of some frail heroine," has he? Decidedly not! If you don't believe me, see "The White Sister." I'm not blaming you because you aren't crazy about Clark, but rather because you don't keep up to date on information about the stars.

Louise S. Kitchin: The Clarks, Marlenes, and Gretas aren't *forced* upon us any more than your idol, Warner Baxter, is forced upon us! Because you don't like the first three mentioned, you take it for granted that the rest of the world doesn't. If the Clarks, Marlenes, and Gretas aren't liked by the majority, how do you account for the large crowds that flock to see their pictures? Now I'm not finding fault with Warner Baxter, because I like him. But as for you, Louise, don't be so narrow-minded in the future.

Coral D. Winter: Just because Novarro

has been a star for nearly eleven years doesn't prove anything. Clark Gable is more popular than Novarro, and records show it. You have no *proof* that Ramon will still be, and Clark won't be a star five or ten years from now, have you? If Gable has risen above the mob by sheer force of his personality, give him credit for it. And if you doubt his acting ability, see "The White Sister," and you'll speedily change your mind about that. Mind you, I haven't anything against Ramon Novarro. He is everything you say. But if I had to choose between him and Gable, my choice would always be the latter.

Now that I've got that off my chest, I want to laud that sparkling newcomer, Mae West. Not only a good actress; she has a vivid, fascinating personality. I saw "She Done Him Wrong" at a second-run theater, and had to wait half an hour in line before getting a seat. How about co-starring her with Clark Gable? The result would spell box office in capital letters.

"SAN FRANCISCO."

### Hailing Jan Kiepura.

IF you will be so kind as to print this letter, I should like to act as advance publicity agent for somebody.

If you should see advertised anywhere a British picture called "Be Mine Tonight," starring Jan Kiepura, I beg you to go see it.

I'd like to bet that Jan becomes as great a rage in the United States as he is in England. Believe me, he's magnificent! No, not an actor—a tenor.

Lover of opera, hear him sing from "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," and "La Bohème," not to mention Di Capua's "O Sole Mio" and the theme song of "Be Mine Tonight."

Lover of natural beauty, see the glorious scenery round the shores of Lake Lugano in Switzerland, where the action is set. Technically, you may find odd details incorrect, but if you would be truly happy for ninety minutes—don't miss it!

B. A. PARTIEGE.

42 Mabfield Road,  
Fallowfield, Manchester, 14,  
England.

### Quizzing a Gable Detractor.

TO E. V. I. E. of Milwaukee: I feel quite certain that Clark Gable is both worried and heartbroken over your indifference to his charms. Of course, he has a few thousand other fans, but what are they compared to you? Perhaps if you had concentrated less on his dimples, and more on his acting ability, you might possibly have discovered the reason for his popularity. His work has been lauded by no less a reviewer than Norbert Lusk—but perhaps you are more intelligent than Mr. Lusk.

As to Gable's fists, must people continually be reminded that actors must do as they are told? It shows he's a good trouser, at any rate, if you can understand what that means. Also, if you had seen "Strange Interlude," "The White Sister," "Red Dust," "No Man of Her Own," "Polly of the Circus," "Laughing Sinners," and others, you would know that he can actually perform without beating women.

If Gable appeals to the elemental emotions, and not the intellect, why did he make such a great success in the stage play, "The Last Mile," which contains no love-making, and not even a woman, appeals to the mind rather than the heart, and above all, requires a splendid and powerful actor in the leading rôle?

LEE HARGROVE.

343 West Seventy-ninth Street,  
Los Angeles, California.



STREET & SMITH'S

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# PICTURE PLAY

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Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

**DOLORES DEL RIO** celebrates her return to the screen with this lovely new likeness of herself. Not that she has been away from films exactly—not while her beautiful "Bird of Paradise" is still current—but she has been resting and holidaying before beginning a series of pictures for RKO, among which will be "Green Mansions" and perhaps a musical. All together, now—a toast to the dusky, patrician Dolores and may her loveliness never grow less.



# TAKING a CUT in AGES

THE beauties of Hollywood have been given such various classifications that it scarcely seems possible to add another distinction to the list. But it is! In fact, when one comes right down to it, the many diversifications—blondes, brunettes, shady and smooth ladies, glamorous and nonglamorous—may all be grouped under two fundamental groups: the actresses who do not tell the truth about their birthdays, and the actresses who do.

Perhaps this should not be such an important matter to the fans, but important it is.

This birthday complex is a most besetting weakness of us creatures here below. One always reaches that dramatic year when it becomes mentally painful to continue to be accurate about our age. When that state of mind develops, the human thing to do is blandly to push up the date a couple of years or more. But let any one else we know try to get away with it! Especially if the offender has chosen to appear younger than ourselves.

Then even the maternal head of the family puts in her two cents' worth, agreeing: "Of course she's older than you are. Why, you were still in your carriage long after she'd learned to walk."

However, such private disturbances are mere whispers in the dark in comparison to the cries raised when a star begins to go back on her age. When the sound beratings are heard, the poor girl soon realizes that there is at least one point upon which the public will not be fooled.

Joan Crawford, for the first example, has been gently—sometimes not so gently—chided for the way she allows her birthdate to misbehave. It has jumped around like one of those Texas steers. Before her marriage to the now-divorced Douglas, Jr., it was down as 1906. Right afterward she became the same age as her husband. And he is only twenty-three, you know. Now it is back to March 23, 1908. Of course, Joan does not seem to realize that shifting her birthdate causes some of us to doubt *all* the dates she gives. But it is confusing, just the same.

When Billie Dove gave her age as twenty-eight for her recent marriage certificate, I'll wager it would have taken an adding machine to count all the raised eyebrows. Billie's birthdate has really done some traveling. Up to 1927 it was recorded as 1900. A year later it hopped up one, and in 1930 and '31 the date of Billie's birth was 1903. Sooner or later, even the loveliest ladies must face the fact that they grow older instead of younger.

"Miss 1917," presented during that year at the Century Theater in New York, was a great revue, and it is still mentioned on Broadway. Among the not-so-famous members of the show was a blond and pretty Irish girl, Marion Davies. Then she was between nineteen and twenty. Now her age is thirty-

Photo by Bull

Joan Crawford's age is her own to juggle about as she pleases, but frequent changes annoy the fans and cause them to doubt.



Janet Gaynor is appropriately modest in dropping only one year.

Marion Davies played in "Miss 1917" and was nineteen or twenty that same year. Well?





It's a wise movie mother who knows her daughter's age. However, our calendar sleuth sets us all straight on this much-argued topic.

## By Judith Field

three. Would that be correct where you went to school?

Still, changing a couple of years here and there is no crime, and it seems to be quite a common practice among the screen's favorite daughters. They might get away with it, too, and the fans wouldn't mind at all—if only they would change the figures without *seeming* to do so. It is the lack of adroitness that appears to be most objectionable.

Little Janet Gaynor's birth, which was originally recorded as happening in Philadelphia in 1906, has, without any explanation, caught up to 1907. On some occasions it has even reached 1908.

That clever sophisticate, Genevieve Tobin, isn't immune from the habit of slipping up on old Father Time, either. Genevieve has been in the public eye ever since she was a child, and was first supposed to have arrived in New York City in 1902. However, there must be a mistake somewhere, since it is now suggested the stork deposited Genevieve upon the doorstep in 1904.

Madge Evans is another delightful example favoring the school of ex-child actresses. But prankish tricks have been played concerning the proper number of her birthdays, too. In 1925, a film magazine, referring to her portrayal in "Classmates," announced that she was seventeen. Another journal stated the child was born in 1907—and a still later one insists the date is 1909. So it all depends upon which number you most prefer. Pay your money and take your choice. Though the most important thing is that Madge doesn't look much older than in those days when her picture was used to advertise her own special brand of children's hats.

That seductive Estelle Taylor, whom we should see more often on the screen, changes hers, too. Estelle may have been born in 1899—in 1899. However, according to the latest reports, she was born not earlier than 1903.

But these little yearly cuts in ages look like nothing at all when placed beside the considerable hunks some stars slice away from time. The more reckless girls make the others seem like amateurs at the game. There's Irene Dunne—the Louisville lady with the clear brown eyes. You'd never, never suspect her of telling anything but the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Therefore, it must be the pub-

licity department which sends out statements that Miss Dunne was born in 1910. Then forgets and allows other notices to slip by which admit that Irene was born in 1904.

And the case of Ruth Chatterton! In one rather recent interview dealing with her and her, at that time, brand-new husband, readers were informed: "George is twenty-nine. Ruth is a year or so his senior. There's not enough difference to count. What's a month here or there?"

Of course, the writer meant that as a purely rhetorical question. But rhetorical questions have frequently occasioned retorts from the gallery—and now I can under-

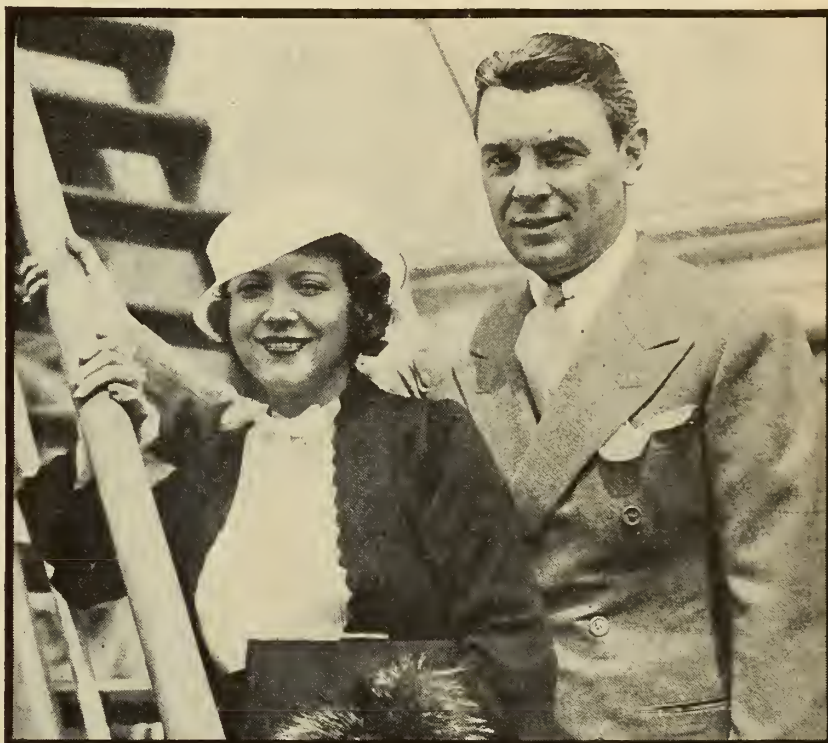


Photo by Aeme

Ruth Chatterton's forty years have increased her talent and charm, though she is said to be only a year or so older than George Brent who is thirty.



stand why. The opportunity to contradict just cannot be resisted when you are frail and human.

In 1914, Ruth was presented by Henry Miller in her first starring vehicle, "Daddy Long Legs." She was only twenty-one, and her name sparkled in lights over Broadway. Then she said: "I want to play any sort of part which happens to fall to me. I want to be a real actress."

Time has been kind and granted her wish. Surely, her talent is not marred by the fact that she is quite a bit over twenty-one, or twenty-nine for that matter. Gracious years have only the more fully developed her histrionic ability.

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Madge Evans looks so young you'd never suspect her actual age had been obscured by conflicting birth-dates.

Photo by Bull



# UP THE SOCIAL LADDER

Ignored by the four hundred of the Coast, the players are getting even by raiding the social register of the East for big names to add swank to their parties. And they have found some blue bloods among themselves.

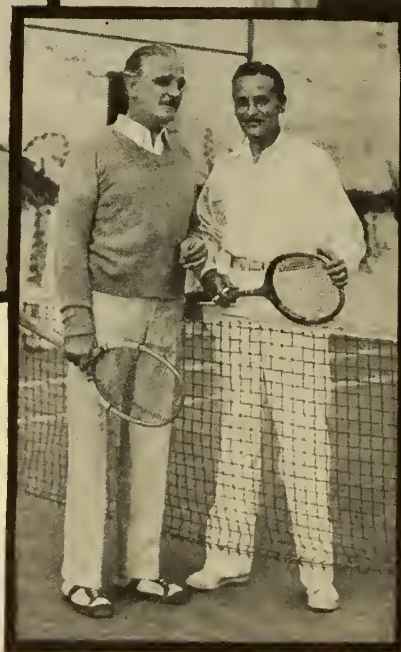
By  
Edwin Schallert



Photo by Dorothy Wilding

Corinne Griffith entertained the Prince of Wales in London, but committed a faux pas when she gave it publicity.

Frank and Ralph Morgan are related to the Wuppermanns, the Angostura Bitterskings. The Pinkhams are not represented in Hollywood, however.



Marie Dressler has hobnobbed with the upper crust for years and knows more society people here and abroad than any one in the movie colony.

**H**OLLYWOOD is growing society-conscious. Having a Morgan or two around, or inveigling a Vanderbilt into gracing a movieland gathering, certainly bolsters the swank of stellar affairs. If that can't be done, then dragging in a distant relative of a Drexel, a Biddle, or a Stotesbury is just the thing to imbue a party with glamour.

The local four hundred are letting down the bars, and the colony is rapidly turning into a high-stepping troupe of social climbers. Soon the film sparklers will be raising lorgnettes to their eyes and saying, "Oh, is *that* Mrs. Pettigrew-Pâté de Foie Gras over there! My, how bourgeois!"

Hollywood let down its hair, kicked off its shoes, and became quite informal a few years ago, but swank is beginning again to creep up on the cinemites. Heaven knows where it will stop!

It all started when the film folk got to frolicking in the sacred precincts of Santa Barbara, Montecito, and occasionally even staid Burlingame a year or two ago. It became fashionable to be seen at

these resorts, which are the homes of summering money royalty from the East.

Marie Dressler set the pace, for she had a wide acquaintance among the nabobs and nabobesses of the *haut monde*, and was often "asked" to their retreats. Marie is an expert in such friendships. She started years ago, becoming a favorite with social lights of the past, like Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, now passed on. She numbers among her close friends a member or two of the Vanderbilt and Morgan families, the Stanhope Nixons, the Salisbury Fieldses, the George Whitelaws, and various others.



Marie regarded it as part of her education to become acquainted in the *bon-ton* circles. She lacked the cultural background and had a chance to go to school for only a short while. So she made the most of every opportunity that came her way for cultivating people who counted, and who represented the utmost of schooling in the graces of life. She, in turn, was accepted because of her great personality. Yet she never, despite all the veneer she may have acquired through this hobnobbing, lost her native humanness and humor.

Marie likes to toss "names" of the swell folk around, so much so that her friends used to kid her about it; but in the past year she has quit this.

She used to like to say that she had been dining with Mrs. E. Willoughby Wallaby and week-ending with Mrs. O. Oglesby Ogle-gaze, or opera-going with the Ritzenritzes, but she has been razzed out of this. Yet she is as devoted as ever to a coterie of the "quality," while they dote on her.

When she goes to New York, even unheralded, as on the trip for her recent operation, her room will be deluged with flowers and telegrams, the cards attached bearing names from the social register. In an early day she was one of the few actresses "approved" by Fifth Avenue. She is to-day still one of the few who can move with ease through the best drawing-rooms of the upper crusts, whether on Park Avenue, Long Island, or on the shore of the Pacific.

She loves bridge, conversation, witty repartee, and good jokes. She is one of the world's most congenial companions. She has a group of three musketeers, smart, clever chaps-about-the-colony who have been her loyal retinue for several years. They play bridge with her every Sunday evening.

One is John Roche, the actor; another Newell van Derhoef, investment broker, and the third her secretary, Jack Winslow, who is much above the average of that occupation. They are all smartly dressed and smart-minded men who could win their way with the "best families," because they possess the savoir-faire that is still demanded in the "high circles."

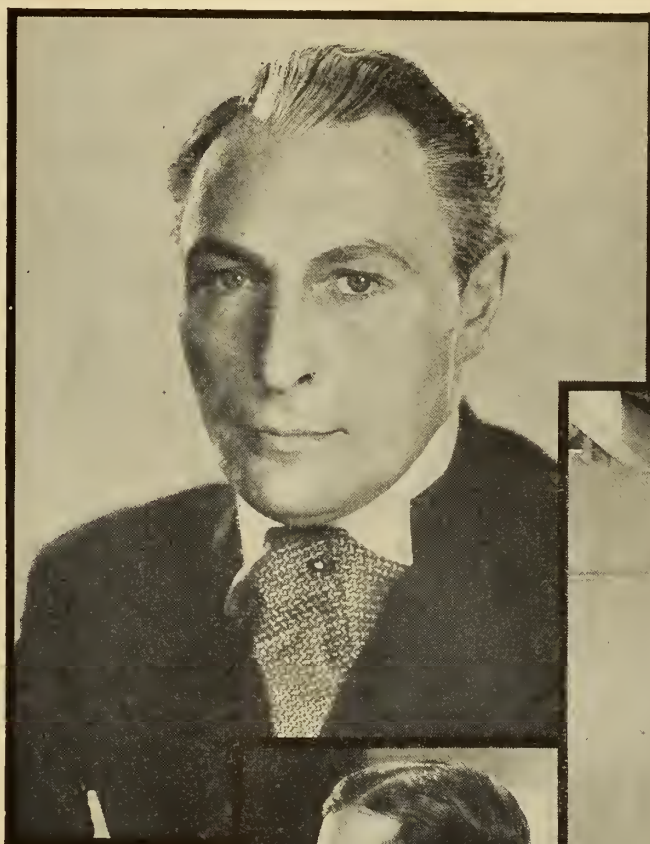
One has to drop down several thousand notches to find any one to compare with Miss Dressler. The colony, including those who make

a play for "aristocracy," both European and American, is undoubtedly a little envious of her. There are plenty who would like to be in, though there are any number who disdain the uppity-uppity gentry. Lots of artistic-minded people naturally don't give a whoop about any kind of society.

Still—those Hollywood marriages! Everything ran to princes, dukes, and drakes, as somebody well remarked. Gloria Swanson had the complex when she married the marquis; then Constance Bennett suffered it later. Now there are rumors that she and Hank will split.

Will that mean that maritally she will become democratic? So far, her career hasn't evidenced this, since her first husband, Phil Plant, came from one of the big-money families. Connie, by rearing and natural inclination, gravitates toward men who know their social onions. At least the marquis is perfect in that respect. So, too, is Gilbert Roland, whose name has been coupled with hers of late.

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The arrival of Lionel Atwill in Hollywood caused a stir among the social climbers for he is married to a Stotesbury.



John Davis Lodge has lived down the hullabaloo of his Boston blue blood which almost put a quietus on his career.

Joan Marsh is listed in the Los Angeles social register through the marriage of her mother to a prominent man.





# He's No ANGEL

By Samuel Richard Mook

THE *real* story of Dick has never been written." We had been looking through Arlen's scrapbooks in the rather forlorn hope of finding a new topic for an interview when Jobyna made that startling assertion. The books contained literally hundreds of interviews printed in magazines, newspapers, college papers, trade papers, and what have you.

I involuntarily glanced toward the scrapbooks. In the face of all that had been written, what could possibly be left to say?

"Don't you agree with me?" Joby asked, turning to Dick.



He gave an affirmative nod, and she continued: "I mean these interviews are all terrifically flattering. He's *never* been put on the pan, never accused of going Hollywood or being high-hat; but they're all so—so"—she groped for a word and rushed on—"sappy. They all make him out as being so regular—such a paragon of all the virtues. Why, if Dick were as perfect as these make him out, no woman on earth could live with him. The atmosphere would be too rarefied."

"You know me better than any other writer," Dick put in. "Why don't you describe me as I really am?"

"I think too much of our friendship," I answered.

"Am I such a heel that you don't dare put me on paper?" he asked.

"It isn't that," I protested. "You aren't a heel at all. It's only that I know all your little weaknesses, and I, along with your other friends, accept them as part of you. I agree with Joby that if you were as perfect as these interviews make you out, nobody could tolerate you. But accepting you as you are is one thing, and looking at these things on paper is something else."

"You write it," Dick said grimly. "I haven't any patience with actors who think they've got to be praised to the skies all the time. I can take it—don't worry about *that*."

The next day, when Dick went out to shoot some little golfs, Joby and I got together to figure out what he's really like.

"In the first place," she began, "he hasn't an ounce of sense about business or money. He'll sign anything anybody puts in front of him. He realizes it, but every once in a while he decides he's learned better, and again he starts out to be a business man. That's when the fun starts. It usually ends by our being out a few thousands by the time he's convinced that acting, and not business, is his forte."

"He'll fall in with some one who's down on his luck, and they get confidential. Dick is convinced this poor fellow has all the ability in the world and all he needs is some money. Before they part, Dick has promised

"If Dick were as perfect as his scrapbooks make him out, no woman on earth could live with him," says Jobyna. Then she opens up.



Richard Arlen got so tired of reading about himself as the almost sappily perfect husband that he asked Jobyna to tell the awful truth. Here's the first story of its kind ever O. K.'d by an actor.

to finance him in anything from a pin factory to a whaling expedition.

"He's got the most active imagination I've ever come across. And the funny part of it is, he imagines things so vividly he actually believes them himself.

"For instance, he has a great habit of spouting about his sojourn in the oil fields of Texas. To hear him, you'd think he'd spent several years there. Yet you remember the night we pinned him down to it, how he tried to throw us off by telling all about leaving home and going to Duluth, where he joined the swimming team, and then enlisting in the Royal Flying Corps, and finally, after we'd kept at him for two hours, how he sheepishly admitted he'd spent about two months in Texas? That's Dick for you.

"He's so damned gullible I lose all patience with him. He believes everything anybody tells him—particularly actors. Actors are the biggest liars on earth—especially when they're talking about their salaries. Dick will come home with a long tale of woe about John Doakes, who has only been in pictures a year and who hasn't been in any smash hits, yet is getting \$3,000 a week, and Dick, who has been in pictures twelve years, is only getting \$1,500. As a matter of fact, Doakes is probably getting \$500, and the difference between that and \$3,000 represents his own idea of what he is worth. But Dick never learns things like that.

"His fabrications are always harmless little things that amuse him and don't hurt any one else. I've never known him to equivocate where anything vital is concerned.

"He's inordinately proud of his golf game, and when some one beats him it's like driving so many nails into his coffin. Yet I've known him, not once but many times, when he was playing for twenty-five cents or fifty cents a hole with some one who couldn't afford to lose, to deliberately dub his shots so he wouldn't have to take the other chap's money. And then he'll come home in a bad humor because the other fellow will be able to say he beat Dick!

"He's as restless as a flea. It's the hardest thing in the world for him to sit still. His mind skips from one thing to another.

Mr. Arlen writes to the editor, Norbert Lusk, his approval of Mr. Mook's article.



Photo by Wide World

"It's a boy," Dick wired Picture Play right after the big event. But that mile-wide beam he's wearing now isn't all paternal pride, as you'll learn from this article.

"I can't remember the last time he read a book. He can't concentrate on it. When he goes into the steam cabinet to take a sweat, he'll take along some fan magazine and look at the pictures. But it's rarely he reads anything in them.

"What makes me madder than anything else is that, while he's always getting into rows fighting other people's battles, he'll let any one walk over him. If he'd pay half as much attention to looking after his own interests as he does to his friends', he'd be a lot further along than he is.

"In many ways he's like an overgrown kid. Sometimes things go wrong at the studio, and he'll come home in a lather, all steamed up over something. 'This is the pay-off,' he'll announce. 'I'm not going to work in the morning. I've stood just about all I'm going to.'

When morning comes he's forgotten all about it, and off he goes to the studio just as though nothing had happened. He's exactly like a kid who comes home to announce he is positively not going back to school the next day. But when the next day rolls around, he goes. I pay no attention to his 'pay-offs.'

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Dear Norbert:

This may not be the most flattering story ever written about me, but I must say it is the most revealing! However, sooner or later truth will out and I, for one, am all for it. Thanks to you and Dick.

With regards and best wishes,





Katharine Hepburn made an outstanding hit in a radio broadcast that was as intelligent and unusual as her screen work. It was a one-act play instead of the usual trite Hollywood potter.



Mary Brian is making a picture, "Moonlight and Pretzels," in New York with Leo Carillo and Roger Pryor.

# They Say in New York—

Film production is revived in the East, as it always is eventually, and Hollywood visitors bring gayety to Broadway.

By Karen Hollis

AT last a picture is actually being produced in New York and appropriately enough Mary Brian is playing the lead in it. It is a musical, as what isn't these days, and it is called "Moonlight and Pretzels." The company has been working in the Casino Theater right in the Broadway sector, and the players in costume and make-up streaming out on the sidewalk for a breath of air add immeasurably to the glamour of the theatrical district.

Mary may not go down in history as a spectacular personality, nor is it likely that she will be remembered as a nerve-tingling actress, but cinema historians will certainly be puzzled by her steady and lengthy career. She has outlived most of the leading women who started with her and steadily maintained an even course, playing the same sort of rôles and playing them always with the same freshness and prettiness with which she started.

Mary is the joy of producers. She never holds up a picture with moods, tempests, or illness. The cameraman never has to figure out



how to get the best angle of her face. She is the one factor in a dizzy business on which they can absolutely depend.

She is a pleasant person to visit. Sitting back in the theater with bedlam breaking loose on the stage where Bobby Connolly was rehearsing a dancing troupe, I remembered hearing years ago that Mary studied dancing constantly, taking lessons at night when she was working during the day.

"No one will let me dance in a picture. They say it isn't in character," she remarked.

No complaint. Just mild amusement.

"I keep it up anyway because I like it. A hooper comes over to the hotel and practices with me. When I have time I go to an acrobatic training school and get stretched. Most of the people there are circus performers and they're fascinating."

Right there we had to settle the question of whether or not she can do hundred and eights, those back flips that look so easy until you try them. If she had said "Yes," I would have stalked out in a jealous rage. "I don't do them very well," she admitted. So now we're friends.

A little emotional upset would put Mary in line for more colorful parts, producers keep telling her. But she just cannot see giving up her own mode of life, or departing from natural reticence about it if it did become spectacular, for the sake of jobs. She takes acting seriously and does not believe that the life you live governs the parts you are able to play.

She finds great amusement in watching players coming into Hollywood restaurants all made up to look like the popular tragedy queen of the moment. After "Rain" the Coconut Grove was one parade of *Sadie Thompsons* with sprawling, heavily rouged lips. But Mary was still the same Mary. And a lovely sight for the eyes, too.

**Headline Material.**—After many delays June Knight hopped a plane and flew to Universal City to start work on "Lilies of Broadway," the picture in which she will try the films. Practically every one agrees that she should have gone a few days sooner. She was just a little too much in the foreground before and after the Baer-Schmeling fight.

First there were rumors that Baer's managers wished she would get out of the vicinity of his training quarters. Then there were all those coy pictures of June and Max having supper and dancing after the fight and breakfasting together. There was her coquettish reticence when asked if they were engaged to be married, her bow, perhaps, to old-fashioned conventions in view of the fact that he is not yet divorced.

Broadway agrees that these two are ideally suited to each other, the pretty blond soubrette and the massive prize fighter, for their every public utterance shows them to be amiable creatures who are either completely oblivious to the effect of their remarks or who don't care what the public thinks about them so long as it does think about them. If the latter is true, then they succeeded admirably, for people developed what amounted to a passion for their every published remark.

After seeing himself in the fight pictures, Max Baer announced that he looked pretty good, so I suppose that is just leading up to the announcement that he is going into pictures.

It seems like a pretty good idea. Stripped to the waist and with his back to the camera



Photo by Fraker

Barbara Stanwyck is a bright spot in "Tattle Tales," a slipshod stage revue which goes on to say how much she and Frank Fay love each other.

Ruby Keeler is startlingly modest about her success and is only proud of her tap dancing.



he would be far more impressive than anything except possibly the Alps. Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe might be borrowed to support him, and by contrast they would look anæmic.

Of all Miss Knight's observations, I think that my favorite is one quoted by a newspaper interviewer. She is said to have confided that she had hired a genealogy tracer to look up her family and that any day now he had promised to find titled aristocracy among her ancestors.

However, perhaps the news cameramen sized Miss Knight up best of all. They said that Universal was overlooking the perfect personality sketch in one photograph if they failed to take a picture of her opening her mouth and putting her foot in it.

Just in case you find this pair as diverting as I do, let me go on. Max Baer is being sued for divorce by Dorothy Dunbar Wells Baer, a blonde who used to appear in pictures. He is also being sued for breach of promise by a waitress in California. [Continued on page 62]



After only fifty-two English lessons, Miss Wieck is able to tell a great deal about herself.

Photo by Richee



By  
Helen  
Pade

# HOT-CHA BARONESS

Here's a foreign star who has plenty of what it takes, plus a title  
and a hearty handshake for reporters—introducing Dorothea Wieck.

**A**LTHOUGH I had never seen Dorothea Wieck—pronounced *Veek*—in person, I knew I'd recognize the new star from Germany the moment I did see her. How could any one who had seen "Maedchen in Uniform" fail to do so?

I was waiting at a studio rendezvous when a beautiful girl came dashing up to me. She wore a pert little red hat and luxurious summer furs. Her hair was very dark, her eyes a clear, sparkling blue. Under one arm she carried a brief case, under the other a puppy.

"Hello! My, but it's hot, isn't it?" she greeted me. Noting the brief case, I thought for a moment that this young lady might be the interpreter, who, I'd been told, must accompany Dorothea everywhere to bridge the gaps of understanding between her broken English and Hollywood's brand of German.

"Am I late?" she asked. "I have just come from my English lesson."

Obviously Dorothea herself. But it was difficult to recognize the quaint, serious, pompadoured *Fraulein von*



Bernburg of "Maedchen" in this smartly dressed, ultra-modern young woman whose personality is as vigorous as her enthusiastic handshake.

And where was her broken English? Listening carefully to her speech, one detected certain little traces of accent. "Have" almost imperceptibly became "haf." But she didn't, for instance, hiss out "is" as "iss." Her grammar was excellent, her speech facile. It contained no Germanized structure of sausage-linked adjectives, such as Marlene Dietrich used when I first talked with her—"This Hollywood, it iss a much-heard-of-but-leedler-than-I-thought place."

"Meet Mamuk," said Dorothea, presenting the Sealyham. "She is only an infant, and I am jealous of her, so I take her everywhere with me. And besides, she cries when I leave her."

I suggested that her facility in acquiring a strange language might be a matter of childhood environment. She was born twenty-five years ago in Davos, Switzerland, that polyglot nation where housewives gossip over fences in German, French, Italian, and Roumansch, and children, being mimics, do likewise.

"Yes, but I've had fifty-two lessons!" she objected. "Thirty lessons in Germany and twenty-two here, including to-day's. I started taking them in Europe when it became apparent that I might go into American films."

"Fifty-two or a hundred lessons, you're a marvel to speak English the way you do in such a short space of time."

"Much depends upon the kind of lessons, the teacher, and how soon the person learning begins to do all her thinking in the new language," Dorothea explained patiently. "My lessons, you see, are long enough to give me all I can hold"—she paused, sensing that the word wasn't just right, then smiled and amended triumphantly—"I mean *assimilate* in one day. They last two hours. I have one *every* day, so that I do not forget between lessons. Then I have a fine teacher, Miss Nina Moise.

"All my life I have learned languages. After living in Switzerland, I moved with my family to Sweden and learned Swedish; then to Berlin, where I had to study to purify my German.

"I do not allow any one to talk to me in German, except to interpret some difficult meaning. When I first arrived, many people spoke German to me, thinking it would make me feel at home. I liked their good intentions, but asked them to use English instead. I learn a great deal talking with people."

"How did word get around Hollywood about your broken English and your constant need of an interpreter?" I queried.

She laughed. "That was twenty-two lessons ago. Hearing English spoken everywhere has helped, too. But most of all, when I first came to Hollywood I lacked confidence. In a panic, I would falter and forget words I should have remembered easily."

The average American, judging Miss Wieck by appearances only, would guess her age at twenty rather than twenty-five. The same person would most certainly place her mental age at thirty or more, measuring it by the brain development in Hollywood's younger generation. Consider this:

"Reporters in Germany often asked me about men. At eighteen I thought I knew all about men, and I could talk about them indefinitely. To-day, when I'm seven years older, married, and live in Hollywood, I know that I know little about them!"

Likewise, this account of her career, and entry into German silent films:

"I read Ibsen's 'The Wild Duck' to Max Reinhardt, and he gave me my chance in the theater in Vienna in 1924. I earned a contract and made good progress, but was getting frightfully old—seventeen!—and impatient for other worlds. So I took my troubles to Mr. Reinhardt. I'll never forget his kindness in releasing me from my contract.

"In Munich I made twelve silent pictures for Emelka. I joined the Frankfort Schauspielhaus, where I played

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The ultra-smart Dorothea was first seen as the stern but sympathetic schoolmarm in "Maedchen in Uniform."





# LITERARY LIL

Mae West is considered as a person, an actress, a novelist, and a playwright.

**W**HENEVER a new personality ignites the screen, legends are born.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Let a new siren shrug an alabaster shoulder and it is whispered that she is the consort of an ex-king. Let a new comedian caper into public favor and it develops that he is really a tragic fellow whose heart is breaking.

Let a robust blonde blast her way into popular fancy and they would have us believe that the gal is a literary dynamo. Mae West is the subject of our monograph.

The least informed of my readers must be cognizant of Miss West's rousing success wherever "She Done Him Wrong" has played. In metropolitan areas, in rural centers, in hick towns, and in wise cities, *Diamond Lil* has caused strong men to wilt. More important to the box office, women like her, too. She is rough and tough and vital and magnetic; she is universal in her appeal, and she is with us to stay.

Since her extraordinary national acclaim, however, the report is seeping around that Mae is a combination of Madame de Staël, Nell Gwynn, du Barry, and Pompadour. Mae is none of these ladies. Mae is a bouncing blonde of fortyish age and disciplined figure who is worldly without being witty, shrewd but in no wise scintillating.

Mae was born in Brooklyn and to this day her diction remains faithful to Greenpernt—nasal twang, rolling r's, adenoidal drawl, and all.

About her literary efforts, her plays and books, it is less than surprising that one who has met her should entertain doubts.

After we had been properly introduced, Miss West lifted a jeweled *lorgnon*, the better to inspect a legal document she was about to indorse. She waved to her colored maid, "Let it lay. I'll see about it." She put the *lorgnon* down impatiently. "I can see better without this thing," she murmured.

She thinks Hollywood is as good a racket as running a first-class speakeasy, with less risk. You don't meet as many interesting people, it seems, and there is no night life, but the pay is good and the climate—I quote—something elegant.

She thinks she is a good author, a very good playwright, and a very, very good actress. As long as she collects better than seven grand a week she can afford to be wrong.

No one knew about Mae West in the earlier days of this troublous century when she was shedding her golden

luster in the variety halls of the hinterlands. No one took much heed of her even when she introduced to

Broadway that terpsichorean tremor known as the shimmy. Miss West enjoys the distinction of having been the first white diva to perform this dance. Let her tell how this epochal event came about.

"I was in Chi at the time, doin' vaudeville, a single. And after the show one night I goes to this jernt where spades have a cabaret, see? And I see them dancing the bump and the jelly roll and all them, then a girl starts doin' a funny sort of dance and I asks, 'What's that?' and the waiter says, 'Oh, lady, that's shakin' the shimmy.'

"Next night I put it into my act and it like to tore the house down. That audience went wild over it. I took ten bows. The manager came backstage and wanted to know what caused the riot. When I showed him, he was afraid to let me do it again. But next week in Milwaukee they loved it.

"Then Lee Shubert hired me for a show on the old Century Roof and I panicked 'em with my shimmy dance. Then Bee Palmer and Gilda Gray and the rest followed me with it."

And that, children, is how the shimmy came to Broadway.

But Miss West was smart, she says. She was not satisfied to go on tossing her torso here and there. She wanted to be more than a hip virtuoso. She wanted to wear the purple of the legitimate stage. So she found herself a backer and she found herself a play, and before you knew it, there was "Diamond Lil." This was originally "Chatham Square," written by a gentleman named Linder. When Mae decided to produce it she had it rewritten and rechristened.

"I was the biggest hit in town that season," Mae admits.

Her midnight shows drew the most cosmopolitan audiences obtainable in cosmopolitan New

York. Her matinées didn't cater to the kiddies, but they drew the grown-ups in droves.

After a pair of lesser operas spawned under her auspices, Mae began touring the provinces in "Diamond Lil." Her success was not to be gainsaid.

At this point Hollywood beckoned. And no sooner did Miss West swagger past a camera than Hollywood was hers.

"It was no cinch puttin' *Lil* into films," Mae confessed. "The censors, y'know. Those birds! No rough

Continued on page 62



"It's hard to be funny when you have to be clean," laments Miss West in explaining her success in adapting herself to the screen.





FAVORITES  
OF THE FANS  
HELEN HAYES

Photo by George Hurrell



# VOLTAIRE

Picture Play offers more photographs of George Arliss in his extraordinary film, his last for Warner Brothers, dealing with the great philosopher and agitator who upset the court of Louis XV and eventually the people of France into demanding a new deal. The picture is called "Voltaire," as you know, and its excellence influenced United Artists to sign the English actor for further films.



THE picture is a triumph for Doris Kenyon, too, as Madame Pampadour. She is seen directly above in one of her gorgeous costumes. Pictured again, left, she is with Margaret Lindsay and Mr. Arliss.



# SHE STRIVES TO PLEASE

Adrienne Ames takes a lesson from the past and stortles with her clothes. She remembers when as a child in the Deep South she was dazzled by Gloria Swanson's costumes in early DeMille pictures and began to dream of the day when she would be an octress, too. "Disgroced" is her new opportunity.



MISS AMES nestles on the shoulder of Bruce Cobot while Helen Twelvetrees, the star of "Disgroced," can't see what's going on because of her tears. However, Helen will land Bruce in the end, never fear







Photos by Manatt

MARION DAVIES put \$600,000 into circulation with the production of "Peg a' My Heart" and if that isn't doing a bit to end the depression, we don't know what is, especially as Peg herself ended the blues of every one who saw her.

MISS DAVIES draws another dramatic plum in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" which none other than Katharine Cornell played on the stage. It will be Maid Marion's next picture. Meanwhile she's showing Hollywood the latest in smart summer finery



WITH all her ups and downs, Mae Clarke need never regret any performance she has given, for they have all been one hundred per cent perfect. Her only regret is that she hasn't had opportunities enough, her rôles being few and far between in spite of being under contract. Now she is cast opposite Bill Boyd, in "Flaming Gold," and we're hoping the change will give her career new impetus.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull







# ROUGH DIAMONDS

Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery live up to that description in "Tugboat Annie," which in salty humor and sturdy dramatics gives every promise of repeating the great success of "Min and Bill."



MARIE DRESSLER plays the title rôle, of course, and Wallace Beery is her ne'er-do-well husband who redeems his mis-spent alcoholic life in a final flare of splendid heroism. Frankie Darro, above, is their son as a boy. Robert Young, right, is their offspring grown up. Maureen O'Sullivan is the girl.





# IRONY

"One Sunday Afternoon," one of the real successes of the New York stage last season, comes to the screen in native simplicity and charm.



GARY COOPER, as a small-town dentist called upon to treat the tooth of his rival of years ago, reviews the past and decides that he's glad he lost the girl after all. Frances Fuller and Fay Wray, top. Mr. Cooper and Neil Hamilton, left. Roscoe Karns, Aileen Collins, and Mr. Cooper, above.






DICK POWELL had only to make a personal-appearance tour to set fons wild about him. They liked him on the screen, of course, but when they found he could do more than satisfy their curiosity on the stage, they went for him in a big way. From now on Dick's a panic, no matter what the film.

Photo by Elmer Fryer





FREDRIC MARCH  
one star who  
ver is the subject  
controversy.  
at's because every  
st picturegoer ac-  
nowledges that he's  
actor without a  
w, not even the  
oice of his best  
rl causing any one  
wonder. And  
at's because Mrs.  
arch is Florence  
dridge, who is a  
and actress in her  
own right.

o by Eugene Robert Richee





# WOMAN DOCTOR

Kay Francis, who is pictorially charming in any rôle, turns to surgery in "Mary Stevens, M. D.," and saves her soul by removing a pin from a baby's throat.

POPULAR Lyle Talbot, most often seen as a villain, is here Miss Francis's hero. That should please his admirers. Glenda Farrell, the incomparably hard-boiled, is another asset in Kay's starring film





# JOAN'S MARRIAGE

Ann Harding and William Powell are teamed for the first time in "Double Harness," which relates the story of a girl who chose her husband with her mind instead of her heart.

ANN HARDING, as *Joan*, deliberately maneuvers William Powell into marrying her, only to have all hope of winning his love shattered. Then she sets out to win him back. Monica Bannister is the attractive girl, above.





# CREAM PUFF

Hollywood debut in "My Lips Betray," a bit of musical confectionery.

Lilian Harvey  
makes her



EVERYTHING is set to present Miss Harvey and John Boles in the right vehicle, even to calling the heroine *Lili* so as not to overtax the imagination. Anyhow, she's a sweet girl who enjoys the reputation—as well as the material rewards—of being a king's mistress without ever having seen him. Mr. Boles is the king who sings—and investigates



MARY DUNCAN, absent from the screen for some time, returned from the stage because there wasn't any one in Hollywood who could be flamboyant enough to contrast with Katharine Hepburn, in "Morning Glory." So Miss Duncan slung on a ruff and showed 'em.



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach





**WARNER BAXTER** believes, among other things, that watchful waiting pays the actor, especially if he's cheerful and goes about his business of acting as well as he can. Warner's reward for doing this is the opportunity to play a long-coveted rôle—Sydney Carton in "The Only Way." Picture Play considers him the ideal choice and enjoyed the story about Warner on the opposite page as much as you will.

Photo by Otto Dyar



# The True BAXTER

An intimate and revealing appraisal of Warner Baxter as a person rather than an actor.

HE has the powerful shoulders of a Northwoods lumberman, yet his smile is as ingratiating as a small boy's. All things in life, he believes, are within the scope of our achievement. This all-embracing confidence is one reason why he is a success to-day.

Unlike the majority of actors, he is not egotistical or self-centered. He is genuinely interested in his fellow men. His pet subject is philosophy, and he can discourse on it for hours. Always an intelligent conversationalist, he is, on occasion, a scintillating wit. Usually, though, he is introspective and just a little sad.

His favorite book is "The Subconscious Speaks" by an author who chose to remain anonymous. He calls it his Bible. He reads it before going to bed and upon getting up in the morning. With choice companions, he delights to sit up all night playing poker. Bridge he detests. He smokes cigarettes occasionally, but prefers a pipe.

Winifred Bryson is his wife. They met when they were both struggling for a foothold on the stage. Theirs is one of the few truly successful cinema marriages. They live on the outskirts of Hollywood in a picturesque Spanish *casa*. It is one of the few "lived-in" houses in the film colony.

In late years, Mrs. Baxter has not been in robust health. Her husband's patience and devotion during her illness have been beautiful to behold. The Baxters plan to adopt children sometime in the near future—a girl and a boy. They hope to find them in an orphanage similar to the one in "Daddy Long Legs."

He plays the piano and guitar beautifully. His weakness is phonograph records. He buys them by the dozen and plays them by the hour. Prefers lilting Spanish dances and soothing love ballads. Contrary to

Though Warner Baxter is hot—in this picture—he is never bothered in or out of pictures, calmness being one of his characteristics even though he has made his greatest screen hits in Latin rôles.

By Leroy Keleher



popular opinion, Warner is not of Latin descent. His ancestors were all Scotch-Irish.

The Baxter servants have been with them for years and are regarded as members of the family. *The Cisco Kid* is his favorite rôle. It won him the Motion Picture Academy award. He solicits constructive criticism of his work, but refuses to listen to flattery. He is not ashamed to escort his mother to premières. Some actors are, you no doubt are aware.

Not long ago doctors told him a nervous breakdown was imminent if he did not quit work. His services were in such demand that he was forced to turn down a promising rôle to go to Cuba for a rest. Did not even see the rushes of "Forty-second Street" before sailing. Consequently, his success in that film was a surprise to him.

"It couldn't help but be good with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, and the others in it," he says modestly.

In a few months, a boyhood dream of his will be realized when Fox screens Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities" with himself as *Sydney Carton*.

He is a staunch believer in premonitions. Because he had a headache, he declined to go up in an airplane for scenes in "Such Men Are Dangerous." The three planes crashed, killing the ten occupants.

Not long afterward, his chauffeur called at the studio to take him home. Baxter declined, saying he would walk, as he needed the exercise. Half an hour later the chauffeur was killed and the car demolished at a railroad crossing.

Prefers to have people forget that he is an actor and consider him as an ordinary human being. He is too much of a man to sport an inflated ego. Consequently, he will never be a great actor, which is fortunate. However, his broad experience, intelligence, and natural ability set him apart on the screen.

Although he has a normal amount of the actor's vanity and self-assurance, he dislikes to talk about himself.

He fully realizes his limitations and hence is never high-hat. He is conservative to a fault in dress and manners. Rebels against humdrum

Continued on page 72





"Your emotions are mental," producers complained to Miss Landi. "Start acting your rôles as if you meant them."

# WHY LANDI WALKED OUT

Never before has a star bolted Hollywood just as she was being hailed the fairest exponent of sex appeal.

Why did Elissa rebel?

By  
A. L. Wooldridge

So Elissa threw restraint to the winds and gave two performances that were alive and alluring.

ELISSA LANDI walked out.

She packed her belongings, slammed her dressing-room door at the Fox studio, tilted her chin to an angle of about forty-five degrees, and climbed into her car.

They weren't going to make a sex emblem out of her! If she had a lithe, slender body, shapely legs, prettily rounded shoulders, and lips full, luscious, and warm-looking, those were *her* possessions and she didn't have them up for sale. She was an actress, not a physical-culture exhibit. They could take her contract and tear it into a million pieces, so far as she cared. She was through!

She fled the studio and headed for New York. Criticized in many quarters as being cold, unemotional, interested only in a literary career, she suddenly had turned in two per-

formances fairly sizzling with warmth and was being slated for a third replete with sex appeal, when she rebelled.

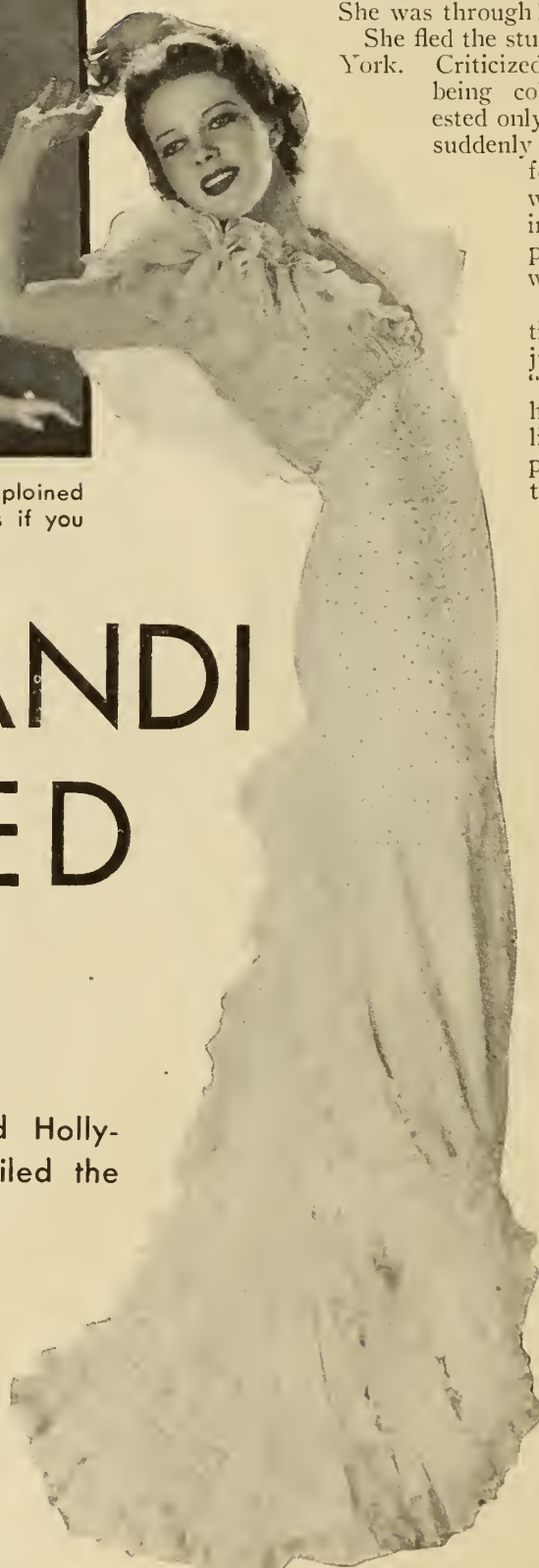
While studio executives were shouting in jubilation that Elissa had "found herself, become human," and the publicity department was planning a campaign extolling the "new, warmer"

Landi, she figuratively thumbed her nose at the entire organization and went A. W. O. L. A more nonplused lot of studio moguls never has squirmed in swivel chairs in all Hollywood.

"Quits just when she's getting good!" they protested. "And without an explanation."

They just sat and stared. Reluctantly they began rearranging the year's schedule and assigning Elissa's rôles to others, taking it for granted that she was gone for keeps. She would be kept on the employed list for six weeks, because under her contract she was entitled to that much vacation. But her name came off the pay roll. To all intents and purposes she was finished.

To get the right mental attitude of Elissa, one must know something about her history. She was born in Venice. Her mother is the Countess Ze-





nardi-Landi. She was educated principally by private tutors in England and her ambition since childhood was to be a novelist. After her schooling, she joined an English repertoire company in Oxford to get material for a novel and for a play she had in mind. Thus the die was cast.

Elissa played minor parts in five productions before she was given the leading feminine rôle in "Storm," in which she acted for five months. After this, she played the leading rôles in "Lavender Ladies," "The Constant Nymph," "The Stag," and other plays. She then became affiliated with an art theater, but left it to portray leading rôles in silent pictures.

A stage engagement in New York followed and in October, 1930, she was placed under contract by Fox and sent to the Coast. Her first assignment was with Charles Farrell, in "Body and Soul," followed by "Always Good-bye," "Wicked," "The Yellow Ticket," "The Devil's Lottery," "The Woman in Room 13," "A Passport to Hell," "The Sign of the Cross," and lately "The Warrior's Husband" and "I Loved You Wednesday." She was lent to Samuel Goldwyn to play opposite Ronald Colman, in "The Masquerader."

While making pictures abroad she wrote two novels, "The Helmers" and "Neilson" and here, "House for Sale," all of which were published. They showed literary talent.

A few months ago, Winfield Sheehan, head of Fox, called Elissa into his office for a little talk. He told her about the criticism of her work and read newspaper extracts which described her as being cold and lacking in appeal. He advised her to stop being literary and to start acting her picture rôles as if she meant them.



Elissa has chosen not to be a human firebox. Can a career thrive on poise and brains alone?

legs. About David Manners's neck went white arms which looked warm and endearing. To him she turned lips that appeared seething with a smoldering fire. A glow lurked in her eyes which suggested passion.

"Splendid! Glorious!" one executive after another told her. "Keep up the good work."

Elissa was hustled into "I Loved You Wednesday" with Warner Baxter, Victor Jory, and Miriam Jordan. Again she cast restraint to the winds. She evinced "It." She showed an awakening. She had everything. Her slender, sinuous body had become alive and alluring. Her embraces were full of fire and pas-

sion and life. An amazing change had come over her. Arch Reeve, director of Fox publicity, called her into his office and outlined a campaign he proposed starting, advising the world of the new, the warmer Landi.

"She seemed highly pleased and voiced approval and pleasure," Mr. Reeve says. "When I asked her what had brought about the change, she laughed and replied, 'That's my secret.'"

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The capricious Landi of "I Loved You Wednesday," with Victor Jory, was handed a fiery rôle of a sexy woman, the kind most stars simply love.



"It's outrageous!" exclaimed her mother, the countess, and growing cold and aloof again, Miss Landi struck.

"Most of your emotions are mental," he told her.

Elissa was not angry. She appeared in no way agrieved. Possibly she was thinking too much of the novel she was writing. Possibly it would be better to put a little more fire into her kisses and embraces. After all, it was only make-believe and she was being well paid.

So in "The Warrior's Husband," with David Manners, Elissa cut loose. Out from hiding came her shapely



# HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert



Photo by Miehl

Dorothy Jordan and Joel McCrea will be teamed in several forthcoming pictures.

**J**UNE KNIGHT is the latest flash-and-dazzle to hit the movie colony. What a girl! There isn't anything she can't do—act, sing, write, draw, cook, sew, and polish furniture—according to her own story. And who are we to doubt it?

Oddly enough—or maybe not so oddly—she's a Los Angeles girl. Maybe that's the reason for the ballyhoo and boastfulness. It's the real-estate whoop-la that gets into the blood of these southern Californians, especially when topped off by the fine enamel of New York experience.

Nevertheless, we have happy memories of June and her enchanting dancing, her persuasive physical allurements, her versatility in song and dance. She was the rage a few years ago at the Coconut Grove, where she got admirable training from her dancing partner, Jack Holland. Those were the days when Jimmy Dunn was her constant attendant.

Now, officially it's Max Baer, although Miss Knight refers to this engagement as a mere publicity gag. Arrival of the Knight in California was greeted by a fifty-dollar bouquet from the pugilist. But this little attention, and possible danger from Baer's hefty fists, didn't deter various gentlemen from trying almost immediately to make dates with June. However, just to be different, and maybe because she was considering their safety, she refused most first comers.

You'll get a chance to look at her in "Lilies of Broadway." She ought to be interesting.

**Dressler Ever On Top.**—Nothing can stop Marie Dressler. Now she has been nominated the most popular star in Great Britain. That



makes it unanimous, as she has already been accorded that honor in an American survey.

Marie has ceased to take life easy. She seems to be much more herself than at any time in the past several years. She was easily one of the outstanding stars of "Dinner at Eight," which we saw at preview, and certainly the biggest hit with the possible exception of Jean Harlow. Lionel Barrymore is also excellent in this movie marathon, and Eddie Lowe quite surprised us. John Barrymore was only fair to middlin' as the actor who commits suicide. We also liked Madge Evans and Billie Burke. There is no doubt that the show will be a winner, probably bigger than "Grand Hotel."

Miss Dressler made one of her first appearances at a premiere—that of "Gold Diggers of 1933"—and she did this as a tribute to Mervyn LeRoy, who directed her in "Tugboat Annie," with Wallace Beery. She was the sensation of the evening because her public appearances have been so rare. She managed to avoid a stampede of autograph seekers by staying quietly in her seat during intermission, and there held court to a host of friends.

**Wee Actor Rewarded.**—One of the youngest actors ever to get a contract with a studio is Baby LeRoy, who stole "Bedtime Story" from Maurice Chevalier, Edward Everett Horton, Helen Twelvetrees, and other grown-up players. The youngster is under contract to Paramount at a salary reported to start at \$100 weekly. The company wanted to get a print of his foot on the contract, as he couldn't write his

**Buster Crabbe wears the niftiest scanties on the beach out where men will be boys.**



## A month's rambling through the cinema colony.

name yet, despite the precocity of Hollywood children. When they tried to arrange for "his mark," they found Monsieur Babe-ee, as Maurice called him, laid up with the measles. Nobody seemed to want to risk catching the disease, or bother the baby either.

Baby LeRoy's contract will run for seven years if he makes good. Chevalier, incidentally, gave him a start on his bank account by providing an annuity of \$1,000.

**Whimsical Helen Hayes.**—Helen Hayes simply can't be depended on. She's a swell actress, but as a social lady she's a washout. That's what her friends say, anyway.

It seems that Helen is forever announcing to a group of friends that she means to have them over for dinner, or out to a theater, and then promptly forgets all about it—she's that whimsical. The friends are all anxiety waiting for the details of the arrangements, and then they never hear anything from Helen.

Nevertheless, Helen remains one of the most charming persons in the colony. She has grace and what is still the rarest modesty about her attainments. She is shrewd enough, though, to capitalize on her present success. It is the main reason for her quick return from that trip to Europe, which was also to have been a trip to Egypt and other far places.

**More Dietrich Rivalry?**—Greta Garbo's interest in Marlene Dietrich's picture, "The Song of Songs," has everybody quite curious. Of course, Rouben Mamoulian, who made the Dietrich film, will direct "Queen Christina," but when Greta attends a public preview of a production, as well as one privately arranged, it is something to talk about. Miss Garbo went with Mamoulian to a showing of "The Song of Songs" in Pasadena, making a hasty dash into the theater and out of it, not signing a single autograph.

Stories are going out that Greta is changing her tactics and becoming much more human, but there doesn't seem much substance to them. Certainly at the studio she is more isolated than heretofore, for she even has a private entrance to her dressing room in a secluded part of the M.-G.-M. establishment. Here she can get into her car on leaving the studio without even attracting the attention of the employees.

In summer Myrna Loy's fancy does not turn to sunburn, blistered nose, and leathery shoulders.



Arline Judge rolls herself up to contemplate the spectacle of life on the beach.

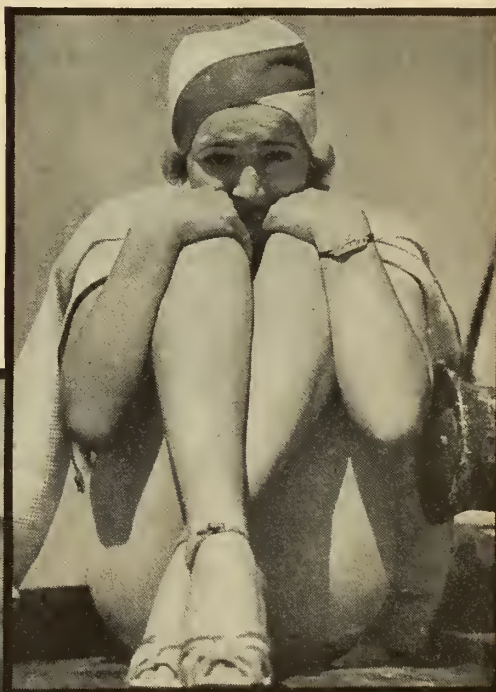


Photo by Wide World



Mary Pickford gives the latest Hollywood fad her pedal of approval.

A rubber bathing suit—swim suit to you ad readers—is Betty Furness's gesture to fashion.



Photo by Miehle

Photo by Kahle

We suggest that she try making her pictures on top of Mount Everest.

**Miriam Hopkins Persuasive.**—Miriam Hopkins, another shy lady, is meanwhile acquiring a most ingratiating personality. She is really shy by nature, but is emerging from her shell and entering more into the life of Hollywood. To see her at home with her adopted youngster is to become acquainted with the real Miriam, and the love of her life. She occupies the house formerly belonging to Greta Garbo in Brentwood, and the garden is one of the most beautiful and luxuriant in that vicinity, even though the place itself is not

Continued on page 71





# CAN THEY BEAT THE JINX?

Will the voodoo that trailed the "Trader Horn" cast get Marion Burns and Kane Richmond, who went to the jungles for "Three Against Death"?

By  
Jeanne  
de Kolty

Kane Richmond and Marion Burns were selected for the seven months' jungle trip because they were husky as well as handsome.

"HEY, Marion!" cried the girl running across the campus. "Wait a minute. I just heard you've been admitted to the Penpointers."

Marion turned, eyes sparkling. "Yes," she answered. "Isn't it grand? Milly Linton was admitted, too."

"Gimme a story for the Hollywood High School News," begged the girl.

That was five or six years ago. Marion was Marion Burns. Milly is now Karen Morley. I was the girl. The Penpointers was the high-school literary effort.

The hero took the heroine in his arms and kissed her with gusto—or whatever it is they kiss with on the screen—as the picture faded out.

In a back row, a boy and a girl groaned in unison. The boy was Kane Richmond. Again I was the girl. The picture was *awful*. It was the first scenario I ever wrote. I couldn't write. It was the first picture Kane ever acted in. He couldn't act. But Kane has learned a lot since then. That was three or four years ago. He has since made a success in leading rôles in "Huddle," "Politics," "West of Broadway," and "Stepping Out." Hard work and study have changed him from a rank beginner into a finished actor.

When Fox started the search for a leading man and woman for the jungle film "Three Against Death," they needed two hardy, intelligent, athletic, and handsome young people. A difficult assignment at best! In addition to his screen and stage work, Kane Richmond had proved

himself an athlete, rowing on a Minnesota University team, playing football, and even swimming in competition with Johnny Weissmuller. And he knew how to handle a gun. He was a natural for the masculine lead in "Three Against Death."

Marion Burns, a Hollywood girl, went to New York to make good. She played in many Broadway plays, then was brought back to Hollywood by Fox. Slight and dainty-looking, she is remarkably courageous and sturdy. After her excellent performance in Joan Bennett's "Me and My Gal," she seemed the logical lead for the jungle special. And so my two friends, Kane and Marion, were brought together for the biggest break of either of their careers.

As soon as they reached home after seven months shooting in and around Singapore, I hastened to see them. When we met at lunch, I asked them about the picture.

"Marion's great!" Kane answered. "We haven't seen any of it yet, of course, but I know she'll wow 'em!"

"You should have seen Kane," Marion beamed. "We worked night and day in the thick of the jungle. Often we faced real danger. Once the script called for a tiger to attack us. We had been warned that if one ever got near us, it would mean instant death." She shuddered.

"When we were ready for the scene, the rest of the troupe crowded back in the jungle, leaving us alone. They had a lot of tigers in a cage. The door was lifted on a pulley, letting one of them out. He came toward us, snarling, half-starved and enraged. Just in the nick





When a tiger was turned loose on the two it required no coaching to get their feelings across to the camera.

of time, Kane shot him. Another instant and we would have been torn to pieces!"

"Once we were attacked by a cobra," Kane said. "We were going through the jungle when we saw him coiled scarcely three feet away, prepared to strike. I had just barely time to shoot him.

"Again, one sequence of the script called for me to have a twenty-two-foot python wrapped around me. It isn't the python's bite that's dangerous, you know; it's his squeeze. I could stand that snake about three minutes. Then I'd get faint. He weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. I could hardly stand up with him. I held his head in my hand. When I couldn't stand it any longer, I signaled the company. They shot his head off, right out of my hand. Talk about thrills!"

Looking at the debonair Kane, it was hard to realize he had actually been through such experiences. Save for a new maturity, he was unchanged.

All through one night—and it was a long night to Marion—they waded through horrible, malodorous swamps that came up to her chin. She could hardly keep her nose above water to breathe!

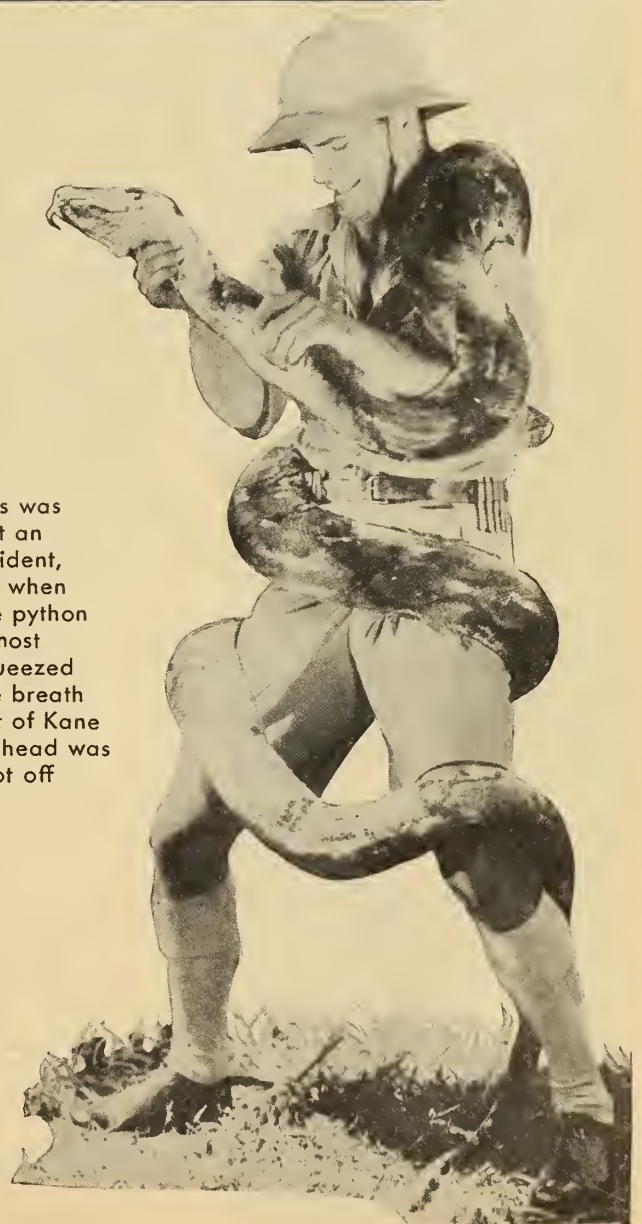
Another time they waded across a jungle stream infested with crocodiles. Every step was agony with the slithery creatures yawning all around them. Each member of the company carried a gun. Otherwise they would never have come through alive.

When the public sees "Three Against Death," they will see a hundred elephants stampeding. Those elephants are the genuine article, not the docile beasts one sees at the circus. They sounded like a thunderstorm, Kane says, crashing through the jungle, uprooting trees as though they were toothpicks.

Kane was right in the center of things, perched in a tree, praying and sending telepathic messages to the elephants not to pick on his tree during their disastrous charge.

I asked Kane and Marion to tell me more about their trip. They said they had completely circled the globe since last we saw one another. On October 19, 1932, they boarded the *Berengaria* in New York for Cherbourg, France. On May 8, 1933, they arrived home at the harbor in San Pedro.

[Continued on page 68]



This was just an incident, for when the python almost squeezed the breath out of Kane its head was shot off



# A Star's Worst

Stumblingblocks are thick in the cinema streets,  
must be conquered



**A** BOY'S best friend, according to reputable authorities, is his mother. But unfortunately there are not enough mothers in Hollywood to go around. And, lacking parental advice, Hollywood boys and girls often have to depend upon themselves for the necessary guidance. Which is sometimes quite satisfactory. And sometimes—

Well, there is the case of Charles Morton, for example, to say nothing of James Hall and James Murray. These lads, not so very long ago, had all that Hollywood has to offer. Where are they now? Morton and Murray are occasionally seen, and Hall has dropped into obscurity.

**Mary Astor's career is handicapped by poor health.**

Why? Let's see.

Charlie Morton, when he first attracted attention, was one of the most promising young actors in pictures. Young, handsome, and athletic, his ultimate success

seemed assured. Then the old, old story. He "went Hollywood" in a big, big way. Before his contract expired he found himself playing extra rôles, and when it did expire, he was completely forgotten.

Jimmie Murray got one of the best breaks in screen history when he was discovered by King Vidor and cast in "The Crowd." He became an overnight sensation, but his determination to drink California dry caused him to drop from sight. Now he plays small rôles unworthy of his ability.

Hall's is the the rare case of an actor who was too good a fellow for his own interest. He was himself at all times—affable, generous, and entirely too open. In a town where every word is weighed and measured, he refused to be cagey. He was careless in his statements to the press. Certain representatives of the fourth estate found it profitable to eat his food and drink his cocktails, and then write derogatory statements about him.

Others are on the slide. Jack Oakie, you might have noticed, is not in the spotlight to the same extent he was some time ago. He walked out of the studio once, as a clinching point in an argument with the powers-that-be, and won his point. He tried it again, and was allowed to remain away until he came back on the studio's terms. Wesley Ruggles, the director who discovered Oakie, has been heard to say that Jack is "too smart for his own good."

Yet, Buddy Rogers was certainly never overly assertive or difficult to handle, and he left pictures to return to orchestra work. He never argued with anybody. He was always agreeable to whatever rôles, directors, and supporting players were given him; and, as a result, his popularity was killed by weak rôles. Minor players were allowed to overshadow him. Incidentally, his recent Fox contract has not been renewed.

Nearly every star has had to overcome a handicap of one sort or another to attain his present eminence and affluence. Poor health, lack of education, eccentric or erratic impulses, temperament, and even, believe it or not, inferiority complexes, have formed stumblingblocks on the path to screen success. Those players who are able to recognize their shortcomings, and to conquer them, reach the secure ranks of the favored few. Those who are unable to beat themselves fall by the wayside and are forgotten.

Many of the younger stars are faced with the necessity of restraining their inclinations to sow a few of the proverbial wild oats. The field is certainly attractive for the sowing, what with newly won and usually newly experienced wealth, gay friends, and a city in which doors are open to the successful.

Phillips Holmes decided to tame his oats before the time for the reaping arrived. He came to Hollywood and pictures more than four years ago, straight from college. All of his life had been spent in the shelter of home or in school.

And then Hollywood! Free of all restraint, young, handsome, and popular, Phil cut quite a swath for a while. The juice of the grape flowed red and the engines of his automobiles roared over the highways of southern California. Phil was quite the man about town.

**George Bancroft used to have a great big inferiority complex.**

He awoke to discover that both his health and his work were suffering, and he was forced to go to the country to rebuild his strength. Then he returned to fulfill the



**Jack Oakie's case was diagnosed as "too smart."**





# Enemy

By Jack Austin

as you know. But often the biggest enemy that is—the star himself.

promise that his earlier work had given. To-day Phil lives quietly. When he is seen with a girl it is invariably with one of the "nice" ones of our village.

Perhaps the wildest and most erratic lad in Hollywood in his oat-sowing days was Leslie Fenton. He made a brilliant name as master of nervous, neurotic, hysterical rôles. Unfortunately, in real life he was nearly as tense and as unstable as he was on the screen. He organized and personally conducted spectacular sprees that are still wistfully recalled whenever gallant spirits gather around the refrigerator and speak of such things.

He had another eccentricity—a penchant for wandering off to the ends of the earth whenever the spirit moved and the purse was filled. Contracts and career meant little when wanderlust seized him. Leslie's friends say that he is reformed, that the wanderlust is curbed, and the binges are a phase of the picturesque past. If so, he may finally reach the pinnacles he has approached so often.

Physical disability has taken many players from the screen. Others have conquered their poor health, or, with iron determination, have carried on in spite of it. Who would think that Marie Dressler suffers from chronic bad health? Although nothing in her work would betray the fact, that fine old actress wages a constant battle with sickness.

Another is Mary Astor, whose activities are regulated to allow her a long rest between pictures. Although she must not gain weight, she is forbidden the sparse diets popular with actresses who must watch their poundage. She is, in fact, forced to eat fattening and nourishing foods.

It is extremely difficult to associate an actor with an inferiority complex, yet the fault exists, and often where one would least expect to find it. George Bancroft, for example. No laughter, please, I really mean George Bancroft. Although he tears down houses with his bare hands and rends villains asunder on the screen, in real life Bancroft is a sensitive man, and one easily hurt. He once said as much in an unguarded moment, and has been unmercifully kidded ever since. Bancroft's inferiority complex caused him to imagine slights and insults where none existed. He imagined that people didn't like him and were plotting against him. Allowed full sway, this peculiarity might have cost Bancroft his career as well as his happiness; but he talked himself out of it and is no longer so easily hurt, although he is not active on the screen.

With the advent of the talking picture, many of the foreign stars regarded their accents as handicaps to their success. Greta Nissen, inclined to sensitiveness anyhow, spent several months on the stage in an attempt to improve her English diction, only to find, when she returned to the screen that her first rôle required a marked accent. Incidentally, Greta is very particular about being called a Norwegian, not a Swede. Several of the local Swedes feel the same way about the Norwegians, which, I suppose, evens the score.

Paul Lukas spent many hours with the radio to improve his accent. Although the results in his case speak well for the system, the dangers are obvious to any one who has listened to some of the most popular announcers and public officials.

Temperament has often been blamed for the decline and fall of some of the brightest stars. The fiery outbursts are decidedly passé, and several stars whose careers were threatened by their temperamental outbursts have seen the light, and are behaving themselves as good little girls should.

Jeanette MacDonald used to lean to exhibitions of emotional pyrotechnics. This, perhaps, accounted for the fact that Paramount allowed her contract to lapse. She signed with Fox and, before her contract there had expired, she learned how to attain her ends with the minimum of display. She managed to divert her temperamental impulses into her acting. She still gets what she wants, however. She has more determination than a glance at her pink-and-white softness would lead one to expect.

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La Tashman started out with taa much temper and tao little "background."

Buddy Rogers fell into the pitfall of easy-going good nature.

Jeanette MacDonald had to curb her tantrums and save her fire for the screen.







"When Ladies Meet," the most elegant picture of the month, offers shining opportunities to Ann Harding, Robert Montgomery, Alice Brady, Martin Burton, and Myrna Loy.

# The SCREEN in REVIEW

Alice Brady's return to pictures rates a big cheer as  
well as the discovery of Elissa Landi's tropical warmth.

"When Ladies Meet."

Ann Harding, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Martin Burton, Luis Alberni.

By Norbert Lusk

TAKE an adroit comedy of modern worldlings written by a playwright of acute sympathies and perfectly acted by a cast of screen favorites and you have the most elegant picture of the month. So well does the screen do by the script that the film is thought better than the stage original. The intermissions of the theater are smoothly bridged by supplemental dialogue and action that is never out of key, the result being added compactness and polished roundness. However, there's no getting away from the fact that it is a comedy of conversation rather than action, even though the talk is so thoroughly worth listening to.

Before anything more is said, we must pause and give a rousing cheer and a couple of huzzas to Alice Brady, whose return to the screen after many years—she was an emotional star in the early days of the silents—is an important event. In this she is a brilliant comédienne who sparkles in a sharply outlined rôle, that of a middle-aged matron who always says the wrong thing. Though fluttery, inconsequential and futile, the character is thoroughly likable and Miss Brady makes her a composite of all women with similar traits that you and I have known. Better still is the promise of seeing more of Miss Brady. She was given a contract by Metro-Goldwyn on the strength of her pronounced hit in this. There should be cheers for that, too.

But she is not the only artist in the company. Far from it. You will like everybody you have liked before and will find fault with no one, for all are at their best. The story is one to intrigue the intelligent player because all the parts are real and there isn't a dull line allotted to any of them. It is another version of the triangle, but it is never trite nor do any of the persons involved do or say what you have seen and heard under similar circumstances. In fact, the circumstances themselves are unstenciled.

A married publisher makes love to an earnest young novelist. Because she is sincere she thinks he is, too, it never occurring to her that he is only playing. But when she meets his wife without knowing who she is and they become friends, the girl realizes that the man is only philandering and she is his current diversion. This is hardly more than the kernel of the engaging story, but it is the central situation. To appreciate its deft handling you will naturally have to see the picture.

Ann Harding is the wife, Myrna Loy the girl, and Frank Morgan the deceitful husband. Robert Montgomery is the good-humored rejected admirer of the girl who brings about the dénouement, and Miss Brady is the friend at whose delightful country house all are gathered.

Every woman will wish that she had a home exactly like hers, thanks to the exquisite setting by Cedric Gibbons, whose sound skill and awareness of character are responsible for rooms that reflect taste, originality and



comfort, suggesting, too, the whim of a rich dilettante as well as the rather precious personality of the decorator friend in the picture who is supposed to have done them.

**"Hold Your Man."**

Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Stuart Erwin, Muriel Kirkland, Dorothy Burgess, Gary Owen, Barbara Barondess, Elizabeth Patterson, Inez Courtney, Blanche Friderici, Theresa Harris.

Cheap and degraded for one half of the picture, the second part sees all the characters nobly vying with each other in reforming and doing unselfish good. The end finds nothing lacking but self-adjustable haloes.

This is mere trickery in writing and it makes for a showy, shallow result which undoubtedly will be hailed by many as great. It is likely to be entertaining to the more thoughtful as a study of shoddy characters camouflaged by smart cracks, gutter shrewdness, and good acting. Nevertheless, it is depressing fiction, unpleasant and synthetic.

Jean Harlow, as the pseudo-heroine with no means of support except a variety of men friends, meets Clark Gable, a petty swindler, and her animalism is stimulated. She insults him while she pursues and after their intimacy is established she enters into his scheme to blackmail an admirer of hers. Mr. Gable is sentenced for murder, Miss Harlow to a reformatory where comic types abound. Impending motherhood softens her, however, and she so wins the love of her fellow-inmates that even her enemies unite in getting her married to Mr. Gable when he breaks prison to visit her. The ceremony is performed by a colored preacher, the father of a Negro actress, Theresa Harris, who gives one of the best performances. A happy ending is assured when Miss Harlow and Mr. Gable, in Hollywood clothes, are seen as parents of a froglike child.

Mr. Gable does not seem quite at ease in his rôle, though his magnetism is undiminished, but Miss Harlow withholds nothing in underscoring the traits of her "Red-headed Woman" and "Red Dust" and adding some more. Hers is a startling exhibit. Whether or not it is acting in the truest sense can best be decided when she attempts an opposite character.

**"The Life of Jimmy Dolan."**

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Loretta Young, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee, Lyle Talbot, Fifi Dorsay, George Meeker, Arthur Hohl, Shirley Grey, Farina, Mickey Rooney, David Durand, Harold Huber.

Every now and then—all too infrequently to suit me—there comes a picture that takes the reviewer

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent are uncommonly fine in "Lilly Turner."



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives the best performance of his career in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," with Loretta Young his charming heroine.

completely by surprise. Nothing is more stimulating, encouraging, and reassuring than such an experience. To lose oneself in admiration and entertainment and to leave the theater refreshed and enthusiastic when just the opposite reaction was dreaded—ah, this makes the critic's lot worth while.

For nothing is better for the good of one's soul than to discover talent where practically none was visible. I refer to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., whose stardom I have always considered forced, to say the least. In this, however, he





Ruby Keeler, Aline MacMahon, and Joan Blondell make merry in the musical "Gold Diggers of 1933."

wins my unqualified praise. More than his fine performance, though, is the picture itself. Swift, dramatic, and replete with human touches, it proves anew the virtue of material written expressly for the screen rather than adapted from another source. It has a conciseness and directness found in few adaptations.

Another positive merit is found in the spiritual progress made by the hero. He emerges a better man at the end than he was at the beginning. Not as the result of mere plotting on the part of the author. The circumstances and the persons contacted by *Jimmy Dolan* naturally and logically change his character.

I shall tell you little of the story. I want you to enjoy it as much as I did. Enough, then, to say that *Jimmy* is a prize fighter who kills a man accidentally, assumes an alias, and stumbles onto a health farm run by a picturesque Scotswoman in the West. I shall tell you nothing about what happens to *Jimmy* there, nor how his rehabilitation is brought about. You will enjoy it all the more for not knowing the details.

Mr. Fairbanks plays with depth, sincerity, and ease, but it is Aline MacMahon who nearly steals honors for her vehement yet tender-hearted Scotswoman. There isn't a fault to be found with any member of the cast.

### "Lilly Turner."

Ruth Chatterton, George Brent, Frank McHugh, Guy Kibbee, Gordon Westcott, Marjorie Gateson, Ruth Donnelly, Robert Barrat, Grant Mitchell, Margaret Seddon.

You will see one of Ruth Chatterton's finest performances in this, with acting honors shared by George Brent who surpasses anything he has done in previous films. The story has the sordid background of medicine shows and the characters are for the most part degraded, but they are real and are presented with uncompromising honesty. There are no false theatrics here but sound dramatics as well as an opportunity for Miss Chatterton to create a character more lifelike than many she has played.

She takes advantage in splendid fashion and reminds us again that she is the star who first brought fine acting to the talking screen and placed us in her debt for "The Doctor's Secret." Her *Lilly Turner* is complete and individual and Miss Chatterton plays her with such fine modulations that *Lilly* is never an obvious character compounded of familiar symbols.

Her story begins when as a country girl she marries an actor and discovers that he is a bigamist and a crook.

A drunken, good-natured fellow in the troupe marries her to protect her expected child and it is *Lilly's* decision to stick to him when he is injured that causes her to give up the man she really loves, who offers escape from her wretchedness. There is, too, the episode of the strong man who conceives an insane passion for *Lilly* and is sent to an asylum, only to escape and revenge himself upon the troupe in a furious fight which sends *Lilly's* husband hurtling through a window.

The part played by Mr. Brent is as an engineer, temporarily working as a cab driver, who stalks the show because of *Lilly* and replaces the strong man. Mr. Brent plays this difficult rôle with fine conviction, while Frank McHugh, as the bibulous ne'er-do-well who marries *Lilly* and keeps at a respectful distance, offers an extraordinary characterization as fine as anything this invariably good actor has ever done. With such proved players as the



Donald Cook and Sylvia Sidney are at their best in the first half of "Jennie Gerhardt," but they refuse to grow old with the story.

others in the cast it is unnecessary to add that the acting is uniformly superior.

### "I Loved You Wednesday."

Elissa Landi, Warner Baxter, Victor Jory, Miriam Jordan, Laura Hope Crews.

Hail, all hail Elissa Landi for a brilliant, captivating performance! Gay, arch, tender, cajoling, even boisterous, she reflects all the moods of a capricious *ballerina* in love, with a delicacy and refinement entirely her own.

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# SERENELY CLIMBING

Irene Dunne's lack of showmanship in an interview builds up the picture of a casual, unaffected hostess chatting of diets, noisy neighbors, and a future home.

By James Roy Fuller

**W**HAT can you write about me?" asked Irene Dunne. "Writers often leave me almost tearing their hair. I seem to be so normal I just don't make exciting reading."

Miss Dunne gently rubbed the back of the sofa, the mulberry color throwing into dazzling contrast a huge diamond on her finger. I do not mean to hint that Miss Dunne is theatrical with the press, for she had walked into the living room of her hotel suite with all the simple poise that they say is the outward sign of a lady. Her dress was simplicity itself, and she was human enough to have left a strap hanging down from her short sleeve. She leaned back against some cushions and offered me one for my corner of the sofa.

A rival interviewer had just been disposed of. Miss Dunne had been asked to talk deeply of the mother-in-law problem, a topic inspired by her latest film, "The Silver Cord." I'm sure she was equal to the occasion. There on the table was the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, in which the Roman philosopher admonishes one to "Be not careless in deeds, nor confused in words, nor rambling in thought."

Irene was still meditating about the mother-in-law problem. "There isn't one any more than there is a mother problem," she said. "You can see your own mother's faults, even if you do put her on a pedestal. In a situation like 'The Silver Cord' you just have to use your common sense, not your temper."

Miss Dunne was disappointed that some reviewers seemed to miss the psychological points of "The Silver Cord" and considered it merely a surface clash. Some in the audiences saw it as a funny-page family row or found it reminiscent of their own past tilts with in-laws. Still the picture is going over nicely for what it is and Miss Dunne is pleased that the screen is becoming so much more adult than it used to be.

"It proves that the producers have underestimated the intelligence of the fans," she believes. "In the past five years they've acquired a taste for meatier things, but too often the good stories are written down."

Miss Dunne has definite ideas about the relation of the star to the other factors in picture-making. "The player is only a part of it, and she can be no better than her rôle. The writer, the producer, and the director all count, but the star gets the blame for poor pictures."

I've heard that she also has fairly strong opinions about the appeal of some past stories handed her as compared with the juicy rôles given some other RKO actresses, but she was discreetly silent on this matter. Her heart's desire now is to play in musical films, and this her next will be.

Music was her first love, anyway. She began pound-

**Irene's standing as a dramatic actress will give her an advantage in the revived musical films, her first love.**



Photo by Miehle

ing on a piano when she was barely big enough to reach the keyboard, and in her school days she branched out into dramatics. Her rise to the musical stage was no accident, though it might have seemed so the night she opened in "Show Boat."

"Mr. Ziegfeld himself was out in front. I was afraid he wouldn't like me, and when he didn't come backstage I was sure of it. Then he sent me a long telegram. He always did that, you know. Everything was all right. I think that's the biggest thrill of my life. I have the telegram yet."

Miss Dunne is more the casual hostess than the star being interviewed. She preferred chatting about her new system of dieting than talking about her career. "Meditations" lay across the room, yes, along with a pocket volume of Shakespeare's sonnets, but the book on dieting was on the coffee table by the couch, right at her elbow.

"It's a marvelous system—it allows you to have even a baked potato for lunch," she recommended. "I had lunch at the Colony Club the other day and all the girls were crazy about it. I think I should get a commission on the books I'm causing people to buy."

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Miss Allan's notions of a proper career saved her from a drug prescription counter.

Photo by Bachrach



# TWO PICCADILLY PEACHES

Elizabeth Allan and Benita Hume, two tantalizing offerings from London, give accounts of themselves.

By  
William H. McKegg

Photo by Bachrach

WE often hear that a foreign player has been brought to Hollywood. Oftener we wonder why. For too frequently the newcomer lacks most of the things necessary to win popularity. Yet the producers responsible for her advent in the movie Mecca insist that she be pushed ahead. And pushed ahead she is, poor dear, with the usual negative results.

It is more than pleasant to find some European arrivals who have all that it takes to merit popularity.

Such as Elizabeth Allan and Benita Hume.

Neither is a complete stranger to American fans. Both appeared in "The Constant Nymph" several years ago, with Edna Best and Ivor Novello. More recently, with Leslie Howard, in a British film, "Service for Ladies." A slightly overpolite picture, I'll admit, somewhat as stuffy as an English railway compartment, but showing Elizabeth and Benita as two very attractive and highly competent players.

Therefore, it is not surprising that Metro-Goldwyn signed them.

Miss Allan has already appeared in "Looking Forward." RKO borrowed her for Richard Dix's "No Marriage Ties." And so to RKO studio I went to see her.

She was sitting before a mirror, a maid putting finishing touches to her attire—a wrap of

When salesmen besieged Miss Allan on her arrival in Hollywood, offering almost everything on credit, she felt terribly famous until she learned about go-getters and solory attachments.





sky-blue silk, the color of her eyes. A hairdresser fastened a veil of the same color over her black hair, so that her new coiffure would not blow all about during our walk to the restaurant.

"I don't mind the breeze," Miss Allan airily remarked. "I like the wind and the sea. My home in England is by the sea, you know."

I suspect that this accounts for her sunny disposition. She was born at Skegness, on the Lincolnshire coast, near the mouth of the Wash. In front of the picturesque town is the North Sea, so placid and blue in summer; behind it, fields of golden wheat.

On your next trip to England, look out for an advertisement of a very fat smiling fisherman lightly skipping over a tiny blue pool in the yellow sand. "The Air of Skegness Is So Bracing!" says this exhilarating poster.

However bracing, Skegness inhabitants need medical treatment now and then. That is why Père Allan lives there. He is a doctor. He wanted Elizabeth to become a dispenser, but she had other ideas. And those ideas did not picture her making up prescriptions.

Being the youngest of a family of three girls and two boys, her theatrical plans were frowned upon. Yet the impressive name of her training school, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, did much to subdue family opposition. And since young Betty started in Shakespeare, it was decided that she was in good company—in spite of the Elizabethan bluntness of phraseology she had to voice for artistic advancement!

"I love the theater," Miss Allan asserted. "I appeared first at the Old Vic. There is something about a very old theater that gets under your skin. Tradition is vitally useful to any career, but more so to acting. A newcomer has the great names of past ages to dream over, and hope to equal in fame."

The Old Vic, on Waterloo Road, offers this advantage to young beginners: One hundred years ago, when Edmund Kean and Madame Vestris graced its boards, its name was changed from the Royal Coburg to the Royal Victoria Theater. Elizabeth Allan, Benita Hume, Elissa Landi, and many of the younger English players who have come to us have walked the same boards in Shakespearean productions.

Of course, a newcomer eventually graduates from Old Vic to the more dazzling lights of Piccadilly, Leicester Square, and the Strand. This was the route traveled by Elizabeth and Benita.

It was while playing with Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, in "Michael and Mary," that Miss Allan attracted attention. Marshall sent her to his manager. The manager saw his prospective client was clever. Indeed, readers, he married her.

"My husband will return to California," Elizabeth commented over her salad. "He can carry on his work just as well in Hollywood as abroad. I want to stay here—as long as I make pictures."

We discovered we had a few friends in common. It turned our lunch into a sort of celebration. Famous names were tossed about in our conversation, and always with high praise. For instance, Cedric Belfrage, once of Hollywood, now back in his home town, London. Miss Allan greatly admires him. Ivor Novello and Heather Thatcher are placed on an even higher shelf.

"Heather Thatcher is one of my very *best* friends!" Elizabeth exclaimed. "Every one considers her the greatest person. Why, her name alone acts like magic!



Photo by Bull

**Benita Hume has a busy year ahead of her—more films, visit to England, divorce, marriage. Who said American girls are fast workers?**

I told her in my last letter that I have only to lower my head a little and whisper, 'Heather Thatcher,' and everybody rushes to me beaming."

And no exaggeration, my friends. I still bemoan the fact that Heather Thatcher remained only long enough in Hollywood to make one picture. And then only at the request of Robert Montgomery, whom she desired to meet during her holiday from London. And it is to Bob we owe thanks that we saw that one vivid glimpse of Heather and her monocle.

It was on Miss Thatcher's advice that Elizabeth lived first at the Garden of Allah. She inhabited the apartment above that occupied by Maureen O'Sullivan. But, hankering after the sea air, Miss Allan later moved out to Del Rey.

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# SHADOWED

Some of the stars are afraid they'll lose their fat bank accounts; others are content

**F**EAR, the very worst prophet in misfortunes, anticipates many evils." So wrote the ancient philosopher, Statius.

Humanity is as subject to fear as it is to love, hate, or any other emotion. Most people realize this and are not at all hesitant about admitting their various phobias. All the stars I questioned on the subject spoke right up and told what I was supposed to believe was the worst. I have my doubts, but let's take a look at the results anyway.

Fear of poverty, for instance, is so universal that I intended to disregard it in this article, yet I found several instances where poverty phobia was so pronounced as not to be ignored. Apparently fear, "the very worst prophet in misfortunes," is also a poor prophet in prosperity.

The late Lon Chaney had such dread of poverty that he hoarded his savings, avoiding investments in fear they might fail.

Lilian Tashman is perpetually worried for fear of losing her money, a fear that materialized to the extent of wiping out three years' savings in the stock market.

William Powell often speaks of his fear of poverty, although he comes of a well-to-do family and has been earning a large income for years. Once, however, he passed through a period of poverty before he clicked on the stage, and the haunting fear remains.

Oddly enough, the girl Powell married, Carol Lombard, has the same phobia. Carol's fear is more unreasonable than that of her husband, since she, too, comes of a substantial family, earns a large salary, married a rich man, and several years ago inherited money from her grandmother. Carol, there simply isn't a bit of sense in your fear!

The direst foe of courage is the fear itself, not the object of it; and the man who can overcome his own terror is a hero and more.

At least three players have wrestled with and vanquished fear. They were afraid of being afraid.

Ann Harding, daughter of an army officer, was reared in intimate proximity to the army where courage and valor are expected. It became Ann's code that under no circumstance was she to give in to fear. From all accounts she is the bravest woman in Hollywood.

While she was earning a small salary in one of her first stage appearances, she rented a quaint, inexpensive cottage two hours out of New York City. A previous tenant had committed suicide there and the house had the reputation of being haunted. The neighbors warned Ann to stay away. But Ann moved right in, without even the protection of a servant. Night after night, after the show, she drove up to the lonely place and went to bed. And when in the small hours of the night she heard sounds which suggested that mail was being dropped in the letter box, and that feet were stealing over the floors, Ann still refused to be frightened by the uncanny noises.

"I tried to figure out what caused the sounds," she told me. "Whatever it was, they did not come from anything supernatural."

Nevertheless, I know some one who wouldn't have done any experimenting!

I asked David Manners what fears were troubling him. "I don't mean to seem conceited," said David, "but I think I have conquered all my fears."

"That's too bad," I said. "Are you sure you haven't even one left?"

"Well," he conceded, "I'm still afraid of snakes."

That is logical. The snake is the symbol of evil, and it is only natural that they should be odious to a charming and clean-living young man like David.

Ricardo Cortez has only recently overcome the fear of fear. Often he has taken all sorts of foolhardy chances just to prove to himself that he wasn't afraid.





# BY FEAR

By Madeline Glass

with little worries that the majority of us can share, like fear of snakes or the dark.

Friends have remonstrated with him and have even dragged in psychologists to offer advice. But it was something Ricardo had to work out for himself. In his youth he began to fear that he was afraid of physical combat with men of his own size. That led him to become one of the leading amateur boxers in New York State, with fourteen knock-outs in one year to his credit.

One would think that two strapping War veterans like Ivan Lebedeff and Walter Byron would have no fears, or would disdain to confess them if they had. But both were blithely informative and proved to have two fears in common: women—there's a laugh—and altitude. Although both are addicted to flying, and enjoy it, they are afflicted with hypsophobia when it comes to tall buildings and cliffs.

"I feel impelled to jump off," each told me, using the same words but different accents.

I know a cure for that jumping impulse. Stay away from high cliffs!

When Byron first came to America the studio trotted him all over the country making publicity stills. When they reached Philadelphia they picked out the tallest building, took their victim up on the roof and posed him standing on the edge looking down, away down, into the street. Ashamed to admit that he was terrified, he posed as nonchalantly as possible while the camera clicked. Every one was happy—except Byron, who hasn't been quite the same since.

Robert Montgomery also fears height, no matter what kind. It makes him dizzy and inspires him with the strange, but usual, desire to jump. He flies frequently but has to force himself to enter a plane and, once up, never dares look down.

Miriam Hopkins was the only girl hypsophobist I found. Miriam is scared into a pink fit every time she finds herself near a cliff.

Sylvia Sidney admits that she fears physical pain. For

that reason she tries to avoid any work or play that might injure her.

Una Merkel, on the other hand, does not fear physical pain, but has a great fear of all creeping things.

"I would rather be torn to pieces by a lion," she told me emphatically, "than to be crept over by a snake or lizard or any such reptile."

Irene Dunne's beautiful singing voice is a source of anxiety as well as pleasure. Like all singers, she is constantly fearful that some accident will befall it.

Running onto Neil Hamilton unexpectedly, I asked him what he feared.

"Blondes," he chirruped.

"Don't try to be funny," I hissed.

"Well, then, I fear the dark," said he unblushingly. "It's true," he insisted, noting my frigid stare. "When I was a boy my father used to punish me by putting me down in the dark cellar. Then he would stamp on the floor upstairs and the coal would rattle in the bin. I always thought that eight thousand devils with red-hot pitchforks were coming toward me.

"Now if I were alone in a house at night and I heard a noise in a dark room I'd lock the door between and let the noise do its worst."

Joan Crawford also fears the dark. She always sleeps with a light burning in an adjacent room so that it shines through the open door.

Bebe Daniels has suffered a dozen broken bones during her picture career and has been tossed about and manhandled in ways exceedingly rough. Yet her one real concern for her beautiful person is the fear of disfigurement. Bebe never rides in a car of hers until it has been equipped with nonbreakable glass.

Phillips Holmes, looking very man-about-townish in evening clothes, assured me that his one real phobia is spiders.

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## The Screen in Review

She's grand and not to be compared with any one else.

I wish I could say as much for the piece which displays her to such fine advantage, but it is inferior to the players. It belongs to the school of worldly comedy in which love is a game played like ping pong. Now this is all right with me, but the game should be interesting to beholders. This one is only tolerably so because the dialogue is inexpert and the whole picture shows a great effort to beat up a trifle into something worth while. An elaborate and meaningless ballet is interpolated, in which Miss Landi is a feathered fugitive from a statuesque gentleman whose muscles glisten with vaseline. You've seen it a dozen times in the more pretentious movie houses. It conveys nothing of story or character and is only tritely expensive.

The story, such as it is, has Miss Landi a student dancer in Paris about to holiday in Brittany with her sweetheart. At the railway station he tells her he is married, and *Vicki* takes it on the chin. Next she is in South America, a stellar dancer, carrying on with an engineer and refusing to be hurt by anything. Later they meet in New York, where *Vicki* is even more successful and she promises to go away with him on his yacht. Then the first man turns up and the three go to a glittering speakeasy where *Vicki* meets the first man's bored wife and they drink together. Capriciously *Vicki* promises to sail on the midnight ship with the first man but walks out on him while he's shaving in her apartment. She finally goes away with the engineer. Do you care? Neither did I.

Beautifully produced with all the loving care and prodigal outlay deserved by an important picture, the result is wasteful. Warner Baxter is, of course, excellent as the engineer—suave and quietly humorous. Victor Jory, a striking villain usually, is rather too inflexible and too sinister for the amiable trifler who is the first man in *Vicki's* life. Laura Hope Crews lends her distinguished talent to a hazy rôle which she makes amusing, if unsatisfying.

#### "Gold Diggers of 1933."

Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, Aline MacMahon, Ginger Rogers, Dick Powell, Warren William, Guy Kibbee, Ned Sparks, Sterling Holloway, Robert Agnew, Tammany Young.

Glittering and gorgeous, this musical comedy attempts to outdo "Forty-second Street" and many believe it does. For my part, however, I prefer the former because of a certain fresh charm and comparative innocence, to say nothing of more believable characters. Perhaps it is because

of the familiarity of the story in the new picture, a further advantage of an earlier musical comedy. The Brothers as "Gold Diggers" is a new way," with the redemptive. Lightner as the town. A silent version of the story preceded that.

The story itself is new and the picture novelty upon the old. It is the ites and the special embellishments. that could be as a of grace and gaiety.

As for the new perfect. Joan is cast as ringleader but I fear that ated the rôle never recognize the interpretation. Aline MacMahon splendid as a chorus girl of another type and so, too, is Ginger Rogers, while Ruby Keeler repeats the rôle she played in "Forty-second Street." However, as she is primarily a tap dancer, it is beyond understanding why she is permitted to dance little. Dick Powell makes his singing juvenile likable and easy to listen to, and the rest fit well into the scheme of things.

An incongruous note is struck in the hilarious proceedings by an elaborately staged number entitled "My Forgotten Man," a lugubrious lament which dramatizes the woe of the bonus seekers. As it virtually closes the show, you are not likely to leave the theater with a smile.

#### "Jennie Gerhardt."

Sylvia Sidney, Donald Cook, Mary Astor, Edward Arnold, Cora Sue Collins, Gilda Storm, Dorothy Libaire, H. B. Warner, Theodor von Eltz.

The mood of "Back Street" is carried on in this picturization of one of Theodore Dreiser's early—and best—novels. It rates as fair entertainment, depending on your sympathy for a servant girl who becomes an unmarried mother and is left with nothing but the memory of her ill-used love. Very well acted and directed with care and sympathy, the picture, nevertheless, is slow and long drawn out, especially toward the end when *Jennie*, her daughter dead, follows newspaper accounts of the success of the man who deserted her. Last scene of all finds her watching the train bearing away his dead body, her future as blank as the horizon.

The first part is by all odds the best, beginning when *Jennie*, scrubbing a hotel stairway, attracts *Senator Brander* and eventually yields to him in gratitude for saving her brother from a prison sentence. Sylvia Sidney plays these scenes with just the right note of rueful helplessness.

Because of her sensitive acting and fine support given her by Edward Arnold, as *Brander*, you look for this as no ordinary seduction of a girl by a senatorial villain. Lightner and played with rare feeling of human nature and adds his skill in making no heartless despoiler but a man. It is, in fact, the best performance in the picture and Mr. Arnold the best performance.

Cook is effective, too, as a young man who sweeps poor of her feet while she carries his father's home and who after they have lived together for years when he discovers she has a child by the senator. Mr. Cook fails to suggest age nor, for that matter, does Sidney. She is the same as at the beginning of her story except that she isn't photographed so flatteringly. Another actress, taxed with the same fault, excused herself by saying that she didn't want to imitate Helen Hayes as *Madelon Claudet*. Perhaps that also explains the reluctance of Miss Sidney to change her silhouette or her features with the passing years.

#### "Melody Cruise."

Charles Ruggles, Helen Mack, Phil Harris, Greta Nissen, Chic Chandler, Florence Roberts, June Brewster, Shirley Chambers, Marjorie Gateson.

The return of musicals is bound, it seems, to bring back dullness, too. Here is a handsomely staged, beautifully photographed, and fairly tuneful film that offers only mildest entertainment, even with the funny antics of Charles Ruggles, and they are very comic indeed. But the result is vapid, inane, and irritating as well.

One of the reasons lies in the feebleness of the story, another in the attempted smartness of rhymed dialogue and rhythmic affectations such as a sailor polishing brass, others scrubbing decks and so on, all presented as if they were new. The action takes place aboard a ship sailing from New York to Los Angeles and the end of the film glorifies the pictorial beauties of southern California.

The comedy supplied by Mr. Ruggles is motivated by his discovery of two gold-digging girls in his cabin after his bon-voyage party is over and his efforts to conceal them for the duration of the trip. One of the most typical episodes of this sequence occurs when the girls, minus their outer clothing, appropriate deck chairs and cover themselves with the rugs of the owners until forced to vacate and display their *déshabille*.

Helen Mack, the young actress who displayed unusual talent in "Sweep-



embroidered right on the front of her costume.

It seems needlessly cruel for picture companies to go on having these contests, bringing the most beautiful girls of somewhere or other to Hollywood. Usually they pose for a few publicity stills and are then forgotten. So many girls have gone back home broken-hearted, unable to adjust themselves to their old jobs as typists or salesgirls, that it does seem as if the companies would have a heart and cut out this type of exploitation.

**There Ought To Be a Law.**—The saddest news of the month is that Lee

Garmes has been made a director. That may be the realization of a dream of his, but it is a tough blow for us in the audience, for Lee Garmes is the deftest and most mood-evoking of cameramen. He is the one who is always nominated for first honors when some one suggests that there ought to be an award similar to the Pulitzer Prize for the best camera work. He photographed, among many other pictures, "Zoo In Budapest" and "Smilin' Through."

**What, No Criticism?**—Katharine Hepburn has been visiting New York and everything she has done has been

just right. She went darting about in a roadster looking indescribably smart. She cried whole-heartedly in all the right places at the magnificent revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She played with Adolphe Menjou that one-act drama of Alfred Surtro's called "A Marriage Has Been Arranged" over the radio during one of Rudy Vallée's hours. Her voice was so expressive that she made you see the character she was playing. If you missed it in order to go to the theater to see Wheeler and Woolsey or Joe E. Brown, you deserved what you got.

## Up the Social Ladder

Continued from page 19

Gloria hasn't failed to "carry on," either. Michael Farmer is a man of position in Europe—playboy type, but, nevertheless, rated a fashion plate with personality and an income. Should all else fail, he and Gloria might live in modest comfort abroad on his income. However, our Gloria has always been brought up on spectacular glamour which the ordinary life in Europe does not afford. So it may be presumed that she will continue to make pictures whenever possible in order to retain the maximum of brilliance.

Men who have married swankily at various times include most prominently John Barrymore, Antonio Moreno, and Lionel Atwill. John's second wife, Blanche Oelrichs, was prominent socially. So, too, was the late Daisy Canfield Danziger, who was Mrs. Moreno at the time of her death in an accident, even though she and Tony were on the verge of a permanent separation.

The late Ernest Torrence's son, Ian, also was wedded to a society bud, but that marriage is on the rocks. Elliott Dexter, when he was still active on the screen, married prominently. The newer group seem to have no such aspirations, unless Gary Cooper is set on capturing some celebrity of the *beau monde*.

The arrival of Lionel Atwill in the colony created a social sensation when it was noised about that he had been married to one of the famous family of millionaire Stotesburys of Philadelphia. His wife is the daughter of Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, and was Louise Cromwell MacArthur prior to the match with Lionel. It was the third wedding for both of them, and therefore quietly celebrated, but Atwill and she are distinguished figures in the "class" realm of Hollywood.

Bebe Daniels, who prides herself on family lineage, was seen with them almost immediately on their arrival,

and she whispered their éliteneess dramatically around. Atwill may rival the late Lon Chaney on the screen as a master of hideous make-up, but he is the ultra of the ultra when you meet him in person.

How the colony gets all het up when somebody comes into town with a "name" was demonstrated when reams of publicity went out about the signing of John Davis Lodge under contract by Paramount. He is one of the Boston Lodges, and nobody was given an opportunity of overlooking it. The telegraph service out of Hollywood was deluged with information concerning his advent. It looked as if the hullabaloo would lead to immediate stardom.

When the fireworks of publicity cooled off, Lodge was scarcely heard of in connection with pictures, though Hollywood happily gathered him to its partying bosom. A social reputation is sometimes a thing that has to be lived down if there is too much ballyhoo connected with it. Just now, though, the young man is having his chance; he has been assigned one of the more important rôles in "Little Women."

Stars who rate a social descent, if you believe all that you're told, include Frank and Ralph Morgan, scions on the mother's side of the Wuppermanns, makers of Angostura Bitters, and cousins of the Harri-mans.

Blue books of the theater—yes, there are such—can add still more luster, though inheritors of these honors are chiefly among the character players and English invaders. The Barrymores are, of course, outshining. They are *the* royal family.

Other names that are crested royally include the Tearles, the Rathbones, the Lupinos and the Lanes, the Maudes—Cyril played in "Grumpy" a few seasons ago—the Wyndhams and the Standings. These are blue bloods of the theater.

Hollywood likes to climb socially. The colony shows it most frequently by hieing off to Europe. There players get the recognition of the nobility, both upstanding and broken-down, on any provocation. Corinne Griffith was a big favorite during her long stay in London. In fact, she made more of a hit than even Gloria Swanson, and she probably also enjoyed the adventure more than Gloria. Corinne's social cap was plumed by dancing with the Prince of Wales.

Social America is less fascinated by the glamour of the movie name. Picture players are not fêted in New York, as are musicians and opera singers. But Gotham socialites are gradually coming to it, especially those who go visiting in Hollywood, and who mingle with film stars at the Santa Barbara Biltmore.

The only place where the film people get snooted all over the place is in their own sweet, simple Los Angeles, and do they burn about it!

Gosh—and this will knock you over!—who do you suppose is in the Southwest Blue Book? That gay, flighty, capricious flapper star, Joan Marsh. Reason? She is the step-daughter of a prominent newspaper editor. "Joan Marsh" appears on the pages of the ritziest of all volumes to the film folk, with the word "Junior" after it. That's because she's the youngest member of the family.

Ramon Novarro was in the last edition but one, though not as Novarro. He was listed by his family name of Samaniegos. Theda Bara is there, too, though as Mrs. Charles K. Brabin. Antonio Moreno is listed. But neither Will Rogers, although he discourses with presidents and ambassadors and kings, nor Connie Bennett, married to a French title, appear.

Yes, indeed, life does have its tragedies!



## He's No Angel

"He talks entirely too much about his likes and dislikes. People ask what he thinks of this one or that one, and Dick is not a man to quibble when asked for his opinion. It comes tumbling right out. That habit has got him into trouble more than once, but he keeps right on doing it.

"Another thing that keeps both of us in hot water is his irresponsibility. He'll get in a crowd of people and enjoy himself. On the spur of the moment he'll invite the whole gang to spend the next week-end on the boat with him, and any strangers in the crowd will leave the place thinking what a swell guy Dick is.

"By the time the week-end rolls around, Dick has completely forgotten about having invited them. His friends don't pay any attention to that. They know him by this time and either overlook it or call up to remind him, but when they're merely acquaintances who don't know him well enough to do that, it makes it tough on us. It isn't intentional on his part, either. When he invites them he fully intends having them.

"He's got enough clothes to dress a regiment, but that doesn't stop him from buying more all the time. He's got three or four dozen shirts, but when he's dressing, if he can't find the particular one he wants, the roof comes down. We kid him unmercifully about his 'big moments' while he's dressing. After he's been joshed a little and sees no one is getting excited over his outbursts, he grins and puts on something else.

"He wears clothes better than almost any man I know, but that doesn't stop him from going around looking like a tramp half the time. He either looks like a fashion plate or some one the health department should take in hand."

Joby paused to think up some more things about Dick, and I did a little mental research on my own account.

One of the things that impresses me most is that, much as he loves praise, he doesn't take offense when people pan him. He has a great admiration and fondness for one of the New York critics who never fails to fry him when reviewing one of his pictures.

He can't stand phony people, and he sneers constantly at the crowd who finish dinner by murmuring, "Brandy in your coffee?"

"Why," says Dick, "a few years ago the little upstarts considered themselves lucky when they could afford a cup of java, but to hear them talk now you'd think nobody ever dreamed of drinking it without some sort of liqueur poured into it."

He rides beautifully, but he won't get on a horse for love or money, because, he says, he got fed up with them while making so many Westerns. No amount of coaxing will induce him to change his mind.

"He's stubborn as a mule," Joby went on, "and when he gets into one of those spells there's nothing to do but let him have his way. The redeeming feature of that is, he'll always admit he's wrong as soon as he's convinced he is.

"When we built this house he wanted the fireplace in the corner and a certain kind of beam in the ceiling. The arguments almost wrecked our marriage. Yet no sooner was everything the way he wanted it than he came to me rather shamefacedly and said: 'I guess you were right. Let's cut down on our expenses and save enough to have them changed the way *you* wanted them.'"

There are a couple of things about Dick that Joby was too loyal to mention, which are, to me, two of the most lovable qualities about him.

One is his intense aversion to anything even remotely resembling a display of emotion. For example, while

they were waiting for the baby to arrive he tried to give the impression that he was very casual and disinterested about the whole thing—that it didn't matter much one way or the other.

He and Joby both joked about the baby incessantly. The expected heir was so constantly referred to by them as "Elmer"—although they had no intention of naming him that—that the whole colony felt they were on speaking terms with him months before the time for his arrival. Yet one night after Joby had retired, Dick broke down and confessed to me he was scared stiff. "If anything should happen to *her*"—nodding his head toward the bedroom—"I'd die."

The other thing is something pretty closely allied to that. He hates to admit he's married. I don't mean by that that he goes around trying to give people the impression he's single, for nothing could be further from the truth. But he hates to think of himself as being tied down in any way. Two or three years ago he startled me out of my seat by announcing, quite calmly, "I'm no more married than you are!"

When he noticed the expression on my face he grinned with satisfaction. "I mean," he explained, "I'm as free as you. Joby and I understand each other, and we don't tie each other down."

I didn't know him as well then as I do now, and I swallowed his statement hook, line, and sinker. To-day I know that Dick's freedom is a matter of thinking rather than an actuality. To hear him talk, you'd think he was the worst roué in town, while, as a matter of fact, there are not many husbands in Hollywood who couldn't take a lesson in fidelity from him.

He's—but what the deuce! He's just Dick Arlen, and there's only one like him!

Continued from page 55

Her husband, Francis Griffin, is a dentist, and it seems that he doesn't accept the credentials or something of the author of her diet system.

"He raves when I explain it to people." But Irene's enthusiasm went on. "You know you might want to get it for yourself." I wondered just what she meant by that, and resolved to go weigh myself.

Miss Dunne is a Kentucky gal from the horse, bourbon and bluegrass country. But she likes champagne and has lately taken to riding a bicycle for exercise. Golf is a favorite pastime, but she doesn't say she is supposed to be one of the best woman golfers in the movie colony.

## Serenely Climbing

Her father was supervisor of the steamship board in Washington, D. C., but she learned about river boats from "Show Boat."

She reads in bed every night before going to sleep. "I think every actor should read some Shakespeare, not for culture but for his use of words, and because he's so theatrical. And he's *not* highbrow."

I reminded her that some of the players used to carry pocket volumes of Shakespeare around on the set with them, telling the public that they were dying for culture.

"Then don't mention it about me. I really meant it and now it may sound phony."

When Irene first went to the Coast to play in "Leathernecking," a musical which got badly out of tune in the making, she didn't expect to stay long. There's a stage superstition to the effect that when you get a set nicely flossed up the show closes, and she decided not to decorate her studio quarters for fear she'd only have to pack up and leave. It has gone undecorated three years now, not even a picture on the wall. That's her pet superstition.

She hates noisy neighbors and earthquakes. For a while she thought noisy neighbors were the biggest nuisance of all, but now she's undecided between that annoyance and



earthquakes. Probably earthquakes, for her most boisterous neighbors have rented their home to a quiet family. They were not movie people, she hastened to explain, who kept going all night. She doesn't care to buy the Beverly house she occupies. A home in New England some day, she hopes.

She has no gnawing ambition to do anything but play in suitable pictures—and to keep pleasantly thin. She thinks Del Monte is the most beautiful place in America. It has three golf courses and perfect scenery. She doesn't mind mentioning her husband, and was registered at the hotel as Mrs. Griffin. She assured me it was perfectly all right to phone her about any additional questions.

She was born on December 20th, the coldest day of the year, and married on July 16, 1928, the hottest day of that year. She wonders if that signifies anything. Speaking of her marriage, Mr. Griffin showed up for the ceremony in shoes that weren't mates.

Her first dramatic rôle, and her favorite screen rôle, was in "Cimarron," with Richard Dix. Mr. Dix, she says, is perfectly grand to work with. She has no particular screen favorite, it being her theory that working in the colony robs one of his perspective on the stars and films.

"One has to be careful to avoid being accused of imitating some one," said Miss Dunne, referring to a recent review criticizing her for not "growing old" in "Back Street." "They wanted to put on a lot of make-up to make an old lady of me, but I said 'No, they'll say I'm trying to go Helen Hayes.' To make up for this, I want to do a picture that will make them drag out all their best adjectives."

Just after Miss Dunne's success in "Cimarron," I met her at a press party and arranged for an interview, which she canceled a few minutes later. It was set for a Washington's Birthday, and she could not be bothered on a holiday. I thought then that Miss Dunne was being very much the movie queen. I've changed my mind. I think she was only dazed and bewildered. That brand of whoopee is something new in the life of a player who has just come from the stage, for there is nothing else in the world quite like a movie cocktail party.

Now I say that, seen in simpler settings, you'd never suspect that Miss Dunne is a star. She's a pleasant, pretty, and punctual lady, the disarming hostess rather than the subject of a hot personality story of the Mae West school of journalism.



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## Hot-cha Baroness

Continued from page 25

Shakespearean rôles, sang in light opera, did some very frothy comedies and ultrasophisticated parts in French plays."

Splendid experience; but, oddly enough, it did not lead to her selection for "Maedchen in Uniform." Far from it—it nearly kept her out of the cast! Let Dorothea tell you how that came about, revealing her whimsical sense of humor as she does so.

"It was a little real-life drama, with a plush family album as the hero, a blond wig as the villain, and I the heroine the plush album rescued.

"People in Berlin, knowing me only through Emelka films, in which I had been made to wear a blond wig, thought me a somewhat vapid and unnatural blonde. So, although Carl Froelich, producer of 'Maedchen,' was actually a family friend, he knew the Wieck daughter only as an artificially blond actress that he certainly didn't want in his cast.

"But one day, while visiting the family, Mr. Froelich looked through our album. He saw pictures of me without the wig and thought I might fit into the part of *Von Bernburg*, the teacher."

It cost, I am told, about \$50,000, and in America its success was comparable to many a film costing ten times as much.

Dorothea's marriage to Ernst von der Decken, a German journalist who has just written a successful novel, occurred eight months ago.

Most film prophets agree with me that Ernst von der Decken will soon be a resident of Hollywood. They'll probably give him his title, Baron, over here, where titles retain a significance they have lost abroad. And that will make Dorothea Baroness.

She didn't mention this to me, of course. She hasn't gone Hollywood to that extent.

Undoubtedly Dorothea has had her share in her husband's success, for she confided to me that she is his critic. Even now he mails his manuscripts to her for criticism.

Her comments on our movies and stars were illuminating. She is attending many film showings to get acquainted with the work of other players. Of our stars, she favors Helen Hayes, Clive Brook, and Wallace Beery. But of Mae West she said:

"Have you seen this Mae West in 'She Done Him Wrong'? She is a fine actress. My! You know, we don't have anything like her in Germany."

Nor, she could have added, any more like her in America!

Dorothea is glad Herbert Marshall is to be her leading man in "White Woman," and was pleased when told that Charles Laughton would come all the way from England to be in the cast. She is the only woman in the picture, and they tell me her rôle is a powerful one.

Her manager, who also acts as her interpreter when she needs one, is George O. Gumpel. Spell it Georg, without the "e," if you value his esteem!

Mr. Gumpel had to translate just one word for Dorothea. After the more or less formal part of our interview, we were chatting casually, and I remarked that beer drinking was my only serious vice.

"Vice?" said Dorothea. "What is that?"

The manager explained it in German, and Dorothea, laughing heartily, protested, "But beer—that is not a vice!"

## Taking a Cut in Ages

Continued from page 17

Then, there is that exquisite actress and personality who was born in Washington, D. C., way back in 1895. Little Helen Brown! Now her name isn't Brown, and her birthdate is 1902. Anyway, she is one of the foremost actresses—some think the *only* one—of the talkies, and will probably continue to be for years and years. That is, if she elects to remain in them that long. All of which goes to prove that getting beyond the ingénue age should not worry any one as good as Helen Hayes.

Bebe Daniels doesn't try to conceal the statistical facts of her life.

There's a girl whose reputation for being sporting about things almost rivals her career as an actress. If she had gone to Sunday school around the time of her birthday—I'm only saying "if," mind you—she could have dropped thirty-two pennies in the birthday box. She would have, too, for why should Bebe try to short-change?

And Doris Kenyon, who writes books and gives concerts, and who is so gorgeous in "Voltaire," freely admits her birthdate. It is September 5, 1897—no less.

An actress who is praised by fans



because she looks like seventeen but acknowledges that she is older, is Bette Davis, from Lowell, Massachusetts. Bette was excited about her first real starring rôle, "Ex-Lady." But she leaves it to other film heroines to keep up the fiction that one should not be over twenty-one at the beginning of a starring career. If you are interested, Bette would tell you that she was twenty-five last April 5th.

Popular Jeanette MacDonald is one more actress belonging to this be-honest-about-your-age club. And why shouldn't she be? Just think what she has accomplished since that eventful June day in Philadelphia in 1907. We all read about how Jeanette "made" Paris—and that can't be done in a day.

It is rather a pity that the actresses who do not, won't take a leaf from the calendars of their franker sisters. Life would be so much more serene for them, if they did. The public doesn't really have the mind of a child, in spite of certain claims. And so many other things have happened lately to upset the equilibrium of the nation that it wouldn't be a shock at all to be told the real age of a screen favorite.

For the truth about birthdays seems to be akin to the idea about murder—it will out.

## Two Piccadilly Peaches

Continued from page 57

"In Hollywood, my phone rang incessantly," she said. "People were always wanting to sell me things. Would I care to buy a house, or see one for rent? Had I seen the latest Paris modes? Did I need a new car?"

"In England that never happens. Of course, it made me feel famous and popular. Then I was informed that it is an old Hollywood game. A contract player is constantly urged to buy, for her salary at the studio can be attached if she fails to pay. All the same, I felt famous while so besieged!"

Playing opposite Mr. Dix is another wonderful event. "I used to worship him when I first saw him in pictures years ago," she said, with an ecstatic gasp. "It seems romantic to find myself acting with him to-day!"

At Del Rey, by the sea, Miss Allan lives quietly with her terrier pup, Junior. In the meantime, awaiting her husband's return, she is gaining American fans.

Not to be outdone by her friend, Benita Hume is keeping up the same pace. She and Elizabeth have played on the stage and in pictures together,

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and are the best of friends. But whereas *la* Allan is content the while, *la* Hume yearns for the stage and Continental life.

"I act both on the stage and in pictures in London," she told me, when I lunched with her at the Paramount studio. "In Hollywood there are only pictures. New York is three thousand miles away; London, six. After eight months, I want to return to London to see what it is like. Not that my leaving has changed it. But I do want to see my family again, and—"

Benita handled her cigarette case. When it opened I discovered the reason for that "and." Inside was the snapshot of a man.

"My fiancé," Miss Hume explained, pushing the case across the table to me. "You see, I wish to return to England for a while to get my divorce finally settled."

Divorce? What now? It was, forsooth, a trifle confusing. Well, it seems that Benita married a newspaperman six years ago.

"But I did not say I had remained married for six years," she amended, when I dazedly wondered how an actress and journalist could remain married that long. "My fiancé and I have decided to marry. He is quite willing that I keep on with my acting. But then I would not dream of giving up my career."

It strikes me that Benita is a young person who generally gets her own way.

Instead of going to a young women's school, she insisted on attending the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. Her father, a barrister, looked askance at her desire. But she flaunted Shakespeare at him, so what could he do?

Ten years ago she played in her first picture, strangely entitled "A Happy Ending." It was while act-

ing on the stage in London, in "Party," that scouts spotted her for America. Benita's first American rôles have not appealed to her. She says she has been decidedly miscast, even in "Gambling Ship," with Cary Grant, for which she was lent to Paramount.

"People are kind to newcomers," she declared. "The only thing I had to complain of was the dismal dressing room supplied me by Metro. I chanced to mention this to Marie Dressler at a party. The next morning I found she had had her own movable dressing room placed outside my set. She was not working at the time.

"Of course, everything in Hollywood is quite different from English studios." She cast a swift glance about the restaurant. "This place is a treat. In England we usually run out to the nearest pub for a sandwich and a glass of ale. Then back to work."

Since economic conditions were not the urge attracting her to fly back to England, I conjectured that love—her new love—was the chief motive.

Her stalwart fiancé, Jack Dunfee, was over here not long ago, but had to return. He races, Miss Hume informed me. Not professionally, like a grimy mechanic, but artistically with the other toffs. But his hobby is annoyingly interrupted by the printing factory he owns.

After her Paramount picture, Benita goes to Universal for "Only Yesterday."

"Then I intend to take a trip home to see my father and mother and sister, to settle my divorce, and to marry. But I'll come right back."

All in all, *la* Hume will have a crowded year.

But, along with her pal Elizabeth, Benita has all that it takes!

## Can They Beat the Jinx?

Continued from page 49

They saw something of every country en route, spending three days in Paris. From there they went by train to Marseilles to embark for Singapore, where they established their base. Each morning they started out into the jungle to shoot scenes. They usually managed to get back to the hotel by nightfall, but a few times they were forced to pitch camp in the thick of the jungle. Their safari included seven white members and twenty-five natives. These were Chinese, Japanese, Sikh, Malay, Hindu, and various other races. All of them acted in the picture. Kane and Marion are particularly enthusi-

astic over one Ah Lee, a Chinese boy of seven who worked with them.

On the trip home, Kane and Marion came by way of China and Japan. They made personal appearances in Shanghai, Osaka, Kobi, and Kyoto. Although a surprising number of the natives speak English, they had an interpreter. In Kyoto, they visited a ruined temple. They noticed a familiar-looking man inspecting the ruins, but could not place him. Finally they mustered up courage to speak to him. It was Sessue Hayakawa, the famous Japanese actor. Hayakawa told them he plans to re-



turn to the United States shortly to resume his film career.

Wherever they went, everything was dainty and immaculate. They were invited into the homes of the Japanese and treated like visiting royalty. Indeed, if the Japanese are half as charming as Kane and Marion paint them, they are an almost super-human race.

"We met many interesting people," Kane told me. "For example, we became very chummy with the Sultan and Sultana of Johore. We met them on the ship bound for Singapore. By the time we reached their country we were on intimate terms. The sultana is a charming Englishwoman. The sultan is famous as a polo player."

If "Three Against Death" lives up to expectations, Kane and Marion will probably become two of the most prominent players in pictures. Yet, Hollywood being the fickle town it is, one hesitates to make predictions. The gods seem to have a particular antipathy toward big location specials. Murnau, one of the greatest of directors, died before "Tabu," his

crowning achievement, was released. W. S. VanDyke contracted pneumonia while making "Eskimo" in Alaska.

The story of Edwina Booth and Duncan Rinaldo is well known. Edwina has never been able to work since contracting a fever in the jungles while working on "Trader Horn." Rinaldo has been stalked by fate ever since that film, until he was recently deported as an alien.

Kane and Marion can scarcely be compared to these two, since they were both seasoned players with stage and film experience when they were selected for "Three Against Death"; Rinaldo and Edwina were picked from the ranks. Yet the two pictures are of much the same type, featuring the jungle and its danger and excitement.

With the tragedy that has always lurked in the wake of such pictures, what will happen to Kane Richmond and Marion Burns? They should go far in films. So far, they have escaped the cruel hand of fate. Perhaps they have broken the jinx on big location pictures.

## Why Landi Walked Out

Continued from page 45

With the plaudits of audiences ringing over "The Warrior's Husband" and "I Loved You Wednesday," Fox brought out "I Am a Widow," a story described as being "hotter than heathen sin," centering about a feminine beauty who had been cold and aloof throughout all her life but who had suddenly developed "It" as the widow of a duke. This duke passed on, leaving her a title and barrels of money; but a clause in his will said that if she ever allowed a breath of scandal to touch her, she was to be promptly relieved of her fortune.

"This'll cinch Elissa's place as a new and lovely siren!" Fox executives said as they rushed to her with the script. They were elated.

Cinch it? Oh, yeah! Elissa took the manuscript home. She read it over once. She read it over again. She read it with her mother, the countess. Then she commenced getting mad.

Elissa picked up the manuscript, squared her jaw and strode to the office of Mr. Sheehan where she let loose her rising tide of anger. She absolutely would not play the part! What did they think she was, anyway, a sensation hunter? What was the idea of throwing all these sexy rôles in her lap? She was fed up on 'em! She would resign right then and there!

The door opened swiftly and she

was gone. Her little French heels beat a rapid staccato down the hall until the outer door was reached. The roar of her car was her good-by.

Mother Landi, the countess, offered the only explanation. "Elissa asked for her release because she so cordially disapproved of depicting a flippant woman who had married an old man for his money," she said. "After her work in 'The Warrior's Husband' and 'I Loved You Wednesday,' it was outrageous to ask her to portray such an odious type."

But the odious part of the rôle, it developed, was that the widow in the play suddenly became sex-conscious and her entire personality underwent a change. Instead of being a cold, unemotional beauty, she was transformed into a human firebox who could enthuse over a marble statue or a painting of a good-sized, healthy man.

"And that kind of a rôle wasn't cut out for Elissa!" Mamma Landi declared.

Well, Elissa chose her course. She rebelled at exploiting sex. It will be remembered that Mary Brian did, too. She wanted to be the sweet little virgin of the universe and believe the story of the stork until she was old enough to vote. But her attitude cost her the rating of a star.

Strange case, that of Elissa! But will she come back?

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## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

satirical patter. He extracts all the humor possible out of his rôle and has never been seen to as good advantage on the screen.

For the rest of it, the film is a pleasant hodgepodge of football, love affairs, and a comic interlude by Burns and Allen, who appear as a caterer and his assistant at a college party. To Richard Arlen falls the task of contributing what serious acting is required and of course he plays well a football hero suffering from an enlarged heart.

A pleasant surprise is Mary Carlisle, who gives a charming performance as the youthful heroine in love with Mr. Crosby's singing and whose pursuit of him makes Mr. Arlen jealous. The story of the picture is too inconsequential to recount, but the whole thing is agreeable and lively.

### "Baby Face."

Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent, Donald Cook, Henry Kolker, John Wayne, James Murray, Theresa Harris, Alphonse Ethier, Douglas Dumbrille.

Always one of the most interesting of the younger stars, Barbara Stanwyck holds her place in her new picture with a shrewd, understanding characterization and a marvelous wig. It changes her appearance to an extraordinary degree and Miss Stanwyck, the forthright and unadorned, now becomes a blond siren. Unfortunately, the material provided for

her falls short of the superior talent of herself and Max Factor. That is to say, the picture is entertaining but it does not qualify as artistic achievement. This is because of a so-called happy ending that does not belong and the unconvincing reformation, through love, of a woman who has left death and destruction in her wake and who drives her husband to attempted suicide.

Yet in spite of the lurid exploits of *Lily*, Miss Stanwyck makes her thoughtfully convincing. She makes you feel that *Lily's* ruthlessness is actually the result of early environment and not the histrionic splurge of a star on the rampage. You see, *Lily* is practically brought up in a Pittsburgh speakeasy frequented by mill hands and is exploited by her father, the proprietor. When she sets out to make a life of her own her principles, or lack of them, are based on what she has learned of the viciousness of men. Naturally, the story is episodic but Miss Stanwyck's striking and smooth portrayal fills the gaps and dominates the film.

George Brent is well cast as the young bank president who marries Miss Stanwyck and is refused her financial aid when ruin overtakes his bank. Donald Cook is excellent as an early victim of *Lily's* wiles and other members of the cast are equally authoritative.

## Shadowed by Fear

Continued from page 59

Constance Bennett insisted that her only fear is of crowds. On the rare occasions when she makes personal appearances she uses smelling salts to help her through the ordeal.

Helen Twelvetees was once knocked unconscious by a faulty electrical connection and since then she fears anything pertaining to electricity.

Clive Brook could think of only one real fear, the dread of physical disability. Whatever happens to him he does not want to be handicapped by bodily infirmity.

Norma Shearer, like Napoleon, is afraid of cats. History does not give the reason for Napoleon's phobia, but in the case of Norma, she saw, while a small girl, another child badly clawed by a cat. Since then she shivers when she sees one near her.

One day years ago when Anita Page was walking home from kindergarten a dog went mad in the street and, after running in circles for a

while, started toward Anita and the other children. Anita ran screaming down the street to her mother, and from that day to this has been afraid of dogs.

By the time I tabulated all these phobias I felt rather discouraged. Most of the fears expressed were trivial.

Then I remembered that I had not contacted Lew Ayres. Lew, the courageous, probably would admit the worst.

"What do I fear?" he asked. "Oh, I fear a lot of things. Poverty, poor stories, picture stealers, and crowds—no, don't say that I fear crowds, just say I *dislike* them. And I have nightmares before starting a new picture." After a pause he added, "I guess those are my worst fears. If I think of any more I'll phone you."

He didn't phone, so we may take it that those are Lew's most important fears. If only all the players had been as frank as he!





Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon exchange greetings with the cockatoo family at Agua Caliente before going to Europe for their vacation.

## Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 47

overly pretentious. Miriam occasionally sings to the baby there, when he is going to sleep. Recently her voice must have exerted an amazing lullaby effect, for she also put her gardener to sleep with the song.

**Hollywood Luck Better.**—Lucky in the films, unlucky on the stage—that's Diana Wynyard's record, in so far as her pilgrimage to London is concerned. Her play failed in the British metropolis, and so the "lady of quality" is back in Hollywood preparing for work in "The Fountain."

**Always Seeking Attention.**—Crazy fads are all the go in movie-land again. Raquel Torres has had her chow dog's hair dyed platinum blond. Poor chow! Irene Dunne has been displaying a paper hat which she wove herself, the material costing only thirty-five cents. And various

stars, notably the Marx Brothers, have been backing prize fighters' careers.

The Marxes financed "Canvasback" Cohen, who turned out to be a winner in his bout. They were smart enough to quit after he won.

**Connie Takes Contract Leap.**—Constance Bennett has kicked over the traces again. She has got herself a bright new contract with Twentieth Century Pictures, a new organization which is just plunging into picture-making and causing a lot of excitement while doing it. It's whispered around that Connie has a chance to make about \$10,000 a week on this new assignment, what with the fact that she is to get a percentage of the profits on her films. Always smart in a financial way is that Connie.



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## The True Baxter

Continued from page 43

routine, but has the fatalistic tendency of accepting the inevitable. His nature is affectionate and sensitive, colored with a keen appreciation of the finer things.

His parents were poverty-stricken when he was a youngster. The bitter fight for a living taught him courage, tolerance, and responsibility. His mother objected to his choice of a stage career, so for several years he sold steam shovels and farm implements. Finally, she consented and eventually he landed as leading man of the Morosco stock company in Los Angeles. Hollywood producers saw him and first cast him in 1922.

He is generally in dire need of a hair cut. Tennis is his chief sport. He sings in the shower bath and eats a bountiful breakfast of eggs, bacon, and coffee. Without a moment's notice, he will go into ecstasies over spaghetti and chili.

His pet aversion is critical, erratic people. He detests gossipy teas and golf. He appreciates the feelings of others and seldom consciously hurts. He has a quick temper which requires all his will power to hold in check.

Baxter is something of a paradox

in a paradoxical city. He is at once a cosmopolite and a man of the outdoors, being as much at home in a drawing-room as in a miner's shack.

He has a summer home at Malibu where he and Herbert Brenon head the tennis tournaments. He has seven radios—one in every room. He also owns a cabin hermitage in the San Jacinto mountains near San Bernardino. There he has a menagerie filled with foxes, bobcats, and mountain lions. The weekly feed bill for these animals would keep an ordinary family of three people.

He looks forward to his annual visits to his home town, Columbus, Ohio, as do his old friends and neighbors there. His most cherished possession is a set of Dresden china which belonged to his mother. He owns hundreds of books and, what is more, reads and rereads them. Has worn blue shirts and blue ties for years.

His energetic Scotty, his daily companion, knows more about Warner than his wife does. Baxter is glad the dog is inarticulate, however. "If he could talk, his revelations might be embarrassing," laughs the genial Warner.

## A Star's Worst Enemy

Continued from page 51

A star playing sophisticated rôles needs education and background. Although she had neither of these, Lilyan Tashman took stock of herself, realized her needs, and made herself what she wanted to be. The youngest of seven daughters in a poor family, her education was naturally limited. But Lilyan decided that her best chance of success lay in the portrayal of sophisticated and worldly rôles; and by herself, with only an inborn sense of taste to guide her, she attained the necessary polish and depth of character. She has also

learned to curb her naturally quick temper. There are occasional flares, of course, but nothing to compare to the old outbursts.

The rewards of success go to those who can take stock of themselves, recognize their abilities and cultivate them, see their own faults and handicaps and conquer them. Every star in Hollywood has had to conquer either physical disability or some quirk of character—have you had your quirks adjusted lately?—that threatened his ultimate success. Even as you and I.

## Information, Please

Continued from page 9

erland, January 3, 1908; has blue-gray eyes and brown hair. Married to Baron Ernst von der Decken, managing editor of a Berlin newspaper. Please note that the name is pronounced *Veeck*.

A WESTERN FAN.—Bob Steele is twenty-seven and is a native of Portland, Oregon; is five feet ten, and weighs 165. Ken Maynard was born on July 21, 1895; Tom Tyler, in 1903. Jack Hoxie has been making pictures for Majestic.

JOAN.—Their birthdates are as follows:

Kay Francis, January 13, 1906; Fredric March, August 31, 1898; Elissa Landi, December 6, 1906; Carol Lombard, October 6, 1909; Norma Shearer, August 10, 1904. Diana Wynyard was born in England, January 16, 1908; five feet six, weighs 125, and has blue-gray eyes and blond hair.

RAYMOND NOLAN.—I just couldn't disappoint one of our Canadian friends! George O'Brien was born in San Francisco, September 1, 1900; Tim McCoy in Saginaw, Michigan, April 10, 1891; Ken



Maynard, Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895; Evalyn Knapp, Kansas City, Missouri, June 17, 1908; Spencer Tracy, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 5, 1900; Robert Woolsey, Cincinnati, Ohio, August 14, 1889; Bert Wheeler, Paterson, New Jersey, April 7, 1895; Stan Laurel, England, June 16, 1895; Oliver Hardy, Atlanta, Georgia, January 18, 1892.

**CURIOUS BET.**—Write to Clyde Beatty at Universal Studio, Universal City, California, and Claudette Colbert, Paramount Studio, Hollywood. Claudette will be twenty-six on September 13th. Ruby Keeler was twenty-four on August 25th, and Robert Montgomery was twenty-nine on May 21st last.

**D. P.**—Frank Lawton, who was the *Joe Marryot* of "Cavalcade," comes from England, where he was born on September 30, 1904. Tom Keene doesn't say how old he will be on December 30th. Wallace Reid, Jr., was in the cast of "The Racing Strain," and you will also see him in "This Day and Age."

**JUNE SHAW.**—For a photograph of the screen's youngest character actress, Helen Mack, write to RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. She was importantly cast in "Sweepings" and "Melody Cruise."

**TOBBY.**—Although Norma Shearer very likely reads a portion of her fan mail, it wouldn't be possible for her to read and dictate replies to all. Most stars have secretaries who take care of their correspondence. Your questions pertaining to Diana Wynyard have been covered elsewhere in the department.

**GINGER B.**—Right now there is a rift in the lute of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, in spite of which they are playing together in a stage act. You will see Barry Norton, in "Cocktail Hour." Warner Baxter is with Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California. Simply address "What the Fans Think" in care of Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

**J. L. T.**—Norman Phillips, Jr., played *Carruthers* in "Tom Brown of Culver." Tommy Conlon was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, June 21, 1917, and has auburn-brown hair and blue eyes. He began his picture career in 1924 with "Our Gang." Lives with his father on a ranch in Tarzana, California.

**PATRICIA.**—Douglas Fairbanks's right name is Ullman. These players were born in August: Adrienne Ames, on the 3rd, in Fort Worth, Texas; Eleanor Boardman, the 19th, 1899, in Philadelphia; Joan Blondell, the 30th, 1909, in New York City; Billie Burke, 7th, 1886, in Washington, D. C.; Charles Farrell, 9th, 1905, Walpole, Massachusetts; Ann Harding, 7th, 1901, Fort Sam Houston, Texas; Dorothy Jordan, 9th, 1910, Clarksville, Tennessee; Ruby Keeler, 25th, 1909, Halifax, Nova Scotia; Fredric March, 31st, 1898, Racine, Wisconsin; Anita Page, 4th, 1910, Flushing, New York; Gene Raymond, 13th, 1909, New York City; Sylvia Sidney, 8th, 1910, New York City; Norma Shearer, 10th, 1904, Montreal, Canada; Alice White, 28th, 1907, Paterson, New Jersey.

**T. J. H.**—The only address I have for Phillips Holmes is the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

**J. P.**—Joan Crawford's hair is naturally brown, but right now it is reddish brown. If you have a star's home address there is no reason why you shouldn't send a



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letter there. When requesting an autographed photo it is customary to inclose twenty-five cents to cover cost.

**ALICE KENNEDY.**—Mae West's first picture, "She Done Him Wrong," will be followed by "I'm No Angel." Miss West comes from Brooklyn, New York, denies that she is married, and is in her forties. We published an interview with her in April.

**SUBSCRIBER.**—It is impossible for me to know just which pictures are shown in Germany. Perhaps a trade paper like the *Motion Picture Herald*, published at 1790 Broadway, New York City, could tell you.

**GLEASON ROMANS.**—Ann Ross was born on February 27th, but doesn't give the year. Attended Bacone College at Muskogee, Oklahoma. Entered pictures in 1929. Five feet one and a half, weighs 112, and has black hair and brown eyes.

**Boots.**—Vilma Banky and her husband, Rod La Rocque, are living in Berlin at present, where the latter recently made a picture called "S. O. S. Iceberg." Address Una Merkel at Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California, and Walter Connolly at Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood. Sorry, but I can supply only studio addresses of stars.

**FRANCES.**—"Emergency Call," with Betty Furness, is Bill Boyd's latest for RKO, to whom he is under contract. Yes, Bill is a most likable chap. Wish you could meet him.

**M. L.**—Address Lucille Brown at Universal Studio, Universal City, California; John Wayne, at Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California; Edwina Booth, Tec-Art Studio, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood. The other players you list are free-lancing. Buck Jones and Greta Granstedt were the principal players in Columbia's "McKenna of the Mounted."



# ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

## Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Mozelle Brittone	Tim McCoy
Walter Connolly	Adolphe Menjou
Donald Cook	Toshia Mori
Richard Cromwell	Jessie Ralph
Jack Holt	Fay Wray

## Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Heather Angel	Alan Livingston
Frank Atkinson	Boots Mallory
Lew Ayres	Jose Mojica
Warner Baxter	Herbert Mundin
John Boles	George O'Brien
Clara Bow	Una O'Connor
Marion Burns	Gene Raymond
Henrietta Crosman	Kane Richmond
James Dunn	Will Rogers
Sally Eilers	Buddy Rogers
Norman Foster	Raul Roulien
Henry Garat	Genevieve Tobin
Janet Gaynor	Merle Tottenham
Lilian Harvey	Spencer Tracy
Miriam Jordan	June Vladek
Victor Jory	Irene Ware
Elissa Landi	

## Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Tad Alexander	Phillips Holmes
Elizabeth Allan	Benita Hume
Nils Asther	Walter Huston
John Barrymore	Myrna Loy
Lionel Barrymore	Una Merkel
Wallace Beery	John Miljan
Charles Butterworth	Robert Montgomery
Mary Carlisle	Colleen Moore
Virginia Cherrill	Frank Morgan
Mae Clarke	Karen Morley
Jackie Cooper	Ramon Novarro
Joan Crawford	Maureen O'Sullivan
Marion Davies	Jean Parker
Marie Dressler	May Robson
Jimmy Durante	Norma Shearer
Madge Evans	Martha Sleeper
Muriel Evans	Lewis Stone
Clark Gable	Franchot Tone
Greta Garbo	Lee Tracy
Lawrence Grant	Johnny Weissmuller
William Haines	Diana Wynyard
Jean Harlow	Robert Young
Helen Hayes	

## RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Constance Bennett	Arline Judge
Bill Boyd	Tom Keene
Bruce Cabot	Francis Lederer
Chic Chandler	Eric Linden
Dolores Del Rio	Anita Louise
Richard Dix	Helen Mack
Irene Dunne	Mary Mason
Betty Furness	Joel McCrea
William Gargan	Gregory Ratoff
Hale Hamilton	Bert Wheeler
Ann Harding	Dorothy Wilson
Katharine Hepburn	Gretchen Wilson
Dorothy Jordan	Robert Woolsey

## Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Brian Aherne	Jack La Rue
Adrienne Ames	Charles Laughton
Lona Andre	John Davis Lodge
Richard Arlen	Carol Lombard
Mary Boland	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Sari Maritza
Kathleen Burke	Herbert Marshall
Maurice Chevalier	Jack Oakie
Claudette Colbert	Gail Patrick
Gary Cooper	George Raft
Ricardo Cortez	Charlie Ruggles
Buster Crabbe	Randolph Scott
Marlene Dietrich	Sylvia Sidney
Patricia Farley	Alison Skipworth
Wynne Gibson	Kent Taylor
Cary Grant	Helen Twelvetrees
Verna Hillie	Mae West
Miriam Hopkins	Dorothea Wieck
Roscoe Karns	Elizabeth Young

## United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Douglas Fairbanks
Eddie Cantor	Mary Pickford
Charles Chaplin	Gloria Swanson
Ronald Colman	Loretta Young

## Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Vince Barnett	June Knight
Tala Birell	Paul Lukas
Tom Brown	Ken Maynard
Andy Devine	Gloria Stuart
Boris Karloff	Slim Summerville

## Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Hardie Albright	Allen Jenkins
Loretta Andrews	Ruby Keeler
Richard Barthelmess	Guy Kibbee
Joan Blondell	Margaret Lindsay
George Brent	Aline MacMahon
Joe E. Brown	Helen Mann
James Cagney	Frank McHugh
Ruth Chatterton	Paul Muni
Bebe Daniels	Theodore Newton
Bette Davis	Dick Powell
Claire Dodd	William Powell
Ruth Donnelly	Edward G. Robinson
Ann Dvorak	Barbara Rogers
Patricia Ellis	Jayne Shaddock
Glenda Farrell	Barbara Stanwyck
Preston Foster	Lyle Talbot
Kay Francis	Sheila Terry
Eleanor Holm	Helen Vinson
Ann Hovey	Renee Whitney
Harold Huber	Warren William
Alice Jans	Pat Wing

## Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.  
Ralph Bellamy, Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Helen Chandler, Sharon Lynn, Lilyan Tashman, Mary Brian, 401 Taft Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Neil Hamilton, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood.



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## HAVE YOU A "BLIND SPOT"?

In case you are at a loss to recognize your "blind spot," let us tell you what it is.

When one is unconsciously blind to some very real eccentricity, foible, or fault that is glaringly apparent to everybody else—that's a blind spot in one's character.

Have you a blind spot? Of course you have. No one, not even the most self-critical, is without this peculiarity. Think, then, how interesting are the blind spots in the mental make-up of the stars! For they are colorful egocentrics, else they would not be stars.

In next month's Picture Play, Muriel Babcock cleverly and sympathetically bares some blind spots that will make you gasp. What is Joan Crawford's blind spot? Gary Cooper's? Ann Harding's? Lee Tracy's? They're all listed in this entertaining story. Remember to read it!



## HALF OF HOLLYWOOD DOESN'T SPEAK TO THE OTHER HALF

Why do you suppose many of the stars have never met other players as well known as themselves?

Who ever started the legend that the studios are just one big happy family? It isn't so. Many stars have never met. Some of them have refused the opportunity. Others have avoided an introduction and some have met under circumstances that forbade a repetition of amenities.

There's an unusual story here and Llewellyn Miller has written it for readers of November Picture Play who wish to be informed of the unusual rather than the trite.

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STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.





### *Move your feet?*

"NO!" says MAE WEST, speaking of the "Midway," the dance she does in her newest picture, "I'M NO ANGEL." "It's not a dance of the hands and feet, but a dance of the Midway. I throw discretion to the winds and my hips go North, South, East and West." Come up and see me, "I'M NO ANGEL."



### *He Pets!*

GARY COOPER says it with pets instead of with flowers, for his pet gifts amount to a very large sum annually. In "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON," he says it with something else in his slow caressing voice as he thrills FRANCES FULLER in a way that will thrill you.

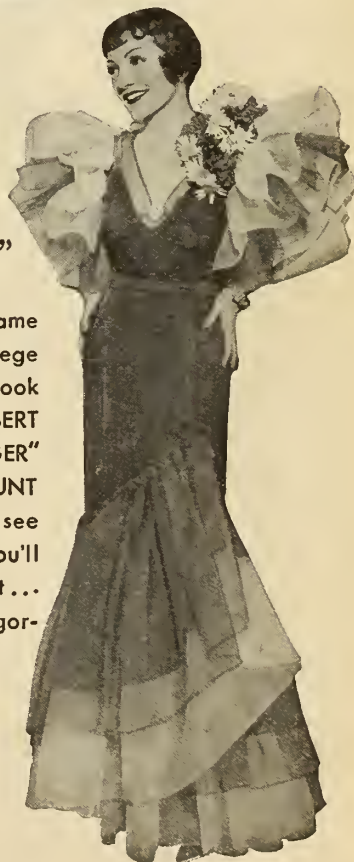
### *"A Good Number!"*

.... I should say, 'numbers'.... the best I have ever sung," says BING CROSBY, Paramount's latest star, of the songs he sings in "TOO MUCH HARMONY" in which he appears with Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen and Harry Green. If you thought him fascinating in "College Humor"... just listen to him in "TOO MUCH HARMONY."



### *"Boy, She's Stacked!"*

The exclamation came from a visiting college youth as his eyes took in CLAUDETTE COLBERT on the "TORCH SINGER" set at the PARAMOUNT Studio. When you see "TORCH SINGER" you'll see what he meant... a stunning figure gorgeously gowned.



Watch for I'M NO ANGEL, TOO MUCH HARMONY, TORCH SINGER, ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, all Paramount Pictures at your theatre soon.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN



# WHAT THE FANS THINK

Crawford—Noon Edition.

**O**H, for Heaven's sake! We have, in July Picture Play *another* "new" Joan Crawford. I'm ready to yip, reading about all the different girls rolled into one and called Joan Crawford. *Puleeze*, Joan, do take a rest from your burning ambition and stay *one way* for a while. Every six months we get a *new* Crawford. I tell you it's wearing me down!

And, Joan, *go back* to Doug. I hope this doesn't mean *you* are to become one of those "married and divorced seventy-five times" persons. That isn't essential to success. Be yourself. Quit analyzing every thought, every action.

BAYONNE GLADSON.

505 West Locust Street, Davenport, Iowa.

Lee Tracy Versus Cagney.

**T**HIS is in reply to "Adult Fan" who is delighted that James Cagney is with us again, and in the next paragraph had the nerve to accuse Lee Tracy of being atrocious, behaving like a second-rate hoofer, and of overacting. That shows what a one-track mind "Adult Fan" has.

"Adult Fan," you tacked "atrocious, second-rate hoofer" on a first-class actor, while in your former paragraph the person that you praise certainly merits first prize in being all that you have said and more besides.

Lee Tracy is whimsical, full of pep, and humorous, making his characterizations vivid and unforgettable, while James Cagney's speech is whiny, disgusting, and cheap. That goes for his fresh characterizations, too, and if anybody's rôles are overplayed, well, his certainly are.

Did you see "Private Jones"? It was the best portrayal of a boy who didn't believe in war that I've ever seen and, believe me, I've seen plenty of pictures. Lee Tracy was real—he *was* Bill Jones. Could Cagney have come through as he did in "Clear All Wires"? Absolutely not! He would have turned the picture into a gangster's holiday. And I thought "Washington Merry-Go-Round" was swell, but "Picture Snatcher," with Cagney, was positively rotten. When he gets cheap and fresh I wish some one would sock him.

Mr. Tracy can be serious or humorous as the part calls for. His flashes of humor add a touch of finesse. You laugh with him, feel depressed when he's down, and chuckle as he constantly moves his expressive hands about. Every time a Cagney picture is on, the audience snickers and makes bright side remarks. He never seems to be able to wipe that leer off his mug and act any other part than that of a "wise boid." Somebody ought to take him for a ride and forget to bring him back.

Continued on page 10



A "new" Crawford every six months is wearing Bayonne Gladson down.



Whimsical and full of pep, Lee Tracy is everything but a second-rate hoofer to one fan.



# REDUCE

## WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS OR ...IT WON'T COST YOU ONE CENT!

NOW...YOU CAN BE  
YOUR SLIMMER SELF  
...without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!



THOUSANDS OF WOMEN  
HAVE FOUND THIS THE IDEAL  
WAY TO REDUCE!



"I REDUCED MY HIPS  
9 INCHES"

writes Miss Healy

"Since last May the Perfolastic Girdle has reduced my hips nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet."

Miss JEAN HEALY  
299 Park Avenue,  
New York City



"I REDUCED MY HIPS  
FROM 43 to 34½ INCHES"

writes Miss Brian

"I... measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips."

Miss B. BRIAN  
Hotel Victoria  
New York City



*We want you to try*  
**THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**  
*at our expense!*

"I REDUCED MY WAIST AND HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"... writes Miss Brian... "Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away"... writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

### Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit... its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

### Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh

● The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

### Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results... and your money will be immediately refunded.

THE COUPON BRINGS YOU FREE BOOKLET AND  
SAMPLE OF THE VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

**SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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# Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

## By The Oracle

**RAE.**—Myrna Loy seems more popular than ever since she played opposite Ramon Novarro, in "The Barbarian." She comes from Helena, Montana, where she was born August 2, 1905. Is five feet six, weighs about 100, and has red hair and green eyes. And such eyes! Her real name is Myrna Williams, and she has never been married. "Dark to Dawn" and "The Worst Woman in Paris" are her latest.

**JACK PALM.**—You can't say Picture Play has been neglecting that charming youngster, Dick Powell. Last March we published an interview with him, and in July was a layout from "Gold Diggers," and last month a page portrait. You will find addresses of stars in the back pages of this issue. Ernest Truex is five feet three.

**ETHEL RADIGAN.**—That vivacious blonde, Joan Blondell, is a native New Yorker. She enjoys swimming and watching football games. In "The Crowd Roars," Joan played the part of *Anne*. Maureen O'Sullivan is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Charles O'Sullivan. Tennis and horseback riding are her hobbies.

**HELEN M.**—Gene Raymond is now free-lancing, but a letter may reach him at Paramount Studio, Hollywood. Born in New York City, August 13, 1908; five feet ten, weighs 157, blue eyes, platinum-blond hair. I must ask you to send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish a list of the films in which he has appeared.

**JOAN AND MARION.**—Elissa Landi was born in Venice, Italy, December 6, 1906, is married to John C. Lawrence, an English barrister; address at Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California; Charles Farrell, Walpole, Massachusetts, August 9, 1905, married to Virginia Valli; Fox Studio; Sally Eilers, New York City, December 11, 1908, planning to divorce Hoot Gibson, address Fox; Warner Baxter, Columbus, Ohio, March 29, 1891, married to Winifred Bryson, with Fox; Janet Gaynor, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, October 6, 1907, also with Fox.

**JANE W.**—Katharine Hepburn is now playing in "Morning Glory," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and will be seen next in "Little Women." She is five feet five and a half, weighs 105, and has reddish-brown hair and green-gray eyes. Sorry, but I have no record of the music accompanying "Christopher Strong."

**VELDA SPENCE.**—The inspector of the aquarium in "The Penguin Pool Murder" was Clarence H. Wilson. Yes, Hugh Williams of "Rome Express" played in the talkie version of "Charlie's Aunt." That's Ivor Novello's right name. So Ramon Novarro is your favorite, eh? Well, watch for his "Cat and the Fiddle."

**D. G.**—I am sure you enjoyed that interview with Ruth Chatterton in August Picture Play. Shortly after her return from Europe, Miss Chatterton was confined to her home with a severe attack of

bronchitis and a nervous breakdown. Warner's have selected "Female" as her next.

**BON FITZPATRICK.**—When your letter was received, Dick Powell was laid up with pneumonia. Overworked, the doctors said. Most people are surprised to know that he has been married and divorced. This red-headed youth comes from Arkansas, and made his screen debut in "Blessed Event."

**SAMMY.**—George Raft was just thirty on September 26th, is five feet ten, weighs 155; Richard Barthelmess, thirty-six on May 9th last, five feet seven, weighs 140.

**THELMA WILSON.**—Noah Beery, Jr., is nineteen, and Tom Tyler thirty, but I haven't the month and day of their birth.

**A LOY FAN.**—After completing her studies at the Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles, Myrna Loy studied danc-

These are five feet one: Dorothy Jordan, Merle Tottenham.

**A FAN.**—If you saw "She Done Him Wrong," then you will remember Rafaela Ottiano, who played *Russian Rita*. She comes from Venice, Italy, where she was born on March 4, 1896; is five feet five, weighs 130, and has black hair, brown eyes.

**MARY ANDERER.**—We published an interview with George O'Brien in the April number. This tells far more about him than I could print here. If you want that issue, it may be had by sending ten cents to our Subscription Department.

**ELLEN I. HEDER.**—Phillips Holmes is the son of Taylor Holmes, the actor. He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, July 22, 1908; six feet, weighs 155, blond hair, blue eyes. Write to him and Diana Wynyard, Jean Parker, and Karen Morley at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. I shall be glad to mail you a list of their films if you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

**JEAN.**—Sorry to disappoint you, but I do not keep a record of the theme songs from the various pictures. Kay Francis's eyes are brown.

**LEIGH R. SMITH.**—Besides those you mention, Walter Connolly has also played in "No More Orchids," "Bitter Tea of General Yen," with "Paddy the Next Best Thing" as his latest. He is under contract to Columbia.

**C. B.**—Joan Crawford's first picture was "Sally, Irene, and Mary." Constance Bennett was *Sally*, Joan *Irene*, and Sally O'Neil *Mary*. William Haines had the male lead. Forrest Stanley played opposite Marion Davis in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," released in September, 1922. Mary Duncan attended Cornell University, although she did not remain long enough to graduate.

**CHARLYNE DAVISON.**—Here are those birthdates: Marlene Dietrich, December 27, 1905; Clark Gable, February 1, 1901; Ruby Keeler, August 25, 1909; John Boles, October 27, 1898; Janet Gaynor, October 6, 1907; Una Merkel, December 10, 1909.

**JUNE M.**—It is always a pleasant surprise to find Sterling Holloway in a picture. Perhaps you saw him in "Elmer the Great," "International House," "Gold Diggers of 1933," and "Professional Sweetheart." Fredric March's right name is Bickel. He is six feet, and was thirty-five on August 31st. "Man of the Forest" is Buster Crabbe's latest release.

**F. J. F.**—Jimmy Durante was born in New York City, February 18, 1893, of Italian parents. He is married to Jeanne Olsen.

**MARY.**—That is Tom Brown's right name. Richard Cromwell's is Roy Rada-baugh. As far as I know, that is Eric Linden's real name. Address him at RKO Studio, 790 Gower Street, Hollywood.

READERS  
DESIRING PERSONAL REPLIES  
TO QUESTIONS  
MUST  
INCLOSE SELF-ADDRESSED,  
STAMPED ENVELOPES

ing under Ruth St. Denis. After some experience dancing in prologues at the Egyptian Theater, Hollywood, she entered pictures in 1925. See *Rae* for further information.

**WANTS TO KNOW.**—I should say you do! I can't list all those players, but it is customary to inclose twenty-five cents with each request for a photo. For one of Jean Harlow, write to the M.-G.-M. Studio, Culver City, California; Warner Baxter at Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, and Gene Raymond at Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

**VIRGINIA SETTLE.**—Kay Francis was born Katherine Gibbs in Oklahoma City, on January 13, 1906; is about five feet five, weighs 112, and has black hair and brown eyes. She prepared herself for secretarial work, but determined on a stage career upon her return from a European vacation. Frances Dee, though born in Los Angeles, entered pictures only for a lark while on a visit there. Her work in a minor rôle in "Monte Carlo" won her a contract and the lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in "Playboy of Paris." She will be twenty-five on November 26th; five feet three, weighs 108, brown hair, gray eyes.

**E. L. N.**—It's their heights you are interested in, is it? The following are just five feet: Helen Hayes, Toshia Mori, Dorothy Lee, Joan Peers, Bessie Love.



**JEAN OFFICE.**—For scenes of "A Farewell to Arms," address the publicity department of Paramount Pictures Corp., Paramount Bldg., New York City, and for those of "The White Sister," Metro-Goldwyn Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York City. "Dark to Dawn" and "Another Language" are Helen Hayes's latest. She was born in Washington, D. C., October 10, 1900, is five feet, weighs 99, and has brown hair and blue eyes.

**DOROTHY KEARNEY.**—It is very likely that Joan Crawford will remarry some day. In fact, she says so herself. Her right name is Lucille LeSueur. Born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1908; is five feet four, weighs 110; blue eyes with reddish-brown hair that is blond for the present. Not related to Kathryn Crawford. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born on December 9, 1907; Dorothy Jordan, August 9, 1910; Bette Davis, April 5, 1908; Madge Evans, July 1, 1909; Jean Harlow, March 3, 1911; Loretta Young, January 6, 1913.

**J. L. B.**—Jack La Rue, an Italian, is thirty-two and comes from New York. Six feet one, weighs about 150, and has black hair and eyes. Right name Lo Bue. George Raft is another child of Manhattan. See *Sammy* for more about him.

**CYNTHIA SCHELL.**—Yes, that was Jean Parker as the daughter of David Landau in "Gabriel Over the White House." Ralph Bellamy celebrates his birthday on June 17th. Your questions about Gene Raymond have already been covered.

**AN ONTARIO READER.**—Alexander Gray, who eloped several months ago with a seventeen-year-old Oklahoma oil heiress, is playing in the new musical picture, "Moonlight and Pretzels." As for Vivienne Segal, she has been appearing in the West Coast stage production of "Music in the Air." James Melton made a short for Paramount called "Sing a Song." That was Charlotte V. Henry as the grown-up daughter in "Forbidden."

**LORRAINE SHEEHAN.**—To tell you all you wish to know about Mary Pickford would require pages. Upon receipt of a self-addressed envelope from you I shall be glad to mail a list of fan clubs and all the pictures she has made. Mary and Doug were married on March 28, 1920. You'll have to take another guess at my identity!

**G. MULLEUR.**—Ricardo Cortez was born in New York City, July 7, 1900. Do you still think he is your uncle?

**KATHLYN WILSON.**—When Anita Page celebrated her birthday on August 4th she was just twenty-three. She is five feet three, weighs 118, blond hair, blue eyes. Clyde Beatty is twenty-eight, is five feet six, and weighs 148. He is divorced.

**DR. E. S. GOODHUE.**—"The Woman in the Case" originally was written as a stage play by Clyde Fitch, who died some years ago. Your fan club has been added to the list I have on file and which is sent to readers upon request.

**RUTH FEINBERG.**—Lack of space prohibits my listing a player's pictures. I must ask you to send a stamped envelope if you wish this information about Lyle Talbot and Gene Raymond.

**PAUL WILSON.**—The small boy in "King of the Jungle" was Ronnie Crosby. Boots Mallory's right name is Patricia, and Mary Pickford's, Gladys Smith.

Continued on page 72

# VOICES IN THE DARK



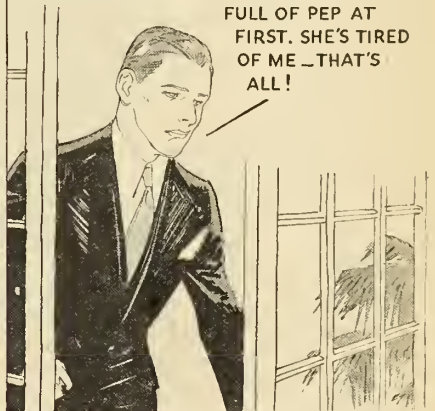
JENNY, DEAR...NOT  
QUITTING NOW?  
THEY'RE PLAYING  
OUR SONG

SORRY, BUT I...ER...  
HAVE A HEADACHE.  
PERHAPS LATER WE...



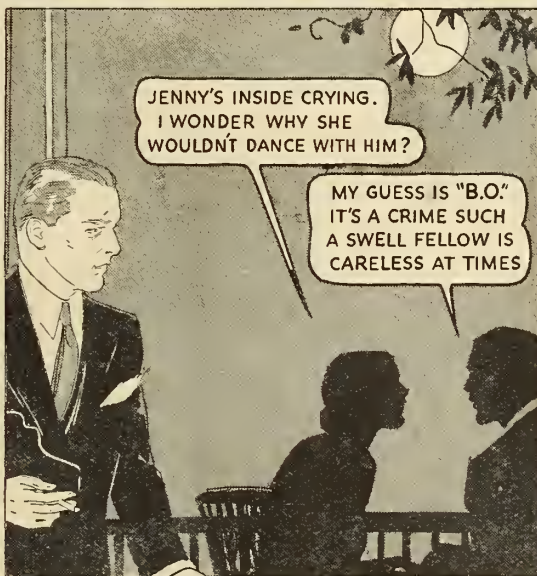
LATER

MAYBE SOME FRESH AIR WILL  
FIX ME UP. CAN'T HELP FEELING  
LOW — JENNY'S "HEADACHE"  
SOUNDED SO FISHY. SHE WAS  
FULL OF PEP AT  
FIRST. SHE'S TIRED  
OF ME...THAT'S  
ALL!



JENNY'S INSIDE CRYING.  
I WONDER WHY SHE  
WOULDN'T DANCE WITH HIM?

MY GUESS IS "B.O."  
IT'S A CRIME SUCH  
A SWELL FELLOW IS  
CARELESS AT TIMES



NEXT DAY

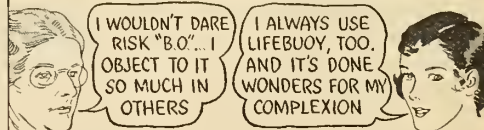
DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO  
GET LIFEBOUY AFTER THAT  
WARNING. HOW DIFFERENT  
IT IS! YOU CAN TELL IT'S  
SPECIALLY MADE TO END "B.O."



"B.O." GONE — *partners for life!*

OH DARLING, THEY'RE  
NOT STOPPING SO SOON!

NEVER MIND, JENNY SWEET,  
WE'LL BE DANCING TOGETHER  
FOR YEARS TO COME!



I WOULDN'T DARE  
RISK "B.O."... I  
OBJECT TO IT  
SO MUCH IN  
OTHERS

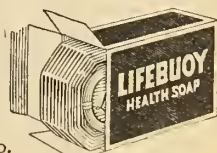
I ALWAYS USE  
LIFEBOUY, TOO.  
AND IT'S DONE  
WONDERS FOR MY  
COMPLEXION

**YOU** can't condemn "B.O." in others — unless you play safe, yourself. Bathing with Lifebuoy is a delightful habit, anyway. Its lather is soft, creamy, luxurious. Leaves you feeling fresh as a daisy — pores purified, freed from every trace of "B.O." (body odor).

**Your complexion freshens**

Lifebuoy deep-cleanses face pores of clogged impurities — clears and freshens cloudy skin. Wash with it nightly — gain the healthy, radiantly lovely complexion Lifebuoy's quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent promises you.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.





It all adds up to this: Lee Tracy has James Cagney beat a mile. Come on, Tracy fans, give a real guy a hand!

By the way, where are the Richard Cromwell fans? There's a youngster that would go a long way if he were only given a chance.

FOR TRACY—100%.

552 Third Street,  
Richmond,  
California.

#### Bertha No Like.

**I** WISH you would print this letter in your magazine as it is my first one, and I would like Jimmy Dunn to read it.

Jimmy was in Peoria this past week, but do you think I could possibly meet him personally? No! I first telephoned his apartment and said I would wait in the hotel lobby. So down came his secretary. First he said "Jimmy was sleeping," then he was "busy with photographers"—which was probably true, but nevertheless from now on Jimmy can go sit on a tack in the basement.

Now, can you imagine Warner Baxter—always my favorite—not permitting me to see him if he were in Peoria, if I promised not to take over two minutes of his valuable time and wasn't seeking autographs, pictures, or coat buttons for souvenirs? **BERTHA STRETCHER.**

1226 Main Street, Peoria, Illinois.

#### Wages of Sin—in Films.

**W**ILL some enlightened fan please explain the last scene of Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong"?

Perhaps I'm not sophisticated enough to appreciate either Miss West herself or the tripe she turns out, but it is no wonder that every now and again Norbert Lusk lifts an eyebrow, figuratively speaking, over the ethics of the screen.

I feel positively indebted to Mae West and the movies for teaching me that the wages of sin and crime are Rolls-Royces, Prince Charming, and happiness forevermore. Most elevating, I'm sure. However, I still prefer the refinement and simplicity of Dorothy Jordan and Madge Evans. Which brings me to what I really want to say.

It was just another indication of the ruling genius of M.-G.-M. when this studio let Dorothy Jordan go. She's the most adorably feminine creature I've ever seen and in the long run that goes further than all the hip-rolling of Mae West. Dorothy hasn't had a chance to do much, but what she has done has been done well. It is to be hoped that under Merian Cooper's management she will get what she deserves.

How any one can get ecstatic over the portrait on page 49 of the July Picture Play is quite beyond me. I've seen Clark Gable several times in action in a sincere effort to see what all the fuss is about. I am still unimpressed and find it's all much ado about nothing. Clark reminds me of the gargoyle hidden away in a corner of our college building. Like the gargoyle, he should make himself scarce.



Jimmy Dunn turned a cold shoulder to Bertha Stretcher while in Peoria.

Before I stop, a word about a splendid actor who is neglected. It seems to me that producers make a religion of ignoring good actors and lavishing attention on those whose claim to greatness rests on nothing more than big ears, Hapsburg lips, padded figures, and various stages of dress and undress. I refer to Paul Cavanagh. Like Dorothy Jordan, he hasn't had a chance to do much, but he has been an asset to every film in which he has appeared, and the redeeming feature of many of them. He should be getting the hero rôles that Gable is getting. Paul isn't exactly handsome, but he has character in his face, a splendid appearance and carriage, and a neck, all of which Mr. Gable lacks. To say nothing of acting ability.

"CHERRY VALLEY."

Roxbury, Massachusetts.

#### Heady but Adorable.

**I** AM glad to congratulate the marvelous new Gaynor-Garat team. What a charming, interesting character this Garat fellow is! He performs splendidly. Just like champagne that goes to your head and makes you drunk, so does this Garat fellow go to your head and make you drunk with his charms.

I didn't think there could be any one else to take Farrell's place, but I've been mistaken. For when I saw "Adorable," I completely changed my mind. What could be more perfect than the title "Adorable," for they really both were adorable? Here's more power to them, and may they never part.

MARTHA ROSCOE.

2870 South 14th Street, Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

#### Joan's Not "the American Girl."

**B**EING the loyal friend that he is to Joan Crawford, Ben Maddox is justified in defending her as he did in July Picture Play. But, Mr. Maddox, Crawford is *not* a cultured woman nor is she beautiful. Although she has risen from a poor little nobody to a famous somebody, although she has been accepted by stars that once had shunned her, all the glitter and tinsel in existence fail to conceal the shallow Crawford, her fickle nature, her infantile desire to show off, her mammoth ego.



"This fellow Garat goes to your head and makes you drunk with his charms," says Martha Roscoe.

She is the screen's most synthetic player, and most certainly is not typical of the modern American girl. Madge Evans fits that description more aptly. Crawford's work in "Today We Live" is a direct contradiction to Mr. Maddox's statement that she pesters her directors for retakes. The performance of *Wellington*, the talented vermin, eclipsed that of the star. We are choking with this hooley about the new Crawford.

Madge Evans, for your flowerlike beauty, your adolescent sweetness, your chic, your disarming smile, your intellectual appeal, your lovely, praiseworthy performances in "Hell Below," "Made on Broadway," and "The Nuisance"—an orchid to you.

DOROTHY ROGERS.

2821 Wabash Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.



### Unionize Movie-going?

PRODUCERS use the box office as a yardstick of popular opinion, but who hasn't been lured into a theater only to find the picture lousy? Somebody ought to start a movie fan union. Think of the good it would do in letting producers know immediately just what the public wants! We could demand, and get, better stories for Phillips Holmes, more singing by Ramon Novarro and Lloyd Hughes, Gaynor and Farrell together again, better and bigger rôles for Hedda Hopper, and perhaps even a return of Charlotte Greenwood or strike for higher standards.

If every fan would join in making such a union, we'd at least give producers a better idea of what we want than the box office does. And threat of a fan strike would surely make them give us our way.

PAPRISI.

68 School Street,  
Concord, New Hampshire.

### Defending Fantastic Clothes.

I CAN'T understand why Lilyan Tashman is criticized for wearing the kind of clothes she does. Every normal woman likes smart and pretty clothes, and every woman likes to see them, if not on herself, then on some other woman. And when we go to the movies we expect to see lovely ladies in fantastically beautiful costumes, and when they don't wear them, we are disappointed.

Oh, I don't mean that is all we go to the theater for, but when clothes are a feature of the play, we want them to be bizarre and stunning, and *not* like those worn by the woman next door.

Now, of course, no one expects any one to wear these outlandish creations in real life. Miss Tashman doesn't wear them herself off screen, I'll be willing to bet. Even if she did, she wouldn't be entirely alone in her sartorial exoticism. Some of the costumes and coiffures described in the fashion magazines as worn by European society are enough to make Tashman look like *Old Mother Hubbard*. They are too extreme for words, and their equal has never been seen on the screen even in the days of the Swanson-DeMille bathtub era. Hair lacquered green and violet, hair tinted blue, and pink hair plastered into Grecian curls with—guess what? *Enamel paint* in blue and pink and white shades. Shoes made of feathers, dresses covered with mirrors, coat lapels of wren's feathers, bracelets and dog collars of violets, huge ruffs of tulle worn around the neck, bracelets of kingfisher feathers. The list of bizarre fripperies is endless. Miss Tashman never was guilty of half the oddities in dress that women of fashion abroad are described as wearing.

And speaking of women of fashion and fashion magazines, Miss Tashman must be considered by the authorities as one of themselves, for both *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* have published interviews with her, and her photograph has often appeared in their pages.

I think she is most unjustly accused, and has every reason to resent the attitude toward her taken by some of the fans, and by some of the stars, also. Striking clothes are her line—dashing women of the world her specialty—and after all, when all is said and done, what she wears, when she wears it, or how she wears it is really no one's affair but her own.

I like actresses to be actresses, look like actresses, and wear actressy clothes, and I hope Tashman, Crawford, Shearer, and Dietrich go on wearing outlandish, fantastic creations—that is part of the glamour of the movies.

"KENTUCKY."

Fort Worth, Texas.

## A NEW PICTURE TAKES ITS PLACE AMONG THE GREATEST...

# "Lady for a Day"

★★★★  
4 STARS AWARDED BY  
LIBERTY MAGAZINE

The New York Daily News reporter, fresh from a preview of "Lady for a Day," says,  
"It will be a wow when it hits Broadway!"

Screen Play adds an "AAAA" rating and says,  
"Only one word can describe this picture. It's swell!"

Not to be outdone, Photoplay predicts  
"You will scream with delight!"

And Screenland Magazine makes it unanimous.

"It is grand entertainment!"

Be sure to see this great story of love and romance — of gaiety and tears at your favorite theatre.

WARREN WILLIAM  
MAY ROBSON

GUY KIBBEE . . . . . NED SPARKS  
GLENDA FARRELL . . . . . BARRY NORTON  
WALTER CONNOLLY . . . . . JEAN PARKER

Screen play by ROBERT RISKIN  
From the story by DAMON RUNYON

A  
FRANK CAPRA  
Production



## A COLUMBIA PICTURE



## Heroes Who Get Whipped.

I'VE just read Robert Gaylor's letter and I had to write to say that I agree with him. And I'm a girl fan, too. I never liked a fellow I could twist around my little finger and I don't like to see it done on the screen, especially when the hero is a big husky fellow who looks like he ought to have enough sense to look out for himself.

I didn't see the horsewhipping scene in "Call Her Savage," because I don't care to see Clara Bow go dramatic. She suited me to a T in "The Fleet's In," "True to the Navy," and "The Wild Party." Why can't she stay where she belongs?

I don't see why some of our best actresses have to go dramatic and try to be exotic. Leave that monkey business for the foreigners. I like to see American girls be Americans.

EMMA T. KROLL.

198 Butler Avenue, Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

## Chatterton Cuts Loose.

MAE WEST had better look to her laurels. Ruth Chatterton is no longer the "First Lady of the screen" strolling through drawing-rooms, possessing cold, anæmic lovers to the tune of muted violins. She is *Lilly Turner*, a red-hot mamma, surrounded by all the glamour and color of a medicine show. Strong men and weaklings, old men and young men, all moving to a twist of her finger.

That Chatterton gal is stepping out. Showing her legs, too, and oh, boy, what we have been missing!

She's stunning as *Lilly Turner*. Instead of being called "First Lady," she is worthy now of being known as "Hottest Lady." Please, Mr. Producer, don't change her. Don't cast her as "Lady Chatterton," but as "that Chatterton gal who sets even asbestos on fire." We love her that way. We need her that way and we want her that way.

SHIRLEY McLEAN.

446 Sixty-eighth Street, Brooklyn, New York.

## The Divine Moment.

IN 1921 a letter of mine printed in "What the Fans Think" brought me letters from all over the world and made me several good friends.

And now, twelve years later, I should like to write again about my favorite subject—Mary Pickford. The fans will recall Malcolm H. Oettinger's story about Mary in the June Picture Play, called "Lunch With a Legend." He told about an admiring fan who was presented to Mary during the latter part of his interview. *I am that fan!*

It was very kind of Mr. Oettinger to put me in the story at all, since to him it was evidently just another interview, while to me it was the most thrilling day in my life.

I sat in the Pickford suite hardly daring to breathe. Then I heard footsteps coming down the hall. I simply didn't dare look. The next thing I knew I was shaking hands with Mary and she was saying, "Sixteen years is a long time, isn't it?" She had already been told I had adored her that long.

As for Mary herself, I had better not begin writing how lovely she was or I'll take up half the magazine.



Madge Evans is the real American girl, not Joan Crawford, writes Dorothy Rogers.

It was almost impossible to realize, as I sat there, that she was a world celebrity, the mistress of Pickfair, and hostess to dukes and princes. She was so natural, so adorable. As she talked I recognized with delight many



"Don't cast her as 'Lady Chatterton,' but as 'that Chatterton gal who sets even asbestos on fire,'" raves Shirley McLean.

of her little mannerisms from the movies that are really a part of her. I could have talked to her for hours.

Mr. Oettinger soon left—I forget how or when. He did not see how Mary sensed that I did not like a photo of her that had been chosen for me, and how she let me choose two lovely ones from a large number; nor how beautifully she autographed them to me. He didn't hear the things she said to me—things so precious and so personal that I don't want to reveal them. Nothing could have made me happier. Perhaps, by some miracle, she meant what she said, but even if she didn't, how marvelously kind of her to say it! I couldn't help thinking that if she says to every one the things they most want to hear, it is no wonder she has gone so far in the movie world.

If the entire public doesn't cry for more after seeing "Secrets," that beautiful picture, Mary's grand performance, and her adorable beauty, something is definitely wrong with them! Mary has so much to give, and now that she has grown up for the first time, there are so many more things for her to do.

There is only one drawback to realizing my ambition. Having once seen her, I long so terribly to see her again!

BETTY CONNOLLEY ROSSER.

50 Glen Ridge Avenue, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

## Hepburn's Hungry Look.

KATHARINE HEPBURN may be a great find to movie critics, but to me she is just a pain in the neck. I can't seem to see anything in her that would make people rave over her personality and acting ability, that is, if she has either of these qualities.



When I glance through the pages of screen magazines, her picture is always there with that hungry look on her face. Does she think that hollow-cheeked face of hers can be as impressing as those of Garbo and Dietrich?

Give me Jean Harlow anytime. I would even borrow the money to see her pictures, but you've got to drag me to see Hepburn, even if the admission happens to be free of charge.

Brickbats and hisses will be hurled at me by Hepburn's fans, but let them come, for I can take the punishment. So you readily can see how I "admire" Katharine Hepburn.

The local theater will have one empty seat when her pictures are featured on the bill.

DONALD YARO.

Honolulu.

#### Lampooning Crawford's Critics.

HAS any one, of all the envious num-skulls who take such keen delight in criticizing the lovely Joan Crawford, ever stopped for a moment to consider the abject inanity of it all? I doubt it. And at times, after reading some of the hateful comments of these self-appointed critics, I wonder if it is possible for them to consider anything in a sensible manner. To my mind, the only possible criticism of Miss Crawford is that she allows herself to be harassed by their remarks, when she is intellectually superior to her critics.

When any one considers how she started with nothing more material than a healthy body and mind and driving ambition, how can he harbor any other feelings but admiration and respect, or even reverence, for the Crawford of to-day? Instead of being the target for spiteful, envious, and jealous remarks, she should be looked upon by every one as a shining example, an inspiration.

How many of us have attained at Miss Crawford's age her intellectual and spiritual heights, and her physical perfection? And how many of us, should we have reached that seeming perfection, would still know no self-satisfaction, but strive to attain a yet higher plane of the soul? Not many, I think. And yet, instead of spending their leisure hours in self-improvement, a lot of addle-pated adolescents find time to write the uninteresting letters found in fan magazines. I say uninteresting, yet they are of interest, for isn't it interesting to read them and then muse on how simply and unknowingly the writers have made public the pettiness of their own thoughts in these missives? If we could only realize how we cheapen ourselves by unjust criticism of others, and draw attention to our own deficiencies by manufacturing some for the other fellow!

Surely, in a healthy mind, praise and pleasant thoughts spring to the fore more quickly than do ridicule and criticism.

JACK SEYBOLD.

9229—55th Avenue,  
Elmhurst, N. Y.

#### Clubbing Fan Clubbers.

THIS letter is prompted by the letter of Jean Betty Huber, of Morris Plains, New Jersey, in a recent issue. I hope you will publish this so that she and others of her kind can benefit by it, if that's possible. Any fan who did all that Miss Huber has done for a star ought to be shot at sunrise!

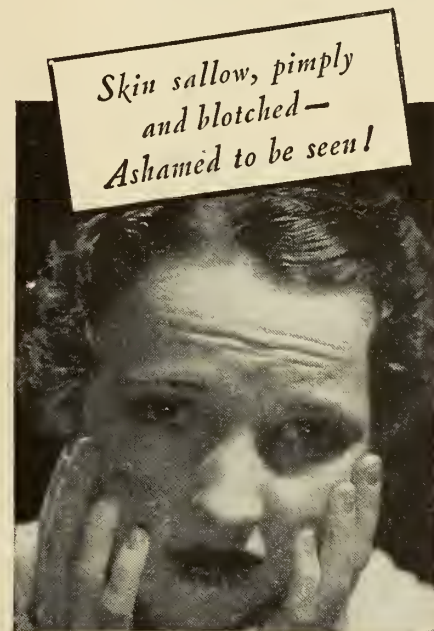
Why, in the name of common sense, Miss Huber, did you do all that? In these hard times, any one wasting his energy, not to mention money, on these luxury-rolling stars is plumb crazy. What is it getting you, I ask? *Nothing.*

Fan clubs, dear readers, are passé, and any one thinking otherwise is kidding no

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## What the Fans Think

one but himself—or herself, Miss Huber! Sidney Fox gets a pat on the shoulder from me for curing one deluded fan!

I believe in admiring stars when admiration is due, but to force oneself upon a star with the pseudo-importance of a plan for a fan club in her honor is what I call plain *crust*! If a star is good, genuine fan mail and box-office receipts tell the tale, and no fan club can make a luminary out of a sparkler.

If Miss Fox is made of the right stuff, she will make a name for herself one way or the other. The trouble is not with the stars, but the fans. The crazier we get over stars, carrying on as we do, only makes them the more despicable when the glamour and tinsel wears off, as it's bound to do, for no star can last forever.

Let's be sensible. By patronizing our favorite's pictures, we show our admiration and, if you must, write your fan letter.

While I'm signing my name and address in case there are those who want to fire back at me, don't by any means expect me to agree with you that the height of a star's ambition is to be honorary president of a fan club.

CARL L. KRAUS.

452 East Broad Street,  
Hazleton, Pennsylvania.

### New Ladies' Delight.

HERE is just a small appreciation of that up and coming actor, Ralph Bellamy, whom I have just seen in "Illegal Divorce." Previous to this film I had seen him only as a very effective and subtle heavy, but in "Illegal Divorce"! Hail, girls! The new Ladies' Delight.

Did I hear somebody whisper Clark Gable? He just is not anywhere with this man. Such charm! Such a nice man! And such a lovely voice. Where does it hail from, that slow, melodious drawl? There is just one thing left in life for me—a new picture with Bellamy as the star. Every success, Ralph Bellamy, and may it never bite back at you!

CELIA BUTTERWORTH.

1 Redfern Avenue,  
Rochdale, Lancashire, England.

### Make-up for Supporting Casts.

I HAVE been an avid movie fan ever since I toddled alongside my mother to see ten pictures for a nickel. I think I have read nearly every issue of every motion-picture magazine published, and can recall very few pictures I have missed. I have been to Los Angeles innumerable times, and have seen nearly every picture star—including Garbo. I love the pictures and I love the stars—but—I have a very serious objection to voice.

Since the advent of the talkies there is no doubt but that the standard of acting has risen to new heights. However, will some one please explain to me why the so-called supporting cast never feels it incumbent upon themselves to *dress or make up* in character? I could name innumerable actors—in fact, I can't think of an exception—who never change their clothes, their make-up, or their voice, no matter how many rôles they play. Perhaps it is due to the depression, but in the last six months the supporting cast never seems to change. There they are, the same old faces, now an attorney, now a doctor, a father, an uncle, a friend—

The other night I saw a double program in a district theater, and three members of the supporting cast in the first picture were members of the cast in the second. It was impossible to enjoy the second picture—to feel any sense of realism whatsoever. These three actors, all well known, had assumed no different make-up; in fact,

had done nothing but read the different lines assigned them.

I am glad to see these actors get work, and there is no reason why they can't appear in picture after picture, if they know the tricks of their trade. Make-up is an art all actors and actresses should be familiar with. Why leave it all to Boris Karloff?

"The same old gang again," a friend scoffed as we sat down to see a new picture, and read the supporting cast. And there they were—the same old gang. Can't the studios supply their casts with a few boxes of grease paint? And a few wigs? Anything to add to the illusion of a different characterization? I, for one, would deeply appreciate it. EDNA BUTTIMER.

2345 Divisadero Street,  
San Francisco, California.

### Mae West Hurt Garbo?

SO Garbo is back. Well, I think the lady will find that she has lost considerable ground during her prolonged absence. Mae West has arisen and several of the well-established favorites have gained ground. Unless the Garbo lady has the good fortune to get a knock-out story and cast for her next film, I believe she will do the well-known backslide that so many other favorites have had to face. Movie fame seems to be very fleeting at its best.

Here is one fan that is glad that music is resuming its proper place in screen fare. Too long we have had sex, murders, and gunmen flung at us. Ramon Novarro should now regain any ground that he may have lost in recent months. There are few voices the equal of his floating around the studios.

And in the producers' mad scramble to sign up singing stars from Broadway, why do they pass up some of the older favorites such as Anita Stewart, Estelle Taylor, and Lloyd Hughes, all of whom have splendid voices and should not be forgotten by the producers? I don't believe any of them have been entirely forgotten by the fans. THEODORE T. CAVANAUGH.

419 Richmond Avenue,  
South Orange, New Jersey.

### "Grandest Little Idiot."

A COMEDIENNE as marvelous a laugh-provoker as Una Merkel is certainly as necessary to fans as the best dramatic talent.

That's just one reason we find Una such an adorable personality. She's the grandest little idiot when her part requires dizzy tactics. "The Impatient Maiden," for instance; I saw that about a year ago, but I haven't forgotten Una in it. That was just another film that was practically hers from the minute she made her appearance up to the time she made her last exit.

There isn't another actress, in my estimation, who can be so utterly natural while playing a dumb Dora as Una, which proves her acting ability. Put Una in any picture and it will be so much the better for her presence.

I consider it an accomplishment to have the ability to make people laugh and enjoy themselves as Una can, for almost every one would much rather laugh than cry. If Una's ambition is to make people happy and cheerful, then I would surely say her desire has been more than fulfilled.

That concludes my opinion of that little Southern honey, Una Merkel.

Now, for my opinion of Picture Play, I consider it suffice to say that ever since I purchased my first copy about three years ago, I haven't missed a single issue of this splendid magazine. NYKI WERLE.

217 Ralph Avenue,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Poor Heartbroken Joan.

JOAN and Doug are divorced—and immediately a barrage of cruel criticism is slung at Joan. Doug, it seems, doesn't enter into the thing at all. Sympathy for the poor ex-husband, despite the fact that headlines screamed of the alienation of affections suit being brought against him. This thing has gone far enough—yea—too far.

Joan has been ripped apart by columnists and magazine writers because she didn't keep her promise and give them the first crack at the story! There's a reason for everything. I believe in Joan Crawford. Put yourself in her place—your home, your marriage, your dreams gone to smash. If I were in Joan's position, I'd want to hide away from my friends and the world, but Joan can't do that. She's got to face the music. She's got to see headlines and articles condemning her, because she did what any normal, sane person would do. She looked things squarely in the eye and called it quits when there was no other way. I wonder if the rest of us would have as much courage, if we were in the limelight? Hats off to her!

I've read catty remarks about her since. I've read emphatic statements that "her career is ruined." *Bunk!* The most ridiculous action was that taken by a fan club which dropped Joan from their honorary roster because "she has hurt our writer friends and fans." Incidentally, it wasn't so long ago that Joan was ace-high with this same club, because she cooperated wonderfully and wrote long, personal letters to the president. People are queer.

I have no other reason for defending Joan Crawford in this fashion other than the fact that I've been a Crawford fan for seven years, and though many times my admiration for Joan has been at its height, I've never admired her more for her courage and dignity than I have during this present bombardment.

JEAN BETTY HUBER.

18 Glenbrook Road,  
Morris Plains, New Jersey.

### Little Gel Trying to Get On.

LISTEN, fans, I think it's about time you quit harping on the fancied faults you are continually finding in Joan Crawford and look for a little of the other things about Joan that, outside of her fine acting, are admirable also.

Joan has my admiration because, starting out with no studio pull or help from any source, she has gone on and on, getting better and better and better with each picture. She has only herself to thank for the success she has achieved. No one ever started out with less worldly goods, and no one has worked harder than she has to succeed.

You see, I have known Joan ever since she first came to Hollywood—have been in her home, a guest at one of the birthday parties she gave for her mother, saw the real home-loving Joan around the house. I am neither of the movies nor of any consequence in the movie world; she had nothing to gain by being nice to me. I won't forget how much I enjoyed having dinner with Joan and her mother—and don't let any one tell you that Joan is high-hat, either.

Many people rather resent the fact that Joan has made good in such a spectacular way and are always waiting with their little hammers. You just remember that, after all, Joan is a very human little lady trying hard to get along, and that she has feelings that are hurt many times by the unjust things you say about her.

M. M. L.

2080 Laurel Canyon Road,  
Los Angeles, California.





AFTER a year under contract without an opportunity, Colleen Moore makes a stunning comeback in a dramatic rôle that is the talk of Hollywood. Sharing honors with Spencer Tracy, who is pictured here with her, they reverse the usual process of telling a story and begin with death to retrace the path of their lives together. The picture is "The Power and the Glory" and it was directed by William K. Howard whose talent ranges all the way from "Transatlantic" to "The First Year."



# WHAT STARS PARTIES COST

Parties are not what they used to be, but still a party  
a day is almost the rule, and how the bills roll in!

By Edwin Schallert

**H**EAVE a sigh for the good old days. Partying isn't what it used to be in Hollywood. The guests pour in as has always been their wont, and often have to be poured out at dawn, but where, oh where, is the ancient, the majestic, the spectacular glamour of movieland's social splurges?

When will there be another party such as Gloria Swanson once gave, with jeweled vanities as favors for the women and cuff links for the men, while the guests were privileged to order their dinner from a hotel menu?

When will Cecil DeMille stage such week-end festivals as he once did at Paradise Rancho, when those invited donned Russian costumes, and jousted in archery, swimming, and other sports, and drew lots for favors that ran from the finest French perfumes to platinum watches?

And when will any one rival the magnificent profligacy of Marshall Neilan who once hired a hotel to take care of a host of guests for a grand ball, and had three orchestras, a Hawaiian, a Bohemian, and a jazz band?

No, Hollywood isn't what it once was. "Those were the days," wail its elder residents. "Those were the days indeed"—

as they shed a pensive tear in remembrance.

But who are we to care about it? Hollywood still gives parties, a mad round of them, and though there may be none as splashy and splendiferous as those of the past, they have increased and multiplied and filled the land.

The party bill even now reaches a staggering annual total. It is estimated that during bright years it costs the film colony fully \$500,000 for its social frivolities and what nots, which may include anything from a baby shower to a midnight-to-dawn orgy celebrating a premiere.

Even during depression times the bill may run to \$200,000. The old era of high prices is not duplicated to-day, but the bills roll in at so many movie households that any estimate of the total depletion of stellar purses is likely to be short of the fantastic actuality. A party a day is almost the rule, and the tendency

## THE COST OF HOLLYWOOD PARTIES

	Per Person
Mayfair dinner and dance, 1933 . . . . .	\$15.00 to \$25.00
Mayfair dinner and dance, 1927. (Gala night with champagne from private pre-Warstock represented by latter figure) . . .	20.00 to 50.00 plus
Night-club party . . . .	5.00 to 50.00
Old-fashioned party with favors (during days of high prices) . . . .	50.00 to 250.00 plus
Buffet supper (lavish) . .	10.00 to 25.00
All-day and afternoon parties, and all-night parties (including damage to furniture, bric-a-brac, glassware, and not including damage to guests)	5.00 to ? ? ? ?
Cocktail party . . . . .	1.00 to 5.00 and up
Intimate dinner party with wines and liqueurs . .	10.00 to 20.00 " "



is toward expansion, rather than retrenchment.

Take the Mayfair as an example. Even though it has been a pretty slim season for this social organization, the outlay is estimated at around \$40,000 spent on entertaining by members and their friends. During past seasons this club took in \$35,000 a year. It is estimated that the side bills, often including champagne from "private pre-War stock," ran to \$65,000 additional, making a total of \$100,000 spent by the merry-makers. And all the while the Mayfair was just an incident in the colony's round of pleasure seeking.

A score of night clubs thrive in the vicinity of Hollywood. Nowadays one of the most famous of these is often taken over completely by some individual, who gathers friends and associates for a joyous evening. As the refreshments are exceedingly varied, the bills often run into four figures, and even that is not being especially spendthrift.

It is the perpetual round of private parties that really piles up the overhead. They must be given to insure the renewal of contracts, to divert Eastern executives and banker playboys, to introduce some new celebrity to the coterie of admiring, if a trifle blasé, filmlanders.

Then there are the parties just for the sake of parties. More of these than any others. They may aim at nothing more noteworthy than the celebration of the arrival of beer, or to signalize a birthday or wedding anniversary, but they *must* be given. If there is a christening of a young movie offspring there is bound to be a big splurge.

If the rent is falling due, and no means to pay it, Hollywood, after the fashion of Harlem, has been known to hold a rent party. But that, of course, is in the nature of a charitable benefit, rather than an evidence of swank and prodigal outlay. Still, one or two who did give rent parties found that there was more of an outgo than an income, and so the scheme was abandoned. Too many

The costume party reached its zenith when the Fredric Marches entertained in the manner of the "Gay '90s." Here are Florence Eldridge, the hostess, and Jetta Goudal.



Photo by Wide World



unexpected guests who didn't help out appeared on the scene, which is running true to form for any kind of Hollywood social event.

The real story of Hollywood parties can be written in gilded letters, and to do that, one must go back to the beginning. Early-day affairs were almost rural in their simplicity. The big joy of the town was a Saturday night hop at the Hollywood Hotel. It was a lemonadey and pink-teash event. For wilder pleasures folk hied themselves to Vernon and the beaches. No eighteenth amendment then existed, and libations were not taken in private. In fact, they were disdained when formality was the prevailing note. Hence a hop, which implied elegance, went no further into primrose pathways than the mixing of a mild punch to be quaffed between dances.

The real age of swank began in the late gay '20s. Big salaries induced big spending. The tendency to hire places for an evening became evident. Barbara La Marr used to love to do this. For one party she took over a large dining room in the Ambassador, and the glittering assemblage included Pola Negri, Corinne Griffith, Billie Dove, and other bright stars of that time.

A quiet home party pairs off Judith Allen and Gary Cooper for an intimate chat.



Engagements and weddings commenced to assume great éclat in the heyday of the silent pictures. The marriages of Ruth Roland, Vilma Banky and Rod La Roque, and May McAvoy were all staged in grand style. Also the later one of Bebe Daniels. Prodigiousity became the custom and money was flung about. The Banky wedding was preceded by shower after shower. It was, in fact, the showeriest marriage that ever took place in movieland. Showers hadn't amounted to much prior to that time; they became an institution thereafter.

After this grand flurry, weddings began to assume a more private character. The pendulum swung back

ited with the second outlay when he gave the première of "City Lights" in London, and entertained all the big-wigs of the British metropolis.

DeMille's parties in the early days are said to have cost some thousands of dollars, and executives of the movies gave splurges that at times are believed to have approached five figures in expenditure, but such things are almost unheard of since the stock-market debacle. One of the biggest parties held in recent times was given by Winfield Sheehan, following the première of "Cavalcade" and lasting until morning. Sheehan has one of the largest mansions in Beverly.

The Harold Lloyd parties are famous, but not overly pretentious, and are generally given for some very good reason. The latest, an elaborate outdoor affair, was for the entertainment of flyers at the National Air Races held early in July.

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman generally give a party each year at Easter, which lasts all day, and is their big fling socially. Between times Lilyan entertains often with luncheons, particularly when she is living at Malibu. Elissa Landi presides at some lovely social functions, and a famous event of recent days was her garden party in honor of Chasens, the pianist.

A party that really recalled the old days of glamour was the one that Rouben Mamoulian, the director, gave for Marlene Dietrich just before her departure to Europe. Mamoulian augmented the usual attractions by having a specially designed entertainment with Russian motif, consisting of singing and dancing.

Traceable to the Mae West influence, possibly, "Gay '90s" parties have lately become all the vogue. They apparently represent a release from the modern high-speed life of the colony. The most distinctive was the Fredric Marches'. Belles of the corseted days were impersonated by the feminine guests, and sporty-looking gentlemen with checked suits, high collars and long coats by the men, while Fay Wray, among others, made a striking impression as a burlesque queen, and numerous shady ladies of the time were to be seen.

Countess Frasso followed this with an English "'90s" party given at that popular haunt, the Vendome. Jack Oakie broke all rules by coming to this in a sweat shirt emblazoned with the Union Jack on the front, and a Lipton's tea sign on his back. He won a prize for the costume, which was in such fantastic contrast to the

Oscar Wilde-ish fashionableness of the men, and the flounces and ruffles that distinguished the garments of the women.

For spectacular flash nothing perhaps exceeded the reign of Elsa Maxwell, who gave the colony pointers on how to entertain, and aided materially in the social evolution of Gary Cooper. Her "be yourself" party brought out all manner of crazy outfits from Polly Moran's wild Indian headdress to Elsa's own strangely conceived Napoleonic costume.

What with the studio wardrobes so near at hand, costume parties are not necessarily of the expensive variety. Costumes can be borrowed. The Marches, however, went to considerable lengths to adorn their premises for their "Gay '90s" ball. They even engaged Jetta

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Photo by Wide World

William Powell, Carol Lombard, Mildred and Clive Brook in party attire.

until by the time Constance Bennett decided to wed the Marquis de la Falaise, even the press had scarcely a look-in. The Gene Markey-Joan Bennett marriage which shortly followed, while not quite as exclusive, was very quiet. And now nearly all weddings are privately held, with the bulk of the guests coming after the ceremony, as at the recent Doris Kenyon marriage. Mostly to-day the stars take flight to Yuma or Las Vegas, and try to hide from the madding crowd. So the cost of marrying in the movies has abated, except for the aftermath of expense, and the always possible trip to the divorce court.

Top price for a party is supposed to be \$20,000 in Hollywood, and \$25,000 outside the colony. Gloria Swanson is reputed to have spent the first amount on her grand soiree in the old days, and Chaplin is acered-



# SOFT IRON HAND

Despite the dainty softness of Nancy Carroll, she thinks out her destiny and is unbending in forging her way ahead.

By  
William H. McKegg

DRESSED in black, a fringe of red-gold hair showing beneath a black hat against a very white forehead, an emerald ring on her right hand, Nancy Carroll looked a very charming, but very determined, young lady. But how the emerald suited her personality! And how her personality suited the French setting of the Vendome restaurant!

To be in the swim, one must be seen at least once at the Vendome. That is no difficulty. But one can't always be seen there with Nancy.

She lit a cigarette and rested her elbows on the red-and-white checkered cloth which gives the Vendome that domestic French atmosphere of being the very place for the petit bourgeois. One is made to feel right at home. One may relax. One does.

"I have always considered a thing, and then reconsidered it, before making a move," *la* Carroll remarked with a slightly imperious manner. "And at the present moment, I have time to study things out to a definite conclusion before tackling them."

She raised her glass of beer with her left hand, which could be seen through the black net glove which covered it. The glove seemed to give her small hand great depth. Despite the dainty softness of Nancy, you sense the iron.

"When I stop to think now," she continued after a sip of beer, "of how much I've done in the past five years, I'm really astonished. Though I've made some good pictures, I've also made many silly ones."

"I've not cared for all you've done," I brazenly confessed, "but I think you've also done some very good things."



"From the very beginning of my screen career," says Nancy, "I knew what I could do." She's having better breaks lately.

"Why, I think I've done some good things myself!" Nancy exclaimed, with a swift laugh.

"The other week, I had some of my early films run off for me at the studio. 'Sweetie,' 'Honey,' and the like." In mock agony, Nancy held her soft white hand with the hard emerald before her eyes. "What awful things! Yet at the time they were made I liked them, and they gained me a host of fans."

"Of course," she admitted, with a faint shrug, "that is the bitter pill all picture actors must swallow. Everything advances. Each year brings improvements in lighting, camera work, and make-up. To show to-day what was a celebrated picture only three years ago is to make people smile at its crudeness."

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By  
Samuel  
Richard  
Mook

Franchot's home was decorated by Joan Crawford, who chose this chic bedspread of white glazed chintz set off with red tassels. Look at the cute toadstools over the bed.

Photo by Bull



# FRANCHOT TONE

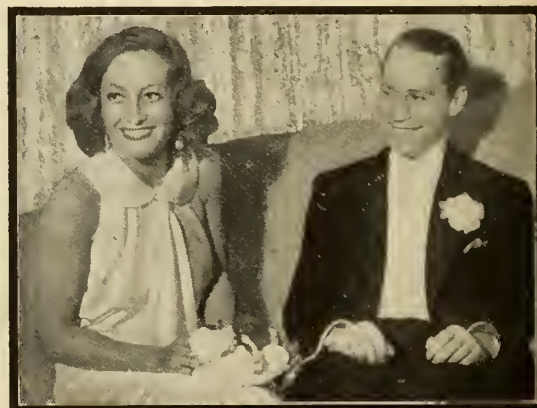


Photo by Wilde World

Miss Crawford and Franchot provide mutual inspiration in Joan's grief and his climb to cinema fame.

"Work—Joan—dance—work—sleep—dance—bored."

HE is the most indifferent, unconcerned person imaginable, and one of the most difficult to interview. You ask him questions and he answers them—politely, briefly.

I met Franchot Tone when he'd been in Hollywood about a week. M.-G.-M. had signed him, ordering him to withdraw immediately from the cast of "Success Story," in which he was appearing on the New York stage, and take a plane to Hollywood. They wanted to start him in a picture pronto. Six weeks after his arrival he was still doing exactly nothing and cursing the luck that had taken him out of a moderately successful play and forced him into idleness. He likes to work.

Most actors have optional contracts giving the studio all the breaks. If the studio likes the actor they can

keep him for five or seven years—and that's that. Mr. Tone had written into his contract a clause whereby any time his option comes up for renewal if *he* doesn't like the *studio* he's free to leave. It's the only such contract I've ever heard of and he's as unconcerned over it as he is over everything else.

"It was simply a matter of business," he said briefly.

When he arrived in Hollywood he took a house at the beach. It was October and the beach season being over, he got a six-month lease at a comparatively low figure. When the six months were up he moved rather than pay the increase in rent that goes with those places in summer. We discussed his new home, if you can dignify his almost monosyllabic conversations by the term of "discussion."



The architecture is mongrel. When I asked in what period he's furnishing it, hoping for a detailed description of the contents, he answered me in a single breath: "1933."

"Well," I wailed, "is it modernistic or colonial or what?"

"1933," he persisted. "It isn't modernistic or anything else. It's just comfortable."

By dint of continued effort I elicited the information that Joan Crawford is supervising the furnishing and decorating. At the moment Franchot is Joan's enthusiasm. And when Joan develops a fondness for a person, said person might as well resign himself to doing nothing else until the fondness has abated—as it always does. She simply smothers you. Well, anyhow, Joan is decorating and furnishing the house—at his expense.

"Does she know anything about interior decorating?" I asked.

"I suppose so"—indifferently—"she's always doing her own over."

"I thought Haines did her house."

"No. She tells him what she wants and he simply carries out her ideas."

"Have you bought this place?"

"No."

"Are you going to build?"

"No. At least not until I'm settled in this business."

"Aren't you settled in it?" I asked, surprised.

"No."

"Oh! I thought you're getting pretty good breaks."

"I am, such as they are. I've got a toe hold in it. I've had a lot of parts, but none that permit me to distinguish myself or give a performance that would cause me to click definitely. I don't get any fan mail. My part in 'The Stranger's Return' is a good one, one I enjoyed doing. But it isn't a part I would have selected for

myself. If I ever land, I'll probably build—if I can't find the house I want."

"What kind do you want?" I queried.

"Southern colonial. There's something quiet and restful about that style of architecture. I like the columns." Then he went on to explain the difference between Corinthian, Doric, and Ionic pillars. He knows, too. At Cornell he took a course in ancient architecture because it intrigued him.

"What do you do for recreation?" I asked.

"Dance."

"But you can't dance all the time. What do you do nights you don't dance?"

"Dance."

Ye gods! What had I ever done to deserve this!

"Well, what do you do in the daytime when you're not working?" I continued.

"Sleep."

"Yes, but even you can't sleep all the time. What else do you do?"

"Read."

"Biographies, of course," I put in helpfully. In discussing literature with film people it seems that all of them read biographies constantly—nothing else. They should be the best informed historians on the earth, but they aren't.

"No," said Franchot. "I read fiction. And I've got a great habit of rereading the books I like. My favorite is Norman Douglas's 'South Wind.' I also read plays a lot."

"What's your favorite play?"

"I haven't any. I like some for one thing and some for another. I think Molière's 'Would-be Gentleman' is the best comedy I ever read."

Franchot had discarded monosyllables for the time being. He'd actually given utterance to four or five connected sentences.

I felt he was warming up. "What did you think of Hollywood when you first hit the place?"

"I didn't think about it. I didn't see it."

"Didn't see it?" I echoed. "You were out here six weeks before you started work on a picture."

"I know it, but I was up at Tallulah Bankhead's all the time. And Tallulah's isn't Hollywood. Tallulah's is Tallulah's and it's the same here as it is in New York or London."

"Well, what do you think of Hollywood now?" I insisted, determined not to be put off.

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Photo by Bull



Here is the guest room, with more botanical touches and demurely skirted dressing table and chair.





Miss Lindsay is now struggling to get back same of the good old American twang in her speech.

Margaret Lindsay  
put on a grand act and  
got her big chance  
as a foreign actress.  
Now she breaks down and  
tells how she put it  
over on Hollywood.



She was chosen for "Cavalcade" after she went abroad and acquired an English accent.

# "ENGLISH GEL" FROM IOWA

By Ben Maddox

**H**OODWINKING Hollywood is supposedly the finest art of this day and age. But is it, as we have been incessantly reminded, *really* so difficult?

Every so often some smart girl, wise to the fact that there are as many ways to impress the studio world as there are fish in the sea, tries a new approach. And presto! The clever creature is acclaimed a honey and it's practically no time until she's a heroine.

The current success of Margaret Lindsay proves that to the original goes the glory. She figured out a line and followed through. For an entire year she put on a grand act and never made one faux pas. Daunted? Not Margaret! She is ever ready with all the answers!

Her big opportunity was given her because she was an accomplished "English actress." Recall her in "Cavalcade" as the ill-fated bride aboard the *Titanic*?

That cinched her place in the promised land. And now that she is definitely set at Warners' studio with a contract and an array of leads in view, she is breaking down with the bitter truth about herself.

English? My word, Jeeves, a jolly bit of tomfoolery! She hails from *Dubuque, Iowa*.

When a twenty-one-year-old girl can come to Hollywood and, single-handed, bluff our blasé colony into believing her a foreigner with much stage experience—well, I say she is an accomplished actress.

"My break was the result of a perfect misunderstanding," this engaging hazel-eyed brunette, who is a genius at convincing, admitted to me when I began checking on her life story.

"Yes, I'm glad to have it known that I'm an American—now you can print it. You see, I wanted to be an



actress of importance. No one seemed to take me seriously, so I decided I'd go to England, acquire stage background and, with foreign trimmings, come back with some prestige."

Imports do intrigue the producers, and no one doubted her nationality except a few former schoolmates who turned up in the Coconut Grove and the Brown Derby.

"However, I wasn't exposed. I had cultivated a bland expression, because I never knew when some one might pop up and greet me as an old pal. I was so bally British that I was able to deceive even the occasional acquaintances who appeared in Hollywood."

Her system was to stare blankly. They'd eventually murmur an apology for their mistake in speaking to her.

Armed with a copy of the fake biography she gave out when in "Cavalcade," I persuaded her not to spare the correct details. According to the tale she'd foisted upon us, she was "born in Kenley, an austere suburb of London . . . her father was a London broker . . . she was educated by private tutors and in a London convent."

Did the pretty lady blush when I produced this? Not at all. She can think fast in any emergency and is never at a loss for an explanation.

"It wasn't so bad, was it? Considering that I concocted it on the spur of the moment," she alibied, and flashed a potent new smile she's mastered. "The publicity department finally cornered me and—er—that was the tale that seemed a good idea at the time."

Every one accepted it. But, as the saying goes, she was soon stuck with it. She fled from interviewers because she was afraid she couldn't repeat the same thing twice.

Here is her real past: She was born in Dubuque, the daughter of a well-to-do pharmacist and eldest of a family of five. Three younger sisters and a younger brother still live there with her mother. Her father died three years ago.

In spite of Margaret's aptitude for acting, there were no theatrical skeletons in her conventional parents' closets. She had a happy and sheltered childhood. Which may mean that imagination is better than experience for an actress, after all. She was educated at the National Park Seminary, in Washington, D. C. There, far from Iowa, she gleefully majored in dramatics.

While at this school she was outstanding in activities which augur that she'll probably shine in Hollywood, now that she no longer has a secret to conceal. As a senior she was elected president of her class, of the dramatic club, and of the school's athletic association—enough for even the energetic Margaret.

"I received no encouragement for my acting ambitions when I went to Dubuque for vacations. But I induced my parents to let me go to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City for a season."

I gather that an expert convincer, like a dispenser of charity, begins at home.

"When I finished my course in the spring of 1931, the depression was in full flower on Broadway and I couldn't get a start. Luckily, one of my family's friends owns a stock company which plays in provincial English cities. So I combined work with my scheme to impress Hollywood.

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The simple "English" girl of "Cavalcade" has evolved into a glamorous young modern as you saw in "Private Detective 62."

Miss Lindsay's flair for fooling is bound to make an impression.







When Marlene Dietrich buys a very feminine and very Parisian wardrobe, that's news.

Sally Eilers and Thelma Todd skipped through town on their way home from Europe.



Photo by Acme

**T**HE big city has become just a junction where film players disembark from planes, ships, and trains and then rush off somewhere else. There aren't any new shows for them to see on Broadway, so even if they pause in the East for a while they usually rush out to the suburbs where try-out theaters are in full swing.

Conrad Nagel, Irene Rich, Dorothy Gish, and Ian Keith are film favorites who have come to suburban theaters, and Corinne Griffith is soon to make her stage debut in Netcong, New Jersey.

Thelma Todd, Sally Eilers, Mimi Jordan, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce have skipped in and out of New York lately, and Colleen Moore, Diana Wynyard, Marlene Dietrich, and Norma Shearer are all on their way here. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., came from London expecting

# THEY SAY IN NEW YORK—

Deserted Broadway  
is crying for help from  
Hollywood.

By Karen Hollis

Colleen Moore is pretty tired of being shelved on a contract and is coming to New York to do a stage play.

Photo by Bull

to go direct to Hollywood to play in "Design for Living," but he contracted pneumonia and had to be rushed to the hospital.

**Tangled Family Ties.**—Hollywood's friendly divorces raise some knotty problems of etiquette in cases of sickness and accidents. Joan Crawford long-distanced the hospital where her ex-husband was staying, asking every few hours for reports of his condition. Sally Eilers arrived from England just in time to learn from the headlines that her husband, Hoot Gibson, had been seriously injured in an airplane crash. Should she rush to his side? It was a difficult situation because Joan Gale was already there attempting to cheer him up. Sally stayed in New York, going places with Jimmy Dunn, her costar in several pictures, but she sent sympathetic messages.

**For Good Old Broadway.**—Only a few seasons ago the theater adopted a condescending air toward its sons and daughters who strayed into pictures, and Hollywood attempted to give its productions prestige by luring stage players into them. Now the situation is quite changed. The theater is suffering acutely from lack of talent and lack of public interest, and Broadway producers are pleading with their former players to come back and save the old Alma Mater.

Katharine Hepburn is the first to respond. She will play in "The Lake" here in late autumn. Colleen Moore, who is pretty tired of being under contract to M.-G.-M.



and never working, is headed toward New York to do a play. Speaking of her work in "The Power and the Glory," which she just finished for Fox, those who have seen it toss the word "magnificent" around as casually as if they were saying that she was adequate.

The players that Broadway would most like to lure back into the fold are Ann Harding and Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, and Edward G. Robinson. And, of course, they would give anything to get Greta Garbo or Marlene Dietrich.

**Hollywood Is Piggish.**—Not content with what is almost a monopoly on acting talent, Hollywood wants to grab Lillian Gish and Tallulah Bankhead back from the stage. They let them go without pangs and now they regret it. Lillian Gish will make one picture for RKO and then scurry back to the stage. The sultry Tallulah has gone West, just for a visit, she maintains, but she may relent and do one picture. They can't keep her there, though, because she has promised to play "Jezebel" on the stage in October.

Until RKO finds a story that suits her, Lillian Gish is living with sister Dorothy and her mother in a lovely old house at Wilson Point, in Norwalk, Connecticut. Nightly Lillian and Dorothy dash over to Westport where Dorothy is playing in the theater, and early morning finds Lillian diving into the Sound and swimming with long, sure strokes far, far out until she is just a dot in the distance. Neighbors never get over marveling at the strength behind her fragile appearance. Boys sit in their boats with oars poised to rush to the rescue, but they haven't been needed yet and the little fiends are frankly disappointed.

**First Night, Depression Style.**—Broadway's only recent play opening was a nasty little number called "Shady Lady," with Helen Kane. All glamour was absent, the audience looking as if the famous first nighters had given their tickets to relatives from out of town. Only two film celebrities were present, Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn, who were all but mobbed by autograph seekers.

Much better was the opening of the film, "Pilgrimage," because Henrietta Crosman has hosts of friends and John Ford's name as director is guarantee of an evening well spent. Besides, word had got around that a hard-boiled executive of Radio City Music Hall had seen the picture at a preview and had left by a side door to keep associates from seeing that his face was all shiny with tears. Every one was ready for an orgy of weeping and they had it. There is nothing like a good cry over a picture heroine when you have troubles of your own and don't want to give in to them.

**House Warming.**—Gone are the days when you were just as likely—if not more so—to find a picture company in darkest Africa as in New York. We are not exactly a thriving center of production, but people are deciding that maybe it is worth trying to make a picture here. "The Emperor Jones" is finishing to the steady beat of tom-toms. The veteran William de Mille is keeping a watchful eye over the direction of the often inspired but not always steady Dudley Murphy, and Harlem hopes that this picture will pave the way for others with Negro casts.

The next picture to be made in the Long Island studio is more of the run-of-the-mill type. It's "Take a Chance," a popular revue of last season. Lillian Roth,



Photo by Bull

The East is trying to steal Diana Wynyard from Hollywood for a picture.

who only a few months ago announced her retirement from stage and screen "forever," will play in it. So will Jimmy Dunn, Lilian Bond, Joan Marsh, June Knight, and maybe Buddy Rogers. Soon Arthur Hopkins, the stage producer, will move in there to film his first picture, made from the Arnold Bennett novel, "The Great Adventure." He is making frantic efforts to get Diana Wynyard for the lead.

**Traffic Tie-up in Social Center.**—Leslie Howard caused more excitement around the exclusive Hotel Carlyle than has ever been seen before in conservative East Seventy-sixth Street. He was in town only a few hours. His wife, with their children, had come on a few days before and had attended to the packing and steamship tickets and all that. Everything should have gone smoothly. But Mr. Howard had forgotten all about

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"YOU CAN'T JUDGE  
HIM BY ORDINARY  
STANDARDS . . . .  
*HE WAS TOO BIG*"



**... AND THIS PICTURE IS *TOO BIG*  
TO JUDGE BY ORDINARY STANDARDS**

That's why an entirely new method of screen production had to be devised to tell it. Drama so amazingly unusual, so powerful that present day methods were inadequate to bring it to the screen. Presented in NARRATAGE — talking pictures' newest wonder — forever revolutionizing screen entertainment. Marking the biggest step forward since the introduction of sound and another great triumph for FOX FILM. Watch for your theatre's announcement of this sensational picture.

# THE POWER AND THE GLORY

**SPENCER TRACY • COLLEEN MOORE**

**RALPH MORGAN • HELEN VINSON**

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

Directed by William K. Howard

Story by Preston Sturges







oto by George Hurrell

# ROBERT MONTGOMERY





WELCOME, thrice welcome, to the wholesome and reassuring trend in pictures and applause for those who bring to the screen a quartet of heroines who are known in every language—*Jo, Beth, Amy, and Meg* of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women." There isn't a shady lady among them, and Katharine Hepburn, Jean Parker, Joan Bennett, and Frances Dee will play the girls in the order named.





# A COUNTRY DOCTOR

"ONE MAN'S JOURNEY" offers Lionel Barrymore the opportunity to show in all its eloquent detail the quiet, heroic life of a rural physician whose sacrifices are taken for granted, whose honors are late in coming. Players pictured in the homelike interior above are Dorothy Jordan, Dorothy Gray, May Robson, David Landau, and June Filmer. With Mr. Barrymore is Frances Dee and Joel McCrea is the young hero.







Photo by Ray Jones

HEATHER ANGEL, the charming English girl who made a pleasant impression in "Pilgrimage," finds her best opportunity in "Berkeley Square," opposite Leslie Howard. Here she is pictured as the heroine of that appealing story, which you will soon be seeing, while the small photograph shows what Heather can do with a one-piece bathing suit.





MIRIAM JORDAN'S marble beauty is no more. Hollywood, ever striving and straining for "new" personalities, likes to make over its favorites. So la Jordan clipped and curled her hair, threw on a revealing robe and presto! she is no longer biblical Miriam but Montparnasse Mimi! But what, oh what, will the folks back home say?

Photo by Ray Jones







Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

MARY CARLISLE, cute but unimportant in several films, suddenly showed what she could do when intrusted with a leading rôle. The revelation of her dimpled cleverness happened in "College Humor" and every studio promptly decided that she simply must be had. Universal won her for "Park Avenue Ladies."





**MIRIAM HOPKINS** goes on and on, increasing her skill as an actress and her following of admirers but rarely granting an interview. Without studied aloofness, she manages, nevertheless, to keep her distance and be polite to everybody. She's unique in that respect, but then she's a unique artist, too. So the balance is even.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull





MADGE BELLAMY is back! Always remembered for her fine work in one of the very first talkies, "Mother Knows Best," she has spent the interval in rest and study and now re-enters the Hollywood whirl to take up her career where she left off. Sensibly she chooses a serial, "Gordon of Ghost City," opposite Buck Jones, in order that she may greet the greatest number of fans in the shortest time.

Photo by Freulich







## THE OULD SOD

"Paddy, the Next Best Thing," takes Janet Gaynor to Ireland where her winsomeness finds a congenial setting.



THE atmospheric shot at top of the page shows Warner Baxter and Miss Gaynor riding along the Irish countryside. They are seen again directly above in the bantering courtship which means much to the picture.





THIS is Foy Wray's lucky year and we wonder if she knew it in the drear months following "The Wedding March" when there seemed to be nothing for her to do. But now every studio has a part for her, Twentieth Century winning for the moment in casting her for "The Bowery," with Wallace Beery, George Roft, and Jackie Cooper.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach





WHILE beauty-contest winners flock to Hollywood in hopes of becoming stars and get nowhere, Helen Mack wins applause because she knows how to act. Her bit in "Sweepings"—the shopgirl thrown over by Eric Linden, you remember—puts her in the distinguished company of Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore for "The Late Christopher Bean."







Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

LONG thought only a successful crooner by the mere cool of his admirers, Bing Crosby nonplused them by his humorous, mocking performance in "College Humor" and won them completely in admiration of his acting. Now they are impatient for "Too Much Harmony."





Photo by William A. Fraker

EVERYBODY'S wishing the best for Richard Cromwell under the direction of Cecil DeMille, in "This Day and Age," in which he plays a highly dramatic rôle. When the old master goes to another studio for a leading player, you may be sure he knows what he's about.





MARY BOLAND, directly above, is the craziest *Rimplegar* of them all. She is the mother of Claudette Colbert, Wallace Ford, Tom Brown, and William Bakewell. With her is Richard Arlen, boarding with her to help the family out. Hardie Albright is with Miss Colbert, center.



MR. ARLEN, above, in love with Miss Colbert, tries to convince her that there is happiness outside the mad family circle, but she will not see the light. Lyda Roberti, the Polish comédienne who was liked in "The Kid From Spain," is the comic maid whose dialect adds to the confusion of the household.

## ANTIC WOE

"Three-cornered Moon" introduces to you a family of amiable lunatics whose confused lives and haphazard household promise the biggest laugh of the new movie season.





# CUTIE

Hollywood presents Toby Wing to the world as its prize package of cuteness.

By Whitney Williams

**T**HE world's cutest cutie unfolded her sweeping eyelashes and rolled orbs that make strong men weak.

"I received the name 'Toby' because I was born in the South where newborn colts are called 'Toby-struck.' My aunt gave me the nickname when she saw me shortly after my birth."

"Because you looked like a newborn colt?" I ventured anxiously.

"No, silly," she bubbled. "'Toby-struck' means ugly. I reckon I was pretty homely. Anyway, I've been called Toby all my life. That is, when I haven't been 'Tabasco'—I don't know why that name was tacked on me."

Martha Virginia Wing, otherwise and better known as Toby, is the girl, you remember, who appeared in the revolving-disk number with Dick Powell in "Forty-second Street." Dressed entirely in white, her head adorned with the silkiest of beauteous blond hair, she presented a figure that made even the most blasé theatergoer pause and wonder if he'd been wrong in thinking the world all hay-wire.

Since that picture, Hollywood has dubbed her its cutest girl. It has taken her to its bosom, this Hollywood that can be so cold, and on a silver platter presented her to the world as its prize package of cuteness. Which might lead you to suspect that Toby *is* cute.

"I've always wanted to be an actress and now I have a contract," declared the little blonde proudly as we entered her dressing room. "I said I wouldn't fix up this room until the studio gave me a part. Now I have to." Paramount, to whom she is under contract, had just assigned her a small rôle in Cecil DeMille's "This Day and Age."

Eighteen years ago, early in the morning of July 14, 1915, the halls of the colonial mansion on Captain John T. Thraves's plantation just outside Richmond, Virginia, heard the wail of a tiny infant—a baby who even then bore the beginning of blond tresses that were later to enrapture Hollywood.

Thus came Toby Wing into this world. The plantation, "Eight Oaks," was owned by her maternal grandfather, who served under "Stonewall" Jackson in the Civil War.

The early years of Toby's life were passed on the plantation. When the army ordered her father, Major Paul Wing, to Panama, she spent several years at a post in the Canal Zone. Eight years ago the family moved to Beverly Hills, where the child went to school and made friends with a number of picture folk. Her elder sister, Pat, a striking brunette, is under contract to First National.

Jack Oakie was instrumental in bringing her to the attention of producers. By the roundabout method so often practiced in Hollywood, Jack—bless him for it, suh!—introduced her to Charles Furthman, the writer, who in turn saw to it that Samuel Goldwyn met her. Goldwyn found

the little beauty so delightfully intriguing to the eye that he immediately signed her as one of the show-girls in "The Kid from Spain."

Before many weeks had passed, the entire company as one man adjudged Toby the most beautiful chorus girl in Hollywood. Toby was set, as the saying goes, on her way to prominence.

First National borrowed her for "Forty-second Street," and doubtless you saw her freshness in that melodious film. Her appeal was so apparent that on the opening night in Hollywood many hundreds wondered audibly the identity of "that terribly cute girl."

Mack Sennett thought so much of her ability as a pulse tickler that, had she signed with him as he urged, he intended eventually to star her in his comedies. Toby, though, had other plans, greater plans, and when Paramount offered her a contract she immediately agreed to work under their banner.

The contract came as the result of her appearance as one of the "Ox-road Coeds" in "College Humor."

"Nobody thinks I'm serious about a career," laments Toby. "Because I'm a vivid blonde and people think of me as a chorus girl, they won't believe I'm any more than just that."

"I'm not really a chorus girl. Why, I can't even dance or sing, although I'm taking lessons every day. The studio, when I was in 'College Humor,' sent out publicity about my being the perfect chorus girl. Now I guess they're sorry, for they're even thinking of making me

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Toby—nicknamed after a hoss, suh—is serious about her career and wants to act, not dance.



# OUR MOVIE-MADE

Does the screen make us what we are, or do films,  
as producers say, get their inspiration from us?

**Y**OUR boy friend who goes to the university and reads the *American Mercury*—when he can borrow it—and plays the drums, a man of the world, if there ever was one, tells all his fraternity brothers that Hollywood can't kid him—he has nothing to do with any fads or foibles coming out of movies, for he's strictly an individualist. And so what?

He togs himself up like Jack Oakie in "College Humor" or maybe that other collegiate, John Barrymore, climbs into his flivver that was undone in the manner of a Mack Sennett comedy, and comes sailing over to see you, saluting you in the breezy manner of Chevalier, and then after he's seated in the porch swing, simply puts you into hysterics by giving a perfect imitation of Stan Laurel playing nosy-earsy.

And at just that hour in several thousand other towns and hamlets, several million other rugged individualists are calling on several million girls in much the same manner.

And the girls—all several million of them at the moment will be adjusting their moviesque curls at the back of their necks, smiling with that gleefully innocent look cultivated by everybody in movies except Edna May Oliver.

Little brother will come sneaking around the corner with his toy pistol like James Cagney in an underworld film, and shout to the kid next door, "Hey, youse, I'm goin' to rub you out. T'ink youse can two-time me, eh?"

Pop gets annoyed at the racket and yells from the living room, "Scram!" But Johnny has already rubbed out the girl friend and jumped onto his tricycle and scrambled, taking the corner of the lawn on one wheel and a knee.

Enter Mom, who fancies she looks like Mae West. She tells Pop she has made up their minds to see Clark

Gable and Jean Harlow in "Hold Your Man" this evening.

"Lot of hooley," grumbles Pop, secret admirer that he is of Harlow.

"It's not hooley—so true to life," objects Mom, who never in her life so much as stole even a wave at the policeman on the beat.

"Whose life's it true to?" asks the old man.

"The moderns—everybody's but mine," she sighs. "Harlow always plays the part of a girl who has a *right* to be naughty. The man always drives her haywire, and she has to do it to keep her self-respect. I'd do the same thing."

"Applesauce! I'd kick you out when you came back home."

"Oh, don't be stupid, Rodney. You give me a pain."

And so it goes. The average family comes wrapped in celluloid these days, for better or for worse. It naturally brings up the question, do we make the movies, or do the movies make us?





# HOMES

Illustrated by  
H. Giesen

By James Roy Fuller

Producers say that modern pictures reflect life. They've always claimed that films reflected life. Back in the "Snowbird" and swamp-and-orphan days, we were supposed to see ourselves on the screen. Then when Cecil DeMille climbed Beverly Hills and brought down miles of film pointing out our sins, and led the thousand extras through the California desert, it was all for the good of our souls. Musicals proved that subconsciously we were all chorus girls married to one hooper and chased by another. Then one day we woke up to the fact that we were all potential gangsters and what we'd craved all along was a machine gun in a violin case and plenty of action.

While gangster pictures made us men realize that we secretly wanted to rub our neighbors out, the loose-lady pictures showed the gals that the primrose path was the shortest route to the happy



ending. And the path is steadily getting rosier and rosier, the latest triumph being Constance Bennett's "Bed of Roses."

Without moralizing, are these latter "pictures of life" patterned after people in general, or is it possible that they are only the "philosophy" of the studio big shots? If we make the movies, then it's about time DeMille climbed the mountain again and got us all straight. Suppose we really pattern our lives after "Bed of Roses"? Of course you see through it all yourself, but that girl around the corner, suppose she is a bit gullible, just as you've said all along, and believes everything she sees. As some one fan-lettered not long ago, she'd cer-

tainly have a jolt coming to her if she followed in the footsteps of some of the hotsy-totsy heroines. In "Our Movie-made Children," a recent book that set heads wagging, the screen is accused, with facts, figures and lectures, of leading kids astray. Producers got hot under the collar about it, and their press agents got busy with statements that screen morals are still reasonably pure, that the professors who got out this book missed the point altogether. The loose-lady and gangster films merely pointed out pitfalls and warned adolescents to watch their step, in addition to providing good honest entertainment. Movies are taken from life, they say, and the professors never did know nothin' about life. And they're talking of getting their own "experts" to refute some of the facts. Which shows that the book touched a sore spot somewhere—and the sore spot is that it may cause parents to check up on films the children are allowed to see, thereby cutting down box-office receipts.

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The true beauty of Madge Evans receives full recognition in films produced by Metro-Goldwyn.



But when she is lent to another studio, as for 'The Mayor of Hell,' Madge suffers from the indifference of the cameraman.

# HE RULES the STARS

The cameraman is the real czar of Hollywood who creates the illusion of beauty—or a Hapsburg chin, depending upon his royal pleasure toward the player before his lens.

**W**ILL HAYS is not consciously masquerading when he answers to the name of Czar of Hollywood. The title was thrust upon our Will by a group of flattering movie executives who decided that, while it is often good business to call a spade a spade, it occasionally seems admirable to refer to a censor as a "czar." For while Mr. Hays is a most genial man, his job requires that he put the ultimate O. K. on celluloid vice and virtue before it is canned and shipped to the consumer.

You will, therefore, readily see the importance of Hays's position in the cinematic scheme of things. In fact, if you are unwary and given to hasty judgments, you are apt to state, with the great show of authority invariably displayed by those who fancy themselves in the know, that Will Hays is the most powerful man in Hollywood. Which remark, when all the facts are known, seems as greatly exaggerated as the reports of Mark Twain's death.

By Regina Cannon

For the gentleman whose decision on a player's potentialities for good or evil is made manifest all the way from Burbank to Culver City is not, in the final analysis, lord of all he surveys. Indeed, it is the seemingly humble cameraman whose power is felt in the land of sunshine and sound tracks. Yes, the tripod-and-lens lad holds the destiny of players somewhere within the confines of his little black box.

Even when the infant industry was truly in swaddling clothes, its exponents realized the value of being properly photographed, and "properly photographed" in studio parlance means being made "to look like what you ain't."

In the not so long ago, during the silent picture days, Lillian Gish was among the first to discover that a cameraman could be a pal or a meanie, depending upon his mood or a star's reputa-



Photo by Hurrell

Norma Shearer is a difficult subject, but have you ever seen her at a disadvantage?



tion for being regular. Since *la* Gish elected to portray ethereal-looking damsels in distress, it was up to the cameraman to supply some of that later-to-become-famous *spirituelle* quality. Let it be said that he never fell down on the job, even if he had to use a bit of chiffon over a curiously penetrating lens.

Thus it came about that smarties around studios adopted "In gauze we trust" as a slogan if an actress was difficult to photograph. "Roll in the burlap, we're making close-ups of So-and-so" was another cutting crack calculated to remove the high hat from some one who was suddenly taken with a rush of art to the head.

When the powers who sit in the front office and discuss what is being done on the back lot suddenly became aware of the importance of the photographer, they decided to give him billing, and immediately the photographer decided that they give him more money. So the cameraman came into his own, heralded as a personality to be reckoned with.

Stars and directors soon began to hang onto a fine photographer with the tenacity which a natural blonde displays in clinging to an expert hairdresser who knows just how many drops to put in the rinse to brighten the waves.

When Richard Dix severed connections with Paramount, he had offers from two rival film concerns, RKO and Fox. While the fact that the former studio consented to take his cameraman, too, was not the sole reason for Richard's deciding in their favor, it certainly played an important part in making up his mind. Thus, Eddie Cronjager, Dix's photographer for several years,



Joan Blondell is the smartest girl in Hollywood—she married a cameraman, George Barnes.

moved his camera to a new lot and got his salary tripled.

"Besides Eddie's being a great scout," remarked Richard, "it was worth it. You know, this face of mine isn't what you'd call an oil painting, and Heaven help me if some lad who didn't know the answers should start photographing it!"

There is a story—with a moral—of a pretty Broadway actress who played a stock engagement in Los Angeles. A cinema scout, impressed by her beauty and talent, invited her to make a screen test. The evening before her appearance before the camera, she met an attractive young man. The ingénue behaved most graciously

until she learned that her companion was a cameraman when, foolish girl, unwise in the ways of Hollywood, she proceeded to ritz him.

But fate punished her. The next time they met was on the set, and he was to photograph her test! What the vindictive rascal did to that poor gal no one but the few privileged to see the results in the projection room could tell. Irene Purcell landed the job to play in William Haines's "Just a Gigolo" in her stead.

Having viewed "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," it's time to wonder whether Madge Evans refused to lend its photographer her roller skates or if she merely failed to pass the salt in the studio cafeteria. Anyway, the young lady got about the worst photography of the year in that opus. Yes, Madge Evans, though you would suppose it impossible for her to look unbeautiful from any angle, appears haggard, old, and even hippy in this picture. Nor did she fare much better in "The Mayor of Hell."

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Lillian Gish strays from the studio cameraman with sad results. This shows her in her stage production of "Camille."



But when caught by a photographer of stars, Lillian is as ethereal as ever. This is how you will soon see her on the screen.



Photo by Chidnoff



# HOLLYWOOD



Photo by Freulich

Young romance gets belated recognition when Tom Brown and Anita Louise step out and go places together.

**G**IVE credit to Dorothy Jordan for being smart. She has made a marriage that really means something—and she can keep a secret. She and

Merian C. Cooper became husband and wife in Arizona May 27th, and it was July 7th before the newspapers were able to confirm the report, though their wedding was rumored for a week or so previous to that. But no matter, with Hollywood the goldfish bowl that it is, this sort of feat does merit a platinum-plated card of congratulation. However, we won't promise to give it, even in these days of inflation and of hopping off the gold standard.

They tell a little tale that when the couple went to Williams, Arizona, they were looking all over for a witness or two. They finally went into a drug store and asked a group of girls at the soda fountain if they would like to be present at a wedding. The girls were thrilled when they found that the bride was Dorothy. They were cautioned to keep the secret, too, and apparently did it surprisingly well. Only those silent Western girls could be depended on to that extent.

By her marriage to Cooper, little Dorothy steps right

into the Norma Shearer class. Her husband is head of film production for RKO, as Irving Thalberg has been through the years of Norma's big success with M.-G.-M.

Dorothy's career can, therefore, be nicely safeguarded, if she wants to continue it, and apparently she does, because that's why she didn't let the public in on the news of her wedding for so long. It was finally pried out of her mother.

Bette Davis, her head turned not at all by stardom, is working in "Bureau of Missing Persons."



**Wild Divorce Whirl.**—A feverish shedding and acquiring of matrimonial partners has been going on this summer, and there really isn't any climatic reason that any one can detect, because the weather has been mild and astonishingly "usual." Probably it's that old demon of restlessness which crops up in the temperamental colony, or just one of those "waves" which cause everybody to do the same thing at the same time in the movies.

William Powell and Carol Lombard, Richard Dix and Winifred Coe, Zita Johann and John Haussman, and a number of less important figures are "rifting" or have "rifted." Rumors have been

buzzing about Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, Constance Bennett and the marquis, Conrad and Ruth Nagel, Thelma Todd and Pasquale de Cicco, and even the sedate Elissa Landi, while Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers seem



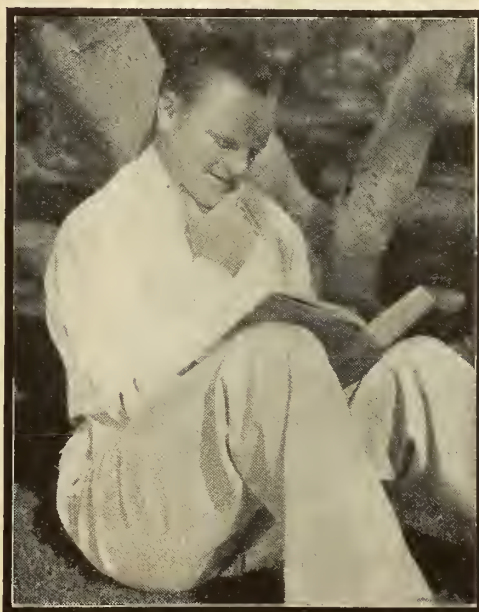
# HIGH LIGHTS



Bill Boyd hates to dress up, but when he does the well-dressed man is jealous.

Marriages, divorces and rumored attachments keep the cinema colony in an uproar while production of pictures gets on as best it may.

By  
Edwin and Elza  
Schallert



Bill Cagney, Jimmy's brother, will have his fling in Richard Dix's "Ace of Aces."

to be perpetually between denials and near affirmations regarding their divorce. Most of the other split-ups have been emphatically denied at one time or another.

## She Loved George Best.

—No one can ever accuse George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill of haste in entering on the nuptial state. For, off and on, their romance dates over nearly three years. And during that time various other handsome gentlemen of the cinema paid court to Marguerite, but George apparently has always been foremost. When the lady he loved was not in town he generally pursued his way alone.

The two chose a most romantic set-

Pert Kelton, whose imitation of Mae West in "Bed of Roses" won her a contract, will do her stuff in "Flying Down to Rio."

ting for their wedding—a secluded mission, Santa Ynez, north of Santa Barbara. It is remote from the main highways, and doubtless its isolation and natural surroundings are what won O'Brien, who is, after all, a champion outdoor star, and a real one. Out of sentiment for George, Marguerite embraced the Catholic religion prior to the marriage, and the two were wedded at a nuptial mass.

**Matrimonial Scherzo.**—More of a gay scherzo was the wedding of Allan Dinehart and Mozelle Brittonne, which lured many folk of the movie colony. Dinehart has been having all sorts of trouble, what with his salary being seized for alimony and a breach-of-promise suit, as pleasant little digressions from his happy courtship of a dashing beauty.

At their wedding Allan and Mozelle had a sudden fit of stage fright and furtively hid themselves to a room apart from the guests, where the knot was tied. When they came out and announced that they were married, nobody wanted to believe them. It finally got to such a state that the bridegroom was worried about what might be printed in the newspapers.

Warren William was best man, and Muriel Kirkland the maid of honor. On top of everything else, the couple couldn't carry out their honeymoon trip because of calls from the studios.

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Photo by Wide World





# HALF-PAST SEVENTEEN



Photo by DeVoy

Jean resembles Mary Brian enough to be a kid sister—small, slim, with brown hair and wide hazel eyes.

**W**HY is the *Cinderella* tale the most popular of all legends? Because it's true to life!

Now don't be an old cynic and proclaim that since the jolts of the depression you can't go for fairy godmothers and such fantasies. To be absolutely convinced that I'm not spoofing when I say the magic wand still waves, reflect once more upon the miraculous movies.

And, in particular, meet young and pretty Jean Parker and learn about luck from her.

Just half-past seventeen years old, she is M.-G.-M.'s newest candidate for stardom. You'll be seeing much of her, for the enthusiasm shown in turn for Leila Hyams, Anita Page, Dorothy Jordan, and Joan Marsh, her predecessors in favor at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, is concentrated on her this year.

Can she supplant these older favorites with the fans?

She is an embryo celebrity because her picture happened to appear in a Los Angeles newspaper and catch the discerning eye of a feminine studio power. Thus, a mere junior in a Pasadena high school, Jean was suddenly whirled into the most exciting of adventures.

Louise Fazenda remarked to me one day that, all this talk of fancy requisites to the contrary, the real secret for success in Hollywood is to be in the right spot at the right time.

Who better exemplifies this fatalistic formula than Jean? Totally unknown, lacking a glamorous background, pull, and stage training, she has been thrust into fame. She isn't the first to have her way paved, certainly. Even with no strings attached. But she is unique in that she had to be *argued* into the notion of being transformed into a cute cinema *Cinderella*.

Her rapid rise from obscurity began the hour a teacher chose her to represent *Swimming* in an Olympic Games float in the Pasadena rose parade of New Year's Day, 1932. Jean and her companions thrilled as the crowds lining the streets applauded them. And the festival was seemingly complete when picture snatchers from the dailies asked them to pose.

Strangely, of the group Jean's likeness alone was used in an evening edition.

"I attribute that to the fact that I wore a bathing suit and they probably wanted 'leg art,'" she explains modestly when recounting the story of the unsolicited publicity which led directly to her discovery.

However, to Ida Koverman, secretary to Louis B. Mayer, film personality stood out unmistakably in that photograph.

The newspaper was asked to trace one Mae Green—which is Jean's real name. An emissary was sent to investigate the nugget in the rough and tell her to come to Mrs. Koverman's office on the following Tuesday.

"I knew nothing of Hollywood," Jean recalls with a laugh, "and I responded that it it were just the same I'd make it Thursday, as I expected to be doing something else on Tuesday. While I wanted to act, I had no wish to begin until I'd finished high school.

"Anyway, there are five arts in which I'm equally interested—acting, dancing, music, painting, and writing. I think I could succeed in any one of them if I specialized."

In school she was noted for her dancing, her poster painting, and her piano melodies. She never was in a



Jean Parker's quick rise, while still in high school, revives the Cinderella-in-Movieland legend.

By  
Dickson Morley

play. Her determination to author a novel which will honestly depict modern youth has remained dormant, but not forgotten.

When this unabashed miss—then sixteen—materialized at the studio, the influential Mrs. Koverman said, "So you are the girl who was too busy to see me Tuesday?" The assured Mae Green answered "Yes" with nary a tremor.

Not pausing to gasp at such astounding indifference, the sagacious lady, to whom Jean now refers as "my sponsor," rushed her find onto a set and supervised an immediate camera and voice test. Before the flurry had subsided, Mae Green had been persuaded not to be silly and pass up the chance of a lifetime.

Emerging with a contract and a new name, she did not brag of her luck. Still Mae to her friends, she kept up her school work and drove daily to Culver City for dramatic polishing from Oliver Hinsdale, studio tutor.

After five months of this special preparation, school vacationed for the summer and Jean was given a small part in Jackie Cooper's "Divorce in the Family." Next she was cast in "Rasputin and the Empress." The raves of the critics justified her sponsor's faith and last winter she was put in minor rôles.

Though she moved nearer to the studio, she managed to combine her work as a high-school senior with her acting. Which proves she has brains as well as ability. She didn't attend classes, but went back to Pasadena for all the examinations. Last June, having done two rôles for Columbia, she was granted a week off to graduate with her class.

"The only disappointment was when they read the class will. They prophesied the future of every one but me!" Two nights before the senior prom she designed the gown she wore at this great event.

Dating Jean for an interview is more difficult than connecting with a major star.

Save for Sundays and one or two evenings a week reserved for fun, she is either acting, resting for the subsequent day's shooting, or diligently absorbing the good advice of Mr. Hinsdale or her sponsor. We ultimately lunched in the studio restaurant where, concluding this account of her ascent, she progressed to her opinions.

Jean resembles Mary Brian enough to be a younger sister. Small, slim, with brown hair and wide hazel eyes that have Mary's twinkle, she is externally similar and yet actually very different.

"I don't want to grow up. I hate sophistication!" Jean exclaims impulsively. Then, emphasizing that most of all she yearns to be "elfin," she paradoxically declares that she does not intend to be caught in the ingénue rut.

"Why have ingénues failed as star material?" I queried.

"Because they pretend to know nothing about sex," she promptly retorted. An apt but puzzling summary from one who plans to stay naïve!

My impression is that she is already more sophisticated than Mary Brian when facing unpleasant realities. And very artless in what we may brand Hollywood maturity. Whereas, Mary was protected from discord, Jean's home life has been hectic. Born in Deer Lodge, Montana, the daughter of an artist, she was brought to Los Angeles as a child. Her parents divorced and remarried, and she felt that neither understood her. For the last five years she has lived with a couple of whom her parents approved.

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Jean's photo representing the spirit of swimming in an Olympic Games float led to her discovery.

Jean Parker thinks that ingénues fail as stars because they pretend to know nothing about sex. "I don't want to be a star," she says.

Photo by Grimes





# THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

A critical estimate of the new films,  
with special attention given to per-  
formances of favorites old and new.

By Norbert Lusk



Marlene Dietrich's "The Song of Songs" is more notable for beautiful photography than drama.



Ann Harding and William Powell strain for wit and sophistication in "Double Harness."

## "The Song of Songs."

Marlene Dietrich, Brian Aherne, Lionel Atwill, Alison Skipworth, Helen Freeman, Hardie Albright.

**W**HATEVER your opinion of Marlene Dietrich as an actress, she makes a clean breast—ahem!—of her limitations in this and proclaims herself a lovely, evocative individual whose sensuous allure is the sum of her equipment. Perhaps you have thought this all along, but I believe every star should be given a fair trial. This sixth picture ends *die* Dietrich's period of probation and quashes comparison with Greta Garbo for all time.

It is an interesting picture, yes, and Miss Dietrich is interesting, too, but both play and star should be more than that to qualify as first rate. They should be positive, dramatic, climactic—in a word, communicative. Miss Dietrich and her picture are none of these. They concentrate on visual appeal and leave mind and heart unstirred.

In a long series of studiously composed and carefully photographed views they tell a story of profound unimportance, a familiar version of the peasant girl whose sex is her undoing in the city. She falls in love with a sculptor for whose nude statue she poses, but he deserts her on





"Storm at Daybreak," the only picture ever filmed with a Serbian background, provides splendid opportunities for Nils Asther, Kay Francis, and Walter Huston which they realize magnificently.

learning that she expects marriage and the girl marries a rich old *roué* who promises to make her a "great lady" that she may scorn the sculptor at the proper moment.

She does exactly this and humiliates her husband, too, by forsaking him and going to what one of the characters calls "the gutter." This really means the night life of Berlin's champagne-drinking set where the sculptor finds her with the mutual discovery that first love is best after all.

Brian Aherne, who plays the artist, makes his screen debut after distinguished service on the stage. His acting is of the theater rather than the screen, but his performance is vital and interesting. The same may be said of the entire cast, even Helen Freeman who has less to say than any one else yet actually is more eloquent of drama than Miss Dietrich herself.

#### "Double Harness."

William Powell, Ann Harding, Henry Stephenson, Lilian Bond, George Meeker, Lucile Brown, Wallis Clark, Reginald Owen, Kay Hammond.

Weakly Ann Harding and William Powell struggle against the incubus of poor material, but their efforts are unavailing. A thin, deflated film must be charged against them. Borrowed from his own studio for this affair, Mr. Powell knew what he was being sold into, and Miss Harding is said to have a voice in what she plays. So their picture is more of a mystery than often falls to the lot of Mr. Powell to solve in the course of his detective rôles. He is no detective here, though. Just a debonair idler bored with the steamship line he owns and trying to be as witty as the author allows.

Miss Harding is the coolly cheerful daughter of a well-to-do father who has only to look into a full-length mirror to see her chances of marriage diminishing, though she does nothing of the kind. Instead, she traps Mr. Powell into marriage by donning sedate pajamas in his apartment and arranging for her parent to drop in and bring him to terms. Thereafter it's a case of wife in name only for Miss Harding and it serves her jolly well right, too. However, after interminable reels of striving for casual wit and graceful sophistication, Mr. Powell decides that he has loved his wife all along.

No actor is better than the conversation and the story

provided for him, consequently both stars are at a disadvantage. Miss Harding goes further than this, however, because she somehow conveys self-satisfaction and enjoyment of her voice's silvery chimes.

#### "Storm at Daybreak."

Kay Francis, Nils Asther, Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, Eugene Palette, C. Henry Gordon, Louise Closser Hale, Jean Parker, Lucien Prival.

To enjoy this picture fully you must meet it halfway, you must give something of your own imagination to that of players and director, else its subtleties will elude you and the rest will resolve itself into a conventional domestic triangle. But it is more, much more, than this. It has sweep and power and predestination. This is especially felt in the love of the Hungarian officer for the wife of the middle-aged Serb. You recognize its inevitability as a force stronger than loyalties or laws.

This uncommon quality is something that the studios try to create as justification of their fictitious romances, but usually the scenario writer is the only agent of predestination, the lovers following directions to a happy ending. Here you are made to feel that passion comes from within the characters and its expression cannot be denied.

The setting is unusual, too. The scene is Serbia, the first time this richly beautiful country has been used as a background on the screen, and the period follows the assassination in 1914 of the Austrian archduke, that tragic blunder which precipitated the World War. Incidentally, the murder is splendidly staged here, but the picture is concerned with the presence of a Hungarian officer in the household of a rural mayor and the gradual awakening of love between the soldier and the wife and the dramatic decision of the husband to give her up. You will agree that it is not the story that makes this picture unusual, but its implications, its appeal to the imagination and, of course, the acting.

With dignified finality, Kay Francis blots out all her past performances and makes *Irina* her most beautiful and tenderest portrayal. I cannot say that Nils Asther causes me to forget *General Yen*, but his *Geza* is magnificently played, and you will agree that Walter Huston is a great actor when you see him as the husband.



**"Tugboat Annie."**

Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frankie Darro, Robert McWade, Tammany Young.

The ugliest and most likable water-front bum seen in months is Wallace Beery's bid for honors against Marie Dressler's whole-souled, henpecking, sloppy fishwife impersonation of *Tugboat Annie*.

The combination of Dressler, Beery, and the water front makes the narrative only incidental



Ricardo Cortez and Loretta Young are hampered by the outmoded story of "Midnight Mary," an underworld yarn with humorous implausibilities.



"I Love That Man" is a strong and entertaining melodrama, with at least one episode that is new to the screen. Edmund Lowe and Nancy Carroll shine in excellent portrayals.

and I'm afraid the story doctors anticipated just such a reaction from the public. It is only picky to say that some of the scenes, such as the home-study sequence with Frankie Darro, are uncomfortably silly when compared to the salty gusto of most of the film.

This is unfortunate, for Frankie is an excellent little actor. He plays the son of this wharfish couple, *Terry* and *Annie*, later to be replaced by Robert Young when the offspring becomes the youngest captain on the seas. *Terry* and *Annie* are still with the old tug, however, and it is the thrill of their lives when they tow the captain's ship into dock.

Maureen O'Sullivan gracefully slides into the lives of the simple old couple as the son's fiancée, and the two are invited to the tugboat for a dinner of sauerkraut—a gracious directorial gesture to one of Hollywood's stand-by delicacies. Old *Terry*, however, gets plastered and drops a cake of soap in the pot, and the outcome is that the family falls in a row which estranges the son for months and months. All is happily cleared up in the end, however, and although given his usual fine opportunity to die, I am happy to report that Mr. Beery pulls through and when last seen is all smiles and a hero besides.

That's the story, but I assure you it is much more entertaining than it sounds in brief summary, for any story is, as I said, O. K. by all of us when these two old landlubbers take to the water for their bickerings and clumsy makings-up.

Miss O'Sullivan is more the sophisticated miss of the world than she used to be. Both Maureen and Robert Young, though their rôles are comparatively minor, are as smooth and dapper as the old tugboat couple are humorously uncouth. Altogether a film worth seeing to tide over an hour or two while waiting for the New Deal to get down your way.

**"Midnight Mary."**

Loretta Young, Ricardo Cortez, Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Andy Devine, Warren Hymer, Martha Sleeper, Harold Huber, Frank Conroy.

Loretta Young, made up to look like Joan Crawford, gives a clever, mature performance in a shallow, inconsequential picture with an out-of-date plot. Richly produced with the help of a superior cast, it still falls into the rut of machine-made melodrama and represents a vast amount of wasted effort. But at least it celebrates Miss Young's graduation from the ingénues with aplomb and conviction. She handles a gun with a good aim, too.

You see, she begins as a child of the streets, does time in a reformatory and is used as a look-out by Ricardo Cortez and his gang. Next *Mary* is seen in a magnificent apartment, bored and with a butler, where Mr. Cortez is tolerated. She reads the life of Madame Récamier to indicate, I suppose, that she is a heroine although a gangster's moll. She has a pretty taste for Corots, too, and is decked out like a young prima donna. Small wonder, then, that she falls in love with a scion of society given to whimsical conversation which *Mary* bandies with a wit as neat as his own while he eats in a kitchen to prove that he is human. This part is played by Franchot Tone, whose sense of characterization is limited.

Well, anyhow, *Mary* shoots Mr. Cortez dead when he is about to start out to "get" his man and the action indicates that the young man will shuffle off his wife by divorce in order to spend the rest of his life with *Mary*. It is all pretty silly, but not sillier than *Mary's* donation of fifty dollars to the tambourine of a Salvation Army worker when she hasn't a cent of room rent.

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# Barry Bounces Back

More than any other popular player, Barry Norton has most frequently disappeared only to return better than ever. This pen portrait celebrates his current comeback to films.

HE was christened Alfredo de Biraben. His professional name is Barry Norton. His father is a Spanish business man, his French mother was, before her present marriage, the wife of an Italian nobleman. He is twenty-eight years old but looks younger. As a child he was extremely beautiful. When about five he cut off his curls and received a spanking. He is tall, with very broad shoulders. He tends to obesity but cannot resist fattening foods. Milk and chicken sandwiches spread with much mayonnaise are his weaknesses. He is excessively clean. During a period when he was unable to pay laundry bills he used sixteen bath towels each week and all other linen in proportion. He is insanely extravagant, and is unhappy in any but luxurious surroundings. Paradoxically enough, he is often content with vagabond society.

He is ever ready to incur debts but slow to pay them. He is very emotional and his sympathies are easily played upon. Once he had only two dollars in the world. The man who was shining his shoes told him a hard-luck story. Barry handed over the two dollars.

He is quick to make promises, but often slow to fulfill them. He enjoys being the center of attraction. He is often witty and seldom bore-some. When asked if he would like to play *Essex* in "Queen Elizabeth," he replied, "I'd make a better Buick!"

At times he resents trifles while at other times he shows a lack of resentment in regard to real affronts. He calls all young and attractive women "dolling" (darling), or "honey." His eyes are velvet-brown with curling lashes. One side of his face is slightly higher than the other. He has no sense of coöperation. He is always late, even for the most important appointments. At times he is so neglectful of

By Madeline Glass

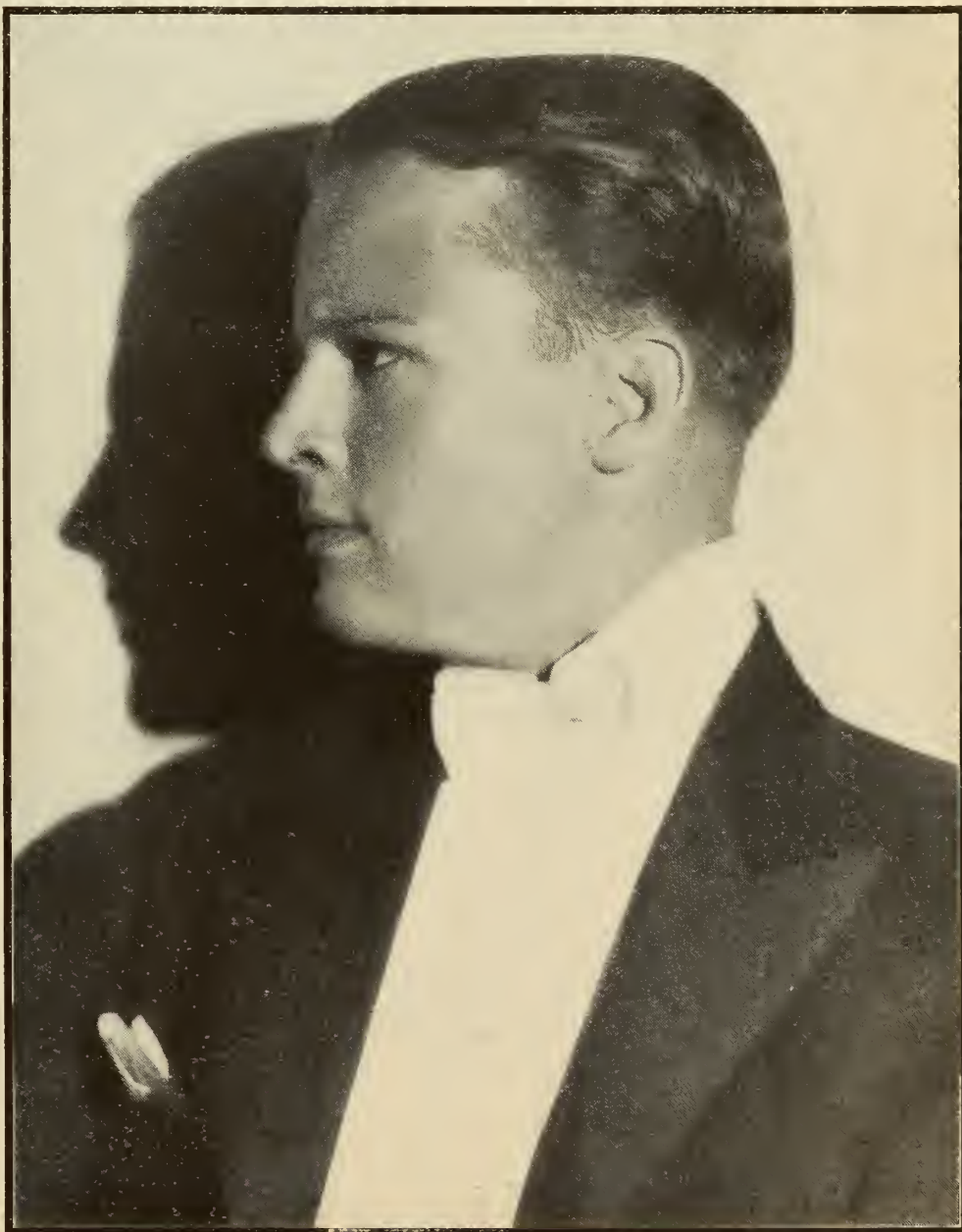
small courtesies as to seem downright bad-mannered. He is hard to interview, but, when caught off-guard, is entertaining.

Important people do not awe him and he has been known to speak with astonishing levity to executives. He likes children and will play with all who come near. He has not seen his mother in nine years and seldom writes to her, yet he is often called "mother's boy."

He has never given a poor performance. He seldom locks his doors. Knickknacks often mysteriously disappear from his abode. He is an extremist in everything. He is interested chiefly in the lower classes of people or

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Photo by De Vey



Producers have at last wakened to the fact that Barry has no accent and are giving him good rôles, his latest being in "Lady For a Day."



# THE BLACK

Paul Robeson, the famous Negro actor, comes to the screen in "The Emperor Jones," a production that has all the elements of an artistic and box-office knock-out.

**F**ILMING of "The Emperor Jones" at the Paramount studio on Long Island, under the management that gave us "Maedchen in Uniform," is the fulfillment of a dream that has been smoldering in the mind of Dudley Murphy, who directs the picture, for ten years.

Crashing the films some seven or eight years ago with the extraordinary and irritating short, "Ballet Mécanique," Mr. Murphy sold himself off and on to the Hollywood magnates, but his films gave no suggestion of his early promise of closely approaching genius.

The pictures he was assigned to make were straight drama or comedy drama, and these do not contain the elements of fantastic realism for which he has a flair.

Always in the background slumbered the ambition to screen "The Emperor Jones," but he bided his time, waiting for the proper combination to work with.

Recently he stumbled across the path of the new producing firm of Krinsky and Cochran, two young men as eager as Murphy to produce unusual films. With their backing he organized his unit and promptly got to work. The result will be either a dismal failure or one of the fine achievements of the screen. My guess is that it will go over the top both from an artistic and box-office point of view.

The opinion of that absolutely swell actor, Dudley Digges, who plays *Smithers*, is that the picture will be a knock-out. After thirty-odd years of contributing some of the finest acting the stage has ever seen, Digges ought to know a bit of what's what.

"The Emperor Jones," a one-act play by Eugene O'Neill, is a classic of the stage. This past season it was turned into an opera, with your old friend, Lawrence Tibbett, as the *Emperor*.

You see, the picture has a distinguished history to live up to, but it has a chance of being the most interesting of the three versions for several reasons. The first is that in the film we see all the things that the play merely alluded to, a detail I shall later elaborate upon; and the second reason is that Paul Robeson, the famous Negro actor, will be seen as *Brutus Jones*, the self-styled emperor.

Robeson is an extremely gifted person. If he hadn't become an actor and singer he would have been a lawyer. A graduate of Rutgers and the law school of Columbia University, he did actually contemplate such a career. His remarkable voice led friends to encourage him to go on the concert stage. Drama finally got him and in this field he is able to combine both his talents. No one sings Negro spirituals quite the way Paul Robeson does, and you will hear him sing three or four in "The Emperor Jones."

Paul went to London, where he opened a repertory theater which has enjoyed a marked success for several

years. He has always been interested in the character of *Brutus Jones*. When he was approached by Dudley Murphy to play the part in the picture, Paul made immediate arrangements to come to New York. He will return to London as soon as it is finished. If the reaction of the public to the film is favorable, this fine artist may turn his mind seriously to the screen for a part of his time. He declares that he will never give up the stage entirely.

In the play the action dealt with the last chapter in the life of a Negro who, as porter on a transcontinental train, learned through his contact with American finan-



Robeson as *Brutus Jones*, left, discusses the problem of getting up in the world with his fellow porter, Frank Wilson.



*Jones* is a big shot with the gals, who are impressed by the lofty notions gained from his Pullman passengers. He is with Fredi Washington.



# NAPOLEON

By Helen Ludlam

ciers that the business of this life was to grab as much as you could from your neighbor, at the same time making him think you were doing him a favor. The man who steals bread because he is hungry is small fry and deserves prison because of his lack of imagination. But the man who steals an empire—why, he becomes a big shot!

That was the philosophy which filtered into the receptive brain of *Brutus Jones*, and he only waited for an opening to try his luck at some thievery worthy of his talents. The play showed his crowning achievement and downfall; the picture shows that and what led up to it.

We see *Brutus* as a youngster in a little Southern town. We see him in New York and in and out of several jobs. Each experience adds to his idea of the best way for a smart colored fellow to get along. Because he is stalwart and handsome and quick of wit, he is accepted as a leader, flattered, and followed. Girls flock to him; he has only to choose the prettiest. Then he becomes porter on a Pullman and my, what a figure he cuts! During a stop-over he gets into a crap game and kills his opponent when he finds him cheating. This puts him behind the bars until he kills the guard and escapes.

Breaking jail, he flees to Haiti, hoping to shake the law. In Haiti he finds opportunity to put all his accumulated knowledge to work. First under the direction of a renegade cockney, *Smithers*, *Jones* works on the natives and pounces on his chance to make himself dictator.

*Smithers* then becomes his right-hand man.

An amusing thing happened at the studio during the imperial reception scene which will give

**Robeson as the king what am has the island of Haiti under his patent-leather heel for a glorious while.**

you an idea of the intensity of Robeson's performance. There he was as *Emperor Jones* all dressed up like King Tut, with his court outfitted by the sly old *Smithers*, who had been told to spare no expense.

All the newly made lords and ladies of the realm were there to do him honor. Just to show them that he was an honest-to-goodness emperor, he had five men brought in in chains, sentenced them to fifty lashes and a jail sentence because during a hilarious evening they had beaten up the *Emperor's* private guard. As these boys were sons of some of the big shots of the kingdom, the sentence didn't sit so well and there was some consternation. Quelling it, *Jones* steps from his magnificent throne and fixing the *Captain of the Guard* with a ferocious eye thunders, "I said lock 'em up!"

Absolutely nothing happened. The guard, who was supposed to step lively after that and do what he was told, stood frozen in his tracks, his eyes bulging, his knees sagging beneath him. Literally scared stiff, he forgot his lines.

On another day there was a Haitian street scene in progress and it is a great pity that it wasn't photographed in color. When I arrived, Mr. Murphy was "dolly" panning the camera up and down the length of the set. He turned to me with a delighted smile, "There's everything in the world in this set, isn't there?"

There certainly was. Pigs and chickens and geese and goats, a big black dog, horses, and pretty girls selling their wares. There was even a baby donkey

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Photo by Otto Dyar

# SHE KNOWS WHERE SHE'S GOING

**F**RANCES DEE knows what she wants and is well on her way to achieve it. She has her dreams, but there is nothing of the dreamer about this slim, dark girl who, more than any young actress I have met, exudes poise, sophistication, and self-assurance.

It is this latter quality, this confidence in herself and her potentialities, that caused her to relinquish her Paramount contract and enter the precarious ranks of those players who work when they desire—and are desired.

Of course, severed contracts are no novelty in the cinema capital. Temperamental differences and monetary disputes have occurred in the past and will continue to do so as long as there are motion pictures. However, it was neither of these considerations that caused Frances Dee to make a decision which, because of the circumstances, surprised even blasé Hollywood. Hollywood still doesn't quite understand.

"It was not an exalted idea of my own importance that influenced me to leave Paramount," Miss Dee explained, when I talked to her soon after my arrival on the Coast. "Neither was it because of any dissatisfaction with the treatment accorded me by the studio.

"It was simply that I felt the time had come for me to stand or fall on my merits, rather than to continue working under the advantages and disadvantages of a contract negotiated when I first started in pictures.

"I wish that you would take this opportunity to explain my position to readers of Picture Play," she went on. "I'd like to correct the impression—oh, yes, I've heard the rumors—that Paramount did not exercise their option on my services, or that I left in high dudgeon because they refused to meet my demand for an increase in salary. I know that those are the two reasons usually ascribed for my action."

Miss Dee's gray eyes widened and grew almost black with anger at the thought. Her lips, vivid in their make-up, became grim. For the first time I was conscious of the determination and strength of this girl who, to the casual glance, might be just another of the lovely leading ladies who abound in Hollywood. But here was spirit and courage!

"To begin with, the question of money had nothing to do with the termination of my contract," she continued.

"In the legal difficulties that involved Paramount recently, many of the contracts held by that organization became void and could be either recognized

For all her youth, Frances Dee exudes poise, sophistication, and self-assurance.



Hollywood gasped and gossiped when Frances Dee left Paramount, but her level-headed decision is opening new doors to her.

## By Laura Benham

or canceled, according to the desires of those concerned. Paramount wished me to remain and was willing to fulfill its share of our agreement, but since technically I was free, I felt it best to take advantage of the opportunity to select my own rôles in the future—a choice that isn't possible for the contract player."

"Were you dissatisfied with the rôles you had been given?" I asked, my words almost drowned by the din of carpenters at work on the near-by stage. We were sitting in the small portable dressing room erected for her on the stage where she was working in "Little Women." It was not a luxurious dressing room, only a tiny cardboard house, containing a dressing table surrounded by lights and a couch and one chair. Somewhat dingy and showing the years it had served other actresses.

"My rôles with Paramount were just those that any contract player might expect. After all, when one draws a regular pay check, one should expect to work for it.

"Most of the parts I've played during the past year were good ones—but not good for me. By free-lancing I can accept only those parts which offer a chance for development and which I consider particularly adapted to my own little brand of ability. But there will be no income during the weeks I don't work!"

At that moment we were interrupted by a knock on the door. An unshaven property man stuck his head in to ask if Miss Dee had received the envelope he had left for her with the doorman.

"Yes, and thank you so much," she told him. "I tried to reach you on the phone last night to tell you how much I appreciate it."

The man smiled from ear to ear and wiped his hand on his shirt before taking the pink-tipped fingers she extended to him.

As the door closed behind him, Frances turned to me. "I'm so absent-minded," she explained. "I lost my salary check yesterday and that man found it and left it with the doorman for me. Imagine losing a week's pay! And just at this time when I have no assurance of how many weeks I'll work!"

Miss Dee's pleased expression belied her words, however. There was no shadow of uncertainty on her brow. She seemed to know instinctively that rôles will be forthcoming in the future, just as they have in the past. Her whole career has been characterized by lucky breaks, and she has always been prepared to take advantage of them.

Born in Los Angeles, with her parents she moved to Chicago at an early age, where her father, a civil engineer, was engaged in business. She received her education in the public schools of that city, later entering the University of Chicago, where she took an active part in college dramatics.

After her sophomore year, she accompanied her mother to Los Angeles for a visit and it was then that she received her first chance in pictures.

Hearing that a college film was being made by Fox, she calmly ignored the usual red tape necessary to gain admittance to a studio. The casting director quite naturally asked her just why she thought she should work in pictures. Backed by her experience in school and college plays, and with the profound confidence—and ignorance, as she herself now admits—she explained that she was both a college girl and an actress.

Amused, the casting director told her to report for work the following morning—and Frances Dee's star began to flicker in the cinema heavens.

After a few weeks' work on the Fox lot, that studio slowed down its production activities and Frances found herself idle. It occurred to her that since work had been so easily obtained in one studio, there should be no difficulty in finding the same recognition elsewhere.

Strangely enough, she was right.

While hundreds of girls cooled their heels in casting offices, Frances Dee received regular calls from Paramount, and it was while doing extra work on that lot that she attracted the attention of Maurice Chevalier, who insisted that she appear opposite him in "The Play-boy of Paris."

"Insisted is just what he did," Frances admitted. "The studio had wanted a new face to play opposite him, and had taken tests of hundreds of girls on the lot—stars, leading women, and extra girls.

"When the director saw my test, he was at first favorably inclined, but when he learned that I'd had so little experience, he vetoed my choice.

"A couple of days later, he was sitting with Chevalier in the studio restaurant when I came in. Chevalier

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Miss Dee is the only actress on record who admits an exhibitionist complex as her reason for seeking a career.





**"Gambling Ship."**

Cary Grant, Benita Hume, Arthur Vinton, Glenda Farrell, Roscoe Karns, Jack LaRue, Charles Williams, Edwin Maxwell, Harry Shutan.

Admirers of Cary Grant will consider his new picture valuable, but I do not think even the most enthusiastic will call it important. Unless the spectator is in a coma he can anticipate everything that happens. Considering the excellent performances at hand, this should not be. It is in the telling of the story that the



offering fails and obviousness and triteness are emphasized rather than disguised.

A gambling ship, in case you do not know, is a boat moored not far from shore where games of chance are played for high stakes. There are two of them in this case managed by rivals. Mr. Grant, on discovering that Jack LaRue, his enemy, heads the gang which operates one of them, assumes control of the other. When hostilities reach a climax both ships are unlashd from their moorings and various unworthies are washed overboard by the sternly just sea. Before that Mr. Grant has met a gambler's girl and they have fallen in love, each unsuspecting of the other's career, which is something new in gullibility among the worldly.

Benita Hume is the girl, a charming actress who is convincing neither as society girl nor gangster's moll, although under happier conditions she could play either rôle to perfection. An excellent, though brief, performance is contributed by Charles Williams as a crook nicknamed "*Baby Face*."

**"I Love That Man."**

Edmund Love, Nancy Carroll, Robert Armstrong, Warren Hymer, Lew Cody, Dorothy Burgess, Susan Fleming, Luis Alberni, Grant Mitchell.

A downright good melodrama, unaffected, suspenseful, and with a logi-

**The Screen in Review**

cal ending, this also provides excellent opportunities for Edmund Lowe and Nancy Carroll. It is worth catching in the flood of sophisticated and uneven pictures that leave one unsatisfied. Not that this is unsophisticated. It couldn't be. It's about crooks both smooth and hard-boiled and the numerous rackets of the principal one, Mr. Lowe, including the promotion of a gasoline saver and glass coffins. Miss Carroll, a nice girl, falls in love with him and lends herself to his schemes in the hope of reforming him. Happily, there is no desire on the part of Mr. Lowe to reform, so he remains a resourceful, likable crook till the end.

A novel high light—and you know as well as I how rarely anything new appears on the screen—occurs when the inmates of a house next door to a bank are held captive while the walls leading to the vaults are drilled. During this irksome interval a woman has a baby with a dentist officiating! If you've ever seen a situation similar to this on the screen I wish you would tell me for the sake of my archives.

Robert Armstrong and Warren Hymer render splendid service as Mr. Lowe's pals who turn up as his Nemesis and engineer the unsuccessful bank robbery. They make a fine team, Mr. Armstrong's grim toughness being nicely offset by Mr. Hymer as a more amiable criminal.

**"Mamma Loves Papa."**

Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, Lilyan Tashman, George Barbier, Morgan Wallace, Walter Catlett, André Beranger, Warner Richmond, Ruth Warren.

Domestic comedy, human, humorous, and heart-warming, finds its way to the screen very, very rarely. Hollywood is more intent on high-lighting excesses than in reflecting everyday realities. Therefore when, in the course of his often weary rounds, the reviewer comes upon a lifelike little comedy he regards the occasion as a milestone and is apt to go a little giddy. Such a gem is this. But don't think it's highbrow just because it merits critical praise. It's hilariously funny. When I saw it, even an infant in arms squawked unceasingly, disturbed by the commotion of laughter and jealous, maybe, of the attention attracted by Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles.

They are marvelously real as a middle-aged couple beset by the flurries that go to make up married life among conventional persons everywhere. *Mr. Todd* holds a minor position and *Mrs. Todd* is active in culture clubs and the like. She forces her husband to wear a cut-away and striped trousers to his office in the belief that he should look "im-

portant." Because of his outfit he loses his job and by accident is appointed playground commissioner, a promotion which elevates the *Todds* to society in its fullest sense.

But the story, though lively and cumulative, is of secondary importance to the acting which is brilliantly expert in its understanding of human nature as well as the technique of comedy. Too much praise surely cannot be heaped upon Miss Boland and Mr. Ruggles, not the least of their gifts being the ability to sustain a picture without the help of juvenile love interest.

Lilyan Tashman celebrates her return to films after a long absence in vaudeville with a rollicking performance and several startling ensembles.

**"It's Great To Be Alive."**

Raul Roulien, Gloria Stuart, Edna May Oliver, Herbert Mundin, Joan Marsh, Dorothy Burgess, Edward Van Sloan, Robert Greig, Emma Dunn.

An excellent idea wanders to a miserable finish, leaving all the players stranded far away from the hit they deserve—and might have had if the picture had realized its possibilities. You feel, though, that too many changes of mind occurred during the process of filming until in the end the purpose is lost sight of. Still, the picture has its moments and the music is tuneful.

The plot has Raul Roulien the only surviving man in a world of women, all the rest of his sex having been decimated by a mysterious malady



known as "masculitis." You can imagine the farcical endeavors of the women to preserve him for posterity. Or can't you? Anyhow, a league of nations is assembled to decide what is best to do with Mr. Roulien and this sequence is very good indeed, with Edna May Oliver presiding. However, the picture takes a terribly long time to reach this high light of comic imagination.

Mr. Roulien, who has met with favor in other rôles, is hardly satisfactory as the devastating male represented in the script. It's a tough



assignment for any actor. Dorothy Burgess is effective as a gang leader who would capture Mr. Roulien for her own, but Gloria Stuart and Joan Marsh are all but wasted.

#### "Disgraced."

Helen Twelvetrees, Bruce Cabot, Adrienne Ames, William Harrigan, Ken Murray, Charles Middleton.

"Tell me I'm not a knickknack," pleads Helen Twelvetrees of Bruce Cabot who, it seems, has a way of picking up female knickknacks for pastime.



And somehow this stands out as the keynote of the entertainment. Unfortunately there are other lapses, too. One of them is when the hero midway in the picture becomes a thoroughgoing villain. He makes the audience as well as Miss Twelvetrees think he loves her, therefore the deception leaves the spectator uncertain of how to accept Mr. Cabot. This is all the more confusing because the actor is excellent in both extremes.

For the rest of it the picture is a conventional, though not undramatic tale of a model betrayed and whose father, a policeman, shoots her seducer while the girl on the witness stand proclaims herself guilty until her parent tricks her into telling the truth.

William Harrigan is finely convincing as the father and Miss Ames shows taste and restraint in portraying a society girl besides looking as we like to imagine junior leaguers. Ken Murray is helpful, too, nor is there fault to be found with Miss Twelvetrees's acting. It's just that the picture isn't good enough for the talent enlisted.

#### "The Narrow Corner."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Patricia Ellis, Dudley Digges, Ralph Bellamy, Arthur Hohl, Henry Kolker, Reginald Owen, William V. Mong, Willie Fung.

After the fine impression he made last month in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., reverts to auditory histrionics and gives

a meaningless performance. Perhaps the fault is not so much his as the choice of the Somerset Maugham novel for filming. It is literary rather than dramatic, mental more than physical, consequently the action is forced and the motivation not quite clear enough to make a satisfactory picture. However, it has the merit of interesting dialogue even though it leaves some of the characters uncertain and their fate a matter of indifference.

They are discovered in the South Seas where Mr. Fairbanks, a derelict with a criminal record, encounters Dudley Digges, a cynical, philosophical doctor whose years in the tropics are chiefly occupied in observing the futilities of mankind—with appropriate comment. This is the most interesting character in the picture and Mr. Digges's acting is brilliantly persuasive. Another example of superior acting is contributed by Arthur Hohl as a shifty, dyspeptic sea cap-



tain who cringes before men but is brave in wind and storm.

Naturally, there's a heroine, Patricia Ellis, who is charming to look upon but whose character isn't brought out enough to mean anything. All in all, the picture is moderately interesting but it quickly fades from memory.

#### "Heroes for Sale."

Richard Barthelmess, Aline MacMahon, Loretta Young, Gordon Westcott, Robert Barrat, Berton Churchill, Charles Grapewin, Grant Mitchell, James Murray.

You will wait long to see Richard Barthelmess give a better performance than he does in this, but I fear the picture is too grim and disturbing to satisfy the majority. Thoughtful, intelligent, and finely acted throughout, it is depressing, tragic, and inconclusive. Such ingredients are for the minority.

Mr. Barthelmess is a returned soldier who sees another enjoy the honors that rightfully are his. He is a drug addict, too, as a result of hospital treatment, he loses his job in a bank and is hounded by the law. Although successful in a laundry job, he meets with disaster when a friend invents a labor-saving device. When discharged workers storm the plant to destroy the machine that has cheated them out of jobs, Mr. Barthelmess is accused of inciting the riot and is sentenced to five years in prison. His wife is killed by the mob, too. There is no peace for him when he is released for police warn him to leave town and he goes his weary way, the picture ending with a speech in which he expresses confidence in America and the New Deal. It is hardly conceivable that a man who had suffered so much would have found hope in any deal, new or old.

Nevertheless the picture is not dull and Mr. Barthelmess is impressive. Aline MacMahon also shines and Robert Barrat and Gordon Westcott are especially striking.

#### "Best of Enemies."

Buddy Rogers, Marian Nixon, Frank Morgan, Joseph Cawthorn, Greta Nissen, Arno Frey, William Lawrence, Anders van Haden.

The return of Buddy Rogers to the screen is a perfectly innocuous incident, pleasant, conventional, juvenile, not sufficiently emphatic to renew his contract.

The picture is a variation of the familiar friendly enemies and shows



two fathers, one of them dialectic, constantly at loggerheads while the son of one falls in love with the daughter of the other and the parents are reunited in bickering reconciliation.

Mr. Rogers and Marian Nixon are subordinated to the more interesting characters and better acting of Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn as the

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Goudal as interior decorator, and so their affair is considered one of the more costly accomplishments.

A party that is remembered because it occurred right in the midst of the bank holiday was the one given by Harry Lachman, the director, and his Chinese wife, Wong Tai Lachman, a skilled hostess, in honor of Lilian Harvey. This lasted virtually from sunset to dawn, beginning with an elegantly appointed dinner, and culminating with an equally fitting supper served about 3 a. m. Even the jitters of the time were obliterated by such unique hospitality. A majority of the parties in the foreign

## What Stars' Parties Cost

colony indulge in the late supper as well as dinner.

Constance Bennett, with amazing capacity to do things differently, can delight guests with a menu of which the high light is frankfurters and sauerkraut, while Lew Cody's corn-beef soirées are famous. But when it comes to unusual food Theda Bara is one of the leaders. And food does make the party, especially in the movie colony.

Victor McLaglen is the master of the barbecue. At his home in Flintridge, he served several hundred guests with pheasants of his own raising. Most barbecues are affairs of thick burned beef, presented to

guests in hunks that hint of ancient barbarism. Harold Lloyd's barbecues are famous for their quality, and he generally holds these as part of a golf tournament, at which he gives prizes that may run as high as \$500.

Swank is still hopefully carried on at San Simeon where Marion Davies presides, and there are comparatively few week-ends that do not find a throng of guests making their hegira there for a round of enjoyments, which have ranged from turtle races to indoor repartee with George Bernard Shaw. Parties are still reputedly very expensive in that locale, but for the rest, filmdom is moderately conservative now.

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**An Ingenious Deceiver.**—Even though she is still to be seen in pictures, Judith Allen, who everybody thought was Gary Cooper's latest blaze, has become a spectacular personality around the colony, because she managed to impress the studio officials with her virginal youth and then it leaked out that she was married to the wrestler, Gus Sonnenberg. Cecil DeMille, ever the astute picker of talent, had elected her for the rôle of the heroine in "This Day and Age" because of her Dianalike presence, among other qualities, and he was as much surprised as anybody to discover that she had been married two years, and was even contemplating a divorce. She had "lived" much more than he or anybody else had dreamed of.

Miss Allen didn't make Gary a victim of the "mental reservation" about her marriage. She told him outright. Which makes Gary feel that she is a very regular girl, even as—we can say from our observation—she is a very persuasive one. Really bright and charming.

Matches with gentlemen who wield boxing gloves and who go in for wrestling bouts have never done very well in movieland, as consider the past experiences of Estelle Taylor, Marian Nixon, and others.

**Two Get New Start.**—Just when we thought that Lillian Gish was forever through with pictures, comes the news that she has signed with RKO. She is to make one, possibly three films. The price for each is said to be \$15,000, and expenses paid from Europe.

Charlie Farrell, after enduring the vicissitudes of being out of work for a time, is back again in "Aggie Appleby." He has a very nice contract which will permit him to go to other studios between films, and it's in the

## Hollywood High Lights

cards that he's to be seen sometime soon again with Janet Gaynor. Farrell has been pretty careful about choice of pictures during his freelancing. He prefers to spend his time playing polo to appearing in weak films.

**Aviators Fêted.**—The National Air Races held in Los Angeles drew the film crowd as do all big sporting events. And naturally there had to be social events. Harold Lloyd turned his big estate over to the visitors, something he nearly always does when champions of any kind arrive in town. Ernst Udet, the famous stunt aviator, took enough pictures of Mildred with his little German camera to make Harold jealous, were he the jealous type.

The Carl Laemmles also greeted the birdmen, reason being that Udet is seen in their film, "S. O. S. Iceberg," doing flying stunts. Harold was also at this party, and John Boles, Paul Lukas, and June Knight were present, Miss Knight maintaining her official isolation, which is said to have been ordered by Max Baer. At least it isn't such a good idea to take a chance with a prize fighter's reputed fiancée.

Udet was the idol at the two parties, especially at the aviation field, but the interest of the movie damozels seemed to mean little to him. Dorothea Wieck was the only one with whom he even appeared friendly.

**Confuting All Discord.**—Charlie MacArthur took no chances on any one rumoring his inattentiveness to Helen Hayes when he returned from Europe. You see, they were separated for a while when he remained abroad to work on a scenario with Irving Thalberg, for Norma Shearer, and Helen came home to play in "Another Language." So when Charlie

reached town he rushed right out to the M.-G.-M. lot where Helen was busy, dashed right over to the stage where she was working, bowling over a press agent or two, and ran right to her arms. As far as we know, he didn't wait to see whether she was in the midst of a scene or not.

As a consequence, nobody is even whispering that the Hayes-MacArthur marriage isn't one of those rare and ideal ones in the movie colony. All the testimony is heartily in favor of that conclusion. They also know how to laugh and make light of it, which is both clever and unusual, even yet.

**Comedy Experience Tells.**—Evidently Oliver "Babe" Hardy believes that slapstick is a good thing in the home as well as on the screen. He has been having a divorce wrangle with his wife, and the case also involves his sister-in-law, who asks \$50,000 damages for assault and battery.

Hardy's and Stan Laurel's lives seem to follow similar courses, since Stan was recently sued by Mrs. Laurel. Stan's separation was on the grounds of mental cruelty and incompatibility, characteristic perhaps of his subdued personality, while Hardy's has been a dynamic affair, with the comedian suing first. He accused his wife of staying away from home and running him into debt, and she cross-complained that he gambled as much as \$30,000 in a single day at Agua Caliente, and averaged daily losses on cards and golf of \$100 to \$175, of associating with a blonde, and of slapping her sister. Life is just one thing after another for a comedian, not to speak of his family. The unkindest cut of all was when the neighborhood gossips declared that Babe moved out of his home so often during the later days he should have put his baggage on roller skates.



## "English Gel" From Iowa

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"I did five shows in England, though I never played in London. The friend wrote a New York agent that a very promising actress was sailing for America. Before I landed on native soil—I was two weeks late on purpose in order to stir up the proper anticipation—I'd been sent cables with play offers."

What value build-up! The Broadway agent scurried around the town and quickly placed her in the lead of a new play. She expected to score in New York and then go West. The production was delayed for a fortnight, due to a controversy over the film rights. And Margaret, impatient, requested her agent to arrange for screen tests.

Various studios tested her. Universal wanted an English actress for "The Old Dark House" and signed her, but before she arrived in Hollywood Gloria Stuart was put into the rôle. For six months Margaret collected a modest salary and, aside from a Tom Mix lead, did only bits.

Then Fox began casting "Cavalcade," seeking an all-English cast. She was called for a test and O. K.'d for a prominent rôle. It was her long-awaited break.

"I was in a quandary. Although I looked and talked English, to tell them that I was actually from Iowa would have lost the assignment for me. Yet I was conscience-stricken at fooling them.

"The upshot was that I resolved to investigate the rest of the cast. If any of the leads were not English, I'd go through with it. Who do you suppose was less authentic than I? None other than Beryl Mercer. She was born in Spain."

You'd hardly recognize Margaret if you've not seen her since "Cavalcade," in which she was sincere but not seductive, good but not glamorous. She was obviously talented and it won her the necessary notice. However, she realized she required something more.

"It was a marvelous picture. But I feel that on the screen how you look is of more consequence than how you act. A plain, typically English type would have little chance for widespread popularity."

So what did she do to climb out of the merely among-those-present category? She took to heart the volumes of glamour advice expounded in the magazines. Lessons in make-up have transformed her into a beauty. Her figure was lithe, but it hadn't been gowned right to be luring. She's learned to pour herself into tight-fitting dresses. Hey, hey, Jean Harlow—are you looking?

The simple English girl has evolved into a stunning young modern. If you glimpsed her opposite William Powell, in "Private Detective 62," you know her as she is to-day. She resembles Mary Duncan and has the

superb poise of Kay Francis. Which is amazing in one of her tender age.

That broad "a" accent is the only remnant of her pose. It is slated for the discard, too.

"It's no joke to lose," she continued as we reached for seconds on coffee. "I was taught a stage accent. It wasn't difficult to slip into the British vocal swing. The job is to get rid of it. I practice on 'can't' instead of 'cawn't,' for instance. An hour afterward I catch myself saying, 'I can't take a bawth,' or some such incongruity!"

Before I departed and she returned to the set, I discovered she lives serenely by herself in a Hollywood apartment. Her mother, who is just forty-six, visits her whenever possible and no doubt is certain this well-trained daughter can handle any situation which may arise.

Between pictures Margaret indulges in a heavy program of dancing, horseback riding, tennis, and golf. She has numerous admirers and so far has never sung a torch song for one of them. Her aim is to be as fine an actress as Helen Hayes. Already she's displayed exceptional ability in characterizing, don't you think? The toughest audience in the world—Hollywood itself—was convinced she was English until she chose to unmask. A modern maiden with her flair for fooling is bound to dent the talkies.

## They Say in New York—

Continued from page 25

providing himself with ready cash. Mrs. Howard sent him off to the bank, where he ran into old friends and somehow or other forgot all about the details of his departure. When he got back to the hotel a lobby full of interviewers and débutantes streaming out from a party in the Victorian suite were lingering about to catch a glimpse of him. Mrs. Howard put in a few frantic minutes making telephone calls to get old friends to bring up any cash they could spare, and what with one thing and another there was a wildly confused traffic jam in front of the hotel for twenty minutes.

Incidentally, Leslie was the boy who planned to live simply and not let that movie money change his thrifty habits. However, he reserved the Prince of Wales suite on the ship for his trip to England.

**Fashion Notes.**—Your favorite fashion models may be Lilyan Tashman and Joan Crawford, or Kay Francis and Norma Shearer, but they are not the big influence on the garment trade at the moment. Katha-

rine Hepburn and Gloria Swanson are largely responsible for the clothes in the advance showings of new fashions.

Katharine Hepburn has been ordering much of her wardrobe from Elizabeth Hawes, the ranking young American designer, and Gloria Swanson orders frocks by the dozen from Schiaparelli in Paris. Manufacturers are making copies of many of them to be sold throughout the country.

The new Hawes models have discarded the padded shoulders in favor of natural ones, and burst into fullness in the sleeves. Most of them are high-necked. There is a half belt across the back and many of the frocks have tunics. Wooden buttons, butterplate size, and bell cord are used as trimming. Oxford gray is favored by Hawes for suits and with these are worn velveteen overblouses in gay colors. The necklines are tricky and can be arranged high, low, or tied this way and that. Many of them lace at the neck and suède is used for trimming.

The outstanding feature of the Schiaparelli collection which Gloria

Swanson has taken up in a large way is one of those inspired dresses that masquerade as several. There is a slip of synthetic silk jersey over which hand-knit jackets, short ones like boleros, are worn. Sometimes these are the same color as the slip; more often they are in contrasting colors. A turtle-necked top makes it a sports dress, a tailored jacket makes it a street dress, a bolero with soft, draped neckline gives it the air of an afternoon dress. Not only Hollywood, but probably the whole country will be wearing these after Gloria comes back and displays them.

**Composite Picture Star.**—McLelland Barclay started a new argument among fans when he confided to the press the features of an ideal film beauty made up from the best features of several. His choice would have Kay Francis's gait, Marlene Dietrich's legs, Wynne Gibson's knees, Miriam Hopkins's chest and shoulders, Carol Lombard's hips, Sylvia Sydney's hands, Mae West's teeth, Helen Twelvetrees's lips, and Elissa Landi's carriage.



## He Rules the Stars

And they talk about the power of the press!

The still photographer, too, can get in his dirty—or clean—work, whichever the case may be. In May Picture Play, you saw a lovely May-time portrait of Jean Harlow. The Platinum One was disclosed in a setting of sweetness and light—with quite a bit of emphasis on the light. In fact, it undoubtedly took time, trouble, and an excellent cameraman to obtain the lovely result.

On the same page appeared a news photo of the same Jean, an informal picture taken in a beauty parlor with a hairdresser hovering above her in much the manner of a guardian angel. It's true Miss Harlow did not look eighty, but it did seem as if she might have grown tired of voting years before.

Norma Shearer especially realizes the value of good photography. Cameramen have carefully studied her, concentrating on high-lighting her best points. Not merely because her husband pretty well runs things

around the M.-G.-M. studio, but because Miss Shearer herself is so likable and ambitious. Nothing is too much effort for this star, so why should it be to the man who photographs her?

Norma has a slight cast in one eye which, if not taken care of photographically, is apt to make her appear cross-eyed. In the short-skirt era, she was seldom, if ever, photographed below the knees. You will perhaps recall that Miss Shearer was the first girl to play the legendary knee-skirted *Kathie* of "The Student Prince" in a flowing gown.

Since Joan Crawford began combining various advertised diets, retaining the most devastating features of each, and, in consequence acquiring a slightly cadaverous look, she has not been exactly the cameraman's delight. No, indeed. Miss Crawford is actually becoming difficult to photograph.

Important among the reasons why a player dislikes to be lent to another studio is that she realizes she perhaps

will not get her share of attention photographically. Which, incidentally, may have been what happened to Madge Evans. M.-G.-M. sees to it that their lovely blonde gets a bit better than the breaks, because, like the lad urged to button up his overcoat, "she belongs to them."

"Hallelujah" is a United Artists product, "The Mayor of Hell" a Warner picture. Miss Evans may have meant little more to their respective photographers than just another actress. Therefore, they may not have deemed it necessary to go to the effort and expense of bringing out Madge's best points.

At any rate, in case the gentleman seated next you in the subway suddenly asks who is the Czar of Hollywood, you can now unpremeditatedly shout, "The cameraman!" and be able to back up your assertion.

And, should any one inquire as to who is the smartest girl dwelling amid the Hollywood hills, say "Joan Blondell. She married a cameraman!"

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## Our Movie-made Homes

There are 77,000,000 people in this country who attend movies weekly, the author, Henry James Forman, estimates, and at least 28,000,000 are under twenty-one years of age. Inmates of prisons, reform schools, and homes for delinquent girls were questioned. Two murders involving young admirers of *Little Caesar* followed the showing of that picture, patterned after the technique so dramatically detailed. Many of the delinquent girls attributed their downfall to the glamorous version of vice and luxury held up on the screen, but one must remember that all of them must seize upon some convenient alibi. Before movies, it may have been tandem bicycles or the insidious influence of Laura Jean Libby's fainting heroines.

On the other hand, as producers have told us, pictures of borderline and underworld themes represent just what the people want. They are borne out in their beliefs by the success of the hot-cha films. You can't

blame the producers, for glorious as ruling a studio empire must be, they are not in the racket for fun.

There are two organizations designed to keep the screen sweet and clean: the censor boards and the Hays office. One of the tasks of the latter is to guess just how far a film can go and yet get by the censors. The idea is to avoid making a picture which might be banned altogether, thereby incurring a big loss. Somebody has learned that if smut is even thinly disguised it can go right under the highly respectable noses of the censors and they'll never suspect a thing. But wait till the picture is shown before a younger and more worldly audience! Censors are too often nice old ladies and cloistered men who don't speak the language of the younger generation, and what can they do about modern wisecracks, poor dears? Even Will Hays himself has just recently learned the implications of a certain naughty word, according to the *New Yorker*.

Who has ever forgotten his first pictures? With a lot of us, our first ones were sweetly tepid or terribly slapstick. But suppose you were now to see your first one, without having been led up to the present-day films, wouldn't you consider them an eye-ful?

Not long ago the first picture came to Andorra, the smallest republic in the world, and the villagers saw one of Hollywood's hot numbers. Half the population of 5,000 tried to squeeze into a building seating 500. The mountaineers were all thrilled, but the women objected to the actions of the heroine. The Spanish bishop heard about it and was to take a look at the red-hot mamma on the screen and perhaps order the faithful to stay away. They're probably talking about it yet, showing, I hope, that films do make a powerful impression on unsophisticated minds.

Oh, well, what the heck! Let's call it a day and go see Jean Harlow hip-pity-hip through "Hold Your Man."

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## The Black Napoleon

with its mother. Later they took what is called a "wild-sound track" of these animals which lived up to its name, all right. Lordy, what a noise!

There was some talk of going to Haiti to film that sequence, but the producers decided against it. With less expense, and certainly greater

comfort, reproductions of the country were made in the studio. Fighting the daily showers in Haiti, the mosquitoes, jungle pests, and superstitions of the natives would have been an expensive and spirit-breaking job.

At the end fate catches up with *Brutus Jones* and touches him on the

shoulder. All the evil things he has done in his life rise up like ghosts in his memory as he frantically tries to escape through the jungle from the natives he has robbed and ruined. Confused by these fears, he is unable to follow the path he was so sure he knew and thrashes about in a circle, getting nowhere.



It is in these eerie scenes that those who have had faith in that early promise of Dudley Murphy's will expect a great deal. The jungle occupies all the vast stage. Plants and trees, carloads of them, have been brought up from the Florida Everglades. There is a crocodile swamp, a lake, hills, gullies, and tall trees hanging with a mossy veil that enhances their mystery. It is sinister enough in the gloom of night to scare a much stouter heart than the guilty one of *Brutus Jones*.

In short, the story of "The Emperor Jones" is the story of a man who reached for the moon and fell off the ladder. That he happens to be a Negro instead of a white man adds a touch of novelty to the plot and action which fundamentally is the old but always fascinating story of human aims and failings. Give it a good hand, and see if I care if you blister your palms. I've got band-aids on mine already.

### Cutie

Continued from page 43

work with a dark wig. I'd hate that." Toby wrinkled her forehead in a tiny frown.

"Some day I hope to make the type of pictures Phyllis Haver used to do. Remember, the light comedy? Or Joan Blondell. I think she represents modern youth as the public likes to see it. I want to pattern my acting after her, if I can."

Maurice Chevalier saw Toby during the filming of "College Humor" and immediately fell under her charm. She spelled romance, youth, loveliness, everything a young girl should be, he told friends, and took her to lunch nearly every day in the studio restaurant. Passing his dressing room, studio workers on one occasion heard him singing "Louise," with "Tobeez" substituted for the original name. He was *enchanté*.

As you may divine, this new player is engaging. Still too young to have acquired the full blossom of womanhood, a single glimpse of her is enough to make one realize her possibilities.

Reared in comfort and luxury, there are none of the traces of struggle that sometimes line the faces of studio girls. While she has been forced to work hard to achieve the position she holds now, fortunately she hasn't been subjected to those experiences against which many girls have battled.

As "Toby," she was named after a horse. It must have been a thoroughbred!

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## Half-past Seventeen

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"Every young actress doubtlessly says she's gone through plenty of unhappiness. It's no joke with me. I've known the best and the worst kind of people." All this, of course, was before her sponsor waved the wand.

Unlike Mary, too, in temperament, Jean doesn't care for parties or premières. She is not placid. When she gets mad she craves action. Though she plans nifty ensembles, clothes are dismissed with the brief statement that they're a nuisance. She adores popping about, doing the unexpected, and classifies herself as the Hepburn type at heart.

Hollywood men cut no ice with her.

"Love?" She hesitated. "Well, yes—but it's a secret. He's only seventeen, also, and my sponsor doesn't believe we should get serious. He graduated with me and he's becoming an actor. My sponsor saw his photograph and thought him terribly handsome. So he's having his chance now."

Acquainted for three years, their first date occurred three months ago when each of them grew sentimental simultaneously. He's her first love. (Music, please!) She sighs and guesses they'll be pals only, what with careers taking up so much of

their time. They go to the movies or the beach during her free hours and dream rapturously of their future.

"I don't want to be a star," Jean asserted vigorously as she prepared to leave. She recently competed nobly with the veteran Misses Hepburn, Dee, and Joan Bennett in "Little Women."

"And I hope—oh, sincerely—that I'll never let Hollywood dazzle me. I could name four stars right here on the lot who are completely lost. Gone so great in their own esteem they aren't worth a darn as human beings!"

Jean was impatient to be on her way for a frolic at the beach with her "inspiration," as she describes her boy friend. And when could an interview interfere with Young Love? Evidently this was one of those rare releases from constant application.

I can add that John Barrymore wins her award as the most regular of all the stars she's encountered. But as to the four who—I'd best be diplomatic! Anyway, you who languish uncelebrated ought to pep up. Consider Cinderella Jean Parker and never forget that while there's Hollywood, there's hope.

## She Knows Where She's Going

Continued from page 59

pointed me out and said I was just the girl for the part. The director looked at me and told Chevalier the whole story. But Chevalier insisted that what that part required was an inexperienced girl who had a personality entirely new to the screen."

Her work in that picture won Frances her contract with Paramount. While she was still with that organization RKO borrowed her for "The Silver Cord," with Irene Dunne and Joel McCrea.

Once again her good luck held, and as a result of her performance, RKO tendered her a contract for four pictures a year.

"That's the ideal sort of contract," Frances said. "I'm guaranteed a certain amount of work a year, yet the rest of the time I am free to work elsewhere in whatever parts appeal to me."

"How did you happen to think of the screen as a career?" I inquired. "Were any of your family actors or actresses?"

"No"—and her eyes twinkled. "I

guess it was just an 'exhibitionist complex,' and I'm the first of my family to have it."

She smiled amusedly and I added a sense of humor to the list of her other engaging qualities. It isn't every actress who knows when to smile at her own foibles.

Smaller than she appears on the screen, with delicate wrists and ankles and softly modulated voice, Frances Dee manages to retain a quality of old-fashioned femininity.

She will be a lovely *Mcg* in Louisa M. Alcott's cherished classic, "Little Women."

"*Mcg* is a person I can thoroughly understand," she told me. "While the attitudes and actions of girls of the past are often incomprehensible to us to-day, I can imagine the modern prototype of *Mcg*, and she is just the sort of person I would like to be."

"She was firm, yet yielding, gentle but not saccharine, courageous and with a deep and abiding affection for those she loved. She might be any man's ideal woman—and wife!"



"Do you, then, consider being a wife important?"

"The most important thing in the world. Though I intend always to continue acting, I most certainly expect to marry and have children—many of them!"

"I want first to achieve a real success on the screen. Not just a few good rôles, not just to be recognized as an adequate ingénue. I want to make a name for myself as a real actress in any and every sort of rôle."

"Then, I want to go on the stage for a while. Maybe by that time I

will have met the one man with whom I care to spend the rest of my life. I can marry him and have the family I want.

"Between times, I shall most certainly keep on acting, even until I have to play white-haired character women!"

And after meeting Frances Dee and talking to her, I believe she will do just what she says, accomplish those things upon which she has set her heart—the happy marriage, the large family, and the work until the end.

## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

fathers, Mr. Morgan in particular giving an excellent account of himself as a hypocritical prohibitionist who closes Mr. Cawthorn's saloon and drives him out of business. That is, in this country. But the German goes to his native land where he becomes proprietor of a *hofbrau* in the same city where Mr. Rogers is ostensibly furthering his musical education. Miss Nixon, too, is said to have musical talent and she is a pupil at the same institute of learning. Talk about coincidence!

Anyhow, it's a harmless little picture that will offend no one and the pieces fit into one another as neatly as a jig-saw puzzle with no strain on the spectator at all.

### "Made on Broadway."

Robert Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans, Eugene Pallette, Jean Parker, C. Henry Gordon, Ivan Lebedeff, David Newell, Vince Barnett.

A picture that misses fire is a credit to no one, least of all players whose good performances are nullified by vague characterizations and dialogue.



That is precisely the fault in this case, consequently an indifferent film results in spite of the admirable actors concerned.

Robert Montgomery attempts what is an unusual character for him, a Broadway "fixer" who charges exorbitant sums for getting his clients out of trouble. Newspapers, civic heads, and the police are all amenable to his glibly exerted pressure. It isn't Mr. Montgomery's fault that the character is under suspicion for phoniness. The part never convinces because the author isn't able to make him so.

The gist of the story is Mr. Montgomery's failure to transform a starving and illiterate girl into an ornament to Broadway society. It is true she proves ornamental enough—Sally Eilers plays her—but she shoots a man and double-crosses her benefactor into the bargain. Whereupon Mr. Montgomery's divorced wife comes forward to console him. I cannot believe this picture will be considered anything but weak anywhere.

### "Professional Sweetheart."

Ginger Rogers, Norman Foster, Gregory Ratoff, Zasu Pitts, Edgar Kennedy, Frank McHugh, Franklin Pangborn, Theresa Harris, Allen Jenkins.

Several pictures have aimed good-natured fun at radio broadcasting, but this is easily the best. It isn't quite savage enough to suit some of us, perhaps, but it is genuinely amusing—more so early in the proceedings than later—and it is above the average. Also, it establishes Ginger Rogers as a leading player after several years in subordinate rôles. She has a real sense of humor—her hysterical scene proves that—and her figure is splendiferous in case you haven't noticed, which is unlikely.

Anyhow, she's *The Purity Girl*, all ruffles and rosebuds, star of the radio period sponsored by Ippsie-Wippie, "the washcloth of your dreams." Though forced by circumstances to be sweetly dumb, *The Purity Girl* has a yen to step out of character and

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## Soft Iron Hand

Continued from page 19

"One of my pet hopes," she went on, "is to make a perfect picture when film technique has reached its 7th degree of perfection."

You may have noticed that quite recently Nancy's acting has taken on a decided change for the better. But Nancy will not admit her ability has changed. She asserts, quite calmly, that she is able to do now what she was prevented from doing in the past.

"From the very beginning of my screen career," she decisively declared, "I knew what I could do. I was no novice. I did not enter pictures untrained, without skill. And though it was helpful, it proved also a drawback.

"Playing in the West Coast production of 'Chicago' brought me several picture offers. I made one or two silent films, but talking was coming in.

"With the full introduction of talkies, I was right in the front line, so to speak. Producers were clamoring for players with stage experience. Well, I had it. I could sing and also dance.

"Do you know," she broke off to inform me, "that during my first year with Paramount I made no less than ten pictures? In fact, I've been making from eight to ten each year, except when I was in New York. Then I made only four.

"I don't know what it stood for, but I was cast in everything. Out of one film into another—comedies, dramas, musicals. I suppose I happened to be 'a bird in the hand.' I had no choice of stories or rôles. I couldn't offer a word as to how I'd like to do a scene. Everything was too fast and furious.

"The only thing I had uppermost in mind was to win a public. I wanted fans to recognize me as an actress."

This recognition was afforded her. Womanlike, she now wishes it had been otherwise.

"Yes, I'm sorry I set out for that goal," she continued. "It would have been much better had I typed myself. That's the only way to maintain a definite place in pictures. The most successful stars are types.

"Now the fans have seen me in so many different rôles that I doubt if they can visualize me as a very definite person in pictures. I wish now I had typed myself."

Regardless of that, Miss Carroll's first desire, to be known as an actress, has not been without fruit. She is outstanding in one certain thing: the ability to register her thoughts as well as her actions, and at the same

time, even when they are at variance. Nancy seems to be able to act two personalities at once. I know of no other player who can do this so well.

Since this ability appears to be a recent achievement, I wondered what had aroused her mind to so keen a duality of talent. It was not always evident. Yet you feel this is an actual trait with her in private. She is very guarded when she meets you, but banishes caution when she feels you are friendly.

The past five years have been a hectic race for Nancy to win her public. Her first marriage to Jack Kirkland is history. They separated with the friendliest feelings toward each other, which is quite a common thing right now. Then Nancy married Bolton Mallory, erstwhile young editor of *Life*.

Now since Jack had been a reporter, handling the more sordid bits of worldly existence, I thought this might have kept Nancy to the commonplace things of life also. And since Bolton was a littérateur, I surmised that Nancy's second marriage might have changed her outlook on life. When I voiced my opinions she dispelled them with disarming frankness.

"Not at all," she remarked in a very matter-of-fact tone. "Mr. Kirkland is also very literary. Both Mr. Kirkland and Mr. Mallory are literary men."

She spoke with such calm decisiveness that I did not dare dispute.

"Is it true, then, that you and Mr. Mallory are separating?" I asked.

"Is it?" Nancy echoed, and smiled denial—I think.

But was her home life at any time upset by the demands of her dramatic career? I was prepared to hear the usual Hollywood story, how she was perfectly homelike and allowed nothing, simply nothing, to interfere. La Carroll surprised me again.

"Yes," she commented, still cool, calm, and collected. "My screen work often interferes with my home life, in spite of all I do to prevent it.

"Naturally, my husband feels annoyed at times—but only on my behalf," she hastened to add. "They work you too hard," he'll say when I have to go back to the studio at night. Of course I try to arrange things accordingly."

"You rest and see no one in the evenings, I suppose, after a day's emoting?"

"Oh, no," Nancy stated, flipping aside such an odd idea. "I'm afraid I'm not one of those stars soon ex-

Continued on page 72



## Barry Bounces Back

Continued from page 55

the real aristocrats. When asked in which class he considered himself he answered, "Middle class," and wrinkled his nose disdainfully.

He is very sensitive and his feelings are easily hurt. He forgives readily. When short of money he is uncommonly despondent. Greta Garbo invited him to play tennis with her. "She plays like a man," he remarked later. He sits a horse like a cavalryman and enjoys riding. He lacks diplomacy and has little patience with fans who seek him out and try to stammer their praise. He has no business sense at all and never reads the contracts he signs. He is often vacillating and procrastinating in matters where he should be firm and

prompt. He is his own worst enemy because he cannot manage his affairs.

He never gossips or says harsh things about others. I never knew him to criticize another actor. He does everything on a grand scale, even his mistakes.

He was once engaged to Myrna Loy, but his eccentricities wore the poor girl out. He would like to visit his native Argentine but doesn't dare, as he would be thrown in prison for evading the compulsory military service. American naturalization would save him, but if he takes out citizenship papers in this country his South American fans will turn against him. He is in one helluva fix. But he is a grand young actor.

## Franchot Tone

Continued from page 21

"I still haven't seen it. Oh, I've been to the Grove and the Beverly-Wilshire and a few parties, but I haven't been to any orgies and I haven't seen any of the fantastic things people tell about Hollywood."

"Well, I have," I yelled defiantly. "Maybe I don't look for them, or if they happen when I'm around, maybe I just laugh and don't realize those are the fantastic things people refer to as 'Hollywood.'"

"What do you think of the habit people have here of calling you by your first name as soon as they're introduced?"

"I think it's swell," he smiled. "Makes you feel they're all your friends, particularly when they mispronounce the first name. You can't help realizing just how deep the friendship is. All these boys around the studio come up, slap me on the back, put their arms around my shoulders and start asking the most personal questions. Then they go away and I never see them again until something else comes up they want to find out about."

"What kind of rôles do you want to play?"

"Good ones."

"But I mean comedy or drama?"

"Both. I don't want to be typed."

"But haven't you any preference? Didn't you make your success in New York in neurotic parts?"

"I never made a success in New York. I've never been in a hit play. I played a couple of neurotic parts and got good notices, but I also played in a number of comedies and got good notices. The best-

known plays were 'Green Grow the Lilacs,' 'Pagan Lady'—supporting Lenore Ulric—'The House of Connelly' and 'Night Over Taos.' They were all good plays—but they weren't successes. The others didn't matter."

Franchot off the screen is a somewhat different person than he is on. In films he comes closer to approximating that insouciance Fredric March showed in "Merrily We Go To Hell" and "To-night Is Ours" than any other actor. In person, when you succeed in rousing him from that apathy that envelops him, he conveys the impression of morbidity.

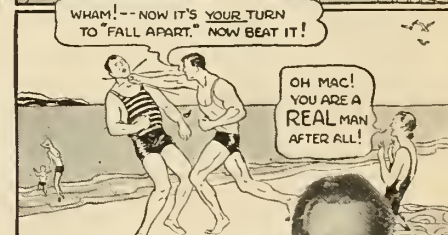
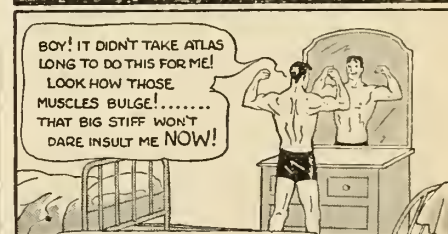
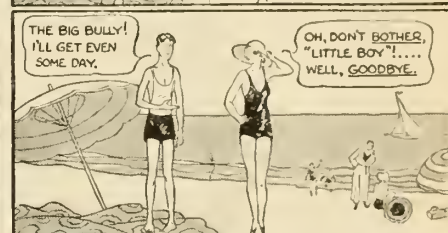
"Are you morbid?" I asked.

Franchot showed signs of life. "God, no!" he ejaculated. "I'm too lazy for one thing and I've nothing to be morbid about for another. I'm really a fairly even-tempered, cheerful person. It requires less effort to be that way."

His outburst over, he lapsed in something approaching a coma. After a few minutes he stifled a yawn and rose. "I'm sorry. I've got to go. I made another appointment before I knew I was to see you. I don't know how you're going to get a story out of all this unless you drag one out of the thin air, but if you can think of anything else you want, call me."

I watched him leave with a feeling of dismay and I, too, wondered where my story was to come from. But I took heart as I reflected that as far as Franchot is concerned, it won't make any difference whether I have a story or not. He'll be too busy dancing—or sleeping.

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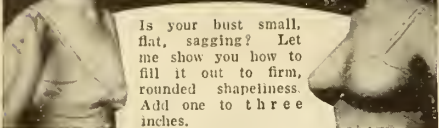
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## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 67

be herself, with smoking, drinking and men to help. To quiet her and still preserve the illusion of girlish innocence, her manager decides to stage a fictitious romance. A letter from a fan is chosen at random and the writer happens to be a youth from the Kentucky mountains. He is brought to New York and publicized as the sweetheart of *The Purity Girl's* dreams. Of course a real romance develops between the young people.

This is enough to give you an inkling of the story, but not too much to spoil your enjoyment of the complications that develop when the girl and boy elope. It is all good fun edged with satire.

The acting is capital, Norman Foster turning in an admirable job as the yokel whose shrewdness upsets the plans of his supposed superiors. Gregory Ratoff is especially fine as the broken-accented boss of Ippsie-Wippie.

### "Private Detective 62."

William Powell, Margaret Lindsay, Arthur Hohl, Gordon Westcott, James Bell, Ruth Donnelly.

The fine talents of William Powell are virtually wasted on an indecisive picture which, though superficially amusing at times, is light-waisted at best. And Mr. Powell acts his role as if he were fully aware of his picture's shortcomings. That brilliant authority revealed in many past performances is eclipsed, but you

frame a girl with whom, of course, he falls in love.

Margaret Lindsay is the girl and gives a good account of herself. Her story on page 22 is perhaps more interesting than her part in this picture.

### "Bed of Roses."

Constance Bennett, Joel McCrea, John Halliday, Pert Kelton, Samuel Hinds, Franklin Pangborn.

The popular guttersnipe heroine receives further glorification from Constance Bennett and her clever cohorts, writers, director, and actors, who leave nothing to the imagination except belief in her goodness. It comes too late, however, to be convincing, although the formula nowadays would have us believe that a leading character can descend to any graphic degradation and be accepted as a full-fledged heroine provided she makes a sacrificial gesture. Then she is purified for a happy ending and a good man's love.

Here Miss Bennett's heroine vacates a luxurious apartment and refuses a diamond bracelet to prove her worthiness of a barge captain and her willingness to scrub decks. It doesn't ring true to any one who knows the type, but the fable does make a lively, humorous picture in a sordid scene.

To recite all the misdemeanors of the heroine before her pseudo-reformation would require more space than a review of such a film is worth. Enough to say that her story begins with her liberation from a reformatory in company with her friend Minnie and their determination to make their way by gypping men, a feat in which they are both highly successful.

A high light of the picture is the performance of Pert Kelton, who comes to the screen from musical comedy and gives a rousing imitation of Mae West. So effective is Miss Kelton that she all but dominates the picture. Joel McCrea is the barge captain at whose money Miss Bennett looks covetously before she marries him, and John Halliday is the provider of her bed of roses.

### "Samarang."

Ahmang, Sai-Yu, Ko-Hai, Mamounah, Chang-Fu.

feel the obscurity is but momentary and Mr. Powell will be himself again—when the producers will it so.

The story hardly matters. Its implausibilities would be as apparent in a synopsis as they are on the screen. Enough to say that Mr. Powell, ousted from the Secret Service, becomes an operative in the private detective racket and is assigned to

Malay pearl divers reappear in this without, however, telling us anything new about the hazards of their work or throwing new light on native scenes and habits. The scenic beauties of the film are conspicuous, though, and a fight between an octopus and a shark is unusual while





views of a huge snake crushing a native are terrifying. Actually, though, the artificial octopus in "Below the Sea" was better behaved dramatically and the trained python that strangled Lionel Atwill to death in "Murders in the Zoo" agitated me more.

While the players in this are obviously natives, their behavior suggests Hollywood in their conscious striving for the picturesque. This is especially evident in the love-making of Ahmang and Sai-Yu, the girl's simpering and the man's posturing supplying a touch of box-office appeal which is all right, I suppose, though it dispels the very illusion the director tried to create.

#### "Cocktail Hour."

Bebe Daniels, Randolph Scott, Barry Norton, Muriel Kirkland, Sidney Blackmer, Jessie Ralph, George Nardelli, Phillips Smalley, Marjorie Gateson.

Another version of the free heroine who must spend a night with a strange man before she can tolerate marriage with another, is the subject of a picture as synthetic as its title. It is lively and well acted, however, and there is an attempt to make the characters lifelike. Also the majority of Picture Play readers will wish to see Barry Norton in his latest comeback. Slim, handsome, completely without accent, his return to activity will be permanent, it is hoped, for he has much that is worth while to offer. Now about the proceedings that involve him.

Bebe Daniels, a fabulously successful illustrator, turns down Randolph Scott until she can go to Paris for a fling. Said spree begins even earlier than her arrival when she meets Sidney Blackmer in a ship flirtation and next morning says to her confidante, "Oh, I feel so degraded." That squares the moral issue, according to the queer ethics of the movies. But Mr. Blackmer is not so easily disposed of. He turns up in Paris to annoy her and in the ensuing scuffle is pushed out of the window and thus got rid of for the reconciliation of Miss Daniels and Mr. Scott.

The picture strives for witty, or rather wisecracking, dialogue and a modern viewpoint, but it's pretty trite stuff at that and echoes many pictures that have been better done.

#### "Below the Sea."

Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray, Fredrik Vogeding, Esther Howard, Paul Page, Trevor Bland, William J. Kelly.

Handicapped by a title which suggests an educational study of marine life, this is rousing melodrama instead. And it is very good if you are in the mood to dispense with restraint, subtlety, and teacup civilities.

There is something doing every second in furthering a story that includes as much incident as can be crowded into a film of normal length. To recite the plot would leave you confused, dizzy, and perhaps gasping, though the complicated story is told clearly enough in the picture to make it a simple matter to follow it.

The main sequence concerns a scientific expedition to the tropics for the purpose of collecting undersea specimens. It is financed by a society girl who employs a deep-sea diver and the ex-captain of a German submarine. The two men hate each other but are drawn together through their knowledge of a sunken chest of gold which they mean to retrieve from the ocean's bottom unknown to members of the expedition. And that is only a mere trifle of the profuse plot. Anyhow, it's the setting for the love



story of the self-willed girl and her pursuit of the hard-boiled, indifferent diver. It also explains why they happen to be at the bottom of the ocean together when a giant octopus winds its tentacles around the glass cage in which they are photographing flora and fauna. All the submarine camera work is finely done.

Fay Wray, the indefatigable, who has combatted maniacs galore in recent films, as well as screaming and kicking prettily in *King Kong's* mammoth paw, here shows how to escape unharmed from the octopus, rouses the passion of the sneering diver and generally triumphs. Ralph Bellamy, in the latter rôle, is in the spirit of the proceedings and acquits himself well. Fredrik Vogeding, of the stage, gives, however, the most striking performance of all as the half-crazy German captain.



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## Soft Iron Hand

Continued from page 68



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hausted by emotion. Why, after a day's work I'm all keyed up. I'm too alert to seek solitude. I like my friends round me. But I make it a rule never to stay up after midnight when I'm working.

"One thing I should like," she summed up, as if all other events in her life, both private and theatrical, were the most trivial worries. "I should like to have more time to spend with my daughter. But I think it's better that I'm not with her every minute. I don't want her to regard me as a possessive mother. As it is, we think the world of each other."

Tea time at the Vendome was over.

Glamorous meetings had to fade away in polite farewells.

Nancy held out her hand to me, now sheathed in its net gauntlet. Ah! I kiss your hand, madame. The emerald gleamed at me almost fiercely through the black net.

Stepping out into the shade of the sunlit pepper trees on Sunset Boulevard, I floated home, taking with me the conviction that despite the dainty softness of Nancy, one must eventually feel the iron of *la Carroll*.

You must admire her. You feel that the iron beneath the velvet is what little Nancy puts to use in forging her way ahead in this cold, hard world.

It also brings her emeralds.

## Information, Please

Continued from page 9

**JERRY FARRELL.**—That was Toby Wing in the "I'm Young and Healthy" number with Dick Powell in "Forty-second Street." Try Paramount Studio for her photograph. This issue has an interview with her.

**CURLY O'L.**—Both Helen Hayes and Clark Gable are under contract to Metro-Goldwyn. Address them at that studio. For stills of various films, write the publicity departments of the companies that produced them. When writing you might inquire what the charge is for such pictures.

**A READER.**—Raul Roulien is a South American, born there October 8, 1905. He has never been married. Under contract to Fox.

**MATA D.**—Kenneth Howell played *John Stevens* in "The Eagle and the Hawk."

**HONEY ROBERTS.**—The ape in "King Kong" was mechanical. Address Robert Montgomery at M.-G.-M. Studio. Theodor von Eltz played in "Hotel Continental." He comes from New Haven, Connecticut.

**A. W. K.**—Katharine Hepburn is married to Ludlow Smith, New York broker. She was born in Hartford, Connecticut, but doesn't say when.

**JANE THATCHER.**—For photos of Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, write to Warner Studio, Burbank, California.

**DOROTHY CLAIRE SONDER.**—That Western hero, Tom Tyler, was born in Port Henry, New York, in 1903. A little over six feet; brown hair, gray eyes; still single.

**JEANNE F.**—The addresses of stars are now given on a separate page of this magazine. While some of the players *do* send their photos free of charge, it is customary to inclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost.

**JAMES STYLES.**—Tom Mix will be just fifty on January 6th next. Bette Davis married Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., in August, 1932. Picture Play was first published in April, 1915.

**A FAN.**—*Acorn*, the colored fellow in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum!" was played by Edgar Connor.

**NADA.**—The crooner in "Bondage" was Edward Woods. You will see Lyda Roberti in "Three-cornered Moon" with Claudette Colbert. Ivan Lebedeff's latest is "Laughing at Life." Bing Crosby played in Paramount's "College Humor," and is scheduled to make further pictures for that company.

**ELLEN HENRY.**—Although Willard Robertson is a free-lance player, perhaps Paramount's publicity department in New York have a photograph of him which they will send upon request. You might inclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost.

**ALBERT KAPLAN.**—Upon completion of "A Bedtime Story," Edward Everett Horton sailed for Europe on a vacation. He

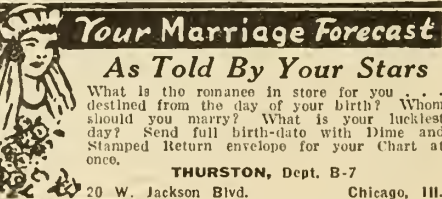
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is a free-lance player. Born in Brooklyn, New York, March 18, 1886; six feet, weighs 165, and has brown hair and hazel eyes.

MRS. A. COOPER.—Their weights are: Nancy Carroll, 118; Joan Crawford, 110; Marion Davies, 123.

AN ADMIRER.—Ricardo Cortez may be addressed at Paramount Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood. Born July 7, 1900, six feet one, weighs 175, black hair, brown eyes. Right name Jack Krantz. He was married to Alma Rubens, film actress, who died in 1931.

JAMES MANNING.—Young Tad Alexander is not under contract, but you may be able to reach him at Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. Address Tommy Conlon simply at Tarzana, California.

MARION EVANS.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., recently completed "Morning Glory" opposite Katharine Hepburn. Nat and Gaylord Pendleton are brothers. John Wayne isn't married yet.

JEAN MC.—Charlie Murray celebrates his birthday on June 22nd, and Gene Raymond on August 13th. The only females listed in the cast of "Central Airport" are Sally Eilers, Glenda Farrell, and Claire McDowell.

FLORA VIEZZOLI.—Indeed that was a thrilling horsewhipping Cary Grant administered to Jack LaRue in "Woman Accused." I will explain how dual-rôle pictures are taken, such as one actor appearing with himself in the same scene. This is done by inserting a blackened rectangle of metal in such a position that it blocks out half of the camera lens. The picture is photographed on the uncovered half, and later this section is blacked out and the actor photographed on the unexposed half of the negative. In some instances double printing is resorted to. In this case two

negatives are made and later superimposed on a third strip of film.

DICK DEFFERIES.—Maria Alba, the South Sea maiden in "Mr. Robinson Crusoe," with Douglas Fairbanks, comes from Spain. She is married to David Todd, the director. Perhaps a letter in care of United Artists Studio, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, will reach her.

PICTURE PLAY READER.—Jean Harlow's hair is platinum blond, but naturally she keeps it touched up. Una Merkel pronounces her name you-na. Address Sylvia Sidney at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, where she has just completed "Jennie Gerhardt." Maurice Chevalier has played in "Innocents of Paris," "Big Pond," "Paramount on Parade," "Love Parade," "Playboy of Paris," "Smiling Lieutenant," "One Hour with You," "Love Me To-night," "Bedtime Story."

JOHN J. THOMPSON.—When you read this you will see that I am answering your three letters in one. Besides those you list, Walter Huston has played in "Virtuous Sin," "Criminal Code," "Upper Underworld," "The Star Witness," "Gabriel Over the White House," and "Hell Below." Richard Barthelmess played in these silents: "Nearly Married," "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East," "Experience," "Tol'able David," "Seventh Day," "Sonny," "The Bond Boy," "Fury," "Bright Shawl," "Fighting Blade," "Twenty-one," "Enchanted Cottage," "Classmates," "New Toys," "Soul Fire," "Beautiful City," "Shore Leave," "Ransom's Folly," "White Black Sheep," "Just Suppose," "Amateur Gentleman," "Patent-leather Kid," "Drop Kick," "The Noose," "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "Wheel of Chance," "Out of the Ruins," "Scarlet Seas." Some of Jack Holt's pictures before the talkies were "The Mysterious Rider," "Tigress," "The Warning," "Smart Set," "Vanishing Pioneer," "Water Hole," "Submarine," "Court Martial," "Avalanche," "Sunset Pass."

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# ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

## Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Mozelle Brittone	Tim McCoy
Walter Connolly	Adolphe Menjou
Donald Cook	Toshia Mori
Richard Cromwell	Jessie Ralph
Jack Holt	Fay Wray

## Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Heather Angel	Elissa Landi
Frank Atkinson	William Lawrence
Lew Ayres	Boots Mallory
Warner Baxter	Jose Mojica
John Boles	Herbert Mundin
Clara Bow	George O'Brien
Marion Burns	Una O'Connor
Henrietta Crosman	Gene Raymond
James Dunn	Kane Richmond
Sally Eilers	Will Rogers
Norman Foster	Buddy Rogers
Henry Garat	Raul Roulieu
Janet Gaynor	Genevieve Tobin
Lilian Harvey	Merle Tottenham
Miriam Jordan	Spencer Tracy
Victor Jory	June Vladek
Howard Lally	Irene Ware

## Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Tad Alexander	Benita Hume
Elizabeth Allan	Walter Huston
Nils Asther	Myrna Loy
John Barrymore	Una Merkel
Lionel Barrymore	John Miljan
Wallace Beery	Robert Montgomery
Charles Butterworth	Colleen Moore
Mary Carlisle	Frank Morgan
Virginia Cherrill	Karen Morley
Mae Clarke	Ramon Novarro
Jackie Cooper	Laurence Olivier
Joan Crawford	Maureen O'Sullivan
Marion Davies	Jean Parker
Marie Dressler	May Robson
Jimmy Durante	Norma Shearer
Madge Evans	Martha Sleeper
Muriel Evans	Lewis Stone
Clark Gable	Franchot Tone
Greta Garbo	Lee Tracy
Lawrence Grant	Lupe Velez
William Haines	Johnny Weissmuller
Jean Harlow	Diana Wynyard
Helen Hayes	Robert Young
Phillips Holmes	

## RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Constance Bennett	Arline Judge
Bill Boyd	Tom Keene
Bruce Cabot	Francis Lederer
Bill Cagney	Eric Linden
Chic Chandler	Anita Louise
Dolores del Rio	Helen Mack
Richard Dix	Mary Mason
Irene Dunne	Joel McCrea
Betty Furness	Gregory Ratoff
William Gargan	Bert Wheeler
Hale Hamilton	Dorothy Wilson
Ann Harding	Gretchen Wilson
Katharine Hepburn	Robert Woolsey
Dorothy Jordan	

## Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Brian Aherne	Jack LaRue
Adrienne Ames	Charles Laughton
Lona Andre	John Davis Lodge
Richard Arlen	Carol Lombard
Mary Boland	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Sari Maritza
Kathleen Burke	Herbert Marshall
Maurice Chevalier	Jack Oakie
Claudette Colbert	Gail Patrick
Gary Cooper	George Raft
Ricardo Cortez	Charlie Ruggles
Buster Crabbe	Randolph Scott
Marlene Dietrich	Sylvia Sydney
Patricia Farley	Alison Skipworth
Wynne Gibson	Kent Taylor
Cary Grant	Helen Twelvetrees
Verna Hillie	Mac West
Miriam Hopkins	Dorothea Wieck
Rosecoe Karns	Elizabeth Young

## United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Douglas Fairbanks
Eddie Cantor	Mary Pickford
Charles Chaplin	Gloria Swanson
Ronald Colman	Loretta Young

## Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Vince Barnett	June Knight
Madge Bellamy	Paul Lukas
Tom Brown	Ken Maynard
Andy Devine	Gloria Stuart
Hugh Enfield	Slim Summerville
Boris Karloff	

## Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Hardie Albright	Allen Jenkins
Loretta Andrews	Ruby Keeler
Richard Barthelmess	Guy Kibbee
Joan Blondell	Margaret Lindsay
George Brent	Aline MacMahon
Joe E. Brown	Helen Mann
James Cagney	Frank McHugh
Ruth Chatterton	Paul Muni
Bebe Daniels	Theodore Newton
Bette Davis	Dick Powell
Claire Dodd	William Powell
Ruth Donnelly	Edward G. Robinson
Ann Dvorak	Barbara Rogers
Patricia Ellis	Jayne Shadduck
Glenda Farrell	Barbara Stanwyck
Preston Foster	Lyle Talbot
Kay Francis	Sheila Terry
Eleanor Holm	Helen Vinson
Ann Hovey	Renee Whitney
Harold Huber	Warren William
Alice Jans	Pat Wing

## Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.  
Ralph Bellamy, Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Helen Chandler, Sharon Lynn, Lilyan Tashman, Mary Brian, 401 Taft Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Neil Hamilton, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood.





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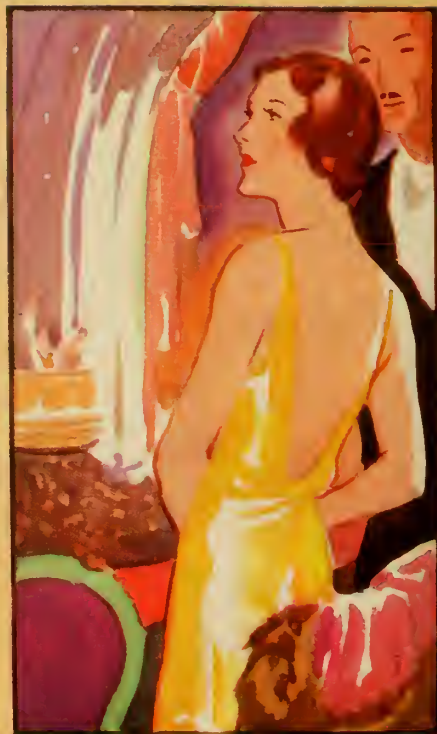
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# PICTURE PLAY

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## Bing Crosby Writes About Himself

That sly but sure sense of humor which put Bing Crosby across as a screen star so successfully in "College Humor" is as much a part of him as his voice. To prove it, he writes a delightful article about himself in next month's Picture Play.

It is no life story written by a ghost writer, but a revealing document in Bing's own handwriting. He tells of his shortcomings, preferences and prejudices and virtues as he sees them. It is as informal, as unself-conscious as if you had discovered them for yourself. Altogether, it is one of the freshest and happiest features that we have ever offered our readers and we are proud to present Bing as an author as well as a star.

## What Hollywood Has Taken From Me —What It Has Given Me

Joan Blondell, frankest and most fearless of stars, answers these questions in an amazingly candid and revealing interview by Dorothy Wooldridge. She tells exactly the sort of girl she was when she came to Hollywood—and what kind of person she is to-day. She has lost and gained and she cannot recapture the past, but she asks if what Hollywood has given her is not enough to compensate. In December Picture Play.

## Myrna Loy

Her enormous gain in popularity because of understandable rôles and many of them, as well as her friendship with Ramon Novarro, makes Myrna Loy one of the outstanding interests of fans. In next month's Picture Play Myrtle Gebhart interviews *la Loy* and puts the quietus on her rumored romance with Ramon.

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# WHO CARES IF EAST IS EAST AS LONG AS WEST IS WEST

"Yes", says MAE WEST, "When I'm good I'm very very good but when I'm bad, I'm better ... so my next PARAMOUNT picture will be 'I'M NO ANGEL'. I wrote the story myself and it's all about a girl who lost her reputation but never missed it. Come up and see it some time."



## LAUGHING SOUP

That's DUCK SOUP, the Four Marx Brothers' new PARAMOUNT picture. From Laughing Soup, a delightful concoction of music and merriment, girls and gags, to Nuts, the Four Mad Marxes, it is one long feast of fun.

if it's a  
PARAMOUNT  
PICTURE,  
it's the best  
show in town!

## THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT

...and that word is "Polyandry"; which describes the situation existing between MIRIAM HOPKINS, FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER in PARAMOUNT'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING"; when Miriam finds that she has a "yen" for both of them. "DESIGN FOR LIVING", is directed by ERNST LUBITSCH from NOEL COWARD'S sensational play.

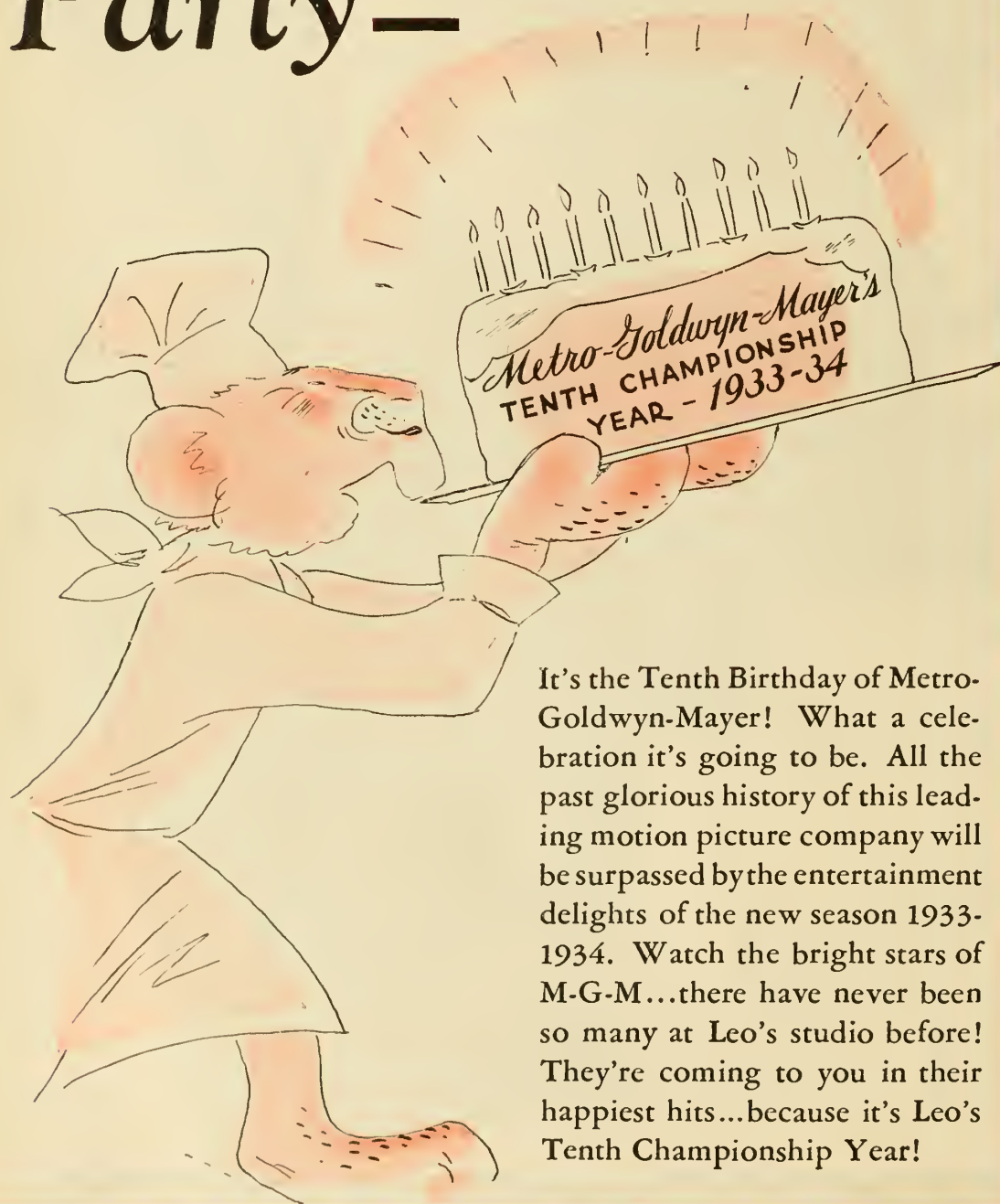


ask when these PARAMOUNT PICTURES are coming to your favorite theatre

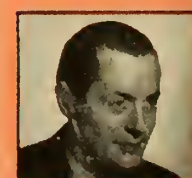
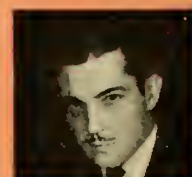
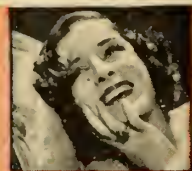




# YOU ARE INVITED to Leo's Birthday Party—



It's the Tenth Birthday of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! What a celebration it's going to be. All the past glorious history of this leading motion picture company will be surpassed by the entertainment delights of the new season 1933-1934. Watch the bright stars of M-G-M...there have never been so many at Leo's studio before! They're coming to you in their happiest hits...because it's Leo's Tenth Championship Year!





# ALL THE HAPPY M-G-M STARS WILL BE THERE!

JOHN BARRYMORE  
LIONEL BARRYMORE  
WALLACE BEERY  
JOAN CRAWFORD  
MARION DAVIES  
MARIE DRESSLER  
JIMMY DURANTE  
CLARK GABLE  
GRETA GARBO  
JEAN HARLOW  
HELEN HAYES  
JEANETTE MacDonald  
ROBERT MONTGOMERY  
RAMON NOVARRO  
JACK PEARL  
NORMA SHEARER  
LEE TRACY  
ED WYNN  
Stan LAUREL-Oliver HARDY

*And these other  
M-G-M personalities*

Elizabeth Allan  
Tad Alexander  
Nils Asther  
Alice Brady  
Charles Butterworth  
Mary Carlisle  
Mae Clarke  
Jackie Cooper  
Nelson Eddy  
Stuart Erwin  
Madge Evans  
Muriel Evans  
C. Henry Gordon  
Margaret Hamilton  
Russell Hardie  
Jean Hersholt  
Phillips Holmes  
Jean Howard  
Walter Huston  
Otto Kruger  
Myrna Loy  
Ben Lyon  
Willard Mack  
Margaret McConnell  
Una Merkel  
Frank Morgan  
Karen Morley  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Jean Parker  
May Robson  
Ruth Selwyn  
Martha Sleeper  
Lewis Stone  
Franchot Tone  
Lupe Velez  
Johnny Weissmuller  
Diana Wynyard  
Robert Young



Watch  
for

**GRETA GARBO'S**  
triumphant return in "Queen Christina"  
reunited with JOHN GILBERT.

**NIGHT FLIGHT** (starring  
Clark Gable,  
Helen Hayes, John & Lionel Barrymore,  
Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy).

**JOAN CRAWFORD CLARK GABLE**  
in "Dancing Lady" with Franchot Tone

**BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**  
(starring Alice Brady, Frank Morgan,  
Jimmy Durante, Jackie Cooper, Madge  
Evans, and many others).



**DINNER at 8**

From the Sam H. Harris stage play by George  
S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced by  
David O. Selznick. Directed by George Cukor



**Filmed in Arctic  
Wilds—Bigger than  
"Trader Horn"**

From the novel by Peter Freuchen. Directed  
by W. S. Van Dyke.

**METRO**  
*Goldwyn*  
**MAYER**



# WHAT THE FANS THINK

## Mae Ain't No Garbo.

**T**HE roll call of predicted rivals and potential Garbos at the present writing includes Marlene Dietrich, Tallulah Bankhead, Joan Crawford, Tala Birell, Gwili Andre, Katharine Hepburn, and now, shades of Cleopatra, it's Mae West! The billowy, buxom, flamboyant Mae a rival of the tall, slender pantherlike Garbo! It is to laugh.

I've seen Mae West in person and in her two screen portrayals. She's great in her line. She admits she has created a personality—buxom bosom, undulating hips, modified shuffle, nasal tones, come-hither eyes, and together they spell Mae West. Omit them and what have you? Nothing at all! Mae West out of character, or perhaps I should say out of type, and before long—out of the public mind.

Imagine *la* West attired in a turtle-neck sweater, a straight skirt, and low-heeled shoes portraying *Anna Christie* or Garbo in a corseted costume of the gay '90s billowing about in "She Done Him Wrong." If such a burlesque is ever produced, Laurel and Hardy will be numbered among the unemployed. We don't want Garbo to go West or West to go Garbo—it isn't necessary. Mae will continue to be a great box-office attraction, and so will Greta, because variety is the spice of life. There's plenty of room for both West and Garbo. We'd hate to lose either of them.

G. M. F.

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

## To-day She Lives.

**I** HAVE been a movie fan for about seven years—since I was twelve or thirteen years old. In all that time I've never had any one special favorite actor or actress. I've always admired a great many at a time.

Now there is one whom I place above all others. There are, of course, other actors who are just as talented, but after seeing Franchot Tone in "To-day We Live," he appeals to me more than any one else on the screen. As *Ronnie* in that picture he is priceless. I defy

any one to say he isn't. (Whisper.) He writes an awfully nice letter, too. Fans! Let's keep this new find in pictures. Don't let him get away from us and back to the stage.

PHYLLIS CARLYLE.

3 Cumberland Terrace, Portland, Maine.

## Tully Takes Pen in Hand.

**D**AN ROHRIG seems to be a prophet crying in the wilderness completely surrounded by foghorns.

It is all very well to jeer at Mr. Everyman, but he's the fellow who pays the freight. Chaplin, Chevalier, and Gable are a few topnotchers, who, unlike Sir Gilbert Roland, have a very queer method of achieving popularity.

They gave the public what it wanted, worked hard and studied their homework. Of course, if one considers his own ego and vanity more important than success, fame, and mazuma, that's his privilege. But



The billowy, buxom, flamboyant Mae West a rival of Garbo? laughs an Indiana fan.



Phyllis Carlyle fan-letters from Maine that Franchot Tone is priceless.

I think it silly to say a certain actor will "achieve dizzy heights of cinema glory" when that actor is not even trying to please the public.

Cary Grant was heralded as "a second Gable." That is why I gave him my undivided attention.

"The Woman Accused" should have been accused of other crimes besides murder for allowing Grant to amble in and out as he did. His feeble attempt at acting ruined that picture. He lacks feeling and his voice is a flat, colorless monotone. And he has a perfectly cock-eyed conception of dramatic emphasis. If Cary Grant is an actor, I'm Katharine Cornell's elocution teacher.

I must not close before seconding the motions of Ethel Hitchcock and Al J. Mentosti, even though it may approximate a confession of inferiority or something. Mae West is grand! FRANK TULLY.

20 New Street,

Danbury, Connecticut.

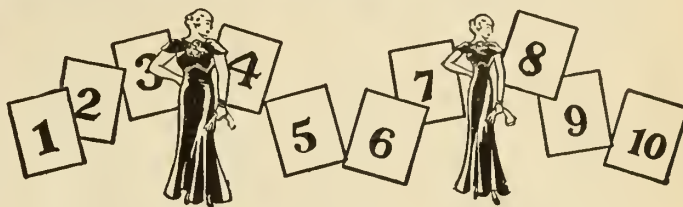
Continued on page 12



Frank Tully returns to the fold with the remark that if Cary Grant is an actor, he's Katharine Cornell's elocution teacher.



# TEST the Perfolastic Girdle for 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE!



You will find this the IDEAL way  
**TO REDUCE...**  
YOU can be your SLIMMER SELF  
without DIETS, DRUGS or EXERCISE!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"...  
writes Miss Healy... "It massages like magic"... writes Miss  
Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away"... writes  
Mrs. McSorley... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ in-  
ches"... writes Miss Brian... and so many of our customers  
are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with  
this PERFORATED RUBBER REDUCING GIRDLE  
that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

WE GUARANTEE TO  
**REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS  
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS**

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### Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

- This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit... its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.
- The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, it will not chafe, itch or irritate you for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

### Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today

- You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results... and your money will be immediately refunded, including the postage!

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**SEND TODAY... NOW... FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER**

#### "REDUCED HIPS 9 INCHES"

It seems almost im-  
possible, that since  
last May when I first  
started wearing your  
corset my hips have  
been reduced 9 in-  
ches. This reduc-  
tion was made with-  
out the slightest diet.  
Miss JEAN HEALY

#### "FAT MELTED AWAY"

Before wearing the  
Perfolastic girdle, I  
was so heavy about  
the hips — after its  
continued use for a  
year the fat seems to  
have melted away. It  
prevents the accumu-  
lation of fat around  
hips and waist.  
K. McSORLEY

#### "MASSAGES LIKE MAGIC"

Have really reduced  
five inches through  
the hips and two and  
one-half inches in the  
waistline — the most  
marvelous secret is  
that it massages like  
magic, even when you  
are breathing.  
Miss KAY CARROLL

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cribing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of  
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# Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

## By The Oracle

**TO OUR READERS:**—All of you asking for the addresses of players will find this information on the back page of this issue. When requesting a photo, write to the star at the studio indicated, inclosing twenty-five cents.

**JUNE CARLSON.**—March Picture Play carried an interview with Dick Powell, handsome juvenile of "Forty-second Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933." This issue may be had by sending ten cents to our Subscription Department. This red-headed songbird was born in Mount Views, Arkansas. About a year ago he was divorced from Mildred Maud Powell, whom he married in 1925.

**BESSIE BERTH.**—So it took Robert Young to captivate your heart, did it? Well, won't he be surprised! Bob was born in Chicago, on February 22, 1907; six feet tall, weighs 170, brown hair and eyes. His latest is a football picture, "The All-American Girl."

**VIRGINIA M. MURRAY.**—Henry Garat came from France to appear in the stage production of "A Night in Paris" and stayed here for three years, during which time he learned English. When he returned to Europe to appear on the French stage and in German and French films, he kept up his study. In his first American film, "Adorable," he speaks with only a slight accent. He has returned to Hollywood, and is scheduled for several films with Fox. It was in Atlanta that Lee Tracy first opened those baby-blue eyes, the date, April 14, 1898. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born in New York City, December 9, 1907; Leslie Howard in London, April 24, 1893; Warren William in Atkin, Minnesota, in 1896; Spencer Tracy, Milwaukee, April 5, 1900; John Barrymore, Philadelphia, February 15, 1882.

**JUST BABS.**—Glad you were pleased with the August cover of Myrna Loy. Born in Helena, Montana, August 2, 1905, she is five feet six, weighs about 100, and has auburn hair and green eyes. "Dark to Dawn" and "Penthouse" are her recent films.

**M. A. B.**—In "Cavalcade," Joe Marryot as a young man was played by Frank Lawton. He is the son of Frank Mokeley, American actor, and Daisy May Collier, British stage actress. He was born in London, September 30, 1904. Educated at Langley Hall and studied for the stage at the Academy of Dramatic Arts. Although he returned to the English stage after completing "Cavalcade," he expects to make further pictures in Hollywood.

**H. J. N.**—Jean Harlow is playing in "Dinner at Eight" and "Bombshell." For a complete list of her films, send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Jean comes from Kansas City, Missouri, where she was born on March 3, 1911. Address a letter intended for "What the Fans Think" to Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

**A FAN.**—No, Lupe Velez and Ramon Novarro have never played opposite each other. Raquel Torres comes from Mexico, and Duncan Rinaldo from Rumania.

**FANNY GANECK.**—These players were born in June: Clive Brook, on the 1st, 1891; Bill Boyd, 5th, 1898; Ralph Bellamy, 17th; Jeanette MacDonald, 18th, 1907; Barry Norton, 16th, 1905; Irving Pichel, 24th; Lois Wilson, 28th, 1896; John Warburton, 18th, 1899; Johnny Weissmuller, 2nd, 1904; Madge Bellamy, 30th, 1903; Polly Moran, 28th, 1885; Frank Morgan, 1st.

**P. M.**—In "Ladies They Talk About," Linda was played by Lillian Roth, whom you may have seen in the past in "Vagabond King," "Honey," "Love Parade," "Animal Crackers," "Madam Satan," "Sea

**Requests for personal answers will be ignored by The Oracle unless accompanied by stamped envelope, but if no long reply is involved the questions will be held for their turn in this department.**

**Legs.** Lyle Talbot will be thirty next February 8th, and Franchot Tone twenty-eight on February 27th.

**ANNE MARIE.**—Robert Montgomery's birthdate is May 21, 1904, and Joan Bennett's, February 27, 1911.

**MR. X.**—Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1908; Gary Cooper in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901.

**LUCILE MATHESON.**—Douglas Walton was Irene Dunne's son in "The Secret of Madame Blanche." Perhaps Metro-Goldwyn can supply his photo.

**H. A. N.**—Sally Eilers will be twenty-five on December 11th.

**PICTURE PLAY FAN.**—Buddy Rogers's "Five Cents a Glass," was released as "Best of Enemies." Robert Montgomery married Elizabeth Allen in 1928, and their daughter, Elizabeth, was born April 16, 1933. Robert Young is married. In "Cavalcade" Edith Harris was played by Margaret Lindsay, *Edward Marryot* by John Warburton, and *Joe Marryot* by Frank Lawton.

**J. C.**—The Twentieth Century Corporation has brought Constance Cummings back from England under a starring contract.

**TUCK B.**—Have you seen David Manners in "Torch Singer"? He was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, April 30, 1905; Constance Bennett in New York City, October 22, 1905; Jean Harlow gives her age as twenty-two.

**D. I.**—Katharine Hepburn is married to Ludlow Smith, New York broker. She

doesn't reveal her age, but she comes from Hartford, Connecticut, and is of Scotch-Welsh descent.

**JOHN THOMPSON.**—You missed five Ronald Colman films: "Dark Angel," "Kiki," "Beau Geste," "Devil to Pay," "The Masquerader."

**C. FRIED.**—Your questions weren't received in time for the September or October numbers. As far as I know, the players you mention use their right names. Write to Paramount for a photo of Jeanette MacDonald.

**L. E. V.**—"Zoo in Budapest" was written by Jack Kirkland, Nancy Carroll's ex-husband. The cast included Loretta Young, Gene Raymond, O. P. Heggie, Wally Albright, Paul Fix, Murray Kinnell, Ruth Warren, Roy Stewart, Frances Rich, Niles Welch, Lucille Ward, Russ Powell, Dorothy Libaire.

**CURIOUS OREGONIAN.**—George O'Brien is thirty-three, five feet eleven, weighs 176, brown hair and eyes. Diana Wynyard will be twenty-five on January 16th.

**GEORGE R.**—Fay Wray and Barbara Kent were born in Alberta, Canada. Fay on September 16, 1907, Barbara on December 16, 1909. Are these the players you have in mind?

**PATSY.**—You will be glad to know that Edwina Booth is slowly improving from the tropical malady contracted in Africa during the filming of "Trader Horn," in which she played opposite Duncan Rinaldo. Miss Booth is divorced from Anthony E. Schuck, producer. She was twenty-three on September 13th. Betty Bronson and Regis Toomey were the principal players in "Midnight Patrol," which also included Miss Booth. Their birthdates are: Ramon Novarro, February 6, 1899; Gene Raymond, August 13, 1908; Tim McCoy, April 10, 1891; Buddy Rogers, August 13, 1904.

**IRENE PUGIL.**—Gwili Andre is five feet six, weighs 110; Mary Astor, five feet five, 120; Adrienne Ames weighs 120. Adrienne Allen was born in Manchester, England, February 7, 1908, is five feet four, weighs 115, blond hair, blue eyes. Agnes Ayres, retired from the screen, is said to own a chain of markets in Hollywood. Divorced her Mexican husband, Manuel Reach, retaining custody of their daughter, aged seven.

**FRANCES FINK.**—Joan Blondell is a native New Yorker, born on August 30, 1909. Warner Baxter has been married to Winifred Bryson since January, 1917. Leslie Howard recently completed "British Agent" for Warners.

**ELEANOR J. GROVER.**—Some of your questions have already been answered. Bing Crosby was born in Tacoma, Washington, twenty-nine years ago; birthday, May 2nd; five feet nine, 165, blue eyes, light-brown hair. Franchot Tone will be twenty-eight



on February 27th. Niagara Falls is his home town.

**BILL PHILLIPS.**—The German actress who played opposite Robert Montgomery in "But the Flesh Is Weak" is Nora Gregor. Yes, that was Boris Karloff as Galloway in "The Criminal Code," released in January, 1931. Karloff has been in pictures since 1921. We published a story about him in February.

**MARGARET M.**—Since "The Famous Ferguson Case," Tom Brown has played in "Hell's Highway," "Tom Brown of Culver," "Laughter in Hell," "Fast Companions," "Destination Unknown," "Central Airport," "Three-cornered Moon."

**H. A. M.**—Both Gertrude Astor and Martha Mattox are five feet seven and a half inches tall. Andy Devine is married, according to my records.

**ELENORA FREBES.**—That is Norma Shearer's right name. She is Canadian by birth, and was twenty-nine on August 10th; is five feet three, weighs 112, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Gene Raymond was born Raymond Guion in New York City, on August 13, 1908; five feet ten, weighs 157, platinum-blond hair, blue eyes.

**L. M. L.**—Here are their birthdates: Ann Harding, August 7, 1901; George Brent, March 15, 1904; Mitzi Green, October 22, 1920.

**ANNA L. PETERSON.**—The majority of stars charge for their photos in order to help defray the expense. There are about twenty-five hundred players in pictures, not including extras. John Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907, is six feet two, weighs 200, and has dark-brown hair and blue eyes.

**BETTY JANE.**—Rudy Vallée made a brief appearance in "International House," and put over one good song number. The *Aunt Maggie* of "Ladies They Talk About" is Maude Eburne. Bruce Cabot was born in 1910; Sari Maritza, March 17, 1910; Joel McCrea, November 5, 1905; Madge Evans, July 1, 1909; Heather Angel, February 9, 1909; Phillips Holmes, July 22, 1908; Bela Lugosi, October 20, 1888; Stuart Erwin, February 29th.

**JANNY.**—It is true that Elissa Landi's mother is the Countess Zanardi-Landi, the daughter of the Empress Elisabeth of Austria. Elissa, born in Venice, was educated in England. She will be twenty-seven on December 6th. Lillian Miles played in "Man Against Woman" for Columbia in 1932. Perhaps they can supply her photo.

**DORIS C.**—Jackie Coogan is quite a young man now, just nineteen, and is attending a military academy in California. Watch for Leslie Howard in "British Agent."

**D. V. L.**—I shall be glad to mail you a complete list of fan clubs if you will send me a stamped envelope. While singing at the Coconut Grove in Hollywood, Bing Crosby met and married Dixie Lee. Now he is crooning to his young son, Gary Evans, born in July.

**M. K. MILLER.**—Morton Downey, who is married to Barbara Bennett, and is now singing on the radio, has appeared on the screen in "Syncopation," "Mother's Boy," "Lucky in Love," and "Devil's Holiday." Born in Brooklyn, thirty-one years ago.

**MARY VOTAIRE.**—Their real names are: Kay Francis, Katherine Gibbs; Fredric March, Frederick McIntyre Bickel; Myrna

Continued on page 69

## WHO'D BELIEVE THEY CALLED ME SKINNY 4 MONTHS AGO!



Posed by professional model

## Special QUICK WAY TO PUT POUNDS ON FAST!

*Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.*

**N**OW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

### Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast,

watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

### Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, before it is too late.

### Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 710, Atlanta, Ga.



Continued from page 8  
**Raving About Lilyan.**

**A**LL right, A. Pace, of Los Angeles, you can dish it out, now let's see if you can take it.

So Lilyan Tashman isn't an actress and perhaps she is a clotheshorse. Well, how do you suppose that Lilyan has stayed in pictures so long? Of course she has never become a star. She doesn't want to be. Lilyan knows her place in films perfectly and she will stay there.

I'm not raving about Lilyan Tashman for nothing, either. I wouldn't care if she only came into a picture for one scene and spoke about two words, regardless of who was the star of that picture, I certainly would see it.

Lilyan has not only a splendid figure to wear clothes—and how she wears them!—but she has a splendid sense of humor, a charming voice, and certainly doesn't hurt your eyes to look at. Not only that, but she can act!

Give us more of Lilyan as she was with Kay Francis, in "Girls About Town." That was Lilyan as she really is, and as we want to see her!

100 Monarch Park Avenue,  
 Toronto 8, Ontario, Canada.



Lilyan has all it takes but is too smart to be a star, raves Jean L. Haddon.

JEAN L. HADDON.

#### Disgusted.

**L**LOUD cheers for Mrs. Eleanor Stuart of Australia. I, too, am disgusted with most of the stars. What morals! They seem completely to lack sensitiveness, fineness, and self-respect! They think no more of bounding from one man's—well, call it breakfast table—to another's, than I should of changing my dress.

Decent people everywhere are disgusted with their divorces, and "engagements" while they're still married to those who are their mates in the eyes of God and man.

And people are disgusted also with trashy pictures that glorify adultery and vice! I'm no prude. In fact I'm quite the contrary of conventional, but when it comes to cheapness, tawdriness, adultery, and all kinds of sin dressed up in silks, furs, and jewels, it's time to call a halt.

Let's glorify virtue for a while; let's show that a pretty girl can marry a young man earning an average salary and really live happily, both on the screen and in real life.

I suppose that if we boycotted all the stars whose private lives are questionable, we should rarely go to the movies, but let's do our best in that direction! MRS. REGINA ROBERTS.

11 Hope Avenue,  
 Hyde Park, Massachusetts.

#### Stop the Animal Fights.

**M**AY I voice a protest against the deliberately planned fights between animals which are becoming so common in pictures? During the last two weeks I have seen three films in which animals have been set to tear one another almost to pieces. Can't something be done to stop this unnecessary cruelty?

Some months ago, when the first pictures of this type appeared, they were *supposed* to be authentic—real fights which the expedition cameramen accidentally photographed. Perhaps that was true. We all know that there will be conflicts in nature no matter what we do, but there is no excuse whatever for the producers so cold-bloodedly arranging fights between these dumb beasts just to create so-called thrills.

It is beyond understanding how people who recoil from the abuse of animals in their daily surroundings, who willingly work to prohibit bullfights and other such "amusements," can sit and enjoy such cruel exhibitions on the screen. They seem to think that these are not real, without a thought for the fact that the fights had to take place in fact or they wouldn't be there on the screen to see!

I'm for bigger and better animal pictures just as long as the public wants to see them, but let's hold out for a square deal for the beasts who act in them.

R. VIVIAN.

Channing Way.

Berkeley, California.

#### Calm Yourself, Paul.

**W**HAT unwanted blight is this, ruining many good dramatic scenes by her freakish ugliness? I refer to the so-called rising star, Katharine Hepburn, who is hideous beyond human conception. Not satisfied with accentuating her worst features, she dons shabby Russian peasant clothing and parades off the screen with as much pride as a hen cackling over new-laid eggs.

On the screen, her acting is overshadowed by her immense mouth, flattened nose and rolling eyes that are fishlike in their glassy hardness. I am not handsome myself, but I would blush with shame if my face bore even a remote resemblance to *la* Hepburn's.

It is amazing to me that this actress is gaining popularity when such truly beautiful stars as Claire Windsor, Pola Negri, and Blanche Sweet go jobless. Wake up, RKO, before some traveling circus wants Miss Hepburn as a side-show freak. Her lumbering gait betrays the dire need of an instructor in graceful walking.

But I'd better stop or I'll have all her fans on my neck. Still I'll sign my name.

PAUL BORING.

Big Wolf Club,  
 Faust, New York.



Katharine Hepburn throws Paul Boring into a dither—but the wrong kind.



### All Het Up.

I'VE heard that when you receive a fan letter you want the writer's honest opinion. Well, here goes: There is only one male star in the movies and he is the much neglected Joel McCrea. When RKO found him they found a *star* and when I say "star" I don't mean a thing like Clark Gable who always looks as if he were dead and lazy enough to drop, but a wide-awake, alert, clean-cut young fellow as well as an athlete. Joel McCrea has got what it takes. I didn't find one letter in August Picture Play saying anything good about him. It is disgusting.

Now take George Raft and Clark Gable. What's there to them except a whole lot of axle grease—I mean on their hair. And now take a look at Joel McCrea. Well, I just can't find enough words to describe him. I do hope that some of these narrow-minded individuals who keep banging him will lay off.

ADMIRER OF JOEL.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

### Hooray for Bill Boyd.

GIVE three cheers for Bill Boyd. He was superb in "Emergency Call." I am glad to see him getting away from Westerns. Girls and women would go haywire over him if he would play in more pictures like his latest release. With that physique, million-dollar smile, his penetrating eyes, and wavy blond hair, he could do right by the glamorous Mae West. Men have always admired Bill Boyd. I have followed him since he played in "The Volga Boatman," years ago, and have not missed one of his pictures since. Even though I don't care so much for Westerns, I would go to watch his acting. Give us more of Bill Boyd. In the right pictures he could put Clark Gable, Lew Ayres, Cary Grant, and a bunch of these other high-powered actors in the shade.

SAMUEL STOKES.

1001 W. Markham,  
Little Rock, Arkansas.

### Why Marry at All!

WHY do stars marry? Why, for publicity, of course! A lot of it on the wedding day and more publicity six months or a year later when comes the divorce. Why don't they just have their little affairs on the quiet and not bother to go to the trouble of getting married? And incidentally spare the public the nauseating details of why and wherefore they could not get along. They parted "Because they love each other so," or "My career as a star overshadowed his," but "We are going to remain good friends."

Perhaps that is one reason why people stay away from pictures. I know if I see one more article on why Joan and Doug separated and Doug's plans to "woo" Joan all over again, I will never, never go to see another picture. Too much is enough.

(MRS.) M. C. CAMERON.

Tulsa, Oklahoma.

### Misunderstood Jean.

AS I am Harlow-conscious I can't let the amazing remark about her by Miss Lunsden in May Picture Play pass without comment. I couldn't read that statement without indignation. This beauty spot of hers goes more to augment her beauty than to depreciate it.

As to Jean's dress, "irritating" is hardly the word. She has been always misunderstood due to the rôles which she has portrayed. I hope that in future the producers will give her some better rôles than what she has been lately portraying.

ADIL S. BATLIWALA.

Dadar Road, Bombay, India.

## "TRUTH"— A DANGEROUS GAME



### Freshens complexions, too

LIFEBOUY has improved countless complexions—it will do the same for yours! Its gentle, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities. Leaves your skin so fresh and clean—it's bound to please the most critical eye!

### To women in love

They, especially, can't afford to risk "B.O." (body odor). Bathe often with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-

vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy lather deodorizes—stops 'B.O.'







## CLIMAXING WARNER BROS.' GLITTERING PARADE OF MUSICALS!

Glorious "42nd Street"—magnificent "Gold Diggers"—actually surpassed by the master makers of musical films! . . . In this new show packed with surprising novelties! . . . Jimmy Cagney singing and dancing for the first time on the screen! Stupendous dance spectacles with hundreds of glorified beauties, staged UNDER WATER! New laughs and song-hits from Gold Diggers' famous stars . . . All directed and staged by the internationally famous creators of "42nd Street", Lloyd Bacon and Busby Berkeley. CAN YOU EVEN THINK OF MISSING IT?



# "FOOTLIGHT PARADE"

JAMES CAGNEY • RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL • JOAN BLONDELL  
GUY KIBBEE • RUTH DONNELLY • FRANK McHUGH • HUGH HERBERT







HEATHER ANGEL and Leslie Howard are the most fortunate players of the month! Why? Because they're in "Berkeley Square," which is sure to be a picture every one will want to see and many will see again and again. Tested by success on the stage, it is extraordinarily appealing because of its unusualness, tenderness and charm. Its central figure is a man of to-day who is transported back to the past, there to fall in love with a girl he cannot marry because he must return to the present. Uncommon story, yes?





Joan Crawford can't resist reading everything she can find concerning herself, even to save herself unhappiness.

**W**HY," asked Joan Crawford, her voice shaking, "do they write such things about me? They say I'm twenty-eight years old and every one knows I'm just twenty-three. They say—well, they say anything and everything they can think of."

The woman writer to whom Joan was talking, a writer who has known Joan for y'ars and y'ars and who takes time off regularly to hear the Crawford soul unburdened, suggested quite philosophically:

"They just do, you know. But if you didn't read everything printed about you, you wouldn't get so upset. You take some one else's opinion of yourself rather than your own. Why don't you take a month off, refuse to read a single story about yourself during that time and see if you can't form a detached viewpoint? You'd be lots happier."

Joan thought this a splendid idea. "I will," she said; "I'll do just that. I won't read a solitary item about myself for thirty days. I won't even look at a magazine."

# THEIR "BLIND" SPOTS

The stars simply can't see their own faults and eccentricities, whether good, bad, or just funny.

By Muriel Babcock



Clara Bow's blind spot is her inability to judge people.



John Barrymore totally lacks judgment of his personal appearance.

The conversation progressed to other topics. Thirty minutes later, as the two walked out of the studio together, they passed a magazine stand. Joan looked, paused, and bought *nine* movie magazines.

Every star has a blind spot in his or her life—every one of them is unconsciously blind to some very real eccentricity, foible, or fault that is glaringly apparent to every one but himself. And a star may be able to stand before a mirror and see all his freckles or the crook of his nose, but when it comes to his particular eccentricity, it is just as if he wore rose-colored glasses.

In Joan's case a passion for self-improvement drives her to read and to weigh, to take with utmost serious-



ness every word written about her, whether it is written seriously or lightly. For persons with an ingrained ego this might not be a bad idea, but for the highly strung, emotional Miss Crawford it is very bad indeed. The lanky, good-natured Gary Cooper sees himself through a different spectrum. He doesn't give a hang what you say about him—he probably never gets around in his lackadaisical routine to reading magazines or newspapers with stories about him. But he's just plain color-blind.

One look at that extraordinary bright-green car trimmed with dazzling yellow stripes and you can't come to any other conclusion. Gary loves that color job, but its effect upon most people is to send them reeling away with hands over eyes. Its effulgent glory has a positively paralyzing effect upon the optic nerves of all save Gary.

John Barrymore is blind to the decorative purpose of clothes. He doesn't know in the morning whether he has on a pair of dress trousers or a pair of white flannels. It just depends upon what comes to hand first.

A good deal of the time, he wears to the studio a pair of dungarees purchased in Alaska for two dollars. And it's quite a sight to see the youngest member of "The Royal Family" tootling in his open Ford through the M.-G.-M. gates of a morning. Like as not he wears no tie, no hat, a wrinkled shirt, and those old pants. He never has a shine and more often than not he needs a hair cut.

In the case of the ebullient Mae West, it is not men, nor jewelry nor witticisms, nor color that knocks her for a loop and puts her in a blinding daze. She goes blind when she goes shopping.

Once she was actually asked to leave a swanky store. It appeared that Miss West, just buying clothes and looking at others, was still going strong a full hour after closing time. They really hated to ask her to leave, because all stores like



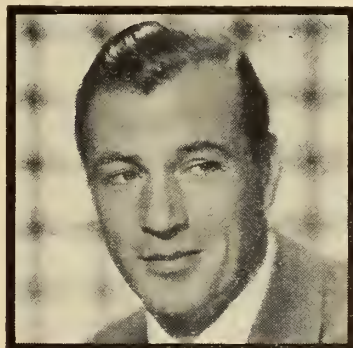
Lee Tracy's blind spot is clocks; he's always late.



Left to herself, Ann Harding achieves something more like Lummax than this smart turn-out.



Victor Jory croons and croons and never hits a note.



Gary Cooper's gaudy green-and-yellow car hurts everybody's eyes but Gary's.

business. But they did have to lock up for the night; keeping a big department store open and lighted and clerked for one customer doesn't pay.

Ann Harding just can't see herself. If you remember, they didn't nominate Ann on any of those lists of best-dressed women, and for good reason.

Miss Harding, who looks lovely on the screen after she has passed through the hands of make-up experts, fashion designers, and hairdressers, looks like nothing so much as a plain, carelessly dressed little *hausfrau* when she is just being herself.

I saw her one day in a shapeless white tennis dress. She was absolutely devoid of make-up. Now her eyelashes are blond, and her eyebrows are practically invisible. She has pale lips, pale freckles, pale blond hair. Any woman will tell you that if this type is to look like anything at all she must accent herself with at least a bit of make-up.

But Miss Harding doesn't. She's sadly in need of special glasses to enable her to conquer this blind spot.

The most acute case of nearsightedness ever suffered by Hollywood as a community occurs whenever a titled person breezes into town. Hostesses are unable to recall people who, the week before, were their "nearest and dearest" friends. But what is more embarrassing in the long run, is their apparent blindness to the necessity of checking their guests' manners and morals to see if they measure up to the title.

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# TEXAS TAUGHT HER HOW



Hollywood was amazed when Adrienne Ames, a Park Avenue girl, took her career seriously. But Adrienne learned to work for what she wants as the daughter of a Texas gasoline station proprietor.

By Mabel Duke

The ugly duckling took wings, shed the name of Ruth McClure, and transformed herself into the ritzy gal you see on the right.

Photo by Acme



**I**N the ranks of the movie great and near great, Cinderella looms head and shoulders above the poor little Ritz girl.

The earnest extra who starves in a hall bedroom for her art before she rises to stardom is a familiar figure in Hollywood. But the average social registerite who takes a fling at acting seldom lasts until the ink is dry on her publicity blurbs.

Miss Park Avenue, with her wealth and prestige, has less difficulty crashing the gate but, unhampered by stern necessity to earn the rent, she seldom applies herself sufficiently to make much headway. She enjoys Hollywood parties and mingling with "those bohemian movie folk," but she seldom has the stamina to endure the arduous hours, the painstaking study and nerve-racking work necessary to achieve even a small success.

That's why Hollywood is surprised at the persistence of Adrienne Ames, the latest Park Avenuer to break into films. Sure, she drives to the studio in a Rolls-Royce that's far beyond the means of her comparatively small

salary, but once she gets there she works as hard and as long, as uncomplainingly, and as earnestly as any \$5-a-day extra who's fighting the wolf at the door.

Hollywood gave her six months.

But Adrienne has lasted three times that long and has risen from merely posing for publicity stills to several supporting rôles and now a few leads.

So Hollywood has had to eat some of its words about these "smart-Aleck rich girls here for a lark."



But here's the real surprise: Adrienne isn't the exception to the rule. At rock bottom she isn't a poor little rich girl. She's just another Cinderella who had a god-mother a little more generous than some.

Oh, yes; the Rolls-Royce and the Park Avenue pent-house and emerald bracelets and rich husband are authentic enough. But Adrienne wasn't born to Park Avenue. She was born in Fort Worth, Texas, christened Ruth McClure, and there was no silver spoon in her mouth at birth.

The real story of Adrienne Ames is so much more vivid and picturesque than a run-of-the-mill Park Avenue background, as the studio publicity yarns have it.

Her childhood as the daughter of a gasoline station operator in Texas; her startling beauty and high temper, a combination that got her into more scrapes than she could get out of; her sincere but thwarted ambition to act; her runaway marriage and subsequent annulment at sixteen; her romantic rich marriage three years ago, and her lucky break in the movies—it's doubtful if there's a more colorful figure in Hollywood than Adrienne.

In appearance she has been likened to Joan Crawford and, from certain angles, to Loretta Young, although her sullen beauty has individuality sufficient not to warrant comparison with other stars. But to me there is something reminiscent of Barbara La Marr about Adrienne, in appearance and in the parallel of their stormy careers.

Adrienne's younger years were more sheltered and her later marriage more successful than the beautiful, ill-fated Barbara's. Both eloped at sixteen. A judge once told Barbara she was too beautiful to live in a city. A high-school principal advised Adrienne to leave school because "discipline is difficult to enforce with such beauty as yours."

In school Ruth—or Adrienne—made good grades when she would study, but books were not of great interest to her. Acting was the aim of her existence. Her younger sister, Jane, shared that ambition and together they acted before mirrors, in school theatricals, in home-produced plays—everywhere. She wasn't above practicing that talent on susceptible teachers when she could get by with it.

Gay, mercurial, rebellious at rules and regulations, her clashes with authority for truancy, "sassing," throwing notes, giggling, and cutting classes were legion. But her personal popularity with her teachers often lightened the punishment.

"Ruth, if you'd only behave yourself!" they used to lecture, "you always look so penitent I haven't the heart to punish you as you deserve, and yet I know you're only acting. You'll just have to serve five periods in detention study hall—and I ought to make it ten!"

It was in her senior year at Fort Worth High School that ambition was sidetracked and a midnight ride ended in a romantic elopement. Ruth was sixteen. The boy, a high-school chap named Truex, only a few months older.

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure."

It took the bride only a few days to repent and Mr. and Mrs. McClure obtained an annulment because she was under age. She refused to return to school for graduation and the principal advised her parents to let her have her way. She had no interest in taking a business course or going to work.

Having been stage-struck since her earliest recollection and continually hearing people remark, "A girl as pretty as you should be on the stage," Ruth decided she

must see Broadway, but parental objections were strong against an unbroken colt frisking in as large a pasture as New York. With the aid of persuasiveness and temper, Ruth won, as usual, but with certain compromises.

She could go to New York to study designing. Her talent in this direction is considerable and she still dabbles in interior decoration as a hobby, recently advising and assisting Bruce Cabot in the furnishing of his new home. Her own homes, too, in California and New York, reflect her talent for design.

In New York, Ruth was in her element. She registered for the designing course to appease her parents, but managed to take lessons in voice placement and dramatic training on the side.

In addition to that, she haunted theatrical agencies for a bit in a play, but she was unsuccessful. She considered chorus work in musicals not worth bothering about. It had to be real acting or nothing. But since her recommendations at that time were primarily a beautiful face and figure, and her histrionic ability was entirely unproved, the agents invariably said, "Nothing to-day, sweetheart. Better see Ziegfeld."

Then Ruth, who had become Adrienne McClure by



Photo by Richee

Miss Ames's transformation at the halfway stage was sufficient to reverse the usual order. She married a millionaire before she became a movie queen.

this time, fell in love with the wealthy broker, Stephen Ames. A whirlwind courtship ended in marriage and the acting urge was temporarily shelved.

That's where the Park Avenue legend begins. A pent-house on that swank boulevard was home. Diamonds

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Photo by Acme

Jeanette MacDonald arrived to play in "The Cat and the Fiddle" with Ramon Novarro.

IT must seem pretty dull to Jeanette MacDonald in New York. No scurrilous magazine articles to make her sue for libel as she did in Paris, bringing out the fact that a writer who had never met her had thought he was merely being funny when he boasted of a close acquaintance, to put it mildly. No tumultuous audiences to bear her on their shoulders as she comes out of a concert. No hint of a royal scandal that persists in spite of the fact that Jeanette was not even in Europe when it was supposed to have occurred.

Life in New York, in a terrace apartment in the Ambassador Hotel far above the noises of the streets, is complicated only by the plaintive looks of Captain, the huge English sheep dog, and Stormy Weather, her Skye terrier, who want her to get going toward Hollywood and big yards to play in.

Interviewers in general, and this one in particular, do

# They Say in NEW YORK—



Lona André hopes to make the public forget that she won that Panther Woman contest when she is seen in a merry musical.

not get much from Miss MacDonald. She answers every question gravely and earnestly and as stolidly as if a lawyer had rehearsed her for an appearance on a witness stand. But don't blame her for that. Blame the pitiless spotlight that has all too frequently misrepresented her.

She stands in the very top rank of sought-after players, but it would be my guess that essentially she has changed little since she first came from Philadelphia. She says she has changed. She says that any one who goes into theatrical life hardens because of the continual fight between artists and business men.

To the casual acquaintance she seems sedate, almost prim, rather than hard. Just a nice girl. But I do wish she'd either marry her manager, Bob Ritchie, or break her engagement to him. People are beginning to call her "The Perennial Fiancée."

## Traveler's Return.—

Norma Shearer came back to New York after her European vacation, well rested and a little anxious about the effect of having let a year lapse since she made a picture. She got back just in time to celebrate her birthday, and she looked as young as she

did when she was posing for commercial artists years ago, but a lot prettier.

She exhibited her young son with a great deal of pride. He's very good-looking—gets his looks from her, but she says that he inherits his father's talent. She was hurrying back to Hollywood with two good vehicles.



Dashing through the metropolis has been the most popular sport for any number of players this month. Here is some lively chatter about them.

## By Karen Hollis

**The Record Smasher.**—You never can tell how these personal-appearance tours will turn out, but Robert Montgomery proved one thing recently: he could travel from coast to coast on such a tour and then retire with a fortune, if the rest of the country liked him as well as New York.

He appeared for a week at the Capitol Theater, and people stood in line for blocks—and for hours—waiting to see him. It would have taken a strong-arm squad to get an interviewer past the mobs.

He'd been offered \$3,500 a week and fifty per cent of the receipts over \$50,000. At the end of the week he got \$10,500—for appearing on the stage twenty-eight

Dorothy Lee chirped her way into town for "Take a Chance."



Sometime during the month Janet Gaynor stole into New York, her mind set against letting anybody know about it, not even Fox.

times! He was offered \$6,500 for another week, but turned it down. Wanted to spend the time playing around town.

**Wanderlust.**—Colleen Moore is drifting up and down the Atlantic Coast in a yacht. Eleanor Boardman is vacationing in Paris, but says don't believe any of those rumors that she has left the screen. She is coming back soon to go to work. Pola Negri is making a picture in Paris, and once again she is rumored for a Broadway play. Then she's going back to Hollywood—the report persists. Her last foray into pictures was no more satisfactory to her than it was to the audiences, and the fighting Pola does not intend to stop with defeat. Sally Eilers has flown to Hollywood fifteen pounds heavier for her European jaunt. Al Jolson has come back to New York after punching Walter Winchell's picture, "Broadway Through a Keyhole," into international prominence via the front pages. Ian Keith has gone to Hollywood to play in Garbo's "Queen Christina."

When picture people do arrive in New York these days, they hurry away. Constance Cummings did it—came home with her new playwright husband, Benn Levy, lunched and dined in some of our smartest places, looking very lovely, and then hurried back to the studios.

Helen Hayes arrived with her little girl, and was be-

Continued on page 67





LILIAN HARVEY LEW AYRES  
*in*  
**MY WEAKNESS**

A sparkling romance of melody,  
 beauty and fun



with  
 CHARLES BUTTERWORTH  
 HARRY LANGDON • SID SILVERS  
 IRENE BENTLEY  
*and everybody's weakness*  
**GIRLS — GIRLS — GIRLS**  
 B. G. DESYLVA Production

Directed by David Butler  
 Music and Lyrics by B. G. DeSylva, Leo Robin and  
 Richard Whiting. Story and dialogue by B. G. DeSylva

**FOX**







FAVORITES of the FANS

CLAIRE DODD





# RAZZLE

JAMES CAGNEY'S first appearance in a musical film gives him the rôle of a young producer of prologues. He is seen above with Gordon Westcott and Joan Blondell. The decorative girl with arms akimbo is Sue Rainey, little Miss Rabbit is Ruby Keeler and the seated Venus is Tommy Elliot.







# DAZZLE

"Footlight Parade," the latest Warner musical, promises once more to satisfy the new demand for spectacular girl-and-music shows.

AN example of the striking dance formations seen in "Footlight Parade" is at the top while three more exponents of the female form divine otherwise adorn the page. They are June Glorey, left, Pat Farr, below, and Lita Cortez, right.







AS if to put the past behind him, Douglass Montgomery reverts to his own name for his return to the screen in "Little Women," casting off Kent Douglass forever. The name was forced upon him to avoid confusion with Robert Montgomery and the clamor of fans in his absence indicates that there's no danger of mixed identities any longer.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach





HERE is Judith Allen, who sprang to fame as Gary Cooper's lily-white bride-to-be until it was discovered that she was married to Gus Sonnenberg, wrestler. First you will see her in Cecil DeMille's "This Day and Age" and after that in "Too Much Harmony," with Bing Crosby. She inspires Bing to croon "All the World Is Singing," so we must forgive her.





# SAUSAGES and SOULS

In "I Loved a Woman" Edward G. Robinson is a Chicago meat magnate and Kay Francis a glamorous prima donna.



THE picture is founded on fact, for Theodore Roosevelt's crusade against profiteers in tainted meat during the Spanish-American War is dramatically portrayed. Robert Barrat, Henry Kolker, and Genevieve Tobin are with Mr. Robinson, left.



WINNIE LIGHTNER and Joan Crawford, as chorines in a burlesque show, are taken for a ride by police, Miss Crawford in the single photograph entertaining patrons of the theater at the beginning of the dance which brings about her arrest. Franchot Tone plays a rich young rounder who pays Miss Crawford's fine in the hope of a reward and who goes to extremes to get it only to learn that Janie—the part played by Miss Crawford—is as pure as she is provocative.



## BLACK MARIA

Joan Crawford finds another adventure for the ultra-modern heroine "Dancing Lady" when she is called for by the police patrol.





DECKED in the jewels she loves—and they're real—Lupe Velez is all set for two musicals, "Hollywood Party" and "Joe Palooka." She is also ready to cast her lot for better, for worse, with Johnny Weissmuller as soon as his decree of divorce becomes final in the near future. Did you ever think how amazingly successful is Lupe's career? She is the only star who runs back and forth between screen and stage, and with never a lull, either.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull





## BAD GIRL

Again Mae West flaunts her unique self in "I'm No Angel" and again she picks Cary Grant as her hero. The combination is another sure-fire success.

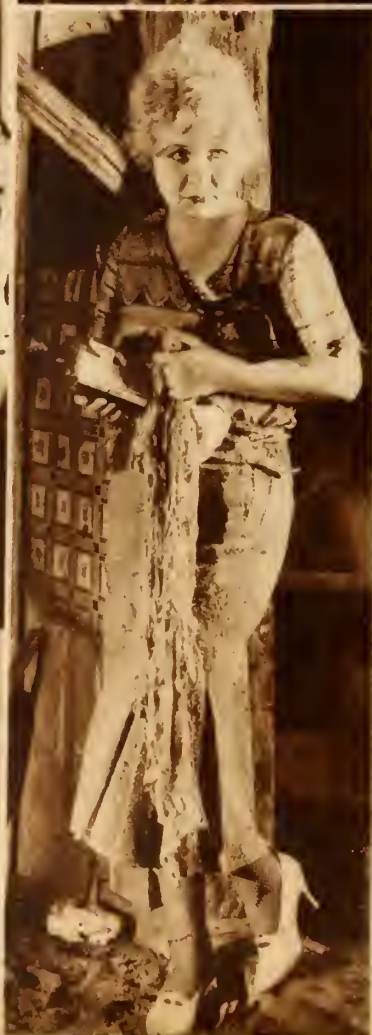
MAE WEST is too shrewd not to cast herself in the right rôle. Here she is a singer in a carnival show who later joins a circus and becomes a stunt star by thrusting her head in a lion's mouth. Needless to say that there are many men in Mae's life along the way, but it is to Cary that she shows a heart of platinum.





# SHANTY LOVE

Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young promise to show you how to live on nothing a year in "A Man's Castle."



YOU see, directly above, the "estate" to which Spencer Tracy takes Loretta Young for a year of happiness in a squatters' paradise. The picture, left, shows them after dinner. In the panel is Helen McKellar as Flossie whose costume reveals her character. Walter Connolly, always a fine actor, below.





# A BIRD OF PREY

The amiable Richard Dix becomes a vengeful aviator with forty-seven deaths on his conscience in "Ace of Aces."



ELIZABETH ALLAN, the charming and sensible British actress, is Richard Dix's heroine who unwittingly influences him to forget his fineness of character and become a bloodthirsty eagle in an airplane. Art Jarrett, celebrated crooner, is seen above.







Photo by Robert W. Coburn

BETTY FURNESS knows as well as you do that any girl who enters movies with the label "society debutante" is handicapped from the start for no one so afflicted has ever amounted to anything. That's why her sense of humor asks you not to hold it against her while she shows what she can do in "Ace of Aces" and "Midshipman Jack."





Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

**WHY**, if it isn't little Joan Bennett looking all of thirteen! She's Amy in "Little Women," as you may have guessed, and it promises to be her most appealing characterization.



**BY** the way, why doesn't Paramount cast Joan in "Alice in Wonderland"? Everybody remembers what an enchanting Alice she was in that brief Technicolor sequence in Harry Richman's "Puttin' On the Ritz."



# STAR CAST

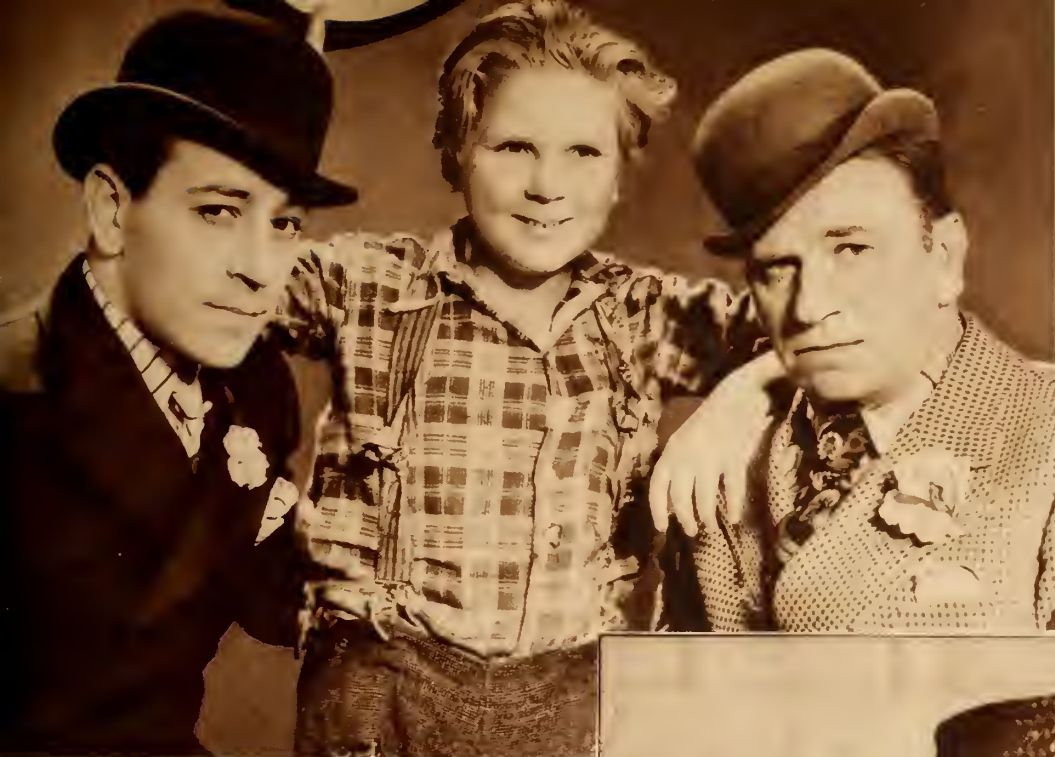
Westerns are getting better and better because fine casts now appear in them. Consider "To the Last Man," which brings back Esther Ralston and gives Jack LaRue his first Zane Grey rôle.



MISS RALSTON is as beautiful as ever in spite of a long absence in vaudeville here and abroad. She is with Mr. LaRue and Noah Beery, above, and with likable Randolph Scott, left. The small picture is James C. Eagles, one of the most unusual young character actors in Hollywood.







A COLORFUL romance has been woven around such picturesque celebrities as Steve Brodie, who jumped from Brooklyn Bridge to fame, and Chuck Connors, self-styled mayor of the Bowery. George Raft is Brodie. Wallace Beery is Connors and Jackie Cooper is an emotional newsboy. Fay Wray is the slim-waisted heroine and Pert Kelton is a rough diamond given to song and dance.

## GASLIT GAYETY


"The Bowery" brings to the screen a wide-open city peopled with notorious characters of vesteryear.



Photos by Kenneth Alexander







Good news to many is the return of Dolores del Río to the screen, which event prompts Madeline Glasstorecount the amazingly exciting career of the Mexican beauty, on the opposite page, and to describe her exactly as she finds her.



# ALL STORMS PAST

Dolores del Rio, coming back under the RKO banner, calmly reviews her tempestuous career—with no regrets.

By Madeline Glass

**I**N no other profession does chance play so important a part as in film success. A lucky encounter at an opportune moment may launch a new career or revive a failing one. Had Edwin Carewe not gone to Mexico City to film a picture, and had he not attended a certain tea on a certain afternoon, the turbulent career of one of our most colorful stars would not have been born.

As it was, Carewe went, met, and admired Dolores del Rio, beautiful young Mexican matron. He told her that she belonged in Hollywood where fame and fortune are constructed according to schedule. Dolores listened, longed, and decided to consult her husband, the aristocratic Jaime del Rio.

Shortly thereafter the twenty-year-old Dolores and the considerably older Jaime arrived in Hollywood. They felt that it would be a jolly lark, a change from their polite social routine, for Dolores to have a fling at acting. To-day, eight years later, Dolores is still with us, but Jaime has long since passed from the picture.

Hearing that RKO, to whom Miss del Rio is now under contract, has ambitious plans for her, I made an appointment to get her current views on life and the living thereof. Dolores had arrived promptly, but had been snatched up for a story conference. During the next hour I had ample time to review the eventful career of Dolores.

The late Harry Wilson was chiefly responsible for making the world Del Rio conscious. Wilson, an ace publicist, had hurled many mediocre performers into the spotlight. With the determined optimism peculiar to press agents, he made public interest grow where none was likely to grow otherwise. But Dolores del Rio was a "set up." With her appearance and background, a resourceful agent might do wonders. Wilson did.

Miss del Rio's convent education, her marriage at sixteen, her travels, her presentation to the King and Queen of Spain, her social triumphs, her jewels, gowns, and personal distinction were all readily adaptable to colorful, thunderous ballyhoo.

Before she had finished her second picture, Wilson had built her into a two-thousand-dollar-a-week personality. Magazines and newspapers flashed picture after picture and story after story. Peggy Hamilton, well-known fashion expert, took Dolores under her wing and together they created a ward-

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"My life has been very odd," says Miss del Rio. "Everything has happened to me. But I would not change the past if I could."



Photo by Bachrach



By  
Samuel  
Richard  
Mook

"I realize now that in Hollywood you can't control your reputation. Well-meaning publicity agents and friends build up stories about you."

—Jean Harlow.



Photo by Hurrell

# CHECKING UP ON JEAN

Is Harlow really the sizzling gal you see on the screen or is she the gentle, hearth-loving kitten so many fans insist she is? Here's the low-down.

WITHOUT fear of contradiction, I'll venture the opinion that Jean Harlow has the most complex personality of any girl in Hollywood. When she made "Hell's Angels" I detested her. My confrères sang her praises to me, but their rhapsodies fell on deaf ears. I'd never met her but I'd seen her, and in my judgment she was merely a glaring exponent of sex appeal. Several mutual friends, in order to convince me of the misapprehension under which I was laboring, endeavored to bring about meetings. I didn't want to know her.

Then one night the meeting occurred and in five minutes, without the slightest effort on her part or the faintest realization of what she was doing, I was completely captive to her charm.

We were at a party in the Beverly-Wilshire. It was not long after the tragedy of her husband's death. Suddenly Jean glanced around the room. A wistful expression came into her eyes as she murmured, "I love people."

Recently we sat in one of the publicity offices at the studio and I asked her about that. "I *do* love people," she said. "None of us is self-sufficient. We *need* people about us. The world can do without any of us, but we can't do without the world. When I first started in movies, unknown to the public and comparatively unknown in Hollywood, writers were marvelous to me. With the exception of a few little paragraphs in gossip and chatter columns, I don't think an unkind word has ever been written of me.

"Whether I'm a great star or an unimportant featured player is beside the point. Whatever position I occupy I feel it is due to the encouragement and good wishes of the people around me. When hundreds of people are wishing you well, sending out happy thoughts in your direction, you can't tell me it doesn't have its effect."

"I heard," I interrupted her, "that you said you appreciated a certain flattering story recently written about you which emphasized your sweetness, but that you didn't feel your publicity should be built along those lines.



That you had been publicized as a hot-cha girl and you felt it better to continue that way. Is that true?"

"Not entirely," she replied. "When I was a young girl I was always taught that the most priceless thing I had was my reputation. I still think so, but I realize now that in Hollywood you can't control your reputation as you can elsewhere. Well-meaning publicity agents and friends build up stories about you that will create in the public's mind a creature more or less similar to the parts you play on the screen. You never get over the hurt of hearing horrible stories about yourself; you only reconcile yourself to them as part of the game.

"I'm a normal girl with a normal outlook on life. I like to dance, to go to parties, and all the other things the average girl likes. But if you wrote a story saying that I got up at ten o'clock, had an orange, a piece of toast, and cup of coffee for breakfast; took a sun bath until two, went to call on a married friend, had tea with her, helped her put her baby to bed, then went out to dinner and then to dance, there's neither news nor a story in that kind of existence. So they make up stories."

"Would you characterize yourself as a 'home girl'?" I asked her.

"I hate that phrase," she protested. "I don't like excesses of any kind, either staying home too much or going out too much. I love swimming, golf, and riding. On the other hand I can't play tennis. And I can't sew a stitch."

"You once said," I reminded her, "that fundamentally you're not a sweet person, that Hollywood is no place for sweetness or softness, whatever your natural inclination might be."

"I think you misunderstood me slightly," she answered, smiling. "In any work, in order to be successful, you've got to set yourself an objective and work toward it. I plan for what I want, but I couldn't enjoy it if, to get it, I had to walk over other people to reach my goal. I think of myself first, as every one must to succeed, and try to attain my ends wherever possible. But I'd never consider any end important enough to warrant my doing anything dishonorable or cruel or that would cause me to lose my self-respect."

"What about all these romances that are credited to you?" I inquired.

"Most of them come under the head of what we were talking about a while ago—making up stories to get newspaper space. It wouldn't be humanly possible for me to do a hundredth part of the things I'm credited with doing. Half the men I'm supposed to be romancing with I don't even know. Those I do know need not be explained—for the simple reason that people here don't believe such a thing as platonic friendship possible. I don't think sex matters a darn where friendship is concerned. If you like a person that's that and whether you're a man or woman is unimportant. I have five or six men friends who could be women for all the romance there is between us. They give me sincerity, honesty, and genuine companionship.

"Possibly I manage to retain their regard because I try not to make impossible demands on them. I never burden them with my troubles. I have never been able to see that that does any good. If something really important arises I talk it over with my family."

Despite what Jean says to the contrary, she *doesn't* think of herself first. She thinks of her friends first and spares herself nothing. I've never known a more appreciative girl.

There are so many sides to Jean it is hard to reconcile them. The night the Richard Arlens had their housewarming Jean arrived very late. I was sitting at a bridge table when she came in. "You remember me?" I asked facetiously, as I rose.

"Oh, sit down," said Jean, giving me a push and sitting on my lap as unconcerned as though I had been a pillow, while she addressed some remarks to others.

A few minutes later I encountered her in the kitchen. Outside, Bing Crosby was leading a barber-shop quartet. Jean rolled her eyes ecstatically. "I could listen to him forever," she raved in exactly the same way you or you or you would speak of your favorite.

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Jean hates being called a "home girl." She doesn't like staying home too much—or going out too much—and she can't sew a stitch.



Photo by Grimes



# STARS WHO NEVER

By Llewellyn Miller

Illustrated by H. Giesen



Extras dream of the time when they'll be stars and can pal around with all the players.

THE extra girl and the extra boy were lunching at the Brown Derby. Their orders were meager, but they could see just as many stars over their sandwiches and coffee as could the people who were eating lobster Thermidor at the next table.

"It must be grand when you get to be a star!" sighed the girl as she watched a gay party call an invitation to another group of famous ones. "Do you know what I'm going to do the day I get my big break? The very first day I'm a star, I'm going riding in the morning with Will Rogers. Then I'm going to lunch with Boris Karloff and Franchot Tone and Jack LaRue. In the afternoon I'm going swimming with Johnny Weissmuller. Then I'll have dinner with Gary Cooper and go to the theater with Maurice Chevalier."

"And do you know what I'll be doing that day so you won't get a chance to see me?" asked the extra boy. "In the morning I'll be taking Elissa Landi out to play golf. Then I'll lunch with Lilian Harvey, play tennis with Joan Crawford, and take Mae West to dinner. After that, if you ask me very nicely, maybe I'll come over and listen to your radio."

The extra boy and the extra girl had not been in Hollywood very long or they would have known that, instead of living as one great big happy family, half the star colony does not even speak to the other half!

The reason is not feuds—or fights—or divorces. The reason is that one half of the stars don't know the other half!

For years Lee Tracy looked forward to meeting John Barrymore. When he came to Hollywood, he thought it would be only a matter of days before he ran into his fellow actor, but weeks passed and grew into months. Still Tracy did not meet Barrymore, in spite of the fact that on several occasions they made films at the same studio. Even at Metro-Goldwyn studio, where both are under contract, they were kept so busy on their own pictures that they didn't see each other.

Tracy was notified that he was to have a larger dressing room. Lee thought that was fine. At his usual speed he inspected his new quarters, slung down his possessions and left for the set.

Later in the day, Barrymore arrived to make tests for "Dinner at Eight." He was calm when he entered the studio, but when he flung open the door of his dressing room his eyes popped at the confusion. Hats he never had seen before were all over the place. So were shoes. So were shirts. Clothes were tossed in a heap, and there on his own dressing table was a stranger's make-up kit!

The Barrymore temper is short and the Barrymore tongue is long. John stood in the center of his studio home, shocked, amazed, puzzled—but not silent.

Then onto the scene burst Tracy.

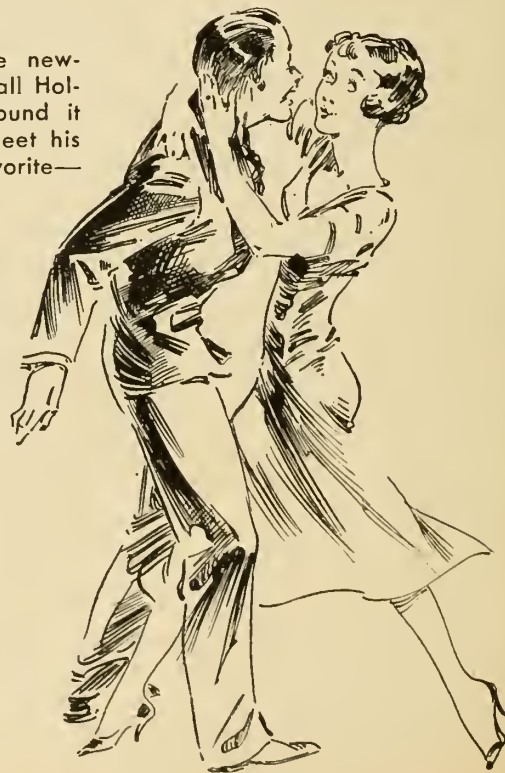
They had never spoken before, but they spoke plenty then. The Barrymore wrath quickly cooled when it was explained how the accident had happened. After he had forgiven Tracy's appropriation of his dressing room, and Tracy had recovered from the impact of the Barrymore temperament, they became friends.

Tracy does not recommend moving into a star's private quarters as a short cut to friendship, but he does insist that it is a sure way to establish speaking acquaintance!

Although Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich have been compared so often, they never have met. There

Only one new-comer in all Hollywood found it easy to meet his screen favorite—

Tom Brown, and Loretta Young is the girl.





# MEET

Half of Hollywood doesn't speak to the other half, not because of feuds, fights, or divorces, but simply because they don't know each other.

are those who say that Garbo resented the comparison and did not take kindly the stories which referred to Dietrich as "the new Garbo" and "greater than Garbo."

When questioned about the matter, Miss Dietrich said, "I admire Miss Garbo more than any one in the world, but I don't want to meet her. I know I would be so nervous I should faint."

She hasn't!

Greta Garbo is almost as much of a mystery on her own lot as she is to the outside world, and there are many stars there who have not met her, even though they draw their pay checks from the same source.

Joan Crawford's dressing room is next door to Garbo's, but their acquaintance is of the slightest. It was years before they even spoke. Now they say "Hello" when they pass each other. Garbo usually speaks first. Even during the filming of "Grand Hotel," which made nearly all the big stars at M.-G.-M. studio known to each other, they did not meet. They were not in the same scenes. Garbo's were shot during the daytime. Joan went to work at five o'clock in the afternoon.

Very often in summer both actresses leave the doors of their respective dressing rooms open. Bing Crosby croons from Joan's phonograph. From Garbo's come the haunting strains of a Swedish folk song. But the two stars do not sing duets.

There is no quarrel here; it is just a matter of cordial strangers realizing that their interests are different.

Many are the stories drifting around the Paramount lot as to the difficulty of knowing the reserved Miss Dietrich. George Raft supplies one of the most amusing anecdotes. It is probable that he is the most enthusiastic Dietrich fan in Hollywood, but he worked on the same lot for more than a year before opportunity came for an introduction.

For one year he sang the praises of *die* Dietrich to



Jackie Cooper has been simply dying to meet Greta Garbo, but his tactics so far have just scared her.

all who would listen. When any one asked, "Who is the greatest actress in Hollywood?" Raft was the first to sigh "Dietrich!"

Finally he was introduced. Raft bowed. Dietrich smiled her slow, enigmatic smile. And a week later she sailed for Germany.

Raft isn't over it yet. "Isn't that just my luck!" he wails. "I meet her just before she leaves, and by the time she gets back she'll forget there's such a guy as me on earth. And I'll have to spend another year getting an introduction!"

Mae West works at top speed when she works. It is nothing unusual for her to spend a full day on the set, and then to spend half of the night working on a scenario after she has finished at the studio. When she is working, all of her energy is concentrated on her job, and she stays away from parties as she would from the plague.

Though every one in Hollywood was talking about Mae West during her first months here. Hardly any one talked to her. Eventually she met nearly all of the players from her own lot at a tea given in her honor by Emanuel

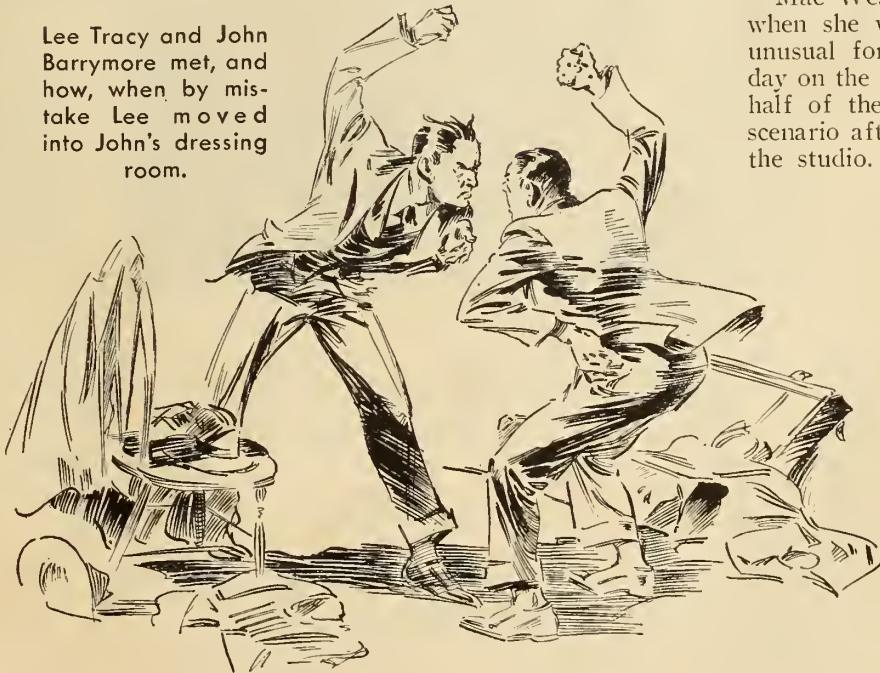
Cohen, studio head, when she finished her first starring film.

All except Dietrich. Dietrich didn't go.

Many stars who have not had formal introductions greet each other. To do anything else in many instances would be absurd. But Jackie Cooper has not had much

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Lee Tracy and John Barrymore met, and how, when by mistake Lee moved into John's dressing room.





# HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

By Edwin and  
Elza Schallert



Pan—or is it W. C. Fields?—does some high stepping on the beach, but the captivated sirens are storing up something else. Could it be the camera?



Photo by Wide World

Herbert Marshall trains his quizzical smile on his wife, Edno Best. Maybe he's saying "I told you they'd coll me back to Hollywood." He's to be in "Solitaire Man."

**N**OW it's "kiddie parties." The stars just simply must keep young, and occasionally they become so playful in their sports that they even get to fighting. There have been several party rows lately and all have been dutifully denied in the spirit of *noblesse oblige*, which proves that famous guests do stick together. One tiff may not be sufficient to make Hollywood history, but those who go to these affairs may look forward to excitement now and then. It's like going back to one's rambunctious school days.

Oddities in dress are also a feature of these soirées. Clara Bow's father appeared at his daughter's "kiddie party" wearing a Mickey Mouse costume, and won a prize, and the always serene Aileen Pringle at the Talmadge event was attired in a pinafore, while George Bancroft stayed true to his rough-and-ready type by emerging as a fisher lad, with frayed short trousers.

## A bird's-eye view of a month's work and play in the cinema capital.

Next it will probably be apple bobbing, what with Hallowe'en approaching, or a taffy pull. Hollywood just must divert itself with something different.

**Ruth Turns Amazon.**—Ruth Chatterton is about to take on the accouterments of Joan of Arc, the Queen of the Amazons, or some other warlike lady. Reason is that she wants to start a crusade against all the rumors of divorces in movieland. She has been a sufferer from the gossip that she and George are separating, and she takes occasion to remark that there is absolutely nothing to it, that they are more in love than they ever were, and that the silly talk all started because she went to a health resort alone for a few days.

Ruth and George have lately managed to keep their names in the papers as going places together, and furthermore are planning a trip to Europe right after Ruth finishes her contract with Warner Brothers. She has



one more picture to make, namely "Mandalay," which will follow "Female," already completed.

#### Anna Sten's Début.—

Anna Sten has come out of seclusion. Samuel Goldwyn has had her under contract for more than a year, and all this time she's led a suppressed and antisocial life in the movie town. An achievement!

Her sequestration—we suppose that's what it should be called—makes her seem shy and natural. When she appeared at her coming-out party, she leaned heavily and nervously on her press agent's arm, and her fingers daintily trembled as she touched the silverware at the Russian noonday dinner that was given.

Dinner at noon in Hollywood! Something new, that!

She was garbed for the occasion in her costume for "Nana," her first film made in America. She has a fair and transparent beauty, which is seemingly being molded for her American début, as she looks far more fragile than she did in "The Brothers Karamazov" and "Tempest," foreign features in which she has been seen.

**Garbo, the Cloistered.**—The very same day that Anna Sten came out of hiding Greta Garbo started work on "Queen Christina." There is no change in the Garbo routine of mystery. She is still the supreme cloistered star of Hollywood. The set is barred to visitors, and she slips in and out of the studio with a minimum of ostentation, as in the past.

The big interest in Garbo's return to the screen, besides the star herself, will be John Gilbert's appearance with her. It is believed that this may at last be his comeback.

**The Bronze Warfare.**—Madness over sun tan has gone on even into the early fall season in Hollywood. The only signs of revolt against it are on the part of the impresarios of screen choruses. They've practically put the ban on the idea. It detracts from the beauty of the girls, which is their lure since they don't have much of a chance to use their voices to intrigue the fans. Tanned faces and bodies, you see, cannot be wholly disguised by make-up no matter how much is used.

Laws laid down for these sisters of the ensemble don't seem to apply to Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Adrienne Ames, Tallulah Bankhead, and other bright-buff ladies of movieland.

Joan and Adrienne seem to be competing, and at latest Adrienne was reported to be five shades darker than Joan, but Joan was gradually catching up. When the sun dims they may even carry out the rivalry under electric lamps.

**Social Evolution Note.**—Gary Cooper has been sued for alleged damage to a house he occupied for a year. The items included an iron skillet and a bronze statue of a faun. The owner asked an extra \$10 because, she said, the residence was left in a "filthy and dirty" condition. Gary has been entertaining so extensively of late that it is possible his stuffed animals frightened some of his guests, though that hardly accounts for the skillet, does it?

**Yet Another Marx.**—It may be a blessing in disguise, and on the other hand, it may be an affliction. Whatever it is, there are now five Marx Brothers in Hollywood. Gummo has come west to manage his relatives. But can they be managed?



Photo by Walling.

Three able-bodied seamen by name of Arlen, Cooper, and Crosby taking it easy aboard the *Jobyna R.*

**Maurice's Parisian Charmer.**—This looks very definite. We might even be tempted to announce their forthcoming marriage. She is Jacqueline Francelle, the French actress portraying the leading rôle opposite Chevalier in the French version of "The Way to Love." They are seen together often, and Jacqueline was even detected wearing a ring that formerly seemed to be a prized possession of Maurice. This demolishes pretty well the tales of Chevalier's capitulation to Lilian Harvey. After all, Lilian's Willie Fritsch is coming to America some time before the year is over.

**The Sidney Walk-out.**—Chevalier's "The Way to Love" has had plenty of trouble, and is costing about \$100,000 more than originally expected. This is Continued on page 59



Lilian Harvey shows what the well-dressed swimmer wears in her home pool. Her Willie Fritsch is coming over soon.





Photo by Acme

Hollywood doesn't understand Bob, and he won't be bothered to explain himself.

# GOSH-DARN HUMAN

Robert Montgomery is pictured here as completely as his impulsive personality can be caught in words.

**R**OBERT MONTGOMERY refuses to take life or himself too seriously. Consequently, Hollywood, with its synthetic pose and pretense, cannot understand him. And Bob refuses to take the time or the trouble to explain himself.

He wonders if his cinematic star is on the wane, but refuses to become worried or depressed. Alludes to his wife in an almost reverential tone and gives her most of the credit for his success. He has blue eyes, an Irish nose, and wears suspenders.

Duties which are assigned him he accomplishes with dispatch and precision. Yet there is a vague feint of reluctance about all he attempts. He has a disconcerting habit of drumming with his fingers on tables and chair arms. He lives in morbid fear of becoming bald, so is susceptible to every fake hair restorative. Despises gossip and gossip mongers.

In his off-screen moments he is inclined to be impulsive and irresponsible. These spasmodic outbursts, however, are effectively tempered by his sense of proportion. His waywardness, then, is pleasantly diverting but never disastrous.

He is the despair of photographers because he purposely wiggles and jumps up and down. He has a habit of smoothing the back of his head with his hand. The

By Leroy Keleher

fact that his hair is nearly always meticulously brushed does not matter. He prefers not to have his wife photographed. Not that he wants the limelight for himself. He simply wishes her always to remain simple and unaffected.

His favorite recreational haunts are the Mayfair Club, the Coconut Grove, the polo matches, and the Hollywood Athletic Club. His golf is fair, but he excels at tennis and polo. He is fond of dogs and owns a wire-haired fox terrier named Hya, an abbreviation of "How are you?" Has never bought a flashy automobile because he dislikes to attract attention.

He sings at grand-opera selections in the shower until Betty, his wife, cries for mercy. They were married without so much as a thin dime in their respective pockets. Both become deathly sick at the mere thought of the uncompromising intimacy of a hotel room. The death of their first born, Martha-Bryan Montgomery, nearly broke both their hearts.

Stardom has matured him and given him an increased respect for his own capabilities. He is a rank braggart but manages somehow to make good his boasts. He wears a beret to keep his hair in place and is abstemious in the matter of food and drink. He has few affecta-

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THE close-up of Robert Montgomery on the opposite page reveals faults, foibles and virtues that make for individuality from which saintliness is agreeably missing. His true character, combined with his ability, caused New York fans to storm the Capitol Theater in an amazing demonstration when Bob appeared there last month.



By  
Molly  
Lewin

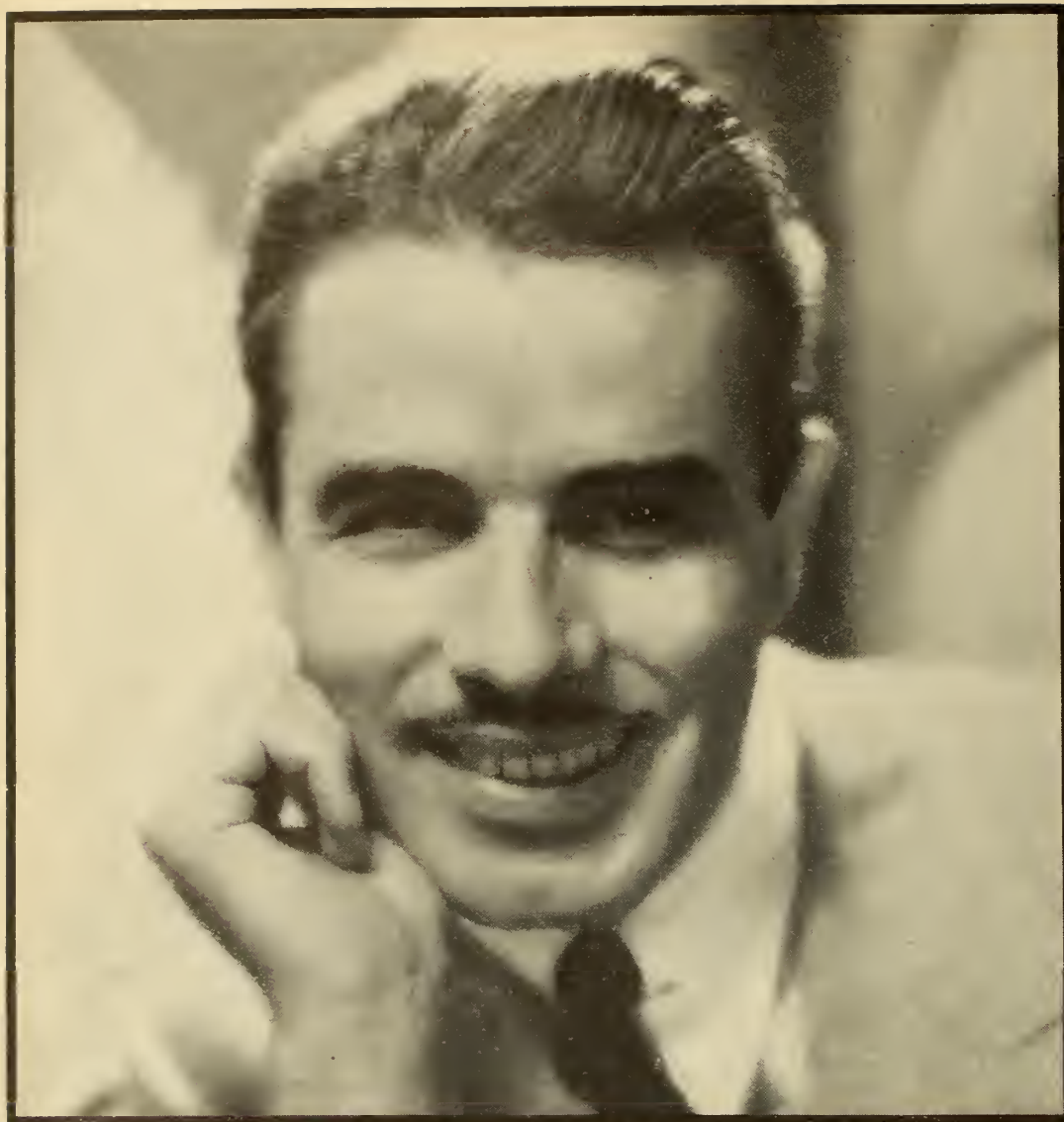


Photo by Freulich

Onslow Stevens, once known as Onslow Ford Stevenson, is a graduate of the little theaters of the Coast where nothing less than a morbid maniac is considered a juicy rôle.

# ONWARD, ONSLOW!

As fans cheer Onslow Stevens on his way to the top, his first interviewer recalls some interesting facts of his past.

I SAT in the publicity office at Universal studio waiting for Onslow Stevens to come and take me to lunch. It seemed a very mad world. The studio contact woman had a miniature radio going full blast on her desk, and every one was trying to outnoise it.

Gloria Stuart sat in a corner and answered no one who spoke to her. She was recovering from the flu and it gets some people that way.

Scores of people were flying about in all directions, and just how many directions there are you don't realize until you've been in a studio publicity office. And still Onslow Stevens did not come.

When he did show up, very somber and solicitous and apologetic, it developed that he had found himself without a clean shirt and had had to wait until his mother ironed one for him.

I remembered that Onslow was always late, and always

for the most plebeian of reasons. He never breaks a leg—well, almost never—nor takes poison by mistake. It's just that his clock is slow or he runs out of gas. And he looks so conscientious when he offers the alibi that you have to forgive him.

As we lunched together in the studio restaurant, he broke down and confessed that it was to me that he had given his first interview. Not the present one, of course, for since then he has become important on the screen.

It was over two years ago when he was rehearsing for the leading rôle in a Hollywood little theater production, and I was press agent for the show, that I first interviewed him.

That interview isn't hard to recall. Onslow had all the earmarks of an amateur. He had to be cajoled into saying the right thing. He finally blurted out that he had a saber scar acquired in a battle with a Chinaman



during his adolescent wanderings in the Orient, and declared the interview closed. The rest of his background I would have to imagine.

Interviewing Onslow to-day is a much simpler matter. He probably has been coached. At any rate, he knows all the answers.

Onslow is one of a relatively small group of players who have reached the screen through work on the non-professional stage in Hollywood. Karen Morley, Gloria Stuart, Julie Haydon, a few others, have come up through the same route. The Pasadena Community Playhouse, perhaps the most renowned little theater in the country, had used him in a number of productions.

The Beverly Hills Community Players starred him in a play. But the most arresting piece of work he had ever done was with the Potboilers, the artiest of Hollywood's little theater groups, and it was this rôle which first brought him to the attention of studio executives.

The play was an original translation of one of Andréiev's more obscure works, and it had never before been done in this country. The leading rôle was virtually Onslow's own creation, and I think it will influence his entire career.

**In spite of his resemblance to Ronald Colman, Onslow prefers character parts, but his vibrant, thrilling voice cries for romantic rôles.**

Perhaps I ought to make it clear that amateur theatricals in Hollywood are quite different from what they may be in your home town. The chances are that your community players give something called "Aunt Lucy's Dilemma" or perhaps "The Little Spitfire," invariably casting the banker's wife in the leading rôle because she provides all the props, and that takes care of the little theater movement for the season.

In Hollywood it's a much more serious matter. Scouts from the studios cover these productions regularly, and a rôle in such a play is coveted because it is pretty sure to bring the player to the attention of a casting director.

In the absence of a budget to take care of advertising, every conceivable stunt is employed to impress the forthcoming production on studio executives.

I remember one particularly fantastic scheme we conjured up to insure Onslow's having an influential audience. We were to take him to lunch at a popular restaurant, and he was to pretend to go utterly and wildly mad, an occurrence which actually happened in the play. After he had been led from the restaurant, we hoped to have bulletins about his case, issued daily by Doctor Cecil Reynolds, psychiatrist, who fortunately was on the side of the angels and had consented to conspire with us.

The scheme never matured, chiefly, I suspect, because none of us had the cash to invest in lunch at so swank a restaurant. But Onslow did not suffer, because his work brought such a deluge of praise that, out of curiosity, the studios looked him over.

The play was a profound study of the power of introspection, and in it Onslow, who was then only twenty-four, played a mature, highly sensitive Russian physician whose own thoughts drove him mad. That he scored such an overwhelming triumph in a characterization of this sort has convinced him that his screen success lies in character rôles.

And that is why the future of Onslow Stevens is a problem—to himself and to his studio. They broke him into camera routine by giving him the romantic lead in two serial thrillers, and from then on they have been doing their best to make a romantic juvenile out of him. That wouldn't be at all hard—he has the faultless teeth and the full-back shoulders—but he, as well as the appreciative fans who saw him in "Once in a Lifetime," knows that his forte is character work.

"I came back from my first location trip," he explained, "and was informed that my name was to be changed to

Ronald Stevens. That was supposed to make me more romantic. Well"—with mock heroic emphasis—"I got temperamental. I told them it would have to be Onslow or no picture career. I felt that with the reception I received in 'Lifetime,' the name of Onslow Stevens had been given a good start, and I didn't want to lose it."

So it will be as Onslow Stevens that he will continue. At that, his name has been bobbed. When I first knew him he called himself, with the pompousness of most young actors, Onslow Ford Stevenson. To-day he blushes to recall what a printing expense that name must have been.

He hopes for a really difficult character assignment, one that will test his talents, and I think he has found at least a suggestion of it in "The Secret of the Blue Room." He admits, however, that he gets as much fun

*Continued on page 63*



Photo by Freulich



Guy Kibbee, Jean Parker and May Robson answer the prayers of theater managers for a big smash hit in "Lady For a Day."



Adolphe Menjou gives sparks to the flame of Katharine Hepburn's incomparable performance in "Morning Glory."

#### "Morning Glory."

Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Duncan, Helen Ware, Geneva Mitchell. Director: Lowell Sherman.

**I**'M not afraid of 'morning glory.' I'm not *afraid!*" cries Katharine Hepburn at the end of her picture. It is a newly made young star's gallant challenge of the future.

You are moved to rise in your seat and cheer her courage, and assure her that everything will be all right for all time, if your applause has anything to do with it.

Thus Miss Hepburn finishes her third screen rôle in the white heat of a great triumph, making you believe implicitly in the character she is playing, making you believe absolutely in her.

There can be no turning back to the stage for her now. She has made herself a star of stars on the screen, fascinating, compelling, individual, with a gift of pathos, simple, direct, unmatched by any other star. No woman ever played on the screen a scene of intoxication to equal hers in the delicacy of its implications and the certainty of its progress. No player supposed to step into a part at the last moment and displace a star has ever made the stunt as convincing and reasonable as Miss Hepburn.

Her conception of a stage-struck girl is unlike anything you have seen. Self-centered, arrogant, childlike, she manages to make you believe that she is an undiscovered genius, but Miss Hepburn never stoops to cari-

## The SCREEN in REVIEW

cature. Instead, your smile at her conceit mingles with a tear for the pathos of eager, dreaming youth as yet unaware of disillusionment.

An entire review—and one many times the length of this—could be devoted solely to her voice and its complete unification with her thoughts and moods. It holds you spellbound not by elocutionary effects, but because of its fascinating, seemingly unconscious changes. Smooth as the other performances are, they and the picture are overshadowed by the ravishing Miss Hepburn.

#### "Lady For a Day."

May Robson, Warren William, Jean Parker, Barry Norton, Walter Connolly, Guy Kibbee, Ned Sparks, Glenda Farrell. Director: Frank Capra.

There are no two ways of looking at this one. Everybody will agree that it is rousing entertainment, laughable, touching, exciting. But no one, I think, will call it a slice of life or even a sliver. It is shameless romancing, a field day for story-teller, director, and all the cast. Pooling their utmost efforts to put on a swell show, they have done exactly that. And they have turned out a picture that will release the flow of gold into movie coffers. More, they have elevated that grand old actress, May Robson, to a place in the sun by means of a stellar rôle which she polishes off with brilliant assurance.

It is a showy part, an uncouth apple woman who is transformed by hairdresser and modiste into a grande





Fernand Braavey and Anna Neagle bring Noel Coward's operetta, "Bitter Sweet" to the screen in the English manner.

Colleen Moore and Spencer Tracy emphasize a new form of story-telling called "narratage" in "The Power and the Glory."



The new season opens excitingly and a critic loses his head over—guess who?

## By Norbert Lusk

one will want to see, and no one will be disappointed in his favorites singly or collectively, but I think even the most enthusiastic will be absorbed in the stars rather than the characters they are playing.

For the drama is lifeless and the picture without distinction except for its cast, if you care to go into the matter. Few will. The players cast so bright a brilliance over the proceedings that nothing matters except to sit back contentedly and be entertained. But the play would have you do more. It asks you to feel for its characters, to share their problems and conflicts and to be one with them. This, however, you cannot do,

dame within an hour. This incredible, theatrical incident is the keynote of the story, of the picture as a whole.

The apple vender has a beautiful young daughter in Barcelona who thinks her mother is a grande dame and is bringing her titled Spanish fiancé and his father to meet her. A gallant crook, who has found luck in the purchase of apples from the old woman, sets her up in the deception which is never suspected by the three distinguished visitors from abroad. But the crook gets into hot water with the police and everything threatens to blow up until mayor and governor, growing sentimental over *Apple Annie's* maternal love, lend their dignity to her reception in honor of the grandee and his heir, and all ends rosily. True, one wonders if the old lady continues life aristocratically or if she returns to her basket. But one doesn't ask questions anywhere in this robustly humorous and tearfully pathetic tale.

### "Dinner at Eight."

Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Madge Evans, Edmund Lowe, Billie Burke, Phillips Holmes, and many others. Director: George Cukor.

A swell show put on by the most impressive group of stars ever assembled for a film, this is exactly that and nothing more. It is a great attraction which every

But, ye gods! how you can be entertained and amused and edified!

By Marie Dressler as an elderly ex-actress who has lived fully and profitably; by John Barrymore as a passé movie star who faces a blank future and kills himself in despair, the most interesting episode in the film. By Wallace Beery as a coarse, unscrupulous fellow with a gaudily obscene wife superbly played by Jean Harlow, and by every one else in the cast down to the player of the smallest rôle.

Billie Burke, as the society-mad wife of Lionel Barrymore, sends out invitations to a dinner and the story tells what happens to the guests up to the moment they walk into the dining room.

### "Bitter Sweet."

Anna Neagle, Fernand Braavey, Ivy St. Helier, Clifford Heatherley, Miles Mander. Director: Herbert Wilcox.

Noel Coward's famous operetta is produced in the English manner and that, unfortunately, is its chief defect. Because of what seems to be stubborn refusal to take advantage of the camera, as well as dialogue and music, in telling a story, the picture is heavy and monotonous. Long scenes are played without a break and poses are held interminably. Even so, the piece has

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Photo by Bull

From her very first picture Madge has played with top-notchers and whether they suspected it or not she quietly sized them up as grand, so-so, or wild.

EVER since she forsook Broadway for Hollywood Madge Evans has drawn rôles opposite the kings and aces of Celluloidia. She has gracefully gone from partner to partner in a waltz of popularity. The Barrymores, Gable, Jolson, Cagney—all have wooed her to the whirl of the camera.

Knowing Madge for a charming young modern as wise as she is damask-cheeked, as intelligent as she is poised, I thought her private opinions of the stars should be illuminating and, I hoped, a trifle libelous. Who of the galaxy she had played opposite had proved the best vis-à-vis? Who the most temperamental? Who most stirring? For even actors are stirring, upon occasion.

Madge was a model of tact until her resistance was worn down. She was not a critic, it seemed. She was

# MADGE

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

an actress, she said, plying her trade, smiling when ordered, yessing supervisors, turning her best profile to the camera. She would not commit herself regarding the men in her life, artistically speaking. "Get Lupe Velez," she suggested.

But finally she let slip that playing opposite John Barrymore was a delight. "And Clark Gable did thrill me in our first love scene," she added tentatively. "But I'm afraid I'll be drummed out of the regiment for telling tales backstage."

I cajoled, she conceded, I coaxed, she capitulated.

When Madge first arrived in Hollywood some two years ago, she was rushed from the train to the studio, handed a costume, and told to go ahead and be dramatic.

"The picture was 'Son of India,' and I shall be eternally grateful to Ramon Novarro for his generous assistance. Coming from the stage, I was fairly lost in the maze of sound equipment, playbacks, blind spots, and other mechanical twists. Ramon, sensitive to the difficulties besetting a newcomer, was charming and considerate.

"In my close-ups, Ramon went to the trouble of standing wedged between lights and cameras to feed me my cue lines, acting the scene in order to give me the emotional response that I would have felt had we been playing the scene together in front of the camera. Usually in such cases the lines of the player not in the scene are read by the script clerk or director, which is all very well if you are an old screen player, but harassing for a green bud from Broadway."

It was directly following this picture that Madge was cast opposite the nationally popular Gable. The amusing part of the story is that he had been her favorite star. Their first task, after being introduced, was a love scene. This is a common trick on the part of directors, devised to bring a genuine reaction.

"Without wishing to sound half-witted," Madge said, "I will testify that the Gable technique so overwhelmed me that I forgot my lines in his arms. Actresses are supposed to be impassive.

Love scenes are part of the day's work. Art is art and personalities are not indulged in on the set. I know all those rules. The fact remains, Clark Gable is the most thrilling and un-actorlike leading man I have ever faced across a chaise longue.

"Incidentally, he is regular. The extravagant acclaim has not turned his head. He himself wonders what all the shouting is about. He has often told me that he can't see the difference between the Clark Gable who couldn't get a job better than extra five years ago and the Gable women cry for to-day.

"A phrase is typical of his attitude. After a difficult scene he would turn to the carpenters, grin, and ask 'How'm I doin'?'"

The picture with Al Jolson was no particular pleasure.



# and HER MEN

Remarking that she may be drummed out of the regiment for telling tales backstage, Miss Evans ventures some candid opinions of her leading men.

Madge was not well cast, the story was changed every day, the star was difficult to handle. The recollections are not happy.

Lowell Sherman played with Madge in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them." Lowell goes down in history as the most artificial Thespian of them all, but witty.

"He directed, too, you know," Madge told me. "Watching him direct was as good as watching him act. He acts unceasingly. And he puts on a good act. When and if he reads this he will lasso me with a phrase, stab me with an epithet, and exit jauntily, his laughter mocking me. That's the kind of a guy Lowell Sherman is. Front and center."

When she mentioned the brothers Barrymore, Madge Evans became reverential. Whether they want to or not, the acting clan worship the Barrymores as they would strange idols. Even actors are stirred at the thought of playing opposite Helen Hayes or George Arliss or Greta Garbo. And Madge is frank in confessing how excited she was at the prospect of playing in "Dinner at Eight."

"I had played with Lionel in 'Guilty Hands' and found him the most amazingly rounded man I'd ever met. No field of art and no amount of work seem to be beyond his powers. And on the set he's a grand person. But I had never even met brother John. And the fables celebrating him had made me curious, awe-struck, gaping in my eagerness to start the scenes we had together.

"He is the most distinguished actor in pictures. He looks the way Lowell Sherman hopes he looks. He is master of the grand manner. I was a trifle shaky when I met him, a bit quivery, but his easy humor relieved the tension immediately.

"There is nothing high-hat about him, either. Perhaps he feels as Lionel does about going Hollywood. Lionel and I were being just a little gossipy one day, speculating upon whether a certain lady had gone Hollywood. 'It's bad business,

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Robert Montgomery is Madge's choice for Mayor of Hollywood, and he would head her cast every time if she had her way about it.



Madge catalogs Lowell Sherman as the most artificial Thespian of them all, but witty. "When and if he reads this he'll lasso me with a phrase and stab me with an epithet," she says.







Davey Lee, whose screen career abruptly ended, is just a pupil in public school now.

# BABY BREAD

If you had a movie child in your home, how would you protect his health and guard against premature inflation of his ego?

By A. L. Wooldridge

**A** CHUBBY, round-faced boy, only one year old but with the intelligence of two, has stood Hollywood on its ear. The picture town has gone kuh-razy over Baby LeRoy Weinbrenner. Paramount has signed him to a seven-year contract and thereby has become the envy of almost every producer on the Coast.

"Where did they get him?" thousands of voices are asking.

"From the drama of life!" is the reply.

Because drama is all that Baby LeRoy has lived. Let me sketch it briefly:

Into the Salvation Army Home in Los Angeles there came a wisp of a girl, scarcely more than fifteen years of age, an expectant mother. Her husband was dead. Weary, dejected, afraid, she was without money just when she needed care and attention most. The Army home extended their aid. In due time a baby was born—not an emaciated weakling as might be expected from a harassed mother, but a healthy, glowing little bundle of animation—big eyes, big mouth, pug nose, and a smile that radiated happiness and good cheer.

For months after their allotted time was up, Baby LeRoy and his mother were kept at the Salvation Army Home because of the personality of the infant. Turn him out into the world? Never!

David Durand, the most polished of the boy actors, is the sole support of his mother at \$500 a week.



There came the call from Paramount for a child to appear in "A Bedtime Story" and Baby LeRoy was the first presented.

Chevalier saw him. Baby LeRoy looked at him and smiled.



Jackie Searl collects five dollars from his mother for each picture he makes—and he's not crazy about acting, either.

"Why, he's even got the Hapsburg lip!" Maurice exclaimed.

Nearly one thousand babies were examined for the rôle. One hundred and eighty-two were given screen tests which cost the studio \$22,000 before it was decided that no baby compared with that first one from the Salvation Army Home. So Baby LeRoy was awarded the part and his career was made.

When "A Bedtime Story" was released, letters began pouring in pleading for Baby LeRoy in more pictures. "The sweetest," "the most adorable," "the cutest," "the most lovable," were some of the phrases used. Paramount realized they had a find and the seven-year contract was



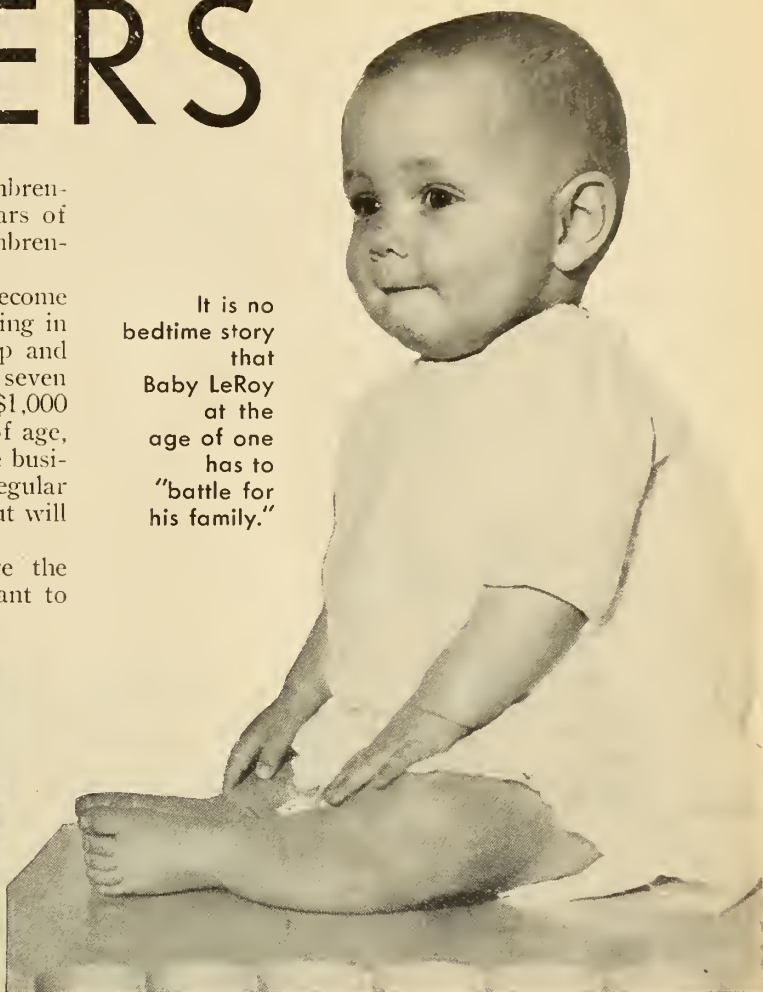
# WINNERS

drawn. It could not be signed by Gwenneth Weinbrenner, the mother, because she was only sixteen years of age—still a minor herself. Albert and Leota Weinbrenner, the grandparents, acted for her.

To-day, at one year of age, Baby LeRoy has become the breadwinner for himself and mother and is living in a pretty little suburban home where he may romp and play in the sunshine at least during the ensuing seven years. Paramount has established a trust fund of \$1,000 for him which, by the time he is twenty-one years of age, will exceed \$2,000 and be a nest egg for some little business, if needed. In the interim he will draw regular salary. This will be comparatively small at first but will increase as time goes by.

Registered at the Central Casting Bureau are the names of hundreds of children whose mothers want to

It is no  
bedtime story  
that  
Baby LeRoy  
at the  
age of one  
has to  
"battle for  
his family."



Dickie Moore, who earns \$450 a week when working, looks forward to building up a good newspaper route.

get them in pictures. The pay is good and mamma always takes pride in pointing out that her child is so attractive the movies just grabbed him up. They do not mention the fact that Chinese, Japanese, Indian, Ethiopian, Mexican, Siamese, and Burmese infants are registered, too, all awaiting picture calls.

A little kinky-haired pickaninny from the "Black Belt" is rated as being worth just as much to a picture as a rouged darling from Bel Air, and sometimes more. Special types always are at a premium.

California has taken precautions to protect infants used in pictures and restrictions are rigid. A child under six months of age may be kept on a studio set only two hours a day, be worked only twenty minutes of that two hours and be in one scene not longer than thirty seconds

at a time. A child older than six months but under two years of age is limited to four hours a day at the studio and to two hours' work. A child ranging from two to six years is limited to six hours at the studio and three hours' work and one between six and eighteen years to eight hours at the studio and four hours' work.

The pay for a baby not more than one month of age is fixed by law at \$75 a day; not more than three months, \$50 a day; and not more than six months of age, at \$25 a day. Then there are enough "Thou shalt nots" on the statute books to constitute a course of study for a lawyer. For example:

In order to avoid weakened eyes, blazing lights must be dimmed when used on an infant. A nurse must constantly be in attendance. An infant must not be used in noisy scenes. Portable dressing rooms must be provided from which visitors will be excluded. Food must be provided at stated intervals. Examination must be made by a physician from the Board of Education before a permit is issued for a child to appear in a picture at all. This examination must be repeated every three months if the youngster continues to work. A completely equipped nursery must be provided by the studio and no child be permitted to work after 10 p. m.

Like many thousand others, I believed that the outstanding youngsters in the movies attained their positions largely through chance, influence, or just lucky breaks. I have changed my mind. There is genius among the kids. At the top of the heap to-day are David Durand, Jackie Cooper, Dickie Moore, Jackie Searl, and Tad Alexander, while standing wistfully at one side, taking no part in the parade is the never-to-be-forgotten Davey Lee, the *Sonny Boy* of Al Jolson's pictures.

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## The Screen in Review

wistful charm and gentle pathos and the music is haunting. The story has an old lady who finds two young lovers in a predicament similar to her own years before. So she recalls her youth when as an heiress she ran away to Vienna with a poor musician.

Anna Neagle plays this rôle pleasantly except for an unfortunate mannerism. Her hands are misdirected or uncontrolled. Anyhow she can't keep them still, and they make the funniest gestures. Fernand Braavey is excellent as the young musician and Ivy St. Helier gives a capital impersonation of a faded French soubrette. The picture might have been a hundred per cent better.

#### "The Power and the Glory."

Spencer Tracy, Colleen Moore, Ralph Morgan, Helen Vinson, Clifford Jones, Sarah Padden, Henry Kolker. Director: William K. Howard.

Attempting something unusual in story-telling, this begins at the death of the principal character and retraces his life. Hollywood has coined a new word, "narratage," to describe this novelty which includes not only cut-backs but an invisible speaker to comment on what is transpiring. The story is not told in sequence, however, but goes back and forth between the youth and old age of the principals while the voice, that of a loyal friend, sympathetically interprets motives and actions.

So much for the new technique which in this case is boring, though employed in another cause it might justify itself. But the characters, as well as the tale that involves them, are extremely commonplace, uninteresting, and undramatic. A duller and more dismal picture would be hard to find.

A railroad magnate commits suicide and his elderly secretary, his servile admirer since boyhood, recalls their first meeting at the old swimming hole and the beginning of their friendship. *Tom Garner* becomes a track walker, marries a pretty school-teacher who discover that he cannot write and educates him. They progress in worldly success and *Tom* falls in love with a younger and prettier woman who betrays him with his son, his first wife meanwhile having killed herself.

In spite of the efforts of the narrator, together with the conversation of the characters, they remain nothing more than conventional figures of fiction to the spectator. Their motives obscured, the drama of their lives is never fully developed. But basically they are uninteresting people.

The acting is good but not brilliant,

nor could it be more. The opportunity for distinction lies entirely in the method of telling the story. If "narratage" is what you crave, here is your meat.

#### "Another Language."

Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Louise Closser Hale, John Beal, Henry Travers, Margaret Hamilton, Willard Robertson, Minor Watson, Hal Dawson. Director: Edward H. Griffith.

There is much to recommend this domestic drama, but it must always be remembered that it belongs to the category of photographed stage plays and it never achieves the flux of the better examples of screen technique. But it is faithful to the original in spirit and in performance and it reflects taste, integrity, and finesse. It is interesting but never exciting, smooth, not stirring. It is doubtful if the complete beauty of Helen Hayes's performance will be realized



for she plays her least showy rôle, but it is the most gently touching of any she has ever played.

She is a young bride who discovers that she has married not only her husband but his whole family and the play describes her gradual awakening, growing resentment, and final rebellion.

Honestly written though the part is, it gains enormously in sympathy by the savage yet subtle portraits of the characters that comprise the family at odds with the young wife. Chief of these is the mother whose deprecating gentleness masks a will to rule that keeps her sons and their wives in utter subjection. They present a terrifying picture of family tyranny.

Robert Montgomery is convincing as the not too sympathetic husband, though the part is not entirely congenial for it suppresses his sense of

humor. Conspicuously fine is a newcomer from the stage, John Beal, who as a youth tormented by love, is both touching and true with brilliant effectiveness. And of course every one knows that the late Louise Closser Hale excels in this her last performance.

#### "This Day and Age."

Richard Cromwell, Judith Allen, Charles Bickford, Ben Alexander, Bradley Page, Harry Green, Eddie Nugent, Lester Arnold. Director: Cecil DeMille.

In championing modern youth, Cecil DeMille becomes too fantastic to make his characters believable but they benefit by his vital, skilled direction and their dramatic orgy is interesting if not as thrilling as intended. The young people are of high-school age and their indignation at the futility of formal justice causes them to kidnap a racketeer and place him on trial with themselves as judges. By lowering him into a pit of rats they force a confession of murder from him, and you will agree that you have never seen man more abjectly humiliated than when the enraged crusaders finish with him. Then in a huge torchlight procession they ride him to court on a rail, a limp and shrunken husk of a man.

Because of Charles Bickford's uncommonly fine performance both in power and in defeat, he aroused my sympathy more than his zealous prosecutors, and I consoled myself with the thought that a confession made under such circumstances probably would not be recognized by the law after all. So much for the appeal of good acting. Richard Cromwell, as the leader of the youthful lynchers, is excellent. So, too, are all the young people under him and Judith Allen, a newcomer, is a charming heroine.

#### "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."

Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter, Walter Connolly, Margaret Lindsay, Harvey Stephens. Director: Harry Lachman.

Ireland drenched in unusual photographic beauty is worth seeing in Janet Gaynor's new picture, but the majority will find the star the chief attraction which, I suppose, is as it should be. Especially those who disapproved of the comparatively grim realism of "The First Year," in which Miss Gaynor was mistakenly cast as a young wife when to her world of admirers she is the eternal sweetheart.

Here she is the sweetheart of the entire cast, who tells her sister's fiancé that she is marrying him for his money and eventually wins him for herself. Her excuse is that her



sister loves another man, but in some minds the thought will persist that *Paddy* was looking out for herself.

Miss Gaynor plays her rôle with skill and manages to win forgiveness for the shortcomings of the character, but it is Walter Connolly whose substantial talent is responsible for the



finest acting in the piece. As *Paddy's* debt-ridden father he has a scene with his creditors that is a gem and his death is splendidly, if sentimentally, done. Fans who are satisfied with the pairing of Warner Baxter with Miss Gaynor will applaud his skill in making the most of a secondary rôle.

#### "The Rebel."

Luis Trenker, Vilma Banky, Victor Varconi. Director: Luis Trenker.

Sublimely beautiful views of the Alps make this an outstanding visual feast, but alas and alack, there is little else to justify it. Except, of course, the opportunity to glimpse once more the beauty of Vilma Banky and to see, for old times' sake, Victor Varconi and to recall with regret their finer performances in Hollywood. For this was made entirely in Europe and reflects the faults of recording and photography often found in foreign films.

It is a costume picture which deals with an episode in Napoleon's attempted conquest of Europe. The story is commonplace until the rebel-martyr-hero leads his countrymen in a furious assault upon the French invaders. They dislodge great portions of the mountainside, tons of rock and earth hurtling onto the defenseless troops below. This is a genuine physical thrill, except that you fear the beauty of the Alps may be permanently marred. Luis Trenker wrote and directed the film and he plays the hero as well, which manifold activity augurs no good to any artistic undertaking.

#### "Her Bodyguard."

Wynne Gibson, Edmund Lowe, Edward Arnold, Johnny Hines, Marjorie White, Alan Dinehart, Louise Beavers, Arthur Housman, Fuzzy Knight. Director: William Beaudine.

Wynne Gibson is a stage star admired by two men responsible for her success, Edward Arnold and Alan Dinehart. Mr. Arnold hires a bodyguard ostensibly to protect the jewels she insists on wearing, but really to keep his rival, Mr. Dinehart, at arm's length from her. Miss Gibson betrays both men by falling in love with her private policeman played by Edmund Lowe.

And there you have the skeleton of a funny, robust comedy with melodramatic relief. It is worth seeing if you are tired of the lilies and languors and drawing-room subtleties of neurotic heroines. Here all is straight to the point, with a bang thrown in to make it doubly effective.



Miss Gibson gives an excellent performance in the best rôle she has had in the memory of her admirers, and Mr. Lowe is hard-boiled and wise-cracking in his best manner, while of course Mr. Arnold, fine actor that he is, doesn't miss his opportunities. Johnny Hines is laughable as a fabulous press agent and Marjorie White all but runs away with the picture on the strength of a rollicking performance as a brassy-voiced soubrette.

#### "Voltaire."

George Arliss, Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen, Alan Mowbray, Margaret Lindsay, Theodore Newton, Murray Kinell. Director: John Adolphi.

As it stands on the screen, there is no reason for this except to provide another pseudo-historical character for George Arliss to play against a very conventional background of costume melodrama, stagy, stuffy, unreal. But when I heard a woman spectator say "I like to see something nice like this," it occurred to me that there probably are thousands of

others who, knowing nothing about the actual Voltaire, certainly know what they like in make-believe. And there's no getting away from it, the picture is nice.

*Voltaire* is a nice old gentleman given to pranks and antics, whose chief interest is protecting the orphaned daughter of a nobleman from the machinations of the king's advisers and winning the support of the royal mistress.

It seems that somewhere I have read about a very different Voltaire, philosopher, sage, and scoundrel. But anyhow, the picture is handsomely mounted for those who like spectacle. Satins gleam, plumes nod, tall pyramids of candles blink in golden sconces, the king exclaims "*Parbleu!*"—French for "zounds"—every now and then, and Doris Kenyon is precisely pretty as an effigy of *Madame Pompadour*.

#### "Mary Stevens, M. D."

Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot, Glenda Farrell, Thelma Todd, George Cooper, Una O'Connor, Charles Wilson. Director: Lloyd Bacon.

What actress is easier to look at, to listen to and is more easily comprehensible than Kay Francis? Not that she is humdrum or lacking in glamour, but she is normal, unaffected, and womanly, virtues not to be lightly regarded in her artificial calling. From which you may gather that I am all for Miss Francis.

Anyway, she has a nice picture that brings out precisely these qualities as



pleasingly as she does. It builds up in interest and has exceptionally good dialogue, crisp, natural, and dramatic.

Miss Francis is, as you might suspect, a doctor in love with a surgeon who is married and who is vaguely mixed up in politics as well. Miss Francis's struggle is to reconcile her career with the promptings of her heart. Like most modern heroines, she tries motherhood before marriage in anticipation of the divorce her

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Recently a young earl departed the town leaving those who had entertained him in considerable of a dither. He had spent four weeks at a ranch where he had been asked for only a week-end. He had charged shirts and ties on his hostess's account and neglected to pay her, and he completely forgot to leave tips for the servants whom he had worked overtime. His name is left to your imagination.

Just at random, you might as well know that Victor Jory is completely blind to the fact that he cannot sing. He croons and croons and never hits a note.

Will Rogers thinks that every one is interested in his ponies and that all he has to say to excuse himself for being late is to remark, "I was out in them thar stables."

Lionel Atwill labors under the impression that most of his friends are deaf.

And big, burly George Bancroft has no sense of humor. He let all the world know that he was awakened each morning by a slice of orange waved in his face. He also told interviewers in all seriousness that he was not, *simply not*, letting his little girl know that he was a great man.

The James Gleasons love their four dogs and a monkey to such an extent that they are nearsighted to some of their friends' discomfort when the menagerie is loose, as it almost al-

ways is. One dog known as Puffin' Bill is almost sure to ruin a dress or two an afternoon because he drools affectionately over every one. And the monkey dotes on pulling flowers off hats.

Lee Tracy has great difficulty seeing a clock. He says, "I'll meet you to-day at four o'clock," and then never shows up. Walter Wanger, his boss at M.-G.-M. studio, waited lunch an hour the other day for Lee, only to discover that he had been arguing with the studio bootblack all that time.

Clara Bow's chief stumblingblock in her career has been her inability to judge people. Good-natured, happy-go-lucky, she has been blind to the crookedness, the scheming of grafters and spongers that beset her, and also blind to the friendliness of people who would help her. Clara's self-consciousness keeps her from making friends with real friends, and has let her take up with people who bilked her.

There are lots of fellows who can't pick a winner on a race track or a lucky number on a roulette wheel, but Wallace Beery, conservative non-gambler, finds his difficulty in picking good banks. He was nicked \$80,000 in the Guaranty Building and Loan crash, lost money in the Bank of Hollywood and was rated as one of the heavy losers in the Beverly Hills bank which closed about a year later.

Lionel Barrymore is blind to the fact that he doesn't fool people about his bad temper. He likes to pretend he's an old grouch and he snarls and complains, but never goes so far as to hurt any one. He just uses this supposedly bad temper to get out of duties he doesn't want to perform. I watched Ralph Wheelright, publicity man, hide behind scenery one morning while a still photographer shot picture after picture of Lionel, who was grumbling his head off.

"Let me get that Wheelright," he muttered, "I'll tell him. I *won't* pose."

Yet Mr. Barrymore posed lest he should get the photographer in trouble who was, after all, just obeying Wheelright's orders.

Marie Dressler is blind to the future.

Ask that gnarled, wrinkled, hearty-voiced woman of sixty-odd years when she will retire and hear her roar and snort.

"I'm just interested in to-day," she will answer. "Retire? Why look ahead to anything like that? I can see only to-day."

In Marie's case this blind spot is a fine gallantry, a bravery that keeps her looking through rose-colored glasses at the future.

Sometimes these blind spots are good, sometimes they are bad for those who possess them, but all in all they do emphasize personality.

## All Storms Past

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robe which established the Mexican girl as one of Hollywood's best-dressed women.

Peggy also gave exquisite parties where fan writers met the blooming novice. And with Dolores, to meet is to conquer, for she is as gracious in manner as she is dazzling in appearance.

Within a year Miss del Rio was a Wampas "baby" star and shortly thereafter she was playing leads in such pictures as "What Price Glory?" and "The Trail of '98." Later, under the direction of the brilliant Carewe, she starred in "Resurrection," "Ramona," and "Revenge."

But for all her remarkable opportunities, Dolores del Rio has never been a great fan idol. Of course, she was and is popular, but the spontaneous enthusiasm that greeted Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Mae West, and a dozen others was never hers. For one thing, only a genius could have lived up to her press whoop-ted-o, and Dolores is by no means a genius. Overemotional, she attacks her big scenes with the fervor of a terrier throttling a rat. Like Joan

Crawford, she has yet to learn that simplicity and restraint are essential to good acting.

However, that new, astonishing fame was sweet. Each halcyon day was brimming with adventure for Dolores. Go back to prosaic domesticity she could not. Jaime, as out of place as a vegetarian at a barbecue, became increasingly bewildered and discontented with his back seat in the family. Within three years Dolores had to choose between husband and career. Reluctantly, the girl permitted fame to triumph over religion and traditions. I don't condemn; I merely record.

With divorce, Dolores's bright bubble of publicity exploded in her face. Catholic fans were indignant and dismayed. Hollywood sympathies, ironically enough, veered around to Jaime. Shortly thereafter Dolores set out on a "good-will" tour, obviously a gesture of conciliation to the fans, particularly those of her own faith. However, any benefit that might have resulted from the maneuver was nullified by the fact that Carewe, also recently divorced

and rumored engaged to Dolores, was included in the party.

Last year the long friendship of Carewe and his vivacious protégée terminated in a court squabble over a contract disagreement.

Jaime del Rio did not long survive his divorce. When word came that he was dying in Germany, Dolores's name was again in the headlines. The public found her transatlantic telephone calls to her ex-husband of vast romantic interest.

"That girl is publicity-mad!" said some.

"No!" said others. "She prays all night for his recovery!"

Jaime died, however, and Dolores continued with her career. Unfortunately, several poor pictures came her way and these, more than the too flamboyant publicity, checked her progress.

Three years ago she married Cedric Gibbons, well-known scenic designer who was recently made a director by M.-G.-M. The wedding was a beautiful, formal affair at which the bride revealed the Hollywood influence by appearing hoseless.



That, of course, was a trifle. One local actress bride removed her shoes and stockings following her wedding and walked barefooted among her guests, though I doubt if this practice is approved by Emily Post.

A week after her second marriage Dolores was stricken with an illness that kept her in bed for six months and very nearly cost her her life. Another six months was required for her convalescence. During the past three years she has made but one picture, "The Bird of Paradise."

When we met in her dressing room I found her radiantly healthy and enthusiastic. Sun baths have coppered her skin, even to the part in her dark silky hair which fell in waves to her shoulders. Black penciling outlined her odd, aboriginal eyes, and her lips were carmined slightly beyond their natural boundaries. Despite her insistence, to others as well as to me, that she is of pure Spanish origin her features betray a strong blend of Aztec blood.

"The studio has two stories ready for me," she told me in very good English, "'Flying Down to Rio' and 'Dance of Desire.'" Her slim, brown hands, with their unvarnished nails, are used to point off her remarks. "I objected to the former because it lacked romance, so they have written in a sweet love story.

"'Dance of Desire' was written specially for me and I am delighted

with the story. It is about a woman who gives up the man she loves to pursue her career as a dancer. She does anything, just *anything*, to advance her career, and when she reaches the top and has wealth and jewels and luxury she realizes the loneliness and emptiness of fame."

Now there is a good, substantial story. At least it has always been so considered. Frankly, I found Miss del Rio's enthusiasm over this ancient plot a little surprising.

"I never thought of becoming an actress," said she, with naïve wonder at her unexpected accomplishment. "I studied for years to become a dancer. My life has been very odd, full of excitement and change. Everything has happened to me. I've been married twice and divorced once. I think it is good for girls to marry young as I did. By marrying young one can go out into the world three or four years before one can otherwise.

"I don't regret anything that has happened to me. I would not change the past, if I could. All those things that are past, all that excitement and worry, merely emphasize my present happiness."

The conversation of the beautiful Dolores is, in the main, not memorable. One detects little inconsistencies between her opinions and her actions, though doubtless one should not expect dull logic from one so ro-

mantic and picturesque. We talked of the revolutions which flourished in Mexico during her childhood, of our mutual admiration for her second cousin, Novarro, of the solid crystal altar which husband Cedric installed in her bedroom in their beautiful Santa Monica home, and of the one and only Velez.

"It is not true that Lupe and I are antagonistic toward each other," said Dolores. "She visits me and I visit her. Christmas before last she had dinner with me and we exchanged gifts. But we aren't alike in temperament, and don't do the same type of acting."

Perhaps they are not alike in temperament, but I insist that they resemble strongly in appearance and histrionic methods. Each could play the other's rôles nicely. Indeed, three years after Dolores made "Resurrection," Lupe played the same rôle, under the same director, in the talking version.

And then Dolores had to fly away to keep an engagement. She left me with vivid memories of herself, but not very inspired copy for my story. Ah, me!

Yes, everything has happened to her, that is, everything except motherhood, which, I am told, is an experience not to be scorned. So if the present happy tranquillity of her life becomes monotonous I suggest that she notify the stork.

## Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 45

owing to the illness and walk-out of Sylvia Sidney, who was finally replaced by Ann Dvorak. Sylvia has been stormed at a great deal because of her action, but this has struck us as a bit unfair. Admittedly she did not choose just the right way to take flight from the film, but everything indicates the seriousness of her illness. Well, give the girl a break anyway. Stars must be stars.

**Mae West's Monkeyshines.**—Mae West's monkey, Boogie, gets a break in "I'm No Angel." He is one of the saddest-eyed actors we ever saw. Mae had a magnificent cage designed for his appearance, but even this didn't make him happy.

Mae was busy trying on some prop jewels the day we saw her, when Director Wesley Ruggles came along. "I wouldn't wear any jewels now," he said.

"No," replied Mae, always quick on the trigger. "We'll wait until I get them," she remarked significantly.

**Fighting Joan Blondell.**—It can never be said that Joan Blondell isn't

a brave girl. She's not only brave; she's also a pugilist, and a great husband defender. Hers was one of several battles of the month.

As the story goes, Blondell came to the rescue of her husband, who was having an altercation with a stranger because of an auto collision. Joan is reputed to have packed one good solid punch, and to have done even more valiant duty by throwing her coat over the gentleman's head and thus spoiling the precision of the blows he aimed. It appears that he was damaging George Barnes, Joan's husband, considerably before she arrived.

Quite a girl—our Joan!

**The Menjou Roll.**—Some idea of the wealth accumulated by a Beau Brummel of the screen may be gleaned from facts divulged during the Adolphe Menjou divorce case. Among other things, Mrs. Menjou estimated the riches of her husband at \$600,000, and his income annually at \$180,000. She got \$150,000 settlement.

Menjou is known to be one of the

luckiest men in Hollywood in his investments and speculations. He puts a lot of time and research into the business of building up his fortune.

The Menjou case became argumentative for a time, especially when Kathryn Carver Menjou accused the actor of intimacy with another woman.

**The New Wifely Freedom.**—Lonely wives have a right to their freedom!

None other than the Marquis de la Falaise has given authority to this statement. He pronounced it upon his return from Bali, answering the whirlwind of gossip over the appearance of Gilbert Roland in public with Constance Bennett while the marquis was away. He declared that any one as much in the public eye as Connie cannot be expected to live like a hermit, so why all the reports of an estrangement?

Nevertheless, the marquis isn't going traveling alone for some time. He dislikes the gossip that attended Roland's escorting of his wife, and the interpretations put upon the whole



matter. He and Gilbert had lunch together the day after the marquis returned. Also he said that he preferred that Gilbert would do the escorting, rather than some one else whom he didn't know, and that this arrangement was anticipated and understood by him before he left.

The marquis went to Bali to secure a two-reel picture, but came back with a feature film, photographed all in color.

**Peggy Battles Around.**—Peggy Hopkins Joyce was pretty mad about the outcome of her little engagement in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," the Winchell film, which seems to be more or less sensationally in the spotlight. It's the same film that caused Al Jolson to punch the columnist while they were both visiting the prizefights.

Peggy was signed for a six-week term, but a conflict developed—although it was reported to be a collapse—because Peggy didn't like the rôle or wasn't right for it, or something. She was only given a few days' salary when she left the cast. Much dissatisfied, she took her troubles up with the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, which settles such wrangles. Her rôle was then given to Lilyan Tashman, who withdrew and was replaced by Blossom Seeley. Just one trouble after another!

Funny thing, Peggy wasn't a member of the academy, when she ap-

pealed to them, but was prevailed on to join. So her name is added to the list of those who have accomplished "noteworthy achievements" in Hollywood. And just when—we ask you!

**The Governors' Pets.**—Jean Harlow got one of the biggest hands at a luncheon given at M.-G.-M. to about a dozen governors of States who were being entertained in Hollywood. Next to Jean came the character actors, like Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and others.

Can that be a cross-section of what movie followers like best to-day?

Just average interesting and attractive stars seemed to have no appeal at all.

**Mae's Financial Upset.**—Just about the smartest person in pictures, you'd say, is Mae West. You'd never believe that she could be fooled when she radiates worldliness on the screen. But Mae was fooled financially by her first film, "She Done Him Wrong." Instead of taking a percentage cut on the profits Mae insisted on straight salary, and was she upset about it? The profits have rolled up and up on the picture. It has played 7,000 or 8,000 repeat engagements at theaters through the country. In some theaters it has been seen two and three times, and even as many as five and six times in a few instances.

Mae is getting her contract fixed up, though, so after her third fea-

ture she'll have the revenue rolling in. "I'm No Angel" is completed, and the next is the turning point financially.

Mae's reward on her first movie was reported as \$15,000. It might have been \$100,000.

**Welcoming Norma Home.**—Norma Shearer is altering her attitude about being photographed with her youngster. She was snapped both abroad and in New York, and also upon returning to Hollywood. Norma, unlike some other stars, has never had any objections to the idea, but has considered it not best for the baby, owing to the omnipresent threat of kidnappings.

The youngster is a cute one, but is terribly disturbed by crowds. When Norma, Irving Thalberg, and their boy arrived at the station in Pasadena, first thing Norma did was to rush the child to her car.

After that, she was given a great reception by photographers and autograph seekers, not to speak of all the big executives from Metro-Goldwyn.

Europe hasn't changed Norma one whit; she appeared to be wholly and completely her natural and vibrant self. And we have a hunch the fans will be welcoming her as enthusiastically as Hollywood did.

Her first picture will be very smart and sophisticated, written by Charles MacArthur, who is Helen Hayes's husband, and a part author of such stage hits as "The Front Page" and "Twentieth Century."

## Madge and Her Men

Continued from page 53

little girl,' Lionel said to me, 'for any one to take this climate seriously.' He waved a gaunt arm to include Hollywood, Culver City, and Burbank. 'Remember, the biggest star is only as good as his next option.'

Speaking of options, Madge had hers taken up by Metro and for another year you will see her under the chaperonage of Leo the Lion. But there are other men in her life, including her choice for best leading man, as well as her candidate for best actor.

"Jack Gilbert, Lee Tracy, and William Haines are three of the wildest men I have met before the camera. Gilbert has a highly strung disposition, Haines has a ghastly propensity for practical jokes, and Lee Tracy is simply Old Man Dynamo. I'd love to do another picture with Lee, but I'd want a week's vacation first to rest up in preparation for the ordeal. Lee certainly keeps you on your toes, and he doesn't keep still long enough for you to step on his."

These comments were of more than passing interest, coming from Madge. For years she enjoyed the fruits of success on Broadway, playing in such distinguished companies as those starring Ina Claire, Billie Burke, and Mary Boland. With that rich stage training, she has found it a simple matter to snare an amazing number of leading rôles in pictures. As a capable as well as wise young beauty, her opinions are worthy of repetition.

The redoubtable Jimmy Cagney, with whom Madge played in "The Mayor of Hell," is her candidate for the best young actor on the screen. "He has technique, color, pace, and ability," said Mrs. Evans's talented daughter. "He can submerge himself in a rôle and carry it credibly. I think he's grand."

This was the third time Madge had grown enthusiastic. Gable, the Barrymores, and Cagney all merited her salvos. The real ballyhoo was still to come. *For Robert Montgomery*

*is her choice for Mayor of Hollywood, her favorite leading man.*

"First there was that tender, charming Lonsdale story badly titled 'Lovers Courageous.' Then 'Hell Below,' not so tender. Then 'Made on Broadway,' in which I was a sort of stooge wife, to be turned on and off as the plot demanded. But in every picture I have found Bob the ideal partner.

"He is a facile and amusing actor with a swell sense of humor. He lifts up a scene as soon as he enters, and gives rather ordinary lines a fine sparkle. In other words, I like him and I like his acting. If I were given the privilege of choosing my casts, he would be my first choice, without question."

"So that's what you think of the gentlemen?" I said, packing up my typewriter and preparing to knock off work for the day.

"Yes and no," said Madge tactfully. "And if there is anything I've said that I shouldn't have said, you've misquoted me."



## Checking Up On Jean

Continued from page 41

"Hi, Bing," some one yelled through the window. "C'm here. A lady's got a crush on you and wants to meet you."

The color flooded Jean's face and she fled to another room, locking the door behind her. An hour later I saw her again. "That wasn't fair," she said. To this day she can't meet Bing without blushing.

Directly after Jean's personal-appearance tour the magazines were flooded with letters from indignant fans denouncing producers for forcing her into the catty rôles she played, when, according to the fans, she is really a sweet, innocent girl.

"How did you create that impression?" I asked curiously.

Jean smiled. "Do you think," she asked, "from talking to me that I am such a horrible sort of person?"

"But," I protested, "I know you. You couldn't talk to all those people personally."

She shrugged. "When I went out on the stage I talked to them informally and tried to let them see me as I am."

There are two other things about Jean that stand out in my mental picture of her.

One is the memory of her as she faced me with flashing eyes when she had read a story speculating on whether she was taking another star's place. "Nobody ever takes anybody's place on the screen," she declared. "Stars are stars because they are distinct and startling personalities. No two of them are alike."

The other is an illustration of Jean's own loyalty. A columnist had quoted her as saying she would never make another picture with Clark Gable. Most people would hesitate about antagonizing that columnist. They'd have explained to Clark that they'd been misquoted and let it go. Not Jean. When she was interviewed over the radio she said, "I want to take this opportunity to correct a statement that appeared in Blank's column, quoting me as saying I'd never appear with Clark Gable again. That statement was not only unfounded but untrue. Clark is a friend of mine. I admire him intensely and I consider it a privilege to work with him whenever I'm given the opportunity. I only hope it will be soon again."

I could go on like this for pages but when I finished I would only have cited more incidents in a futile effort to explain why Jean Harlow is the most fascinating woman on the screen to-day.

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Trained Nurse

40 lbs. in 6 Weeks

45 lbs. in 8 Weeks

with

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Reducing Treatment



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Lola A. Sharp  
Trained Nurse

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**—Or No Cost**

Don't be fat any longer. Use BonKora, the new Battle Creek Reducing Treatment, as these nurses did when they were fat. Read their letters:

**Loses 40 lbs. Looks Younger.**

"Other remedies had failed me but BonKora took off 40 lbs. in 6 weeks. I am now the correct weight for my height. I feel stronger too. And I look 10 years younger since I lost that fat."—Mrs. Francis Rudolph, Trained Nurse, 4527 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**Loses 45 lbs. in 8 Weeks.**

"I lost 45 pounds in 8 weeks taking BonKora. I reduced my hips 10 inches. Now I wear dresses 4 sizes smaller."—Miss Lola A. Sharp, Trained Nurse, Bristol, Indiana.

These nurses were so grateful because BonKora reduced them after other remedies had failed that they sent us their photographs and permitted us to publish them.

**Doctor Tries It. Loses Fat.**

Dr. S. P. Blumenberg, head of the famous San Anselmo Sanatorium, San Anselmo, Marin County, Calif., writes that when he read of BonKora, he tried it himself. He says, "I found BonKora a safe remedy. It actually increased my energy. I lost 7 pounds the first 10 days and am taking it to reduce still further. I also advise it for overweight patients at the Sanatorium."

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tions. Those he does have are wholly unconscious with him, products of the spirit of the moment.

There is a cultured, well-mannered air about him. He is always punctual for appointments because he dislikes to be kept waiting himself. He has the surface joviality of a hail-fellow-well-met which some people mistake for insincerity. Intolerance and prejudice arouse his combative instincts, but he seldom has the rash courage to denounce another person.

In occupational or emotional predicaments he is nonplused. His innate simplicity, enthusiasm, and sincerity, though, inevitably see him through. His characteristic response to any and all situations is a slow, wiry grin. He harbors no illusions about himself or his future and is always willing to intercede for a friend.

Born in Beacon, New York, his father was vice president of a rubber company. He was educated at Pawling School in the same State and by extensive travel in Europe. Bob was sixteen when his father died and the responsibility of a breadwinner was forthwith his. He took a job as secretary to a publisher. Three months later he was a mechanic's helper and the following month a deck hand on an oil tanker.

His first stage experience was gained in a William Faversham play in which he enacted seven rôles. "Inspiration" he considers his worst picture. Not because he was ill at ease with the great Garbo, but because the

scenario was "written on the cuff" and he had no opportunity to develop his characterization.

He likes to munch cheese and crackers and once, believe it or not, he shared an apple with Garbo. He is absolutely lacking in business acumen, so turns his weekly pay check over to his manager. His exercise centers around a punching bag and a rowing machine. Usually, though, he sleeps too late to use them.

Before the camera he has a tendency to be stoop-shouldered. Directors must constantly remind him to straighten up. But the habit is too long existent to be eradicated.

He writes prolifically and destroys what he writes. Has visions of being a playwright, but can't confine his inspirational flashes to paper. He is a charming host, plays the piano beautifully and sings tenor at the slightest provocation. Favorite composers are Ravel and Irving Berlin.

Roy Wallace, his colored valet, knows him better than any one else. He admits to no taste in clothes, always relying upon Roy's judgment. Seldom wears a hat and has absolutely no preference when it comes to screen rôles. All that he asks is that the rôle, good or bad, be human.

He is an exceptional automobile driver but has conniption fits when he rides with any one else. His pet extravagances are mufflers and white shirts. Has dozens of colored shirts, the accumulation of many Christmases, which he has never worn.

His sense of humor is equal to any situation and keeps his fellow players in a constant turmoil of hysteria. Unable to interest himself in such a sedentary pastime as bridge, he can forget his troubles and relax completely in a book or magazine.

He listened enraptured at Lily Pons's concerts in Los Angeles, but couldn't get up courage to go backstage and meet her. He declares he pays scant attention to women's clothes unless they are in conspicuously bad taste. He achieves an effect of nonchalance and boyishness in his own dress without looking sloppy or unkempt.

His best friends are Elliot Nugent and Chester Morris. The three of them spend hours discoursing on the theater, music, and books. He attends most of the parties to which he is invited, but always leaves early. He spends his vacations at Malibu or at Reginald Denny's mountain cabin. His favorite leading lady is Madge Evans.

He has moments of princely generosity when he buys presents for every one in the studio. He and his wife lead a quiet, suburban life, drive nothing more ostentatious than an American car and patronize Charlie Bickford's garage across from the M.-G.-M. studio.

The Montgomery personality is difficult to define. It will not be placed in any one category. That is because he is so gosh-darn human.

Continued from page 57

surgeon tells her will be easy to get. However, everything turns out all right, a little thing like the death of her baby being arranged to prevent embarrassment while waiting for her husband-elect to gain his freedom.

Lyle Talbot's good voice helps to make the surgeon's emotions sympathetic, but his choice of clothes are those of a Hollywood actor and would cause the more skeptical of us to question his skill with the knife. Glenda Farrell is likable and pungent as Miss Francis's wisecracking friend.

### "Turn Back the Clock."

Lee Tracy, Mae Clarke, Otto Kruger, Peggy Shannon, C. Henry Gordon.  
Director: Edgar Selwyn.

The pains apparently taken to confuse and obscure issues make this about the most unsatisfactory and disappointing picture of the month. Not even excellent performances succeed in dissolving the cloud of boredom that overcasts it. Yet, as often happens in a poor film, there is a good idea lost somewhere.

## The Screen in Review

Lee Tracy, small-time proprietor of a tobacco shop, is invited with his wife to dine with an old-time friend who has become rich and who offers to invest the savings of the couple. Drunkenly wrangling with his wife

come rich while his friend occupied his humble position with Mr. Tracy's wife. It is worked out with singular futility.

### "No Marriage Ties."

Richard Dix, Elizabeth Allan, David Landau, Alan Dinehart, Doris Kenyon, Hobart Cavanaugh, Hilda Vaughan.  
Director: J. Walter Ruben.

Only fairly satisfactory is Richard Dix's latest, even with the charming Elizabeth Allan as chief aid. It begins briskly but becomes silly as Mr. Dix is asked more and more insistently by the scenario writer to be devastatingly madcap. This is unfair to any man.

Mr. Dix begins as an alcoholic reporter who, when fired by his editor, attracts the attention of an advertising mogul by the ease with which he spouts slogans in a speakeasy. Whereupon Mr. Dix shows what he can do with the advertising business by means of brass and glibness.

Two women visibly succumb to

Continued on page 64



for her consent, Mr. Tracy is knocked down by an automobile and as the ether cone is administered in a hospital his mind goes back to the past. The picture attempts to show what Mr. Tracy's life would have been had he married his friend's wife and be-



## Onward, Onslow!

Continued from page 49

mail after his straight rôle in "Peg o' My Heart" as he did after being seen as the indignant author in "Once in a Lifetime."

He is still new enough to the screen to read and answer all his fan mail very conscientiously, and what's more, he sends pictures and expects photographs of his correspondents in exchange.

I remember the aversion he has always had to conventional, romantic rôles. The first screen test he ever took, shortly after his appearance in the Andréiev play, was of the Walter Huston rôle in "The Criminal Code."

Impressed by that, the studio which was testing him next wanted to see what he could do as a leading man. He and a young New York actress prepared to do a test together in a little scene written for them. The three of us had dinner together a few nights before the test was scheduled.

Somewhere between celery and coffee, the two of them went through their lines. It was one of those re-

strained, drawing-room characterizations, a man of the world entertaining one of the women of his past, but instead of being suave and polished about uttering his polite speeches, Onslow spat them out in contempt. It all seemed ridiculous to him, as it naturally would to one who had hoped to play "The Emperor Jones."

Onslow has all the necessary humility becoming a young actor. He knows that he must go through an apprenticeship before the camera, and is quite willing to try even the most obscure rôle just to keep working. But at the same time he scans every script for a rôle which he feels is rightly his. And I don't think it's another case of the clown wanting to do *Hamlet*. Watching the instinctive use of his eloquent hands, hearing the cadences of his matchless voice, noting the power of his massive head, one can't help agreeing with him. He's meant for better things—the best.

### WHAT ABOUT MARY?

Movie magnates think that fame  
Comes to her with brand-new name.  
Nowadays it is a wise  
Hen her chick can recognize.  
Magnates, to our murmurs listen  
Ere another star you christen.

You give us the heebie-jeebies  
With your Lyas and your Bebes.  
Just a rhyme for hula hula  
Is a first name like Tallulah.  
Valentines breathe no more love,  
Hearts, and flowers than Billie Dove.

No whit worse Mahatma Gandhi  
Than the name Elissa Landi!  
Though she is a pretty kewpie,  
Do you have to call her Lupe?  
Who could keep from having fits  
With a name like Zasu Pitts?

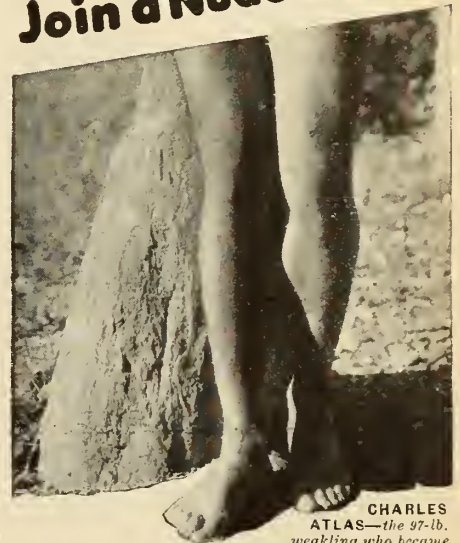
We cannot forgive too freely  
Him who dubbed that poor girl Gwili.  
Sweden's queen is known as Garbo.  
"You're a copy-cat," says Harpo.  
Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell,  
And Marlene! What the hell?

Dawn O'Day and Thelma Todd!  
Veree Teasdale! Oh, my God!  
On they go from bad to worse.  
How could mortals help but curse?  
He who such names hunts afar  
Better name a Pullman car.

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## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 62

him, Miss Allan because of his whimsicality and Doris Kenyon on account of his go-getting ability. For she is a haughty beauty specialist into whose presence he works his way by a ruse. Later she kills herself for love of him.

The picture misses fire both as a comedy and as a satire on advertising, but there's a good idea lost between.

### "Three-cornered Moon."

Mary Boland, Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, Wallace Ford, Lyda Roberti, Tom Brown, William Bakewell, Hardie Albright, Joan Marsh. Director: Elliott Nugent.

You must meet the *Rimblegars*; they're quite the craziest family—in a nice way—you would find in many a day, even in Brooklyn, where separately and collectively they try to buck the depression when *Mrs. Nellie Rimblegar* throws away their fortune and they have nothing except a handsome home and no food in the larder.

It is a gay, irresponsible household though the young people have their troubles, but they're good looking and well dressed so it's all pretty



much of a lark watching them rival each other in impracticality until everything comes out all right. The ringleader in crazy antics is the mother who is vague, futile and helpless, wandering around in a frivolous negligee dabbling with a dust cloth. As played by Mary Boland, the character becomes the most interesting of all and Miss Boland's performance the most brilliantly comic, equal, if more subdued, to her matchless creation in "Mamma Loves Papa" last month.

All the performances are excellent and the picture is rated a likable and constantly amusing oddity suitable for those who like hors d'œuvres better than chowder.

### "Captured."

Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Margaret Lindsay, Philip Faversham, Paul Lukas, Robert Barrat, William LeMaire, John Bleifer, Joyce Coad. Director: Roy Del Ruth.

Vital direction and fine acting keep one interested, even if the occasional spectator—are you with me?—does not care for war pictures. This has considerable suspense and more than the usual implausibilities, but it has grim reality, too.

The scene is a German prison camp where Leslie Howard, as *Captain Allison*, longs for his bride of six days



in England. Cheered by the unexpected appearance among the prisoners of a fellow Englishman, *Digby*, he discovers that his wife is in love with his friend. He overcomes his desire for vengeance and enables his rival to escape a firing squad and return to the woman they both love.

Against this conflict are unusual scenes of torture and the degradation of men by their captors, with only two brief sequences showing Margaret Lindsay, the heroine.

Mr. Howard gives an admirable performance in the mood called sensitive, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is *Digby* in the mood which proclaims itself actory and small rôles are strikingly played, particularly by Philip Faversham, son of the stage star, John Bleifer, and William LeMaire.

### "The Stranger's Return."

Lionel Barrymore, Miriam Hopkins, Franchot Tone, Stuart Erwin, Beulah Bondi, Grant Mitchell, Irene Hervey, Aileen Carlyle. Director: King Vidor.

A magnificent character study by Lionel Barrymore is only one of the merits found in this finely honest picture. Another is the satisfaction in finding persons as they really exist in rural communities to-day, not types out of a comic strip. The author of "State Fair" should be applauded



to the echo for bringing the screen up to date in its portrayal of country life and in putting to death the old-time theatrical conception of people who



live beyond the call of Broadway. He has done it even more conclusively here than in the earlier work and the understanding direction of King Vidor places us not only on intimate terms with the characters but conveys the feeling of the soil and the beauty of the farmland. And Mr. Barrymore properly dominates all.

He is *Grandpa Storr*, patriarchal ruler of Storhaven, who surrenders to the charms of his city-bred granddaughter and ousts his stepchildren before he dies and leaves the girl to carry on the farm as his heiress.

Miriam Hopkins plays this rôle delightfully and Franchot Tone is well cast as the young college-bred farmer with whom she falls in love but will not take from his wife. Unfortunately, limitations of space do not permit the praise due Stuart Erwin, Beulah Bondi, and the rest of the perfect cast.

#### "Tarzan the Fearless."

Buster Crabbe, Jacqueline Wells, E. Alyn Warren, Edward Woods, Mathew Betz, Philo McCullough, Mischa Auer. Director: Robert Hill.

Johnny Weissmuller has waited so long to reappear as *Tarzan* that Buster Crabbe has beaten him to it. The new jungle story copies the superior Metro-Goldwyn production except that there are perhaps more ropes disguised as accommodating vines for *Tarzan's* peregrinations. In fact, there are so many of them that you feel no lack of a perfect transportation system in the jungle. Yet I heard an audience cheer Mr. Crabbe's fight with an aged lion and his "escape" from a phony crocodile dragged in the water after him.

There was a certain romantic Robinson Crusoe quality in "Tarzan the Ape Man" which is altogether missing here because the picture has been hastily made at the least possible expense, but there is no fault to be found with Mr. Crabbe who, if lacking the dash of Mr. Weissmuller, is perhaps more expressive and is certainly just as Apollosque, if on a smaller scale.

The story doesn't matter and it's too preposterous to recount.

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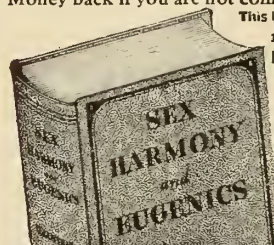
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## Baby Breadwinners

Continued from page 55

These lads all have passed the infant stage and are known around the world for their work. They, with two or three others, stand out far ahead and above all the rest.

Despite all the adulation and praise heaped upon these movie children, they are being reared in the belief that they are just boys. I made a round of their homes the other day just to see what they were doing.

I found David Durand, for instance, playing with a stray kitten to which he was trying to teach English—a little mouse-colored waif spotted with yellow. It looked like something nobody would want.

"May I keep it, mother?" he pleaded. "It hasn't any home."

David, a charming youngster, is probably the most polished actor among all the boys in Hollywood. He is the sole support of his mother and earns, when working, around \$500 a week. His mother gives him \$5 for each picture he makes, all of which he carefully puts away. He knows nothing of spending money.

The inimitable Jackie Cooper is the highest paid boy actor on the Coast. His stipend is \$1,300 a week now. But Jackie doesn't see the money. His mother is investing his earnings. Until recently, Jackie was allowed fifty cents a week to spend in riotous living. Fifty cents, no more, no less! But now that he is getting larger and his capacity is increasing, his allowance has been increased to \$3 a week out of which he has to buy his lunches. However, the neighborhood gang gets ice-cream sodas occasionally as a result of Jackie's affluence.

As for Dickie Moore, "He's a spendthrift!" his mother confided. "He knows nothing of the value of money. Dickie is allowed a dime a day when in good standing, but every penny of it slips through his fingers as fast as he gets it. Right now he owes me twelve cents and Heaven only knows how much to his daddy! Something like fifty cents, I think."

The big, dark eyes of Dickie slowly turned toward his mother. Scornfully he turned to a little box on a table, extracted a dime and two pennies and replied:

"Mother, I'm not a spendthrift. Here's the twelve cents I owe you. As for the fifty coming to daddy, I've made a deal with him. He's being paid in hugs and kisses. And that squares that."

A moment later he was knocking half-green apricots from a tree in the yard and eating the ripest ones.

Pictures won't have Dickie Moore long, he says. In a year or two he will be big enough to handle a paper route and he thinks he can get enough "scribers" to make it pay. "Them boys with good routes make a lot of money," he says.

The \$450 a week he earns in pictures don't amount to much, he believes. After he has delivered papers a few years, Dickie expects he'll become a doctor or a lawyer. He hasn't decided which. One thing is sure—he will not continue working in the movies. They don't interest him much.

"When he goes to a picture show," says his mother, "he's always squirming in his seat and wanting to know 'when's this thing over?'"

Jackie Searl, the little tattle-tale boy who is called upon to really act his rôles, is given five dollars at the beginning of each picture, and it must last him through the job, no matter how long. Jackie is another who doesn't take the movies too seriously.

Jackie Coogan earned a fortune variously estimated at one to five million. He's now a student at Santa Clara University, majoring in dramatic work. Robert Coogan, his younger brother, was a flop.

Little Davey Lee? He's attending public school in Los Angeles. The exit of David from pictures is somewhat clouded, but the fact remains that while he was earning \$250 a week he had an offer to make personal appearances which would net him between \$3,500 and \$4,500 a week. The country had gone wild over him. His mother accepted the offer and they went out to collect a fortune. Which they succeeded in doing, but Davey's screen career suddenly terminated. You see him occasionally, now growing into the awkward stage but with that same sweet smile, that same touch of pathos in his voice.

Davey may come back to the screen some day as an actor. His mother doesn't know. Fan mail still comes to him from all over the world. But little Davey Lee—Al Jolson's *Sonny Boy*, exists no longer.

"I've never tried to put him back in pictures," Mrs. Lee told me. "His schooling must be attended to now. He's just a pupil in a public grade school to-day."

Little folk of the silvered screen—pampered and petted for a day, a year, maybe five years, then move on. They're a strange and interesting crew.



## They Say in New York—

Continued from page 21

sieged by theatrical managers who are trying to lure her away from the movies. Gloria Swanson arrived from Europe, polished her finger nails while reporters interviewed her, and went on to California.

Ramon Novarro came on the same ship, but he must have donned black glasses and a beard, for he avoided the newspapermen without difficulty. Probably didn't want to talk of his success as a singer in Europe. Some will, as you may have observed, and some won't.

Sylvia Sidney arrived, and snapped at the reporters. She was mad because the doctors Paramount sent to examine her after her throat operation "treated me like a nobody, and I'm a somebody." Too mad to be modest, which contrasts sharply with the way she talked the last time she was here. Then she declared that Paramount had done everything for her, et cetera, et cetera.

And Benita Hume arrived, staying just long enough to say "Hullo" and "Good-by"; she sailed for Europe to marry that impatient fiancé of hers.

Edmund Lowe came to town to do a sketch called "Late One Evening," which gives him a chance to be suave and just a little wicked, the sort of act that brings movie fans to the theater in droves and boosts the bank roll.

**Back to New York.**—The company that is making "Take a Chance" at the Paramount Studio on Long Island has been having a grand time. They're just one big happy family, with lots of clowning going on. June Knight, James Dunn, Dorothy Lee, Lona André, Buddy Rogers—who commutes by plane from Chicago to do his stuff—and Lillian Roth are working in it.

Anita Page arrived in town rather quietly, perhaps to join the ranks of the movie actresses who are out for stage experience, who knows? Since Jack Gilbert's success in letting Hollywood alone for a while, and then returning in that rôle opposite Garbo, a lot of players may follow his example.

The opening of "Dinner at Eight" brought out an all-star audience to applaud the all-star cast. But some of us who had seen Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory" used up all our best adjectives on her work, and refused to get them out again for any one else.

Mentioning Katharine Hepburn brings up the subject of Elizabeth Allan, because this lovely English girl somehow reminds me of her. She's prettier than Miss Hepburn, and, judging by her performance in "No Marriage Ties," she ought to be seeing her name in lights and getting her fan mail by the basketful before long. Of course, she may get bad breaks, but if you're one of the ones who predicted the rise of Garbo, and Dietrich, and Hepburn, put Miss Allan's name down in your book.

Remember Nita Naldi, or don't you like to remember the days when she moved slowly and voluptuously through the Valentino pictures? She's to appear in a stage play in New York this fall, which may be a step toward returning to the screen.

**Tallulah Back Again.**—Tallulah Bankhead was one of the returners from Hollywood, and this time she looked as if she'd just swallowed the canary, though I will say for her that she's no cat.

You may recall that last return of hers. It wasn't made under what could be called auspicious circumstances. She'd gone out wanting very much to succeed in pictures, willing to do her best. And, judging by other people's reports, she was given the well-known runaround, which Hollywood has brought to perfection. Some said that it was all a matter of politics; I wouldn't know about that.

Tallulah was very dignified. She made a few discreet statements and let the matter drop. She went into a stage play that wasn't much good, and made it a success by her own efforts. Then, of course, Hollywood wanted her.

She went back, "just for a visit." People smiled, predicting that she'd jump at the first offer she received. She didn't. Though she was strongly urged to return to the screen, she refused.

She came East to begin rehearsals of a play that's being directed by Guthrie McClintic, Katharine Cornell's husband, who is one of the best. Maybe she'll make pictures again some day, but not now. In other words, she has the studios just where she wants them, and she's one of the few who have been able to give them—oh, so delicately—the razzberry.

And now, with all these people coming and going, I'm doing a bit of traveling myself. Hollywood calls, and I'm off.



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## Texas Taught Her How

Continued from page 19

and Rolls-Royces and trips to Europe and sables—a background more befitting such beauty than the "Follies'" glittering chorus.

The marriage has lasted more than three years and shows signs of enduring even in Hollywood.

And here's how the Hollywood chapter began:

While Adrienne was playing the rôle of penthouse butterfly in New York, Jane, the younger sister, left high school to elope and an annulment had followed, just as in big sister's case.

Jane insisted on a trip, "just like Adrienne had." Not forgetting her childhood ambitions, she chose Hollywood, and when she failed to find a niche in the movies for herself, she got a job in the office of an actors' agent.

Two years ago, Adrienne and her husband vacationed in Honolulu and on their return stopped in Los Angeles to visit Jane. One day Adri-

enne dropped by the office to meet her sister for lunch. The agent saw her and, struck by her unusual beauty, urged her to make a screen test. A contract with Paramount followed.

You've seen her in numerous pictures, her best opportunities coming in Chevalier's "A Bedtime Story" and in "Disgraced." Between pictures, she acts in the Pasadena Community Playhouse to gain additional dramatic experience. Besides that, there are diction, dancing, and singing lessons. She's quite serious now about this career business.

Her family still lives in Dallas. Jane has resigned from the office of the agent to become Adrienne's secretary. There's a younger sister whom Adrienne is sending to school and who intends to be an actress, too.

And that's the last of the poor little Ritz girl myth. For Adrienne, the movies are not a pastime or a new thrill. It's a lifelong ambition realized and she doesn't regard it lightly.

## Stars Who Never Meet

Continued from page 43

luck in establishing cordial relationships with Greta Garbo. He heard the talk about her exclusiveness, and decided to start a campaign of his own. For two years he has been jumping out from behind hedges on the M.-G.-M. lot when she passes. So far his method has not led to what could be called a firm friendship.

"I guess I scare her," Jackie explains. "Because she just ducks her head and keeps on going."

At the present writing, Katharine Hepburn and Irene Dunne, both RKO stars, have not met, but that did not prevent *la* Hepburn from doing a bit of raiding.

She hired Cecelia, who was Irene Dunne's maid, while Irene was in the East, and there are those who say that *la* Dunne's usually serene temper was a bit ruffled by the incident.

These stories tell one side. But if you remark to Tom Brown that it is difficult to become familiar with stars he will just give you a long wondering look. Because Tom knows better.

During his very first days in Hollywood he was called to the Warner lot. His eyes were wide with wonder as he watched famous men and beautiful women going about the business of making pictures.

There he stood, a shy, speechless figure, when suddenly he felt two arms around his neck, two soft lips plant a resounding kiss on his startled cheek, and there was Loretta Young smiling at him.

"You're Tom Brown, aren't you?" she said.

"Y-y-y-yes," he managed to gasp.

"And it's your birthday, isn't it?"

"Y-y-y-y-y-yes."

"Well, it's my birthday, too. And we're both nineteen, so I felt I ought to kiss you," was the explanation.

"Then I ought to kiss you, too," said young Mr. Brown, and he did, thereby proving that there are exceptions to all rules, even the rule that it is hard to meet a star.

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## Information, Please

Continued from page 11

Loy, Myrna Williams; Claudette Colbert, Chauchoin; Carol Lombard, Jane Peters; Elissa Landi is the Countess Elisabeth Marie Zanardi-Landi Kuhnelt.

ESTHER.—Lilian Bond is playing in "Take a Chance." John Boles is six feet one, and has brown hair and gray-blue eyes. Yes, Warner Baxter's wife, Winifred Bryson, is a former actress. Ralph Bellamy receives his birthday cards on June 17th.

A FAN.—You needn't be disappointed, for James Cagney has brown eyes with that red hair of his, and not blue, as you feared. He was born in New York City, July 17, 1904. Madge Evans played opposite him in "The Mayor of Hell." "Footlight Parade" is his latest.

M. S.—Clara Bow is playing with Norman Foster in "Hoopla," for Fox. Clara was born in Brooklyn on July 29, 1905. She is five feet three and a half.

E. N.—I am sure that your letter sent to the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Hollywood, would be forwarded to Culver City, the correct address. Perhaps by now you have the desired photo of Robert Young. Bob is just six feet. Sorry, but I do not keep a record of the musical numbers accompanying pictures.

A FAN.—Glad to help you out with some birthdays. Janet Gaynor, October 6, 1907; Sally Eilers, December 11, 1908; Loretta Young, January 6, 1913; Helen Twelvetrees, December 25th; Gloria Stuart, January 21st; Carol Lombard, October 6, 1909.

BETTY COED.—Greta Garbo was twenty-eight on September 18th. Read this column for the other birthdays you wanted.

INQUISITIVE ANNE.—Edward G. Robinson was born Emanuel Goldenberg in Bucharest, Rumania, on December 12, 1893. In 1915 he married Gladys Lord, actress. David Banners is British, both his father and mother being members of the English nobility. Joan Crawford attended Stephens College for Girls for one year. She is five feet four, weighs 110, has blue eyes, and for the present her reddish-brown hair is blond. You will next see her in "Dancing Lady," with Fred Astaire.

KAY LEATHERS.—In "Bondage" Earl Crawford was played by Edward Woods. He also was in the cast of "Dinner at Eight."

TEDDY.—When Tom Brown celebrates his birthday on January 6th he will be twenty-one.

HELENE S.—Clyde Beatty, the animal trainer in "The Big Cage," is twenty-eight. Five feet six, and weighs 148. Born in Ohio of Irish-English parents. Divorced from Ernestine Pegg.

MARY E. DITHMAR.—"Brief Moment" is Gene Raymond's latest. He is still single.

VIRGINIA M. MURRAY.—Bing Crosby is playing in Paramount's "Too Much Harmony." Your other questions about Bing have been answered elsewhere.

BETT.—I do not keep a record of the home addresses of the stars. Write to them at the studios listed on back page of this issue.

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# ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

## Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Mozelle Brittone	Adolphe Menjou
Walter Connolly	Toshia Mori
Donald Cook	Jessie Ralph
Richard Cromwell	Dorothy Tree
Jack Holt	Fay Wray
Tim McCoy	

## Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Heather Angel	Elissa Landi
Frank Atkinson	William Lawrence
Lew Ayres	Boots Mallory
Warner Baxter	Jose Mojica
John Boles	Herbert Mundin
Clara Bow	George O'Brien
Marion Burns	Una O'Connor
Henrietta Crosman	Gene Raymond
James Dunn	Kane Richmond
Sally Eilers	Will Rogers
Norman Foster	Buddy Rogers
Henry Garat	Raul Roulien
Janet Gaynor	Genevieve Tobin
Lilian Harvey	Merle Tottenham
Miriam Jordan	Spencer Tracy
Victor Jory	June Vlasak
Howard Lally	Irene Ware

## Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Tad Alexander	Phillips Holmes
Elizabeth Allan	Walter Huston
Nils Asther	Myrna Loy
John Barrymore	Una Merkel
Lionel Barrymore	John Miljan
Wallace Beery	Robert Montgomery
Charles Butterworth	Colleen Moore
Mary Carlisle	Frank Morgan
Virginia Cherrill	Karen Morley
Mae Clarke	Ramon Novarro
Jackie Cooper	Maureen O'Sullivan
Joan Crawford	Jean Parker
Marion Davies	May Robson
Marie Dressler	Norma Shearer
Jimmy Durante	Martha Sleeper
Madge Evans	Lewis Stone
Muriel Evans	Franchot Tone
Clark Gable	Lee Tracy
Greta Garbo	Lupe Velez
Lawrence Grant	Johnny Weissmuller
William Haines	Diana Wynyard
Jean Harlow	Robert Young
Helen Hayes	

## RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Constance Bennett	Dorothy Jordan
Bill Boyd	Arline Judge
Bruce Cabot	Tom Keene
Bill Cagney	Francis Lederer
Chic Chandler	Eric Linden
Dolores del Rio	Anita Louise
Richard Dix	Helen Mack
Irene Dunne	Mary Mason
Betty Furness	Joel McCrea
William Gargan	Gregory Ratoff
Hale Hamilton	Bert Wheeler
Ann Harding	Gretchen Wilson
Katharine Hepburn	Robert Woolsey

## Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Brian Aherne	Jack LaRue
Adrienne Ames	Charles Laughton
Lona Andre	John Davis Lodge
Richard Arlen	Carol Lombard
Mary Boland	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Herbert Marshall
Kathleen Burke	Jack Oakie
Maurice Chevalier	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Gary Cooper	Charlie Ruggles
Ricardo Cortez	Randolph Scott
Buster Crabbe	Sylvia Sidney
Marlene Dietrich	Alison Skipworth
Patricia Farley	Kent Taylor
Wynne Gibson	Helen Twelvetrees
Cary Grant	Mae West
Verna Hillie	Dorothea Wieck
Miriam Hopkins	Toby Wing
Roscoe Karns	Elizabeth Young

## United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Constance Cummings
Eddie Cantor	Mary Pickford
Charles Chaplin	Gloria Swanson
Ronald Colman	Loretta Young

## Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Vince Barnett	Paul Lukas
Madge Bellamy	Ken Maynard
Tom Brown	Zasu Pitts
Andy Devine	Onslow Stevens
Hugh Enfield	Gloria Stuart
Boris Karloff	Slim Summerville
June Knight	

## Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Hardie Albright	Ruby Keeler
Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Helen Mann
Joe E. Brown	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Paul Muni
Ruth Chatterton	Theodore Newton
Bebe Daniels	Dick Powell
Bette Davis	William Powell
Claire Dodd	Edward G. Robinson
Ruth Donnelly	Barbara Rogers
Ann Dvorak	Jayne Shaddock
Patricia Ellis	Barbara Stanwyck
Glenda Farrell	Lyle Talbot
Preston Foster	Sheila Terry
Kay Francis	Helen Vinson
Ann Hovey	Renee Whitney
Harold Huber	Warren William
Alice Jans	Pat Wing
Allen Jenkins	

## Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.  
Ralph Bellamy, Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Helen Chandler, Sharon Lynn, Lilyan Tashman, Mary Brian, 401 Taft Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Neil Hamilton, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood.



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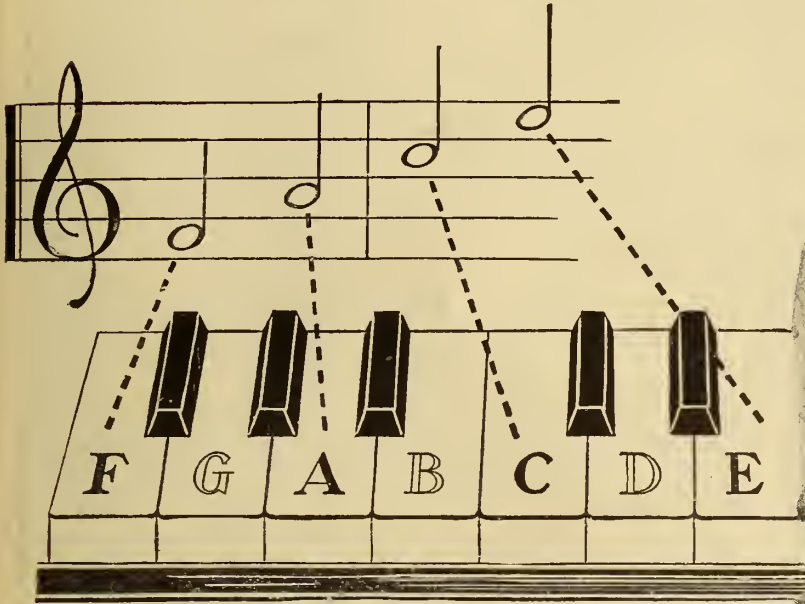
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## WHEN STARS WERE MODELS

Every fan knows that many of the most famous stars of to-day served their apprenticeships as commercial models. Some for ads for tooth paste, antiseptics, and other articles of that kind. Some as fashion models, some for illustrations. The list of past performances in this field is long—and interesting.

However, few fans have seen pictures of present favorites of the screen taken in the days of their obscurity. Next month's Picture Play will present some choice photographs, illustrating an absorbing article which describes the stars as they were in days gone by. This is an exceptional feature and really shouldn't be missed.

## THE STRANGE CASE OF MISS MORLEY

What has happened to Karen, everybody's favorite a year ago? Her future was bright, her performances brilliant. Then she virtually dropped out of sight. True, she has recently become a mother. But that doesn't account for her long, mysterious absence from the screen. January Picture Play discusses Karen Morley as seen by Jeanne De Kolty, who went to school with her. It throws new light on another of Hollywood's baffling "cases."

## OTHER FEATURES

Leroy Keleher, the writer whose three contributions to Picture Play have brought scores of requests for more, discusses Gloria Stuart next month.

Judith Field, whose articles invariably provoke discussion, addresses an open letter to Joan Crawford, most controversial of stars, with a directness that is sure to focus still more interest on Miss Crawford.

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## *She signs a new code!*

MIRIAM HOPKINS sets up a new code for women in her latest PARAMOUNT picture. In this new screen play her heart is large enough to give employment to two lovers instead of one... The play—NOEL COWARD'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING". Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH. The lovers—FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER.



## *Paramount waited 12 years for this girl!*

Twelve years ago, "CRADLE SONG" was produced by Eva LeGallienne. The play was so moving and brilliant that it was at once purchased for the screen. Many great actresses were considered for the leading role but none seemed suitable until "Maedchen In Uniform" brought lovely DOROTHEA WIECK to the screen. You will know why 10 million women have raved about DOROTHEA WIECK when you see her in "CRADLE SONG", A Paramount Picture directed by Mitchell Leisen.



*...Vanilla!* They can't take it, but they thought Dewey did! The FOUR MARX BROTHERS as they repel a gas attack with bicarbonate of soda in the third battle of Bull Run in "DUCK SOUP", that very funny PARAMOUNT PICTURE directed by Leo McCarey... with girls and music.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!





# WHAT THE FANS THINK



## No Horror Films for Fay.

**I**N the past few months we have had so many fine films that undoubtedly many fans will overlook an exceptionally meritorious picture which manages to be more entertaining than many of our highly touted specials. I refer to "Ann Carver's Profession." The theme is far from new, but the manner in which the director and the players, especially the star, Fay Wray, bring it to the screen makes it unusually interesting.

I went to see "Ann Carver's Profession," not knowing what to expect besides an intelligent, restrained portrayal by a young actress who doesn't find it necessary to adopt a morbid expression or a Garbo slouch to make an impression. The film was novel and unusual and Miss Wray's plea to the jury was a masterpiece of acting. To my way of thinking, it will always be a sad commentary on the intelligence (?) of Hollywood producers, that a player of her caliber has been forced to appear in those horror masterpieces, while such puppets as Shearer, Harlow, Dietrich, Sidney, and Stanwyck received star billing. Miss Wray's human qualities and beauty should never be hidden in those gruesome rôles. Let them be played by girls who lack her qualities.

J. C. WYNNE.

375 East 199th Street,  
New York City.

## Brilliant and Naïve.

**R**ECENTLY I saw "When Ladies Meet" and I'm now another of Myrna Loy's innumerable fans. Some one certainly used the old gray matter when they took the Loy girl out of half-breed parts and gave her a chance to act like a white woman. Witness "The Animal Kingdom," "The Barbarian," and now "When Ladies Meet." They were most assuredly hits, and Miss Loy was the outstanding actress in all three.

In the rôle of *Mary*, she was so brilliant, charming, and at the same time naïve, that it was small wonder Bob Montgomery was taken in hook, line, and sinker. Long may we feast our eyes upon her fair countenance and divine form!

And now for Alice Brady, the most refreshing surprise in years. With Zasu Pitts's gestures, but with dialogue that would make the Puritanical Pitts blush, this trouper who once warmed the hearts of the audience as a demure heroine is now bowling them over as "an intelligent fool." Although variety is undoubtedly the spice of life, our plea to the powers-that-be is, "Please give Miss Brady more rôles similar to the one she had in 'When Ladies Meet,'" and at the same time we beg, "Alice, won't you please stay in pictures because we think you're great!"

ALICE LORENZ.

ev w

7043 Bryn Mawr, Chicago, Illinois.

## Lucille, the Floor-show Girl.

**I**N 1922 Ernie Young's revue was at the Oriole Terrace in Detroit. Every one who recalls that floor show will remember that one of the chorus, Lucille LeSueur, got a chance to go to Hollywood. Since then, by publicity or her own efforts—who shall say?—she has become the popular Joan Crawford of movie fame.

J. C. Wynne takes the producers to task for hiding Fay Wray's human qualities in horror rôles.

I've just read that Joan Crawford gives her age as twenty-five. Now, Ernie Young's revue played in Detroit with Joan in the chorus *eleven years ago*. Does she

believe that she has the public fooled into thinking she was fourteen years old at that time? I can remember her clearly, and she was no immature child in 1922, but a plump, rather hard-looking chorus girl and not particularly nice-looking at that. Lucille LeSueur was at least twenty then. Why doesn't she be honest and admit her age?

JANE

WEIMER.  
Detroit.

Cont. on p. 10

Alice Brady is the most refreshing surprise in years to Alice Lorenz.







LEO: "Just a minute girls while I introduce you to the public . . . friends, meet POLLY MORAN & MAY ROBSON my new M-G-M comedy team...now girls please don't fight in a public magazine!"

MAY: "It's all right Leo, we're just rehearsing a scene from our first comedy, COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN."

POLLY: "And believe me it's a pleasure to team up with May Robson. She's a grand girl and the public knows it, too."

LEO: "See you all at the picture, folks. COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN is all fun!"

*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Screamer with May Robson, Polly Moran, Charles (Chic) Sale, Una Merkel, Russell Hardie and Jean Parker. Directed by Charles F. Riesner, from a story by Lawrence Johnsan. Associate Producer, Harry Rapf.*



---

# *Alices in Wonderland*

TO THE Alice of Lewis Carroll's imagination the world of Wonderland was an amazing place. There was a White Rabbit that talked. There was a Cat that disappeared till only its grin was left. Alice herself could grow little or grow tall.

This real world we moderns live in is no less amazing. Miracles are as thick as peas in a pod. We have wool from ostrich feathers, silk made out of wood, buttons that once were buttermilk.

We fly at one hundred miles or more per hour. We cook without fire. We even have machines to make the curly hair that heaven didn't give us. In a word, conjuring tricks so common they fail to excite.

Reflect for a moment upon how swiftly these modern miracles were made so easily attainable. How did you first learn of rayon? Of electric refrigeration? Of permanent waves? How did you first realize that they might be had for a price commensurate with what you could pay? Wasn't it through advertising?

This modern miracle play is continuous . . . attendance free. Look through the advertising pages of this magazine.

---



Again she weaves her Magic Spell!

KATHARINE HEPBURN  
in  
"LITTLE WOMEN"

by LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

The radiant star of "Morning Glory" marches still deeper into your heart as the best-loved heroine ever born in a book...See her...*living*...the immortal "Jo"...in this glorious romance of four girls in love...The story the world has hugged to its breast for three generations!



with  
JOAN BENNETT  
PAUL LUKAS  
EDNA MAY OLIVER  
JEAN PARKER  
FRANCES DEE  
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY  
HENRY STEPHENSON  
DIRECTED BY  
GEORGE LUKOR

R K O  
Radio  
PICTURES

MERIAN C. COOPER  
Executive Producer

Twenty million have read  
the book... Fifty million  
will love the picture!



# Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

## By The Oracle

**E. M. PALEN.**—You will be glad to know that Diana Wynyard is to be in "The Paradine Case," with John and Lionel Barrymore. Frank Lawton, who was *Joey* in "Cavalcade," returned to England to resume his stage work.

**A CANADIAN.**—There are always so many beauty contests of one kind or another that it is impossible to record them all. Perhaps a letter of inquiry to the newspaper in which you read the item would bring the desired information.

**KATHERINE HAEGER.**—Because of his success in this country in "Be Mine To-night," Jan Kiepura, Polish opera singer, was signed to a contract by Universal. For his photo write to Universal studio.

**BESS.**—I am sure that the Lee Tracy picture to which you refer is "She Got What She Wanted," with Betty Compson and Gaston Glass.

**MARIE LAWRENCE.**—A letter addressed to you at Jasper Park Lodge was returned. I shall be glad to forward it to your present address upon request.

**TONY S.**—In "Dracula," Helen Chandler had the feminine lead. Janet Gaynor was twenty-six October 6th.

**POSEY.**—I can understand your anxiety, but this is the earliest number in which your answer could be printed. Cary Grant is an Englishman, having been born in Bristol, January 18, 1903. His right name is Archibald Alexander Leach. Before entering pictures early in 1932, he appeared on the stage here and abroad.

**A. B.**—Ramon Novarro makes his home with his family in Hollywood. His name is pronounced *Rah-mone No-zahr-ro*, accent middle syllable. "The Cat and the Fiddle," with Jeanette MacDonald, is his latest.

**BARBARA GITTELSON.**—For the cast of "Over the Hill" I must ask you to inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Please state whether you wish the silent or talkie version.

**RUTH POLONSKY.**—There doesn't seem to be any fan club listed in honor of Dick Powell. To form one, get a group of his admirers together, write to Dick for his cooperation, elect a president, and then invite others to join. Send me your name and address when the club has been organized. His full name is Richard E. Powell, and he was born in Mount View, Arkansas, November 14, 1904.

**G. E. M.**—Clyde Beatty may make another "Big Cage," but not this year. He was born in Ohio twenty-eight years ago, of Irish-English parents. Is five feet six, weighs 148, and is divorced from Ernestine Pegg.

**JUST BUDDY.**—In "Sailor's Luck," the rôle of *Barnacle Benny* was played by

Sammy Cohen. Although he is a free lance, you may be able to reach him at Fox studio.

**R. P. L.**—Besides those you list, John Mack Brown has played in "Our Dancing Daughters," "Annapolis," "Woman of Affairs," "Hurricane," "Undertow," "Great Meadow," "Last Flight," "Laughing Sinners," "Flames," "Malay Nights." Sorry, but I do not have the casts of serials.

**LUDMILLA 5.**—Of course, most of the stars have secretaries who handle their fan mail, but letters of special interest are brought to their attention. When requesting a photograph, it is customary to inclose twenty-five cents, preferably in stamps. I am sure that Paul Lukas would be de-

**Requests for personal answers will be ignored by The Oracle unless accompanied by stamped envelope, but if no long reply is involved the questions will be held for their turn in this department.**

lighted to receive a letter from you in Hungarian. Fredric March has brown eyes. Paris, France, is Claudette Colbert's birthplace. Lane Chandler was the *Lieutenant* in "The Devil's Brother," Arthur Pierson *Captain Lorenzo*.

**MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN FAN.**—Your favorite was born in Ireland, May 17, 1911. We published an interview with her in September, 1932. I shall be pleased to give you a brief biography of her life upon request.

**JANNY.**—Guess you didn't realize that it takes this length of time before answers can be published, due to make-up of the magazine, et cetera. For pictures of scenes from "The Sign of the Cross," write to the publicity department of Paramount Studio, and for those of "Christopher Strong" to RKO Studio.

**BILL BOYD FOREVER.**—Still true to your favorite, I see. Bill's most recent film is "Flaming Gold," with Mae Clarke and Pat O'Brien.

**BETTY S.**—Robert Montgomery and Elizabeth Allen have been married since 1928. Their daughter, Elizabeth, was born April 16, 1933. Bob was twenty-nine May 21st last, is six feet tall, and has brown hair and blue eyes.

**ELSIE COOPER.**—For a photo of Lewis Stone, write to Metro-Goldwyn studio. His birthdate is November 15, 1879, and George Brent's March 15, 1904.

**PATTY B.**—In "So This Is Africa," Raquel Torres was the *Leader of Amazon Women*, and Esther Muir *Mrs. Johnson-Martini*. Miss Torres is five feet two. In 1931 Miss Muir played in "A Dangerous

Affair." Jean Parker and Lane Chandler come from Montana.

**LACIE.**—See E. M. Palen for information about Frank Lawton. I might add that he hails from England, where he was born September 30, 1904.

**ADIL BATLIWALE.**—Greetings to you way off in India! Jean Harlow was born in Kansas City, Missouri, March 3, 1911; is five feet three and a half, weighs 112, has bright-blue eyes and platinum blond hair. "The Hollywood Party" and "Bombshell" are her latest.

**A FAN.**—The young German cellist in "Best of Enemies" was played by William Lawrence, a native of Los Angeles. He is the son of a stock broker. His mother was a former actress. He has had some stage experience himself.

**E. KNOX.**—Katharine Hepburn is married to Ludlow Smith, a New York broker. So you win that bet. Joan Barry was the blond heroine of the British film, "The Outsider." Ursula Jeans was *Fanny Bridges* in "Cavalcade." Three-year-old Bobby Cook was the youngster in "Hold Your Man." Greta Garbo's birthday is September 18, 1905.

**DOT KING.**—Their heights are: Myrna Loy, five feet six; Madge Evans, five feet four; Joan Bennett, five feet three; George Arliss, five feet nine; Marion Davies, five feet five and a half; Richard Cromwell, five feet ten; Miriam Jordan, five feet four; Genevieve Tobin, five feet three and a half; Jean Parker, five feet three; Ina Claire, five feet four.

**CONSTANCE DANIELS.**—Billie Dove hasn't been active in pictures lately. She became Mrs. Robert Kenaston May 4, 1933.

**MARY SWAN.**—Katharine Hepburn comes from Hartford, Connecticut, where she was born May 12th; five feet five and a half, weighs 105, and has reddish-brown hair and green-gray eyes. Mae West is a native New Yorker, born in Brooklyn, August 17, 1892; just over five feet two, blond hair, violet eyes.

**CLAUDIA ELINGTON.**—Lupe Velez was born July 18, 1909; Dolores del Rio, August 3, 1905; Ramon Novarro, February 6, 1899.

**ANNA RAVEL.**—Janet Gaynor weighs about 100, and is five feet. She has a sister who is slightly older. Now playing in "House of Connelly," with Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore. Yes, Henry Garat was born in France.

**E. J. S.**—You will see El Brendel in "I Come From Hell." Their birthdates are: Lilian Bond, January 18, 1909; Patricia Ellis, May 20, 1916; Norman Foster, December 13, 1903; Jack Oakie, November 13, 1903; Robert Young, February 22, 1907.

Continued on page 64





**Reduce..**  
**YOUR WAIST AND HIPS**  
**3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR**  
*... it won't cost you one penny!*



● This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.



# TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

*... at our expense!*

**W**E WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

## *Reduce Quickly, Easily and Safely!*

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

## *Ventilated... to Permit the Skin to Breathe*

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body.

It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

## *Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!*

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

## **SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

**PERFOLASTIC, Inc.**

41 EAST 42nd STREET, Dept. 6612, New York, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

*Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card*



Continued from page 6  
An Open Letter to Marion Davies.

**I** DOUBT that in all the realms of fandom you have a more devoted admirer than I. Because of my interest in you and your career, I want to speak quite frankly about a subject vital to your success.

It has been announced that you are to play *Elizabeth Barrett* in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." I hope you won't play this rôle. With the exception of Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer are the best-fitted actresses for the part.

You have never been better than you were in "Peg o' My Heart," a whimsical comedy-drama which suited your talents perfectly. Your charming performance as *Peg* proved that you are at your best in this type of rôle. I sincerely believe that no other actress could have portrayed *Peg* so beautifully. But "The Barretts" requires an emotional actress who can portray heavier drama. You don't excel in this type of characterization, and since many other lesser actresses could do as well, your qualities as a *comédienne* would be wasted.

Please, Miss Davies, won't you reconsider before you undertake this rôle? Stick to the parts we like you best in and leave heavy drama for those who can do it well. We need you as a light *comédienne*, for there is no one like you.

BERTRAM G. KNOWLES.

470 North Grove Street,  
East Orange, New Jersey.

#### Stars Who Mispronounce.

**W**HY do producers who spend tens of thousands of dollars on stories and sets and stars allow glaring errors in speech to destroy illusions? In seeing "When Ladies Meet" I had a rude awakening from the spell of Miss Crothers's smart people when Alice Brady came out with a very plebeian "des'pic'able" for "des'picable." And later with the lower middle-class insistence on the "refined" nominative, she said something "about he and I." If she was a *Mrs. Malaprop*, these would be explained, but obviously they were due to ignorance and not to intention.

Another actor of another American royal family of the theater ruined his attempt to play an English gentleman by a most disconcerting "hospit'able" for "hospitable."

To any one accustomed to hearing words as they should be, the prevailing carelessness is not infrequently exasperating.

It is also disconcerting to hear an actor mix English and American pronunciations in his lines.

NORTH BIGBEE.

The Dallas News,  
Dallas, Texas.

West Is West, Praise de Lawd.

**W**HY is a Hepburn? Why does she strain and strive for exotic effects? The screen has more than its quota of imitation Garbos. The main reason Mae West went over like a tidal wave was because, praise de Lawd, she doesn't copy Garbo! We want more personalities like Elissa Landi, Miriam Hopkins, and Jeanette MacDonald—vibrant, electrifying, fascinating persons, many-sided as diamonds, and with a sense of humor.

Oh, how bored I am getting with languor and long eyelashes and dramatics! Ladies like the four mentioned above are the really glamorous personalities. They were born that way, and they don't need to strive for glamour by weird eyebrows or lying in the street to read their fan mail. That isn't glamorous—that's just silly.

L. B. DRAKE.

Fort Worth, Texas.

#### To the Feminine Taste.

**P**ERUSAL of the fan ravings spilled from the sticky pens of he-man-crazy American women, in praise of Clark Gable and George Raft, prompts wonderment in the hinterland of my brain box.

There was a time when artistic ability was rated an absolute essential in the faculties of the successful movie hero, but feminine whims and fancies have rudely shattered tradition. Messrs. Gable and Raft have naught to offer in the way of honest-to-goodness emotionalism.

With annoying persistence, we are repeatedly informed that producers cater to meet fan preference, but that statement is not exactly accurate. However, it cannot be refuted that the female contingent is given film fodder to taste. The striking success and popularity of Gable and Raft is sufficient proof, yet such men can be found plentifully in almost exact duplicate in the surge of humanity that swamps the city streets.

I should like to see immediate reversion to casting only players of unquestionable talent in worthwhile parts.

DUGALD McALPINE.

149 Alderman Road,  
Knightswood, Glasgow, W. 3.  
Scotland.

#### Who But Bob?

**B**OB MONTGOMERY can't make love? Says who? Who could resist his wholesome individual manner of acting? Haven't I heard a saying that goes, "A sincere actor is always himself." That describes Bob to a T. He is just himself. He doesn't find it necessary to mimic the slushy actors, but has climbed the broken ladder of fame as himself, not as a crude

Continued on page 57



Bertram G. Knowles begs Marion Davies not to play "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" for the good of her career.



George Raft is on the screen in answer to the cravings of he-man-crazy American women, Dugald McAlpine observes from Scotland.





Photos by Ernest A. Bachrach

THIS page is a tribute to Katharine Hepburn whose success in "Morning Glory" places her among the foremost artists and her picture among the biggest money-makers, a rare combination of popularity. These small photographs are as she will appear in "Little Women."







Photo by Melbourne

Remarking that Miss Chatterton is one of the greatest living actresses, George says she has helped him. Hollywood says her established stardom has smothered his talent.

# The STRANGE

Less than two years ago the sensation of the hour, to-day just another leading man—did marriage to Ruth Chatterton nip the Brent career?

By Eric L. Ergenbright

**H**AS marriage wrecked George Brent's career? Hollywood wonders and, being Hollywood, argues the question with considerable heat.

Is there truth in the screen adage that stardom and wedding rings do not consort harmoniously together? No matter what the answer may be, Brent's case is undoubtedly one of the most puzzling in Hollywood.

Less than two years ago, Brent was the sensation of the hour. He shot up like a rocket from comparative obscurity, and promised, for a few months, to light up the entire cinematic sky. Hollywood had known him vaguely as a former stage player and as an unimportant contract actor with Universal. And Hollywood was astounded and dazzled by his sudden rise to fame. His name was on every one's lips.

Critics hailed him as a sensational find. Screen magazines devoted pages to him, recounting his adventures as an Irish rebel, dwelling glowingly on his magnetic personality, comparing him to Clark Gable—with Gable frequently getting the worst of the comparison—and enthusiastically predicting that he would take his place as one of the screen's great lovers. Warner Brothers, who owned his contract, were elated. The other producers, convinced that they had overlooked a bet, were envious.

George Brent apparently was destined to scale the pinnacle of stardom in seven-league strides. And, since all the world loves a lover, his progress was not in the least hindered by the romantic gossip which linked his name with several popular screen beauties.

In the midst of all that furor and flattering prophecy, George fell in love with Ruth Chatterton, who then was Mrs. Ralph Forbes, and who was—and is—one of the most dominating personalities in Hollywood.

A whirlwind romance—a Paris divorce—elopement. The "great lover" forthwith was converted into a prosaic benedict and retired from circulation. And unquestionably, all the world draws a sharp line between its admiration for lovers and its sober respect for husbands.

Nothing in the fact of his marriage to retard his screen career, you say? Perhaps not, yet George Brent has slipped steadily since the very moment of his marriage. He himself is the first to admit it. His position now is that of a dependable, capable, but strangely lackluster leading man. No one speaks of him as a rising star. In fact, few people speak of him at all. Those few speak with indignation, for they are still convinced that potentially he was a great box-office star.

Has marriage wrecked his screen career? If not marriage, then what?

Bluntly faced with the question, Brent answers:

"Assuming that I have sufficient ability and personality to live up to those first overenthusiastic stories written about me, I blame two things for the fact that I've lost ground. I had the wrong kind of publicity—a disastrous amount of it. And I've had a murderous, killing series of poor rôles.

"My marriage, under other circumstances, would have had nothing to do with the case. Coming as it did, however, right on the heels of an ill-advised publicity campaign which attempted to paint me as a new screen sheik, it—well, I suppose my marriage did me no particular good professionally.

"I most emphatically did not want the deluge of publicity that I received two years ago. I was convinced at the time that it would prove to be a deadly boomerang, and in my opinion it has. I objected, but once the ball started rolling, no one could stop it. For several months I submitted to as many as fifteen interviews a week.

"One writer after another compared me to Clark Gable, just as since then they have compared George Raft to Gable and to Valentino. Such comparisons are not only ridiculous, but very unfair to all concerned. After reading some of those stories, Gable's fans undoubtedly resented me, and why shouldn't they? No one likes a carbon copy.

"One asinine story after another called me an 'irresistible lover.' Lord, what muck! Not more than two or three screen actors have been able to live down that kind of publicity.

"I had never done anything to earn as much attention as I received. I had never played a really outstanding rôle and I haven't since. I was oversold to the point of being ridiculous, and I knew at the time that I was being oversold. Writers called me a coming star, the public read their raves, and naturally expected me to live up to my advance notices. Then what? I appeared in fifteen consecutive rôles which any half-witted ham could have played.

"The producers themselves are even quicker than the theatergoers to condemn an actor who has appeared in a few inane rôles. I'd been built up to the sky, and the effect of so much publicity was to make my work look considerably worse than it really was—if such a thing is possible.



# CASE of GEORGE BRENT

"Is it any wonder that I've lost ground? Wouldn't any actor lose ground by playing fifteen meaningless rôles in rapid-fire succession? Why bring my marriage into it at all?"

Let's give Hollywood, which rises vehemently to just such queries, the floor:

"For the very simple reason that George Brent's decline as a potential star dates from his marriage, and for the other more complicated reason that Ruth Chatterton is so dominating a personality that unwittingly and unwillingly she has dwarfed her husband."

No one speaks of George Brent and Ruth Chatterton. Instead, they talk about Ruth Chatterton and George Brent. A very pertinent distinction—particularly in Movietown.

As an eligible bachelor wearing the cloak of romance which he spun as a spy in Ireland, Brent was very colorful, decidedly an individual. As the dignified husband of Hollywood's most dignified, most intellectual star, he is—well, far less colorful.

Hollywood has always held that actors are not entitled to or benefited by great dignity until *after* they become established stars. Ruth Chatterton, the screen's "First Lady," wears her cloak of dignity as naturally as ever an empress wore ermine. Hollywood will tell you, however, that this dignity does not fit the Irishman who married her. His appeal is based on romance, fire, personality, rather than on technical ability as an actor, although no one doubts his ability.

The deluge of publicity surrounding Brent before his marriage may have been ill-advised—perhaps it was dangerous to paint him as a screen *Roméo*—but at least the campaign accomplished its purpose. George Brent, in a few months' time, was known wherever magazines and newspapers were read.

His marriage to Ruth Chatterton made necessary an embarrassing right-about-face. It would never have done to publicize the husband of Ruth Chatterton as the "greatest lover."

Audience reactions, fan mail, and letters to magazine editors

proved that feminine fans were ready to accept George as manna sent down from heaven for their especial benefit. Any publicity man in Hollywood will tell you that his marriage, with the Brent market in that state, would throw a monkey wrench into the machinery.

"Why?" demands Brent. "We are happily married. We neither seek nor avoid publicity. Miss Chatterton is one of the greatest living actresses. I've learned from my association with her."

"But we never wanted you as a great actor," Hollywood retorts. "We have actors galore. What we want is color, personality. You had it—and you've lost it."

Speaking of his long list of poor rôles, Brent has this to say:

"I wonder if I wouldn't have been wiser to stage a rebellion and fight for my convictions. Perhaps I've been too placid—too willing to take what was handed to me, whether I liked it or not. The actors who raise hell now and then seem to get along better than those who try to be agreeable."

Has marriage wrecked George Brent's career?

No matter what the answer, his case is a puzzle.

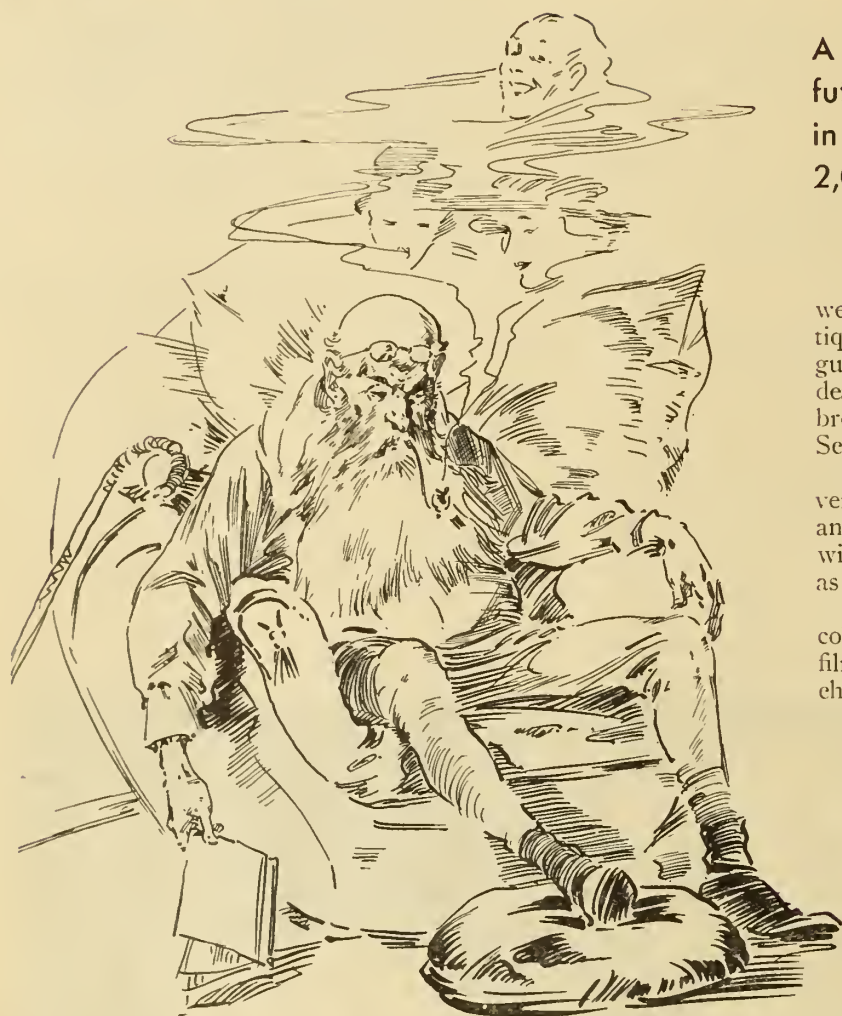
**George blames all his troubles on poor rôles and too much romantic ballyhoo. Here he and Ruth are arriving at Kay Francis's barn dance.**

*Photo by Wide World*





# RALPH BELLAMY



Ralph Bellamy, just turned ninety-six, dreams about the now forgotten Garbo, Chatterton, and Crawford, and misses the funny stories about producers he used to hear in 1933

[When "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy, was published in 1887, it had a wider sale and a deeper influence than any book of its time. Ralph Bellamy, one of the screen favorites of to-day, has written an imaginative article about Hollywood in the year 2000, paralleling the fantasy of his famous cousin, the novelist.]

IT is the night of November 19th in the year 2000. The time is a half hour before midnight. I am alone, seated at the library desk in my Hollywood apartment, alone with my memories and a book. I am ninety-six years old. Back in 1933, when I was twenty-nine and a picture actor, I never dreamed that I would live to such an old age. Perhaps the book I've been reading has had something to do with my reverie. It is "Looking Backward," a prophetic fantasy of the world in the year 2000, and it was written by my cousin, Edward Bellamy, in 1887.

My guests have departed, after voicing their amazement at the fulfillment of so many of my cousin's far-sighted predictions. To add to their incredulity—and amusement—I entertained them by exhibiting some quaint old films.

While the guests of this generation were amused at some of the erudities of the early sound pictures, they

A versatile actor peers into the future and sees strange goings-on in cinema circles around the year 2,000, when even Baby Leroy is a doddering old veteran.

were surprisingly impressed by certain antiques starring two of the most distinguished guests, the Honorable John Cooper, beloved dean of actors, and Professor LeRoy Weinbrenner, governmental chief of the National School of Arts and Sciences.

In their childhood, back in the '30s, my venerable friends were known as Jackie Cooper and Baby LeRoy, respectively. Their worldwide popularity brought them as much fame as the now forgotten adult stars of my day.

For sixty-odd years, I have painstakingly collected and preserved a picture library—films, sound records, cameras, projection machines, et cetera, of that hectic era which had

People of this age have to go to museums to see a gangster.





# URNS PROPHET

By Ralph Bellamy

Illustrated by H. Giesen

so much to do with the evolution of our present telepicture.

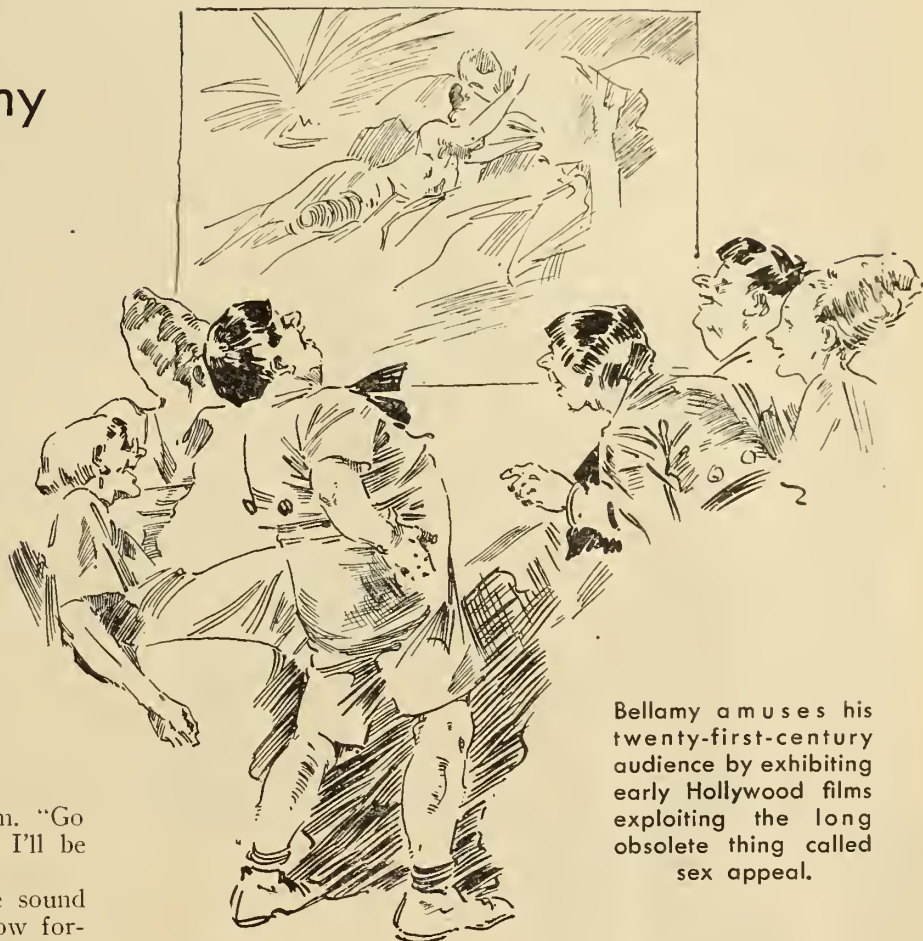
First, I exhibited bits of a few silent pictures, produced even before my time, 1910 to 1925, featuring such favorites of the day as Charlie Chaplin, Bill Hart, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks. With proper respect for the traditional reverence with which these four patriarchs of pictures have long been held, my guests admired and applauded the skill of their pantomime.

When we came to the sound pictures, many of which I appeared in, I put my modern friends at ease.

"Don't mind me," I reassured them. "Go right ahead. Laugh all you like. I'll be chuckling with you."

After a few brief flashes of the sound pictures of my day, featuring the now forgotten Garbo, Chatterton, Barrymore, West, Crawford, Dietrich, Hepburn, Gable, Lloyd, Tracy, Shearer, and Stanwyck, I revealed the surprise of the evening by exhibiting an ancient classic of a little boy, "Skippy," portrayed by my venerable colleague, the Honorable John Cooper.

To my great relief, "Skippy" proved a sensation to my young friends. Crudities of production were for-



Bellamy amuses his twenty-first-century audience by exhibiting early Hollywood films exploiting the long obsolete thing called sex appeal.

gotten in the enjoyment of this heart-compelling story of a little boy. They cried—and laughed—even as we did some seventy years ago.

It was Professor Weinbrenner's turn to take a bow next when I projected "A Bedtime Story," showing our celebrated scholar in 1933, a cute, appealing baby appearing with the popular French comedian of the day, Maurice Chevalier.

A brief exhibition of early television completed the entertainment. Although our pupils had roared with laughter at the picture crudities of our day, they agreed that acting hadn't changed much. More naturalness and repression, perhaps. As individuals, some of the stars of yesterday appealed; some did not. Quaint story situations revolving around sex particularly amused them.

When we explained to this modern generation the vast difficulties under which we labored in those far-gone days, such as production competition and working strikes, they were amazed that such a model of

simplicity and perfection as our telepicture of to-day could have been evolved in less than a century.

I can't say that I blame them. To-day one may sit in one's drawing-room, press a button, and at any hour of

In this advanced age, when even radio is looked back upon as a childish experiment, scientists expect to conquer Father Time in another thousand years.

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# "ME!"

The crooner king looks himself over and after listing his good points tears down the perfect picture by admitting some really scandalous shortcomings.

Bing thinks that Gary Evans Crosby has inherited his father's lungs, but whether Dixie Lee wants two crooners in the home is another matter.

**P**ICTURE PLAY has asked me to analyze myself for publication. No matter how you look at it, this is by way of being a tough assignment. I am at first assailed by considerable doubt as to whether readers are interested in my shortcomings, inhibitions, talents, and preferences. I'm further concerned over just how this data can be sensibly outlined without giving myself the worst of it, or of leaning to the other extreme and being accused of a bit of ego.

"My good points are so scarce I can't afford to be modest about them," says Bing, and he isn't.

He says his family was never able to pound even the first principles of nice social behavior into him.

I have little respect or admiration for a fathead and perhaps less of either for any one guilty of false modesty. As a matter of fact, my good points are so sparse that I can't afford to be modest about them, and I have such a lot of grade-A faults that my ego never gets a chance to do any real sprouting.

I'm quite proud of and happy over my sense of humor. This I really consider my saving grace, and I hope I'll not be misunderstood when I say that in my present occupation it has served me to excellent purpose.

I know I've a very good ear for music, a heritage come by honestly, both my parents having been quite musical. My mother sang in numerous amateur productions, including the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, and my father was a right handy man with the guitar at church socials, clambakes, and taffy pulls.

I am an omnivorous reader and my taste in literature is somewhat better than middlin'.

My memory is quite good. A face never deserts me, but names are forgotten a month after having first heard them.

I think I'm rather a snappy dresser, even though I receive no encouragement in this belief from my wife, family, friends, or business associates. As a matter of fact, they are, without exception, openly derisive. However, they fail to take into consideration a very serious handicap with which I struggle in my efforts to achieve sartorial perfection. I am color-blind!

I play a pretty good game of golf for a guy who doesn't get out much, possessing a six handicap.





# By BING CROSBY

I am also the most patient of fishermen. Last summer I trolled the Pacific for six straight days without so much as a bite. I have no statistics available at this writing, but I believe this is something of a record performance.

And now we come to the bad points, an exhaustive survey of which could go on indefinitely. Pull up a chair.

I am the laziest white man I know. My wife is in constant amazement at the variety of excuses I can conjure up to avoid anything remotely smacking of labor. I *like* to sing, so this hardly comes under the heading of work.

I love golf, so it can be similarly classified. Many a Sunday I have toured thirty-six holes which, roughly speaking, amounts to about twelve miles of hiking. Yet the very prospect of walking over to Dick Arlen's—a stone's throw from the golf course—appalls me and leaves me strangely apathetic to his invitations.

Although I went through high school and five years at college, I cannot multiply 181 by 604 and get anything approximating the correct result. And long division is simply not in my ken. In fact, anything pertaining to figures is beyond me. Perhaps I should have said mathematics.

I am stubborn and unreasonable. I cannot be nice or even civil to people I don't like, even though there may be no real reason for my antipathy.

I'm not vindictive but I can neither forgive nor forget a wrong, whether fancied or real. For instance, the management of one of the local hotels where I once sang often promised me, while I was singing there, that they would organize an orchestra and put me at the head of it. Although I labored long and diligently the fulfillment of this promise was never forthcoming. When they continued bringing in new orchestras with other leaders, I walked out in a fit of pique.

They sued me and before I could resume activities, I was forced to pay them a sum in excess of all I had earned the entire time I worked there. Friends, that was a bitter pill to swallow.

Even more distasteful to me, is the knowledge that this ballroom is the only place in town to have a good time of an evening. It is Hollywood's hottest night spot and my little helpmate is constantly beseeching me to take her there. But when I think of that pay off some-

thing in my sensitive nature revolts. The very thought of contributing to their bulging coffers is most painful, so the Crosbys seek their diversion in less fertile fields. Silly, I guess, but that's how I am.

I am terribly thoughtless. Most of the few misunderstandings my wife and I have are over my thoughtlessness. The day she came home from the hospital with the baby I went out to play golf. I rode home with her from the hospital, and had seen to it there were flowers in the house. She had the nurse and a lot of her friends there with her, so it never occurred to me she would mind if I left her for a few hours. She knew I'd be back later and I knew she'd be there when I returned. Naturally, after she explained how she felt I was pretty conscience-stricken about it, and I think I may honestly say, and mean it, that if we ever have any more children I won't leave her the day she returns home from the hospital.

I am a very bad host and can't comfortably indulge in the ordinary amenities of social life. A great clamor has been raised from time to time, in my own little circle, over the fact that when I get sleepy I excuse myself and leave my guests. I've never been able to discover just why I should stay up when I'd like to be in bed.

My wife loves late hours and she's always on hand to see that our guests have everything they want. I'm quite sure they have a better time when there are only

kindred spirits present than they would have if I sat up with them, openly blinking and yawning and making them feel that their sprightly quips were being wasted.

I know only the most rudimentary rules of social etiquette and deportment. I was probably too lazy to learn, and the worst of it is I'm never embarrassed when flagrantly guilty of some violation of the social code. I received many a shellacking in the woodshed for this weakness during my youth, but it didn't help.

There's no use trying to disguise the fact that I am notoriously inept at handling a car. While in Los Angeles with Paul Whiteman, I completely demolished two Fords and even now the fenders, bumpers, and other impedimenta on my swankier car take awful beatings. I swear I try my utmost to drive carefully, but in spite of all my precautions, wily motorists seem to lurk at every intersection, ready to charge out and smack me amidships.

[Continued on page 59]

*With the guitar at the church  
socials, clam-bakes, and taffy-pulls.  
I am an omnivorous reader,  
and my taste in literature is  
somewhat better than muddled.  
My memory is quite good - a fact  
never deceits me, but the names  
are lost a month after having  
first heard them.  
I think I am rather a snapper  
dresser, even tho I receive no en-  
couragement in this belief from  
my wife, family, friends or  
business associates. As a matter  
of fact they are, without exception  
openly, decisive. However, they fail  
to take into consideration a very*

Bing's article for Picture Play was written, not dictated, and he's a good speller, too, as you can see from this page of his manuscript.



CRITICS OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS WROTE EVERY WORD OF THIS AD

"*R* O M A N C E  
FRAGRANT AND LOVELY"

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune

"A sensitive and haunting love story that fulfills everyone's wish." (N. Y. Eve. Sun.) "Wrought with rare skill—truly fascinating—you are strongly urged to see it."—N. Y. World-Telegram



JESSE L. LASKY'S  
Production of

# BERKELEY SQUARE

LESLIE HOWARD • HEATHER ANGEL

"You will never see a more dazzling performance."

—N. Y. American

"Plays delightfully and skillfully."

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune



RECORD-BREAKING CROWDS saw "Berkeley Square" at the Gaiety, N. Y. at \$1.65 admission. You see it at popular prices. Ask your Theatre Manager for the date.

## UNANIMOUS!

Never before has a picture received such *unanimous* critical acclaim as this!

"★★★★ Four Stars."—Daily News

"In a class by itself."—N. Y. Times

"An exciting experience you can't afford to miss." —N. Y. Mirror

Every critic, without exception, raved! And you will too!

VALERIE TAYLOR  
IRENE BROWNE  
BERYL MERCER

Directed by FRANK LLOYD  
who directed "Cavalcade"

From the play by John L. Balderston







# FAVORITES of the FANS

ANNA STEN





**BARBARA STANWYCK**, least publicized of stars, will tell you that her work on the screen speaks for itself. And so it does. But please, Miss Stanwyck—and we speak for many, many admirers—loosen up and talk for publication. Remember, aloofness is not your natural mood, for you are a daughter of the people and their idol as well.



AT last Ann Dvorak, the new Dvorak, is primed for a comeback and this gorgeous new photograph shows how she will greet her public. Happily cast in Maurice Chevalier's "The Way to Love," when Sylvia Sydney withdrew, Miss Dvorak brings glowing beauty, grace and charm to a rôle that might have been made to order for her.





IDA LUPINO is the sixteen-year-old British actress who has joined Paramount. But don't think she was discovered by accident. She belongs to a "royal" family of the English theater, her clan having been notable for three hundred years. She's the daughter of Stanley Lupino and niece of our own Lupino Lane. Ten to one you'll be raving about her in the next six months.







SARI MARITZA, who has never quite lived up to the excessive ballyhoo celebrating her arrival in Hollywood, gets another chance. She will contribute her colorful personality to Ann Harding's "Beautiful," where a dash of color will contrast nicely with the cool competence of the star.





ONCE o sought-after leading man Ralph Forbes is more than that to-day. He has gained in artistry and versatility and his acting now is what it used to be on the stage, where his fine voice added greatly to his equipment. He plays a dramatic rôle in "Solitaire Man" in company with his fellow countryman, Herbert Marshall.



**ALL** aglow after her sweeping success on the concert stages of Europe, Jeanette MacDonald offers this delectable photograph of herself, her first in over a year. She will sing with Ramon Novarro, in "The Cat and the Fiddle." More, she will display that irresistible sense of humor which makes her a prima donna plus.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull







Photo by Carl Devoy

YEAR after year rolls up Jack Holt's popularity, but do you ever read anything about him or see his photograph in the magazines? You do not. You will find reasons in the story on the opposite page, in which Leroy Keleher gives you a pen portrait of Mr. Holt as sharp as an etching. At least he is consistent, if a bit scornful.



# JACK-IN PERSON

On the screen for twenty years, Jack Holt still remains the least known of all the men in the movie colony. Here's the reason why.

By Leroy Keleher

HE rarely smiles and then the smile gets lost in the tanned ruggedness of his face. His eyes, keen and penetrating, are only half visible from under lowering brows. His mouth is hard, inflexible, sardonic. It is a mouth that can bite. He carries himself with almost military erectness and entertains no false illusions about either himself or his work.

The least known of any actor in Hollywood, Jack Holt is insoluble, even to the scant few who count themselves among his intimates. He has been on the screen for nearly twenty years, and still refuses interviews with the obstinacy of a Garbo.

"I don't care a damn what people say or think," he told me once. "As long as I do well what I'm paid to do, as long as I mind my own business and try to cause as little trouble as possible, I think I've fulfilled my obligations."

He has a habit of running his fingers through his sparse hair when he is talking, or stroking his grizzled cheek. He is never closely shaved, as he attends no parties or social functions. His regard for his fellow actors is evidenced by the fact that his best friends are men outside the studios.

Not long ago he bought a cattle ranch in California. Now fans may have the thrill of eating Jack Holt beef. His favorite dish is wheat cakes and calves' liver. He is a member of some exclusive clubs, owns a luxurious home, and refuses to have it or his children photographed.

His wife's recent divorce, after seventeen years of marriage, was no more of a shock to Hollywood than to Jack.

"It came so unexpectedly that I—well, I can't realize it's happened," he says, bewildered. "Mary and I have been living apart for the past three years, but somehow I've always thought we could work out our troubles together."

Mrs. Holt gained custody of Betty, their twelve-year-old daughter, while Tim, a strapping lad of fourteen, stays with his father. Jack is proud of the boy's prowess at polo and predicts a brilliant future for him.

Between scenes, he does not enter into the desultory chatter of the other actors. He sits alone, studying his lines or gazing fixedly into space. He considers himself the most prosaic and colorless person alive, but he is interesting even if decorous. His nature is too habituated, too conservative, ever to be affected by the sentimental or superficial.

Born Charles John Holt, the son of an Episcopal clergyman, in Virginia, he says, "How long ago is nobody's business." From earliest childhood family crests and culture were instilled in him. Above all he was never to forget that he was a gentleman, a descendant of John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of England.

It was an acknowledged fact that he was destined to occupy the pulpit. But Jack happened to have red blood in his veins. He was edu-

cated at the Virginia Military Institute and graduated a soldier and civil engineer.

For the following three years he pursued his profession in Alaska as a miner and sourdough. He drove a dog team in weather forty below zero. Later, he went to Oregon, invested his entire savings in a ranch and lost everything. Again he hit the trail, this time toward the world-famed Barbary Coast of San Francisco. He was broke but he was still a Virginia gentleman.

One day he was standing on the docks watching the ships in the harbor. A man at his elbow asked him if he was broke.

"Just about," replied Holt.

"Can you ride a horse?" asked the stranger.

"I can stick aboard one if that's what you mean," said Jack, in typical cowboy vernacular.

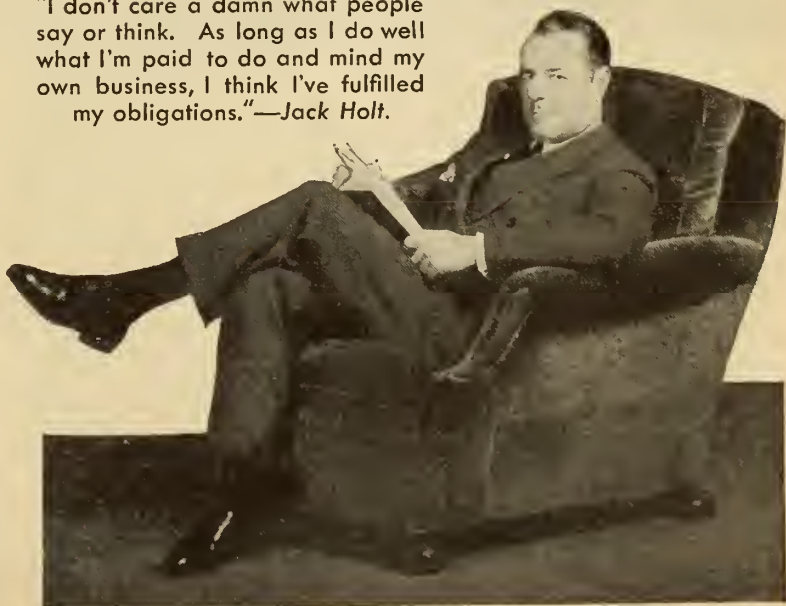
"O. K. You're hired. I'm producing a picture over at San Rafael and we want some expert riders."

The picture proved to be "Salomy Jane," starring Beatriz Michelena. After the picture was finished, Jack went to Hollywood where he doubled for Hoot Gibson and Fred Thomson in dangerous stunts. Then Cecil DeMille chose him for an important rôle in "The Squaw Man." From then on his popularity was assured.

In his travels, he met and fell in love with beautiful Margaret Woods. Her parents, stanch Puritans, objected to her marrying a penniless "no-account." It was not until Jack established himself cinematically, and his Virginia breeding asserted itself, that they consented to the union.

Continued on page 57

"I don't care a damn what people say or think. As long as I do well what I'm paid to do and mind my own business, I think I've fulfilled my obligations."—Jack Holt.





# THEY SAY IN

Why go to Hollywood? All its best people are either too hard at work to be seen, or are in the East.

**N**OW that those powerful Boeing planes will lift you up from Newark Airport one afternoon and swoop you down into Burbank in plenty of time to motor into Hollywood for luncheon next day, life is so much the merrier.

You wave good-by to friends in New York and two

**Zasu Stays Put.**—But who am I to criticize the camera moguls who always feel that they need the player who is just out of reach? I developed a willful desire to talk to Zasu Pitts.

It all seemed utterly simple. Zasu hasn't left Hollywood for any extended length of time in ten years.



Nancy Carroll returns to the stage as a full-fledged star in "Undesirable Lady" instead of the chorus girl Broadway once knew.



Although Frances Fuller made a hit in "One Sunday Afternoon," she hurried back to Broadway for a play with Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews.

days later rush to the airport in California to greet them. Every one seems to change his plans just like that.

So if I mention seeing Norma Shearer in New York and then in Hollywood, ditto Jeanette MacDonald, vice versa Marie Dressler and Marian Nixon, and you hear from friends they were really in Chicago at the Fair or visiting the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City, don't assume that my memory has gone foggy. It is just that the film colony is always on the move nowadays.

Candid members say that there is a reason. They maintain that directors lose interest in any one who sits around waiting to hear from them. But if a player has luggage all packed and is ready to skip, or does actually start, the news has the persuasive effect on indecisive executives of an auctioneer's cry of "Going, going—"

During all that time she has been making plans, but there were always one or two or eight or ten pictures that had to be finished first.

So I flew to California and rushed out to the Metro-Goldwyn studio where she was supposed to be working with Jack Pearl, the favorite of radio and the luncheon gang at Sardi's in New York. Jack Pearl and Jimmy Durante and Ben Bard were in the midst of a hilarious scene, but no Zasu. She'd be along almost any day now, they reported; was busy finishing a picture at another studio.

**Sidetracked.**—My guides sought to console me with Jean Harlow and Una Merkel rollicking through a scene with two woolly English sheep dogs. They showed me one of those massive glittering sets where Joan Craw-



# NEW YORK—

By Karen Hollis

ford commanded all attention in spite of fifty or more writhing, tap-tapping dancers in startling lack of costume. They took me by "The Late Christopher Bean" set to pay my respects to Marie Dressler and Beulah Bondi and Helen Shipman, and to hear Director Sam Wood exclaim over Helen Mack who is ingénue of the picture.

He gave her her first bit some nine years ago in a children's party scene for a picture made in New York. Meanwhile, he hadn't seen or heard of her. That, my children who think that you can make good if only given an opportunity to get before a camera, is what often comes of getting a chance to act and doing it very well.

**Along the Way.**—Some one said Zasu was working at Fox studio. They were a little vague about it. Maybe she was scheduled to be in one of their pictures. Playwrights and directors practically always write in a part for Zasu. Meanwhile, wouldn't you like to see Lilian Harvey at work?

Maybe it is a mistake to try to describe Lilian Harvey for you, because you won't believe a word of it. She is so pink and blue and white and tiny, so utterly doll-like,

that she seems fantastically exaggerated. You don't feel that she is stuffed with sawdust, however; platinum wire rather.

Then there was Sid Silvers. You'll just have to see Sid Silvers in pictures; there's no describing him. He was the comic wonder of "Take a Chance" on the stage in New York, and threatens to be just as funny in Fox films. If I couldn't see Zasu Pitts, I'd take Sid Silvers. If you don't mind, I'll just spend the rest of the winter sitting in theaters and watching Sid Silvers, anyway.

At Paramount studio they were struggling through film tests of some seven thousand girls to find an *Alice* for "Alice in Wonderland" and eight later-day *Alices* for a more neurotic wonderland in "Eight Girls in a Boat." So they thought my quest for Zasu was a relatively simple matter.

So I drifted over to RKO studio right next door, and there she was. Not, however, until I had heard that Ann Harding was the loveliest creature her production crew had ever worked with, that Bill Gargan was a prince of good fellows and a grand actor, and that "Little Women" was a knock-out.

"Oooooooh," the querulous Pitts voice echoed through the "Aggie Appleby" set as she grabbed Charlie Farrell and rushed him out to add noise to her welcome. "It's grand to see you. Have to rush right back and finish this scene. But I'm coming to New York in just a few days and I'll see you there." So I came back.

**Another Success Story.**—Some nine

years ago a pretty little blonde named Billy Beck, who had been playing in a musical stock company in the Middle West, went to California with a vaudeville act. She was given a picture contract at the Hal Roach studio, her name was changed to Sally Rand, a lot of publicity pictures were made showing her in acrobatic poses, and then she got lost in the shuffle until Cecil DeMille thought he had some parts for her.

Continued on page 52



Helen Hayes arrives in New York with her little daughter to appear as *Mary Queen of Scots* on the stage.

Margaret Sullavan is waiting to see how she is received in "Only Yesterday" before deciding on a film career.





# What Hollywood Has Given Me—

Joan Blondell takes inventory of herself and finds that she has gained much—and lost much—in being made over into a movie actress.

By Joan Blondell

AS TOLD TO

Dorothy Wooldridge



Although Joan grew up in vaudeville, she was fresh and carefree when she came to Hollywood.

**A** FEW years ago I was in New York and broke. I was ordered out of a hotel because I couldn't pay my bill. I had spent most of my money sending my sister Gloria to school in California and had negotiated a loan from Al Woods, the theatrical producer. I was discouraged. A girl friend to whom I went for shelter for a while let me know that I was not particularly welcome.

One evening I strolled into the Park Central Hotel and stopped before the telephone booths, just aching to phone my mother in California. But I knew I couldn't afford it. So I went to the writing room and wrote her a letter. When I went to the desk to buy a stamp, I noticed a young man standing there who smiled pleasantly, not an amorous, leering smile, but one in which there seemed to be warmth and pleasantness. I smiled back, bought my stamp, mailed my letter, and went away.

But thoughts of that young man kept recurring to me. Something in his smile was so cheering and sincere it gave me courage. I felt better for it. There was at least one kindly soul left on earth, I decided.

A year or two ago, after I had been brought to California by Warner Brothers to play opposite James Cagney in "Sinners' Holiday," I was haled before Samuel Goldwyn to take a screen test for "The Greeks Had a Word For Them." I was scared to death. I saw Ina Claire, with all her experience as an actress, give a splendid rehearsal, and Madge Evans with all her poise and beauty, parade before the camera and recite her lines. I felt my knees buckle and I thought, when my turn came, "I can't do it! I'll never make it!" But I had to go through with it.

The first real home I ever had.  
Money.

A wonderful husband. He alone makes up for everything I have lost.

A career. But five years is all that I ask. After that, home, children, and travel.

The courage to take it on the chin and come back fighting.

The privilege of choosing the friends I wish to have around me. I'll never go high-hat. To me the extra girl or the prop boy is as human as the star.

Hollywood is a place of broken promises, a place where there are but two gestures, a slap on the back and a kick in the pants. I've profited by that knowledge.

Bewildered and frightened, I glanced hopelessly around. And there, back of the camera, my eyes fell upon the same young man I had seen in that hotel in New York five years before. And again came that warm, heartening smile, which seemed to say, "You can do it! Don't be frightened. Have confidence in yourself and go ahead."

Which I did. My fear left me. I regained my self-possession and had no reason to feel ashamed of what I offered. Anyhow, I got the part!

One evening at home, after I married George Barnes, there flashed through my mind the recollection of that Park Central incident. I stared at the man before me.

Continued on page 53



# What It Has Taken From Me



"And now," says Joan, "I am old at twenty-three and have lost my desire to dance and play."

**I**'VE changed since I came to Hollywood. I know it. Every one who comes here changes.

The town gets you. It alters your viewpoint. It makes you put behind you all that has gone before. When you plunge into it you begin an unending struggle. You enter a different world.

I'm not bitter. I'm not disillusioned. I'm probably happier now than I ever have been in all my life.

My parents were in vaudeville. I was born in New York. My first birthday was spent in Paris, my second in Berlin, my third in Madrid, and my fourth in New York. When dad and mother were doing their turn on the stage I lay on a pillow in the tray of a trunk. Then, when I grew old enough and big

Hollywood has robbed me of my desire to dance and play.

Made me old at twenty-three.

Spoiled my delight in pretty clothes and pretty things.

Taught me that people are interested in Joan Blondell the movie star, rather than in Joan Blondell the girl.

Changed my ideals, my ambitions, my outlook on life.

It has made me tense and muddled, wanting to run away from some unseen goblin.

But, it has laid its riches at my feet and said "Help yourself!" Therein it expects me to find recompense.

enough, I joined their act, as did my brother, and we became known as Ed Blondell & Co. My brother and I were the "Co." To the far corners of the world we traveled, home being wherever we were. It made no difference just so there was a hotel.

I was a dreamer then. I'm a dreamer now, but realities have brought me down to earth. I remember as a little girl I dreamed some day of owning a mountain, a whole mountain, by myself. That dream never will come true. But I have a part of one now, and I'm satisfied.

I grew up in the atmosphere of vaudeville and learned to love its people. We laughed and sang together and had good times. The late suppers, the stories, the shop talk, the bohemian life, I miss it here. My vaudeville days are sunk forever. Picture people aren't like stage people. They're so tense. They can't laugh at themselves as we vaudeville folk used to do. I realize that I can never return to that circle because—well, you know how it is. When a picture star goes into vaudeville now the world says, "Well, she's washed up. She's through. She's on the way out."

When I was poor I used to long for pretty clothes. I would gaze in shop windows and say to myself, "Gee, wouldn't I get a thrill if I could wear that!"

That's gone now, too. The beautiful coats and gowns and furs given you to wear in pictures take away the yearning to have such things for your very own. This worries me, too.

I go around much of the time now wearing a sweatshirt. I use no make-up. I can afford to do as I please.

When my first opportunity to go on a personal-appearance tour came I was thrilled. Booked for the big cities with receptions and broadcasts and affairs arranged in my honor, I looked forward to eight weeks of headlining, as we called it in vaudeville. "JOAN BLONDELL, in person!" the billboards fairly screamed. "Oh, it will be great!" I thought.

The first night was splendid. Big reception, cheering crowds, lights, and everything. But suddenly the thought struck me, "This isn't for Joan Blondell the girl—it's for Blondell the movie actress, the girl these people have seen in pictures!" Come to figure it out, I merely was performing a job for my employers.

The realization left me cold. Next night my husband had a taxi at the stage entrance for

Continued on page 53



# THE MENDING OF

Her exotic screen women threatened to "get" Miss Loy until Ramon Novarro lent her his new home for recuperation—and then came the rumors!

**P**LATONIC love is impossible in Hollywood, they say. Yes?

"They" don't know that a man's understanding friendship helped to save a girl from becoming the victim of her own unnatural screen creation.

Photo by Hurriell



"They" chatter glibly of a romance between Myrna Loy and Ramon Novarro, because during Ramon's absence abroad Myrna occupied his new home.

Myrna counters laughingly, "All I know is what I read in the papers!" He is amused when questioned.

Fortunately, each has a sense of humor and neither is disturbed by gossip. So they kid the kidders, although the real story is not one to be lightly or unsympathetically told.

For eight years Myrna has given herself forcefully to portraying exotic screen women. Her life, excepting one interlude, has centered in her career. While other actresses dash to Europe, she has not even had a trip to New York. Contracts prevented. Her only free-lance period occurred during the transition to the talkies, when it was dangerous to leave the battlefield. Her longest vacation was two weeks spent in bed to bolster her ebbing strength. When she goes to Glendale it's an event, and then in line of duty to attend a preview.

Her job of entertaining you with alluring, unreal shadow women has cost her dearly. To comprehend its drain upon her, one must realize how one of her nervous intensity concentrates and gives of emotion and of mind. Her father died after a long illness resulting from frayed nerves. It is her inherited temperament to become absorbed in one purpose.

When Natascha Rambova introduced her in an exotic rôle, Myrna determined to develop an odd screen individuality. She slanted her eyebrows, gave her mouth a more sensual curve. She costumed her bizarre rôles sensationally, hinting at mystery.

She gave her days to work and script study, and rushes, to fittings and hairdressings,

Myrna has worked for eight years without even a vacation trip East. Frayed nerves were the penalty.



# MYRNA

By Myrtle Gebhart

to photographs—twelve or more hours. At night there were scalp massages and eye exercises, manicures, and other chores of beauty care.

The mental strain was the worst. She read stories of the weird half-lights, Oriental and medieval tales that she might know and interpret strange personalities. It often happens that one's creation becomes an obsession, and Myrna, the girl, became a slave to that abnormal, sirenlike sorceress. She strained intensely to give those exotic women—half-cracked creatures, she calls them—a semblance of reality.

Slipping out of her costumes at night, she felt that she was stepping from some grotesque masquerade. But its atmosphere haunted her. Now she dismisses them as Freudian cases, full of psychoses and complexes. But then they were her creation, vibrated by her own being.

Expending her reserve, she went physically bankrupt. When you saw her so coolly enticing and aloof, she was really on the verge of collapse. Just such a strain has turned other sensitive players to the temporary forgetfulness of narcotics. Myrna, though, is made of finer stuff.

"Sleep became almost impossible," she said. "Nights were tortures. Awful nightmares of struggle and of danger, being pursued and murdered, being involved in eerie situations. After wrestling with that insomnia, broken by snatches of horrible fancies, the day's work would demand my limit of will power. I would be exhausted, but still I couldn't rest. I used to think what a heavenly thing it would be to drop on a bed and sleep long stretches of hours."

Meeting her when they did "The Barbarian" together, Ramon saw her plight. Perceptive Ramon, aware of his home's restful quiet, knew that it would be balm to her snapping nerves.

"Ramon did not want to rent his home to strangers and he knew that I wanted to move. If I took it, he said, he wouldn't have to put away his personal treasures, for I would take care of them."

Tactful Ramon, to make the favor appear to *him*! Both, however, benefited.

"I was surprised, having expected a Spanish house and a religious atmosphere. Ramon has only one holy statue and few pictures and pieces of sculpture. Modernistic as to angles, and of a sophisticated simplicity, it has space in which to breathe. And the garden is wonderful.

"And my hopes came true! I rest, I sleep dreamlessly, And I eat such lots!" Her eyes sparkled, her smile was delighted. Her poised strength shows in her quick walk and sudden, happy gestures, mirroring an inner radiance. She again suggests Myrna Williams of Montana.

From the restfulness of Ramon's home she moved, shortly before his return from Europe, to a house which tops a hill between Hollywood and the sea. Mountains curve on one side; down the other vista the water beckons. The garden is a wondrous place for sun bathing.



Photo by Hurrell

Ramon made it appear that he turned his home over to Myrna to avoid renting it to strangers. She laughs at talk of romance between them. Music is their bond.

"I thought of a beach house, but the ocean makes me moody. Besides, Malibu is too crowded. This is balance. Both Hollywood and the sea are within easy distance."

Myrna's and Ramon's common interest is music. Her mother being an accomplished pianist, Myrna grew up with a love of melody. Ramon sings, and she gives him a cultured appreciation.

"There is so little friendship in Hollywood," Myrna says, "that rare instances are to be treasured. There are lots of professional associations, acquaintances who come and go with success or failure. But friendship is another matter. Many players are too intent on careers to cultivate real friendships.

"Some actresses complain that they never know whether men really love them or just are blinded by their glamour. I think one knows. So why kid oneself? If one wants such attentions, take them and don't crab. If a woman wants the genuine, let her wait for it.

"I have few friends. And the men are all platonic!" She smiled. "Friendship grows gently. Transient associations are a drain, and for what purpose? If two people attract each other, it is to share and no sacrifices are necessary. Sycophants and time-moochers don't bother me, because I'm not at home when they call.

"My best friend is my childhood chum, now married. Her life differs greatly from mine, but our bond holds. The outsider must adapt herself to the actress's schedule. Fortunately, she is a generous soul."

The most commendable of Myrna's accomplishments is that for eight years she has steadily climbed, with never a backslide, never a personal sensation.

"Once or twice I was in danger of going Hollywood," she admits. "I think that intuition guides one, prevents one from mistaking the sham for the real. I am soon bored by false stimulus. Drinking parties just aren't any fun to me. Gradually one learns values and chooses what one needs."

[Continued on page 56]





The most alluring foibles are portrayed by these girls in "My Weakness." They are Irene Ware, Mary Howard, Marcelle Edwards, Barbara Weeks, Jean Allen, Marjorie King, Susan Fleming.

# HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

Skimming over the movie colony for choice bits of studio and personal gossip.

**W**ILLIAM POWELL and Carol Lombard have started something in Hollywood. They've

set the pace and the vogue for the "divorce of convenience," which now supplants the marriage of convenience as known to the rest of the world. A divorce of convenience is one that enables two people to be happy in each other's company though no longer married.

A marriage of convenience is, of course, something else again, and we suspect frequently indulged in around and about movieland for the sake of publicity or for professional advancement. Heaven forbid that we should name the indulgers, despite that they would probably make a pretty formidable list.

Carol literally rushed back into Bill's arms following their formal separation in Reno. Naturally, we're speaking figuratively. She probably got lonesome for Old Man Powell while on location waiting for the papers to go through, and besides he is a swell escort. She's seen with him regularly and they seem as happy as two young doves.

Ex's may have gadded about together before, but never so enthusiastically, and one can only think that they didn't mean their break-up to be overserious, or else they feel that it is superior showmanship to be as one when it comes to public appearances, a move that insures a lot of attention from the bystanders. What's more, they really like each other.

So behold the "divorce of convenience"! Again something new in the films!

**Still Party Cut-ups.**—Edmund Lowe is the crack impersonator of stars. He does what he has to do in this line with authority and art, and not simply like a tawdry burlesque. He attended a party given by Donald Ogden Stewart made up as Lionel Barrymore, in "Grand Hotel," and looked the part one hundred per cent. Lilyan was with him, her first public appearance following her sojourn in the hospital, and looked very wan.

The stars were supposed to dress like each other, but that didn't prevent Harpo Marx from coming as one of the Witches of Endor in "Macbeth." Fay Wray made a funny faux pas. She came attired in the raggedy dress that she wore when the ape had attacked her in "King Kong." This made it look as if she felt

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

that her favorite star was herself. She had misunderstood the invitation, however, and thought that she was to

appear as her own favorite character in pictures rather than her favorite star.

The party turned out to be a sort of spontaneous tribute to Dolores del Rio, even though it was not intended to be, because Bebe Daniels, Mary Pickford, Sandra Shaw, and several others came attired as *Luana* in "The Bird of Paradise," while Dolores paid tribute to Bebe Daniels. There were also numerous Mae Wests and Marlene Dietrichs present, but scarcely a single Garbo.

**What's Helen Up To?**—Helen Hayes has been criticized for her attitude about the stage. She said, as you may remember, that the theater had been the mother of many of the money-making stars of the screen, and that the least they could do was to support the stage while it is in its present doldrums by returning to appear in plays, regardless of the fact that remuneration might not be as great as in pictures. Her statement was widely publicized but so far the stage folk in Hollywood haven't taken it seriously. In fact, they rather sniffed at the idea and inferred that Helen was subtly striving for a little publicity. Cynical! You can call it that if you want to.

We surmise that Helen is being smart in switching from one medium to the other. Her latest screen efforts in "Another Language" and "Night Flight" have been less glamorous than that series of pictures which began with "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and climaxed with "Farewell to Arms." She is still in many ways the screen's most efficient actress, but best in those rôles which call for great tragic emotion in bleak surroundings. She has limitations which have been disclosed in several recent productions, beginning with "Son-Daughter," in which her quaintness was charming but not convincing.

M.-G.-M., nevertheless, plans to star Miss Hayes and Leslie Howard together in a picture called "The Miracle of the Mountain," uniting the two players who have often been celebrated as the best in their acting.

We wonder why no one has thought of teaming Miss Hayes and Mr. Howard before now.



**Amateurs Fail as Alice.**—After much hullabaloo about looking for an "unknown girl" for "Alice in Wonderland," Paramount finally decided that they needed some one with a little film polish and experience. We can't say that we blame them. We looked at the "Alice" tests one day, and most of them when not actually silly were pretty awful. Despite this, scores of girls from all over the country probably had their hopes all steamed up because they thought they had a chance to frolic around with *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*, as portrayed by Jack Oakie and Stuart Erwin, and all the other gay characters in Lewis Carroll's classic.

Charlotte Henry, who won the rôle, will be recalled for her early efforts in pictures like "Harmony at Home," "Courage," "Huckleberry Finn," and "Arrow-smith." She was one of the youngest actresses brought from the stage in the early days of the talkies, and for a time was under contract to Fox. She is a better choice than anybody we heard officially mentioned for the part, though we did have a sort of preference ourselves for Janet Gaynor. Among those suggested for *Alice* in the colony at large were Lilian Harvey and Helen Chandler. Miss Chandler was tested, and for a time it looked as if Ida Lupino, niece of the comedian Lupino Lane, would be selected.

**New Dressing-room Rivalry.**—The wildest shifting about of dressing rooms has occurred since Constance Bennett has moved into United Artists studio, but Heaven forbid that we should attribute it to Connie's temperament. Twentieth Century, to whom she is under contract, just desired to make her comfortable, and every one seemed to join in the little roundelay. Added to that, Bill Haines, under supervision of Miss Bennett, undertook to decorate the establishment in heliotrope, old rose, wistaria, and Nile green. Connie and he went in for very original and striking draperies and furniture.

Formerly the motif was black and gold, although that was only temporary.

The dressing room that Connie acquired—and this is interesting!—was the one formerly occupied by Norma Talmadge, and will the walls whisper when Gilbert Roland appears for a visit! Also Gloria Swanson held the dressing room as her studio domain for a time. More recently it has been Harold Lloyd's, but he moved into the vacated quarters of Douglas Fairbanks instead, which are more masculine in design, we must admit.

There are three bungalows on the lot. One, a double bungalow, is now divided between Anna Sten and Constance Cummings, and the other, the Pickford bungalow, was relinquished to Eddie Cantor by Mary while he was making "Roman Scandals." It is the first time that any other star has occupied it, and the same is true of the Fairbanks ménage, with its club room and steam room.

**A Comedian with a Punch.**—Max Baer, pugilist, is a cheerful little eyeful. He and Myrna Loy are the sparklers of "Prize Fighter and the Lady," and he has his own ideas of comedy. We saw him in action in the ring scenes, and what a cut-up! Big Primo Carnera was his opponent in the battle, and Jack Dempsey the referee. The high light of the afternoon was when Baer in an affectionate, bearlike mood, pommelled Dempsey a bit, and then kissed him on the ear. Another evidence of his playful disposition came when between carefully pulled punches, he danced around the ring with Carnera to the tune of a fox trot. Baer was a comedian, but Carnera acted like a tragedian, leaning heavily and glumly on the ropes when not otherwise occupied.

Also Baer is the premier ladies' man of Hollywood, marriage notwithstanding, and the marriage to Dorothy Dunbar, formerly of the screen, seems always on the

Continued on page 55

First glimpses of Garbo in "Queen Christina" promise a swashbuckling comeback.

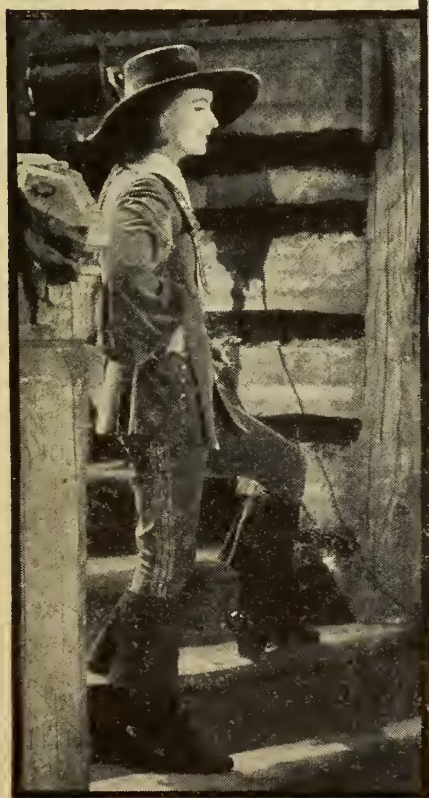


Photo by Bull

Jean Harlow hits a new high in it the occasion when Tom's pajamas terior decoration when she has hidden in front of Claudette Colbert. dressing room done over to match was a faked accident, but I thought her platinum blond hair. arrassment quite genuine enough.

Continued on page 62

The perennial Harold Teen is due to blossom again soon, this time with the breezy Dick

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**I** HAVE just spent two weeks in the home of Neil Hamilton. This statement is not made in a sense of braggadocio, but only that I may convince myself that those two weeks were reality, and not a dream from which I shall presently wake.

The whole occurrence was extraordinary. I had never met Neil Hamilton, yet he suddenly offered me the trip and a fortnight of hospitality, because of my long activity with a fan club in his honor.

As I left New York City and traveled westward, many conflicting thoughts occupied me. Would the illusion fostered by ten years' fanship be shattered? Would I find that his letters had built a false idol for me, and discover, to my dismay, a self-centered fellow, who thought pretty well of himself? Or would Neil Hamilton be the person I imagined him—clever, jovial, still a bit mystified by the world-wide fan interest that he enjoys?

And then came journey's end. Neil's secretary met me and drove me to Brentwood Heights. A blue coupé



Neil presents Chang, an important member of the Hamilton household.

n's

# CAME TRUE

Neil Hamilton for two weeks and an enthusiastic account of the home life of his hero.

John G. Whidding



passed us, and I had a glimpse of a pretty figure within, who waved gayly as she swept by. "Mrs. Hamilton," said my guide. That friendly wave set me at ease. This was going to be fun, not an ordeal.

Then I took in my surroundings—a white picket fence, a wide lawn, shade trees, and the house I knew so well from pictures, more beautiful in reality. Its architecture is a combination of the long, low, early California home and the porch influence of New England.

The echo of the knocker was answered by Neil's smiling butler. Yes, Mr. Hamilton had returned from his hike. He was in the library.

Nothing could speak better for the lack of ostentation that rules Neil's life than the casualness, but sincerity, of our meeting.

I followed my bags upstairs, and suddenly came face to face with a well-known smiling countenance. He stood at the top of the stairs, and said, "Wel-l-l-l, there are a million things to say!"

I should like to live that meeting over again, not once, but several times. Of all the amazing things that transpired in the following two weeks, nothing made more impression upon me than did the genuineness of his welcome.

"To-day is *the* day!" Neil said, as we entered the library. "I've just saved Greta Garbo from being stung by a bee!"

Returning from his hike, he had met the famous lady walking—and at the same instant had perceived a swarm of bees heading Garbo-ward. He ran ahead to caution her, and being asked the best thing to do, suggested waiting first to see what the bees would do. Doubtless

daunted by his presence, the swarm turned tail and fled, and the twain moved on their separate ways.

I was eventually installed in the north bedroom, and then taken on a tour of inspection. Neil is Massachusetts born, and has been clever enough to use New England influence in his decoration scheme. The wall lights are electric fixtures cased in glass chimneys, to give the effect of oil lamps, and the doors are fitted with the sturdy brass locks and large keys of old New England. There are open fireplaces in the drawing-room, the master bedroom, and the game room, registers heating the remainder of the house.

Neil Hamilton is justly proud of his home, but he does not attempt to conceal the fact that he came from small beginnings; that his parents worked hard; that he never finished high school; and that he had lived in a two-by-four house.

The thing in which he takes perhaps the greatest pride is the pair of automatic gates on the driveway, which are opened and closed by a button in the kitchen.

We drove over to M.-G.-M. studio that first afternoon, where he patronized a nonwounding manicurist, and where I saw Louis B. Mayer being shaved.

On our return, I met Elsa Hamilton, a winsome lady, gay and sincere in all she does and says. Patricia, in what Neil termed a "ridiculously cute" pink bonnet, had just returned from a party, frankly perturbed because "Johnnie c'ied—boomed 'is 'ead." With this fact she continued to acquaint us until her bedtime, which was near. Neil calls her "Beautiful," although her own conception of her name is "Fatceshe."

Mrs. Hamilton's brother-in-law, her niece who looks after Patricia, and Chang, Neil's ever-ready-to-be-scratched Chow, complete the family circle, and a happy family it surely is. A kitten that terrifies poor Chang was added to the ménage during my visit, to amuse Patricia, whom she promptly clawed to show good faith.

In the living room is a grand piano which Neil plays to perfection. He used to play marches for the school when he was a youngster in Athol. The instrument is fitted with an electric-player control, and on the first evening I was initiated into Neil's "Listening to the Piano by Dark" club—Friml's "Chanson" and Sinding's "Rustle of Spring" being the extent of the concert. Later, Neil played and sang "Mother Machree." He also plays the saxophone, the steel guitar, and the xylophone, and seems grieved that these four are the extent of his musical accomplishments.

At eleven, he and I retired to the library, where, in one reading, he learned his lines for the next day's work, and with me as cue boy, recited it with but one terse call for "Line!"

We breakfasted together before seven next morning and were off to the studio. While Neil was having his make-up applied, Tom Brown breezed in. We knew each other by correspondence, so Neil introduced me, with flattering results. The second morning, I met Billy Bakewell, another correspondent, in the same manner.

They made me welcome wherever I went, and I consider them two of the finest youngsters in Hollywood. I watched each of them working, and was introduced by Billy to Mary Boland, Hardie Albright, and Wallace Ford.

I'm sure none who witnessed the mishap will ever forget the occasion when Tom's pajamas sagged suddenly in front of Claudette Colbert. Perhaps it was a faked accident, but I thought Tom's embarrassment quite genuine enough.

Continued on page 62

Patricia tells Neil about her kid party. It seems that the boy friend "boomed 'is 'ead" and had to go off and cry.





# MAUREEN LAUGHS IT OFF

What does O'Sullivan mean to do about her boy friends, Old Woman Hollywood mutters, hoping for the worst. Maureen smiles and goes her way.

By  
William  
H. McKegg



**H**OLLYWOOD has but few stories of proved facts, for things Old Woman Hollywood can rationalize are, after all, very simple and ordinary. And such stories soon die out, since a fact known is no longer interesting.

It is the uncertain rumor that intrigues Hollywood, that causes one to be on the alert for more and more details, to hope that everything may be the worst after all!

For several years now, Hollywood's most baffling mystery has been the one woven around the friendship of Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow, scenario writer and reputed Casanova.

Hollywood's objection to their acquaintance reared itself when no one knew the inside facts. To get the low-down has been Holly-

The film colony doesn't understand Maureen because she denies nothing nor does she hand out press notices about the state of her heart.



wood's pet aim this many a day. No one knew for sure whether their liking for each other was merely a pleasant neighborly friendship or a flaming passion. Hollywood is still guessing—wrong.

John Farrow, an Australian of European upbringing, is famed for his many gallantries. He is also famed for overstaying his time in the United States.

A year and a half ago, he had to leave the country to conform with governmental regulations where visiting aliens are concerned. Johnny's departure for London was, in a way, a forced exile. He had wanted to remain in Hollywood with Maureen.

Maureen was left alone, a state much to her liking. Hollywood declared she had changed considerably. The colony wondered whether the O'Sullivan's new personality had sprung from the pathos of an *Elaine* ignored by *Sir Lancelot*. It was wondered if John Farrow had departed for London on account of Maureen's sudden interest in Jimmy Dunn, or whether she had merely accepted Jimmy as her cavalier during Johnny's absence abroad. The pertinent thing is that Maureen did turn glowing eyes of favor on Mr. Dunn.

She left her Garden of Allah bungalow and rented a house near the Hollywood Bowl. Her friend, Kay English, shared it with her.

"I don't want to be alone any more," Maureen explained when I visited her rustic retreat. She was reclining in a garden chair, hands behind her head. Thick foliage broke off the strong sunlight. Small circles of golden light filtered through the green branches, playing over the sprite's body. "It's so peaceful here," she murmured, "so quiet."

Her conclusions were a little premature, as you shall see.

One night we sought a suitable film. After driving up and down Hollywood Boulevard a dozen times, we finally decided on Warner's Theater. I think the film was "Big City Blues," with Eric Linden; I'm not sure, but I do know that the O'Sullivan was a stunning knockout! She wore a cerulean blue suit with trousers, and a skullcap to match.

"I don't know why I bought it," Maureen remarked, referring to her boyish ensemble as we later walked into a drug store to purchase a lipstick—for her.

Had she, I wondered then, had her feminine pride hurt? And had she, for revenge, adopted a masculine armor against Hollywood?

Trousers or no trousers, Jimmy Dunn danced attendance on her.

He was working late that night, and Maureen decided that we should drive out to the Fox studio to see him. Then she changed her mind. "It might make Jimmy jealous." Which seemed the oddest surmise.

Even the rural peace she had hoped to get turned tail on her. Instead of serenity, it took on a bedlam atmosphere when the Bowl emptied itself of summer music lovers. Highland Avenue was crowded with cars and people. Once, between ten and eleven, Maureen drove me all around Hollywood until the crowds dispersed, for there was only a one-way entrance to her sylvan villa.

"Everything goes wrong!" she exclaimed fretfully, lighting a cigarette and regarding it vacantly. "Oh, nothing turns out as I expect it to!"

I like to imagine I understand her better than most



Photo by Wide World

That John Farrow is too worldly for her is emphatically denied by Maureen. And Dome Hollywood waits for a chance to croak, "I warned you!"

people. Maureen often refutes this fond hope and waves aside my self-asserted X-raying powers.

"It's terrible to think you must go through life alone without even a single soul to understand you," she said quietly, as though the cigarette had given her Delphic knowledge of her own sad plight.

It was not silly; it was not "ham" talking. When Maureen speaks like this, she is deadly serious. She does not essay to look mysterious or unearthly.

"Glamour is stupid and artificial," she continued. "I'm not the glamorous type. I couldn't be even if I tried. I'd much rather have charm."

And charm is what the O'Sullivan has. A certain kind of charm that makes her entirely different from the rest of Hollywood's ingénues. This charm has become more pronounced as her career has advanced.

At the beginning of the year, John Farrow returned to Hollywood, reëntering the country in the Rumanian quota. His extraordinary manner of reëntry troubled Hollywood not at all. What did worry the Old Woman was the fact that he would again be in close proximity to Maureen. And just when fate had seemed to have stepped in so nicely, separating them! But fate appeared to be on Hollywood's side again. For the department of labor threatened to deport John Farrow.

He admitted before a Federal grand jury that he had made false statements in an alien registration permit, but refuted any criminal intent. Poor Johnny! The charge was canceled and the court placed him on probation for five years.

Toasts were drunk, bells were rung, and thanksgiving made in the O'Sullivan abode. She feasted the Rumanian consul and his family in true Irish manner, with Johnny Farrow as guest of honor.

Reunion in Hollywood took place. Once again Maureen and Johnny became inseparable.

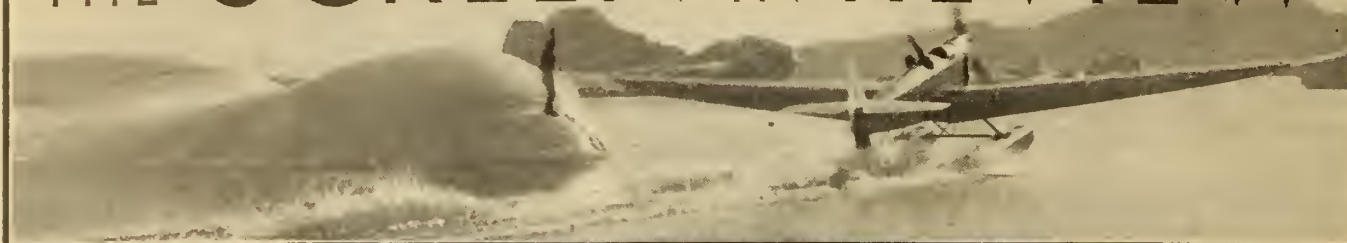
Old Woman Hollywood groaned afresh, starting new rumors about the twain. She is still under the conviction that Mr. Farrow was the cause of some awful metamorphosis in Maureen. The old dame likes to believe she knows what it is. She has been longing for a chance to point a bony finger at Maureen and croak, "I told you so! I warned you!"

That chance will never come. For Hollywood reckons without the O'Sullivan herself, the great-grandniece of Daniel O'Connell, the Irish leader who in his time caused even the English to stop, look, and listen.

"Johnny is the only one who really understands me," Maureen told me regarding her disputed friendship with the gallant young fella. "He's so *understanding*! He has such a wonderful humor. He is educated, traveled. It is a delight to be in his company. [Continued on page 58]



# THE SCREEN IN REVIEW



An honest appraisal of new films and performances.

By Norbert Lusk

## "S. O. S. Iceberg."

Rod La Rocque, Leni Riefenstahl, Gibson Gowland, Ernst Udet.  
Director: Tay Garnett.

ARCTIC scenery of unparalleled beauty is the strongest feature of this unusual adventure film. Though romantic interest is almost entirely absent and the acting is nothing to get excited about, I found the picture more than ordinarily interesting because of the strangeness of the Far North and the magnificent camera work which records it. Unforgettable scenes include Major Ernst Udet, the German aviator, piloting his rescue plane over endless crags of ice, the pursuit of a man by a polar bear through icy waters and the towering, menacing icebergs, while every lover of dogs will respond to the handsome, almost human animals in this picture.

The story is simple and concerns an expedition to the North to discover the remains of a dead explorer and the eventual rescue of the party by plane. The characters are not especially interesting, but the picture is unusual despite this deficiency.

## "I Loved a Woman."

Edward G. Robinson, Kay Francis, Genevieve Tobin, Robert Barrat, Murray Kinnell. Director: Alfred E. Green.

A perfect reproduction of life in the '90s which surpasses in authenticity of spirit and detail anything previously seen on the screen, fails to atone for stodginess.



Edward G. Robinson, Kay Francis, and a marvelous production fail to strengthen "I Loved a Woman."

The most magnificent arctic scenes ever photographed are the strongest feature of "S. O. S. Iceberg."

It proves again that settings and costumes give no strength to a weak, faltering picture. Nor even do they help favorite actors to achieve interesting characterizations. It's genuinely a pity here. Edward G. Robinson fails remotely to suggest the idealistic hero, son of a Chicago meat packer with no heart for the business until he meets a prima donna who inspires him to become a captain of industry. Though he makes fifty millions by selling embalmed beef to the government during the Spanish-American War, Mr. Robinson doesn't convince as a profiteer. Nor does he rouse pity when both his opera singer and his wife fail him. This hesitation on the part of Mr. Robinson forces me to admit that he is miscast.

Kay Francis also gives an unstimulating performance, which indeed is sadly admitted, though she has never looked lovelier, and she wears the furbelows of the period with a captivating grace and ease untouched by any other actress. Genevieve Tobin, as the wife, fares better and her performance consequently gains. Hers actually is the best of the principals and lesser rôles are splendidly accounted for.

## "Berkeley Square."

Leslie Howard, Heather Angel, Valerie Taylor, Irene Browne, Beryl Mercer, Colin Keith-Johnston, Betty Lawford, Juliette Compton. Director: Frank Lloyd.

Delicacy rather than dynamics is here for those who prefer a charming, imaginative picture to a sturdier one. And there are many who do, especially with Leslie Howard in a rôle he played with uncommon distinction on



the stage for something like fifty weeks. He brings to the screen all the facility gained from long experience in the part and his acting eclipses any previous effort. The result is an extraordinarily sensitive performance which will delight those who can project themselves into the mood of the piece and irk those who cannot.

But there can be no doubt of superior talent in all departments of production and fine restraint in re-creating the atmosphere of eighteenth-century England. No other Hollywood picture has achieved so lifelike a replica of the period of flounces and furbelows, nor is it believable that any director other than Frank Lloyd, who also made "Cavalcade," could have refrained from adding Hollywood touches in telling the gentle, rueful story.

Briefly, it deals with introspective *Peter Standish* who feels that he is a misfit in the twentieth century and who is magically transported back to the eighteenth where he thinks he belongs. This is brought about when he inherits a house in Berkeley Square, London, and the ghosts of yesterday become realities. The gentle sadness of the piece comes when *Peter* discovers himself hopelessly out of tune with the fancied glamour of a bygone day, and sadness becomes heartbreak when he falls in love and finds he cannot marry because the girl belongs in a different age.

Heather Angel in this rôle is utterly beguiling. Beauty, charm, and ability make her one of the really worth while discoveries of the new season.

#### "My Weakness."

Lilian Harvey, Lew Ayres, Charles Butterworth, Sid Silvers, Henry Travers, Harry Langdon, Irene Bentley. Director: David Butler.

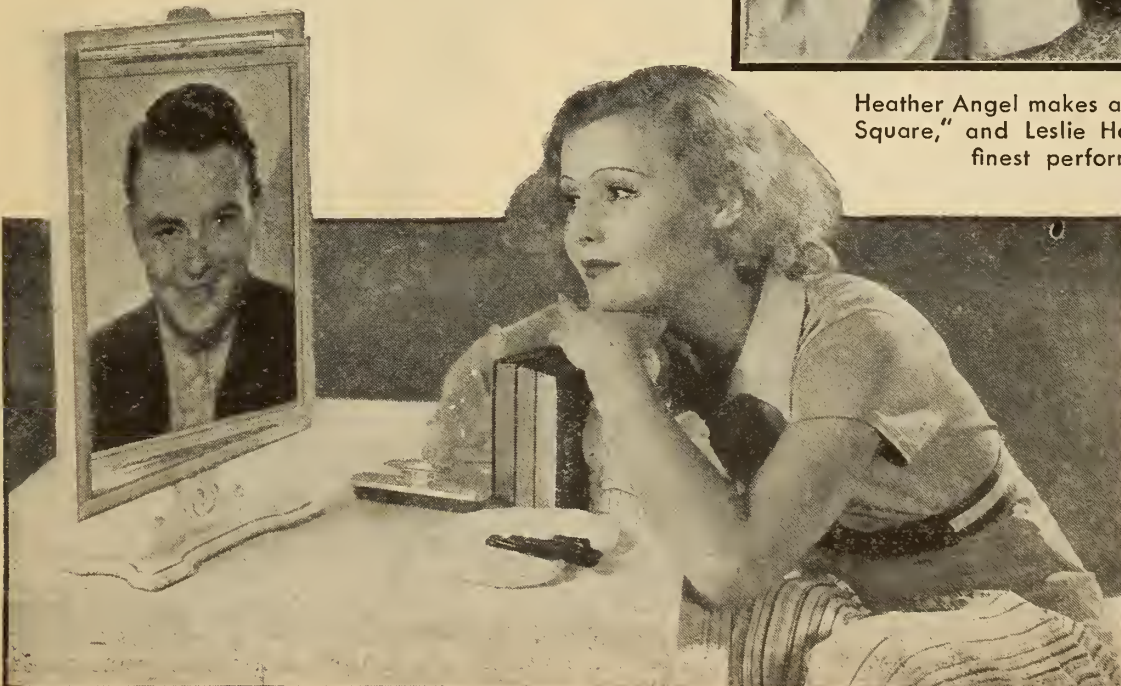
The first Hollywood picture of the much-heralded Lilian Harvey is mild—too mild to climax brass-band publicity. It is not exactly Miss Harvey's fault, but that of tepid material. She has individuality, cleverness, and charm and her voice in speech and song is unusually pleasing. While she works too hard at projecting these gifts for the complete comfort of her audience and becomes self-conscious in the effort, undoubtedly she has something more to offer than is provided by her vehicle.

It is a Cinderella story in which a slavey becomes a society enchantress, but it is neither funny nor touching enough to qualify as first rate and in some respects it is embarrassing in its shortcomings. Chief of these is rhymed dialogue, perhaps the most clumsily childish ever heard on

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Heather Angel makes a hit in "Berkeley Square," and Leslie Howard gives his finest performance.



"My Weakness," though mildly diverting, does not exploit Lilian Harvey as she deserves, and Lew Ayres is out of his element in a musical.



# Say It Isn't So

Neither chivalrous, sleek, nor sentimental, Lee Tracy insists that he's not a ladies' man. Fifty million paying admirers answer, "You'll do."

By Helen Klumph



Isobel Jewell also denies that Tracy is nobody's hero. She's his permanent best girl. You'll see her soon in "Forever Faithful."

EVER since Lee Tracy first portrayed a breezy, hard-drinking, wisecracking reporter on the screen, classes in journalism at our schools for young ladies have had capacity attendance. If there is any chance of meeting a man like that, the current sub-debs will gladly shelve a purely social career for the prospect of one in a newspaper office.

"But why are you so crazy about him?" I've asked the youngsters who are my neighbors every week-end as they pored over theater announcements looking for a Lee Tracy picture. "I thought Clark Gable and Ramon Novarro and Robert Montgomery were your type."

"Mamma likes *them*," one girl spoke up as the others nodded in agreement. "I do sometimes, but they're sticky," another added. "Too intense," another chimed in. "They talk like crooners; we like jazz." "They act as if they knew they were being watched." "Mother thinks maybe they come from good families and went to college."

In other words, in order to keep up the tradition of defiance in the younger generation, they adore Lee Tracy because their parents don't approve. But there are many other reasons, too.

They speculate on what it would be like to know him. Exciting. Unexpected. Casual. Never nice to you just for the sake of good manners. He would be hard to please and never impressionable enough to swoon at sight of a pretty face.

I gathered from them that while James Cagney charms by throwing a grapefruit in the eye, Lee Tracy is more subtle in his appeal in that he throws vitriol into any assumption of swank.

So I had to meet him, to be able to report to my young friends that he was all that they hoped—or a washout.

Go right on being balmy about Lee Tracy, my little darlings. You will never find that he fits into a neat little pigeonhole. Just when you think you know a little about him, he will surprise you by turning about-face and being quite different. And I am sure he will never get cocky and strut around brooding over his public for the simple reason that no one can convince him that women like him.

"Oh, here you are!" he remarked to me by way of introduction as he wandered into the New York office of M.-G.-M. three quarters of an hour after the time set for our appointment. "I thought maybe you wouldn't wait."

There was ill-disguised hope in his tone.

"I don't suppose that you'll believe I'm sorry I kept you waiting. You've probably heard I'm always late. I really tried to get here but I was over at the Lambs' Club. You know how that is. Some old actor comes up and starts talking about the way the theater is tottering and asks about Hollywood, and you can't walk out on him. Then another one comes up and reminds you of the time when you played a bit in the company where he was star. They're good guys and they are having a rotten time with so many theaters closed."

He has an ingratiating smile that fills in all the gaps between his staccato remarks. He is acutely uncomfortable when talking about himself and drifts into a detached air from which he comes back with a smile that is more confiding and eloquent than any appeal to you to please talk about something else.

"Years ago I was juvenile in a Mt. Vernon stock company," he told me. "The last night the fans used to come to the stage door to say good-by to their favorites. I was the last one out, of course. I'm awfully slow about packing or anything like that. Apparently some had waited especially to see me. I was impressed. And then I saw that the youngest was about forty-five years old. Right then I said, 'Tracy, you'll never be a matinée idol. You'd better stick to character parts and comedy!' And I have. They haven't the appeal the romantic guys have, but that's all I can do. And it's what I like to do."

"Of course, it didn't take those women at the stage door to convince me I was nobody's hero. I'd looked into a mirror once or twice. These light eyes, these limp features, these scars all over my face!"

A lingering attack of bronchitis chose to half strangle me at that moment, so I gasped, "Ask yourself some leading questions and save me the trouble."

"Oh, no," he gloated, with obvious relish that for once the person interviewing him was uncomfortable.

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LATE for every appointment, Lee Tracy, when he does turn up, is far from apologetic or covered with bashful confusion. In fact, he refuses to follow the pattern of popular favorites when being interviewed. But he manages, nevertheless, to give a pretty good account of himself in the story on the opposite page, and you will like him all the more for being himself.



Photo by George Hurrell





PAUL MUNI is seen, left, early in the life of Orin Nordholm, son of pioneer folk in North Dakota. His model and preceptor is Buffalo Bill, played by Douglas Dumbrille. And who is this below? Guess! Anna Q. Nilsson. Rally round, loyal fans. Mr. Muni, later in life, is with Marjorie Gateson, below. And the full-length figure is of Mary Astor.

## PROCESSIONAL

Paul Muni's return to the screen is fittingly celebrated in a strongly dramatic picture called "The World Changes," which traces the life of the character played by Mr. Muni from youth to old age.





# BELOW THE DREGS

A symphony of speakeasy and gutter is "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," with Wynne Gibson in a starring rôle and Charles Farrell back on the screen.

AGGIE APPLEBY, as played by Wynne Gibson, belongs to the hard-bailed sisterhood. With her, right, is Charles Farrell, a spoiled and sheltered youth, to whose attention Aggie brings the facts of life. Zasu Pitts is with them and Mr. Farrell is seen again, lower right. William Gargan, Aggie's affinity in battle and love, is with her, below.





# BENITA'S BIG MOMENT

The charming Miss Hume of England has no cause to complain of the opportunities offered her by Hollywood. Now comes her best rôle to date in "The Worst Woman in Paris."



OF course Peggy Vane is no more the worst woman of Paris than your Aunt Seraphina is of Wap-pingers Falls. She is merely made to seem unconventional, so-phisticated, daring. Adalphe Menjou helps the illusion, of course, because of his long service in Continental sur-roundings. Here you have a perfect part-nership.

PEGGY VANE is really noble in spite of her large collection of bracelets given her by infatuated admirers, but she has to go to Kansas, of all places, to make it quite clear to the audience. Her adventures in a house-hold there include a love intermezzo fol-lowed by a return to Paris and Mr. Menjou. Helen Chandler with Miss Hume, above.



PRODUCED in England at Hampton Court and other historical locations, the picture promises more than any previous British film. The picture, right, shows Mr. Laughtan as Henry with Elsa Lanchester as Ann of Cleves. Miss Lanchester is Mrs. Laughtan.



THE cast sparkles with famous names of the English stage and screen. Some of them are Lady Tree, widow of the late Sir Herbert, Binnie Barnes, Miles Mander, Wendy Barrie, Robert Donat, Merle Oberon, and three players formerly of Hollywood, John Loder, Claude Allister, and William Austin.



## BLUFF KING HAL

Charles Laughtan brings to the screen "The Private Life of Henry VIII" in pomp and glory and supreme artistry.

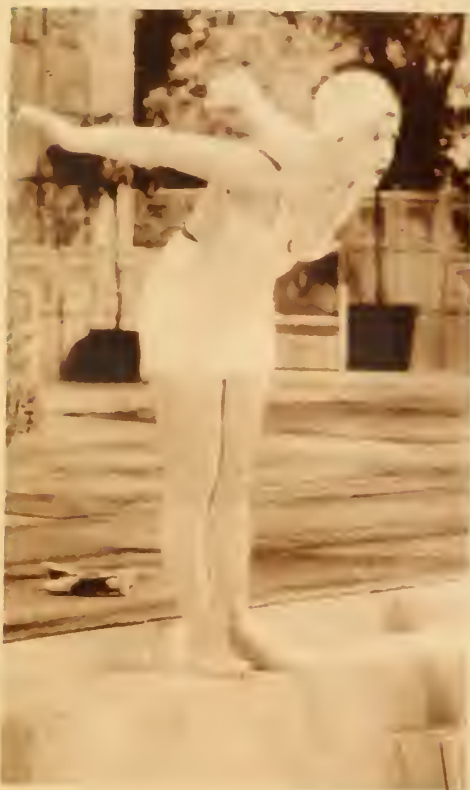
THE picture directly above shows Charles Laughtan in one of Henry's grandiloquent moods. At the far left is Miles Mander, next him is Laurence Hanray, and on the right is Binnie Barnes as Katheryn Howard.



IN Mr. Laughtan's arms, left, is Miss Barnes. Beautiful though she is, it is Mr. Laughtan's amazing expression that focuses attention. Has he a premonition that this new wife of his will die on the executioner's block, too?



THE pictures in the strip show Ruth Chatterton in *Alison Drake's* attractive moods and costumes, all testifying to Miss Chatterton's surpassing skill as an actress.



GEORGE BLACKWOOD as a susceptible, though incredulous, employee is shown with Miss Chatterton in the picture at top of page.



# GREEDY, GREEDY

Ruth Chatterton plays a go-getter heroine in "Female." As head of a vast automobile concern she goes after business with the same drive that she uses to snare the good-looking men in her employ. And she succeeds in both endeavors in a great big way until George Brent comes along. He's hard to get!





WHOEVER wore the costumes of the early 1900s with the charm and grace and authenticity of Kay Francis? Absolutely no one! She displays her pompadour with John Halliday, left, without the least suggestion of parody.

# FLORO-DORA

Kay Francis revives memories of the famous sextet by showing us the melodramatic life of one of the girls in "The House on 56th Street."



POPULAR Gene Raymond is in the center, and what a handsome couple he and Miss Francis make, below! Mr. Halliday with her in the fan-shaped picture.







GILBERT ROLAND and Constance Bennett give new life to the old story of secret service during the War when love and duty are at odds. She is o beautiful Russian; he a brainy Austrion who never suspects that Carli is on enemy until she is his prisoner. It hoppens in "The Woman Spy."



## The Screen in Review

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the screen, with the literary flavor of comic-strip jingles.

Offsetting this lapse, however, is the sophisticated and whimsical comedy of Charles Butterworth, whose performance is the best in the piece and is the finest he has ever given. His attempted suicide is something to see and his appetite for cellophane-wrapped carrots, which he keeps in his pocket cigar-fashion, is delightful nonsense. Another bit of inspired drollery is when tiny statuettes come to life and quaver the refrain of the theme song. But this must take its place as merely a diverting bit though the tunes are good.

Lew Ayres lacks the requisite light touch and debonair manner to fit in a musical picture and therefore is out of his element as a somewhat surly juvenile, but Harry Langdon is very much all right as a funny *Cupid* perched on a cloud who starts the picture going and ends it.

### "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

Charles Laughton, Binnie Barnes, Elsa Lanchester, Robert Donat, Lady Tree, Merle Oberon, Wendy Barrie, John Loder, Everley Gregg. Director: Alexander Korda.

At last England gives us a great picture, by all odds the best ever to come from there and surely one of the finest we shall see this season. It is faultlessly acted from beginning to end and Charles Laughton's magnificent *Henry VIII* will go down in film history.

Not only is the picture outstanding because of the acting, but for simplicity of narration, perfection of photography and sound, essentials most frequently absent from British productions. Nor must constant movement and liveliness be omitted from this all too brief recital of its attractions. Still another virtue is the humanness of the characters and the absence of that hollow pomp and pageantry found in Hollywood films which portray royalty. Here the settings and costumes never get in the way of the characters, but are properly subordinated, yet *Henry* is no less the sumptuous king we know and Hampton Court glows with beauty and luxury as they existed in the sixteenth century.

Wisely, the story attempts no episodic biography and it touches only lightly upon *Henry's* statecraft. Instead, it dwells upon his prowess as husband and lover of five of his six queens, beginning with *Anne Boleyn* whose execution opens the story, but omitting the tribulations of his wife, Katharine of Aragon. In succession we see *Jane Seymour*, *Ann of Cleves*, *Katheryn Howard*, and *Katherine Parr*, wife of *Henry's* gormandizing old age.

Next to Mr. Laughton's performance the most brilliant is that of Elsa Lanchester as *Ann of Cleves*, *Henry's* unwanted third wife. Her remarkable characterization of the German princess more notable for wit than beauty is of great value to the picture and all but shifts interest from *Henry* in their two scenes. It is interesting to note the resemblance of Miss Lanchester to Holbein's portrait of *Ann*. This is typical of the care and taste shown throughout.

### "The Solitaire Man."

Herbert Marshall, Elizabeth Allan, Mary Boland, May Robson, Ralph Forbes, Lionel Atwill, Murray Kinnell, Lucille Gleason. Director: Jack Conway.

What a cast! What a picture worthy of the superior talent at hand! This is a crook melodrama, civilized, sympathetic, witty, and keen, with all the suspense expected and a delectable smoothness as well. It is easily one



of the best pictures of the month and has a value all its own because it reintroduces Herbert Marshall to us. His restrained and ingratiating art has never been seen to better advantage, even in the glamorous "Trouble in Paradise," and should be studied by every actor who thinks that humor depends on a smile. Mr. Marshall never gives us the flicker of a smile, but his sense of humor is as much a part of him as the perfection of his speech.

He is a jewel thief nicknamed "*The Solitaire Man*" by Scotland Yard. He has done his last job, he thinks, and is about to retire to the country when it becomes necessary to return a necklace stolen by a rash confederate at an embassy dinner. In attempting to restore the jewel he is implicated in a murder. But do not, on the strength of this, consider the plot a familiar stand-by. It isn't. It couldn't be with Mary Boland excelling as a gabby matron from Pe-

oria, whose kind heart endears her while her chatter appalls.

And there is the quizzical Elizabeth Allan, refreshing, poised, and charming; May Robson, a crooked grande dame one would like to have as a friend; Ralph Forbes, as a distraught victim of shell-shock, and Lionel Atwill masking his native elegance as a shabby villain. A noble company, indeed!

### "Bureau of Missing Persons."

Bette Davis, Pat O'Brien, Lewis Stone, Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinchart, Allen Jenkins, Ruth Donnelly, Tad Alexander. Director: Roy del Ruth.

This is most interesting when it describes the activities of the police in uncovering the hide-outs of persons who have dropped from sight, but it sags when contemplating a romantic story. But on the whole it is lively and out of the ordinary, with good acting adding greatly to the interest.

Lewis Stone, fatherly head of the bureau, goes to great lengths in telling us that the police are really a body of benevolent men eager to help those distressed by a missing husband, wife, or child. And when he tells us anything we believe it. Pat O'Brien is a surly policeman demoted, as he thinks, to the routine work of the bureau only to find it the most exciting activity he has known. He becomes enamored of a girl who says her husband is missing but who is suspected of murdering him. Meanwhile Mr. O'Brien is pursued by a predatory wife of his own who turns out to be a bigamist and receives from him the most violent beating ever given a woman on the screen, even though it is administered behind a closed door. No, this is not a high-brow picture.

### "Secret of the Blue Room."

Lionel Atwill, Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens, William Janney, Muriel Kirkland, Edward Arnold. Director: Kurt Neumann.

A mystery story with the most innocent-looking character guilty of murder is the novelty here. There is a question in the minds of critical inspectors of such fiction if this is the right way to fool an audience, but make no mistake about it, you *are* misled. Otherwise it is the story of a girl and three of her suitors who are guests of her father on her twenty-first birthday. Father and daughter live in a castle which is steeped in mystery and superstition. For generations the chance occupant of the blue room is always mysteriously murdered as the clock strikes one a. m. The most youthful of the girl's admirers suggests that those

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the day or night be entertained by the finest actors in the world. To-day, you see, there is work for every one. Our actors work in shifts throughout the twenty-four hours of the day and night.

By regulating buttons one can easily project the telepicture in any size wanted. To one who has lived as long as I, the process of presenting actors life-size in one's drawing-room, who actually may be appearing in a picture in far-off Moscow, is the most amazing of all.

So lifelike is the illusion that one feels the players are in the very room. But this generation takes it all as a matter of course.

To-day we enjoy our pictures and players in any or all languages. Of course, we still have our favorite stars, but there is none of the soul-searing competition and rivalry, nor the bitter disappointments and heart-aches of yesterday.

The government, which is of the people, by the people, and for the people, controls everything. For example, there is no capital and labor. "Money" is an obsolete word. We mortals live happy, orderly, and contented existences, throughout the world-wide system of credit and exchange.

Education and work are compulsory. Everybody works, and there is work for everybody.

There are no gangsters, racketeers, politics, stock markets, banks, armies, navies, or wars. No strikes or shut-

## Ralph Bellamy Turns Prophet

downs. No one is rich, no one is poor; we are all suitably prosperous.

What is our reward then?

Together with doctors, musicians, writers, artists, and professors, we actors derive our reward from the honors accorded by our fellow men in recognition of our particular talents for public welfare.

In telepictures, we still have producers, directors—yes, even supervisors—but they are selected only because they have shown exceptional talent for their work. If, at any time, they fail to prove capable, they are replaced by more worthy government employees. Newspaper editors, critics, and columnists come under the same ruling.

I do rather miss the funny stories we used to hear about producers back in the good old movie days.

Actors are just as temperamental as ever and we have just as much trouble finding stories for pictures as we did in my day.

Life is very simple in this year of our Lord 2000. We live in a Utopia. Man has completely conquered the seas, the air, and space. To-day we may travel to Europe in eight hours through the Atlantic tube, visit the wonders of lost Atlantis in diving amphibians, or bask in the glory of Mars in stratoplanes. By the year 3000, our scientists promise that we will have conquered time.

It's funny to look back to the days when we considered airplanes, radio, telephone, wireless, and television the

ultimate in scientific perfection. To the present generation these inventions seem crude and inadequate.

Sometimes when my old crony, Freddie March, comes to visit me, we sigh over our good old days when life in Hollywood was hectic but exciting. Freddie, who was once a famous screen star, takes the changes in the world, particularly our world, harder than I. True, our great-grandsons are among the favorite telepicture stars. There are still Barrymores, Chaplins, Coopers, and a few others, carrying on the fine old family traditions. But Freddie and I were retired by the government years ago. However, we are still on call.

The girls of to-day are amazingly beautiful and talented, but when Freddie and I get together, we still get our biggest kicks out of our love scenes of long ago. To us two doddering old cusses, there was only one Greta, Ruth, Ann, Helen, Joan, Norma, Barbara, and Marlene.

This strange chronicle must come to an end. A red light appears as I write. It's the studio call at last.

The Honorable John Cooper is smiling at me through the telephone.

"Hello, Uncle Ralph. I know it's late, but I have a great surprise for you. Come over to the studio tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. We've decided to star you in 'Rip van Winkle.'"

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## They Say in New York—

The parts did not amount to much and they grew smaller and scarcer until they seemed about to vanish altogether. So Sally hid herself to New York. After rehearsing in a musical comedy and losing her part because her brother and the dance director got into a row, she went to Chicago. Cabarets there did not appreciate her really expert hoofing until she started shedding her costume.

In the course of two years, by which time the Fair had opened, there was no more costume—just a big feather fan.

By the time Sally had been arrested eight or ten times, reformers had howled about indecent exposure and magistrates had admitted that Sally's figure was pure art, Paramount decided that she was just what they needed for "The Search for Beauty." Within the few weeks of her many arrests and ensuing blasts of newspaper comment, her salary had risen from one hundred and twenty-five to four thousand dollars a week.

According to *Variety*, Paramount has taken options on Sally Rand's services for seven years. She will make three pictures a year, work four weeks on each picture and get twenty-five hundred a week during that time for her services. Between pictures she can go out and wave her fan at vaudeville audiences and get whatever the traffic will bear.

When Sally left Hollywood she said she would never come back until she was in the big money. But I doubt if even she foresaw just how that was to be achieved. She probably spent hours practicing dancing and singing and speaking lines, and never gave a thought to taking off her clothes.

**First Recruit.**—First to respond to the call to come back and repay a debt to the theater was Katharine Hepburn. It was a costly gesture, too, as "Morning Glory" was such an outstanding success, RKO would gladly give her a big bonus to make another picture right away. It will be interesting to see if she ever makes

another picture quite as heart-breakingly effective as that one. Her old friends insist that when she was trying to get on the stage, she talked about herself all the time, just like the girl in the picture. But they could not see that it was pathetic then; they just found her tiresome.

Not liking the gaping crowds in hotel lobbies, Miss Hepburn has taken a house on East Forty-ninth Street where she hopes to find quiet and seclusion. For a long time the neighborhood has worshiped at the shrine of violinist Efrem Zimbalist, singer Alma Gluck, and author Blair Niles, so they are not much impressed by the tall, gawky girl who is said to be so popular in pictures.

**Second Recruit.**—New York newspaper reviewers were searching around for synonyms for "exquisite" with which to describe Frances Fuller's performance in "One Sunday Afternoon" when she arrived in Manhattan to start rehearsals for "Her Master's Voice," a stage play. Roland Young, Laura Hope Crews,



and Elizabeth Patterson also abandoned films temporarily for this.

Hard on their heels came Margaret Sullivan and Nancy Carroll, both stage bound. Nancy Carroll always seems happier, less petulant, in New York than in Hollywood. She lives in the swanky Sherry-Netherland Hotel, comes blithely home from rehearsals of "Undesirable Lady" and rides up in the elevator carrying big bags of groceries. Suites there have serving pantries, and many Hollywood stars, accustomed to servants in their homes out West, go suddenly domestic to the extent of spreading a few canapes for a cocktail party.

Miss Carroll is well liked by her stage associates, which must be a pleasant contrast to her days in the studios. "There never was another player in our studio," a Paramount executive told me, "who endeared herself so little to her company and so greatly to herself."

**Like Tallulah?**—Tallulah Bankhead, too ill to continue rehearsals

for "Jezebel," begged the producer to find a substitute for her that other members of the company might not be thrown out of work. And for a moment it looked as if the choice would be Margaret Sullivan, who seems about as much like Tallulah as a kitten's paw seems like the sharpest dagger. Then it was decided to postpone the play until Tallulah's recovery.

Miss Sullivan, whom Hollywood nicknamed "Sleepyhead," wants to see how she looked in Universal's "Only Yesterday" before she makes any more pictures.

**Getting Somewhere.**—Colleen Moore, thrilled over the reception of "The Power and the Glory," has signed a contract to make pictures for RKO. She says that they are supposed to give her thirty days notice when they want her, but I've just read that she is to report in Hollywood at once to make "Nothing Else Matters."

May Robson blew into New York

to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her stage debut and the opening of "Lady For a Day," but hurried West to replace Marie Dressler in a comedy with Polly Moran. These young girls like Marie Dressler and Alison Skipworth can't expect to hold their place in films when a really seasoned trouper starts competing with them.

Marian Nixon went off on the *Ile de France* to make a picture in London with Jan Kiepura, who sang so beautifully in "Be Mine To-night."

On the eve of departing for Hollywood and a starring contract with Twentieth Century, Mary Duncan up and married Laddie Sanford, polo player, and asked for a release from her contract as a wedding present.

Barbara Stanwyck is so tired of having interviewers talk about her devotion to Frank Fay, she held herself incommunicado at the Capitol Theater when she appeared there in person. Even the publicity director at the theater never had a chance to meet her.

## What Hollywood Has Given Me—

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"George!" I almost screamed. "Do you remember being at the Park Central one evening when a girl came up to the desk near where you were standing and you smiled?"

"Why, yes!" he replied. "She bought a stamp. Come to think about it, she looked a lot like you."

"That was me, George!" I blurted.

That's the true story of George Barnes and me. Hollywood gave me him. Then it gave me a beautiful ten-room home atop of Lookout Mountain. From it I can see all Hollywood and look farther on into the Pacific.

Now I have my father and mother

in Hollywood together with my sister, who is studying art and vocal music. They have a pretty bungalow all to themselves. It all seems like an answer to a prayer.

*Hollywood gave me all that.*

Then I have a contract that will run for a period of years. I grow very weary sometimes—it seems that I'm forever tired. Getting up at six in the morning in order to be at the studio ready for work by eight wears you out. My eyes are weakened by studio lights. I've grown older. My face used to be full and round. I never thought myself beautiful but at least I looked unwearied.

George and I go out into the country or up into the hills to fish and camp and get away from people and things. We take a rifle and bottles with us, stand the bottles in a row and shoot them down. We laugh and play together all by ourselves.

Just let me have five years as a star—and then my home and babies. Then little Joan Blondell, without protest or reluctance, will emit a whoop of delight and let the rest of the world go by!

Which weighs the most—what Hollywood has given me, or what it has taken from me?

You answer!

## What Hollywood Has Taken From Me

Continued from page 31

me and in it we fled. I continued to flee the crowds during the rest of the tour. Once in leaping through the cab door I struck my head and was knocked cold. A crowd gathered.

"Aw, drunk!" a woman remarked. "I knew it!"

"Look at the make-up!" remarked

another, cuttingly. "Any one could be pretty painted up that way."

You can't explain to people. People here, more than any place in the world, misinterpret what you say or what you do. It's amazing the way they distort things in Hollywood. I kick myself sometimes for getting depressed over the way

things go and the way I take them to heart. The truth of the matter is that you don't have friends, real friends, in Hollywood. There's too much competition.

The one great thing, the outstanding discovery of my life, is this conviction: if Hollywood kills me, I still have George Barnes as my husband!

## MUSE IN OVERALLS

Your limousine, your overalls,  
Have got us quite befuddled.  
Your odd behavior never palls,  
Although it may be muddled.

Prevarication may seem right,  
But every actual fact we learn  
Just serves to make you in our sight  
More charming, Katharine Hepburn.

BEE BUCKLEY.



who truly love her will not hesitate to remain in the blue room overnight as a test of their worthiness, et cetera, and he is the first to volunteer. He disappears entirely. There you have the kernel of the proceedings.

It seems to me the picture might have been more effective had it been localized. The characters have German names, but speak and act like



Americans and the whereabouts of the castle is not mentioned.

Anyhow, Gloria Stuart is the bright particular star of the blue as well as all the other rooms. Her acting is natural, charming, and varied while every word she utters has the inflection of intelligence. This is rare among heroines of mystery yarns who more than any other heroines are apt to have no individuality at all.

#### "The Emperor Jones."

Paul Robeson, Dudley Digges, Frank Wilson, Fredi Washington. Director: Dudley Murphy.

Courage in producing something out of the ordinary deserves credit all its own. That credit is freely given those responsible for bringing Eugene O'Neill's play to the screen, but applause ends abruptly there. The picture itself is only moderately entertaining and will appeal to the minority, not because it is highbrow but because the direction is limited and the story, as it comes to the screen, is neither sympathetic nor convincing.

On the stage both these qualities were highly developed, plus a dramatic intensity almost painful, but all this has evaporated in the translation to a new medium, and the result is singularly unstimulating, unimaginative.

This is an amazing lapse, considering that the play took hold of the

## The Screen in Review

imagination to such an extent that even the most hardened spectator shared the terror of *Brutus Jones* in his flight through the jungle pursued by the phantoms of conscience. It is not the fault of Paul Robeson in the title rôle. His performance is eloquent and his conception of character perfect. It must be blamed on the director whose visualization of the Negro's terrors is mechanical and ordinary. Then, too, much that has been written to elaborate Mr. O'Neill's short play into a full-length picture is pure routine, the early life of the Pullman porter who became the self-styled emperor of an island in the Caribbean being told straightforwardly and without the dynamics and rhythms of which the camera is capable.

Because this is a story dealing with Negro character and is played by a Negro cast, it inevitably recalls the only other major photoplay of the kind, "Hallelujah," which still lives as a great picture in the minds of all who saw it. There is no least comparison between the two.

#### "Beauty for Sale."

Madge Evans, Alice Brady, Otto Kruger, Una Merkel, Eddie Nugent, Phillips Holmes, Florine McKinney. Director: Richard Boleslavsky.

What goes on inside the beauty parlors is amusingly set forth in this, but what happens outside them is not so lively. The combination makes for cheap fiction smoothly spoken and excellently acted. It is one of those flimsy, superficial pictures strongly akin to a tabloid newspaper. And, like them, entertaining.

Madge Evans is a charming girl from Kentucky, for no reason, who enters the employ of *Madame Sonia's* beauty shop where she falls in love with the husband of one of the customers. After various whatnots have happened to keep them apart they are brought together when the wife steps aside. There you have the cosmic story.

The real high light of the piece is Alice Brady's portrait of the neurotic wife of the man Miss Evans loves. Taking a character written as a burlesque and making it human, amusing, and sympathetic is a tribute to Miss Brady's art.

Una Merkel does wonders with her part, too, and is of real help to the picture, but I consider Miss Evans out of her element in the garish ensemble of the beauty shop, nor can I believe she would weakly promise to marry a man who rasped her sensibilities. Florine McKinney is touching as a girl who kills herself when jilted, if you can sympathize with this old-fashioned way of showing pique.

#### "F. P. 1."

Leslie Fenton, Conrad Veidt, Jill Esmond, Donald Calthrop. Director: Karl Hartl.

The vague title stands for "Floating Platform Number One," and should be explained at once. It is a huge mechanical island moored in the middle of the Atlantic as a landing place for airplanes, so well constructed and photographed that it becomes actual. I wish the story built around it were as substantial as apparently the platform is, but it is pretty shaky and is slow as well. However, the novelty of the island and the chance of seeing together Leslie Fenton, Conrad Veidt, and Jill Esmond makes the picture worth while. But don't expect too much.

It seems that an aviator pretends to steal the secret plans of the inventor of a floating platform in order to attract attention to his friend's work. The publicity given the theft makes the platform a reality. But the noble aviator turns villain when he discovers that his friend and the girl he loves have formed an attachment of their own. He refuses to rescue the lovers from the sinking platform and incites a riot among the workers as well, but relents at the last moment.

#### "Broadway to Hollywood."

Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Madge Evans, Russell Hardie, Jackie Cooper, Eddie Quillan, Mickey Rooney. Director: Willard Mack.

The activities, chiefly emotional, of a theatrical family are followed for three generations with humor, pathos, and humanness. From the standpoint



of authenticity this is perhaps the best portrayal of backstage character that has ever been filmed. All the excesses of the actor's ego are projected with truth and understanding yet with no loss of sympathy for any one.

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brink of something or other. Anyway, he found Hollywood quite a holiday, full of beautiful damosels about whom he became so choosy after a time that he wouldn't even speak to any one except the most beautiful.

Some boy, this! Even a star couldn't keep up with him!

**Old Pals Disagree.**—Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald are at outs. And it has all come about on account of "The Merry Widow," in which Maurice is to appear for M.-G.-M., probably with Joan Crawford. Miss MacDonald was originally slated for the rôle, but Maurice turned thumbs down. He doesn't want to play with Jeanette any more, and there are several versions as to why. One is that he feels they have been seen too often together, and that there isn't the old inspiration. Another, not admitted by Maurice himself, is that he argued that Jeanette was difficult to work with, and tried to steal scenes from him.

The upshot is that "The Merry Widow" probably will be made as more of a dramatic than a light musical film, so as to take account of Miss Crawford's talents. And here's hoping that she and Maurice will get along nicely. We wonder.

**New Surgical Tricks.**—Doctors will have to become dexterous souls in order to please the whims and fancies of the movie stars. We judge so after learning that Claudette Colbert's incision for her appendicitis operation was made at a brand-new geographical point in order to permit her to wear the desired costumes for "Cleopatra," not to speak of "Four Frightened People." Poor Claudette! It looked for a time as if she would be out of the DeMille desert island feature because of her operation, but the company decided to wait

since Cecil DeMille considers Miss Colbert his brightest new discovery.

Late days have taken their toll in ailments among the stars. Chevalier was injured in an auto accident; Miriam Hopkins had a throat affliction; Clark Gable had to take quite a while recovering from a tonsilectomy and appendectomy, to get very clinical; Evalyn Knapp and Slim Summerville were injured while horseback riding. Also any number of stars have had the jimmies over what the N. R. A. might do about the lavishly high salaries.

**The Harlow Bombshell.**—Is it by any chance to become the fashion that stars shall marry cameramen? Two have set this standard, Joan Blondell and Jean Harlow. It is something new, assurance perhaps that they will be well photographed. For even if their husbands don't crank the camera that captures their alluring countenances, they probably have a masonic understanding with other cameramen so that beauty receives its just due. Nice thought, anyway!

The Harlow marriage was as spectacular as any one could wish. The star lives up to precedent in causing a sensation by whatever she does. All her declarations and those of Harold G. Rosson upon their return from the Yuma elopement told of unsurpassed love and undying devotion. The entire affair was turned into a holiday of newspaper interviewing, and of picture posing by bride and groom. They took flight to Yuma because they desired to avoid preliminary publicity, but they couldn't have gotten more than they did.

Rosson's first wife divorced him because she averred that he wished her to be a hearthside type, which wasn't in accord with her desires. Jean asserted once that if she ever married again it would be because of her desire for a "home, a husband,

and children," also pointing to the hearthside. Yea, yea, this should be the perfect union, but Hollywood is watching curiously!

**Novarro's Mood Serious.**—Ramon Novarro has gone through another metamorphosis. Just a nice word for change! He is all seriousness again, or as much all seriousness as one dare be in modern Hollywood, and a bit more. No more is he the partying Ramon, but rather the serious student bent on a musical career. He has gone back to that form of entertainment socially, which he originally made unique in the colony, the intimate musicale.

So happy was he over the success in Europe during his tour that when his colony friends expressed a desire to hear him, he gave a "retake" program of the songs that he offered to audiences abroad, and before he leaves for further song recitals in foreign lands he plans a "preview" program.

**Daughter Wins a Point.**—The argument between Will Rogers and his daughter, Mary Howard, is finally settled. She will have her career. Though Will denied that there was ever any intention of holding her back, we have our suspicions. There must have been a little argument between father and daughter, but anyway she won, as she always does. You can see her for the first time as one of a chorus of eight pretty ladies in "My Weakness." There will be other pictures following, and she may go on the stage.

Will is, nevertheless, inclined to supervise and restrict Mary's publicity. He doesn't like to have her photographed by candid cameras nor in typical publicity photographs, especially those which would simply exploit her as a screen beauty. She isn't that, incidentally, but a girl of character and personality.

## BOX-OFFICE GIRL

I sit in my box  
In front of the wicket,  
Taking a quarter  
And giving a ticket.  
Seeing the faces  
Pass by in streams;  
Eager ones, wistful,  
Paying for dreams.  
  
Young faces pause  
Aping Crawford and Dietrich,  
Heavy mascara  
And bright scarlet lipstick.  
Young men with girls,  
Self-sufficient and calm,  
Lovers who know  
That darkness lends charm.

Giggling schoolgirls  
Who rave about Gable,  
And svelte Constance Bennett  
In ermine or sable.  
People held spellbound  
By Barrymore, Beery,  
Garbo and Gaynor  
Or Zasu the weary.

Here in my box  
I sit day after day  
Watching the faces,  
The sad and the gay,  
Shuffling along  
In slow-moving streams,  
Eager ones, wistful,  
Paying for dreams.

MIRIAM MORROW.



"Do you think that actors really enjoy the glad-hand life?" Her brows puckered. "I don't. Many cultivate people for business reasons. I've never played politics, nor found it even advisable to do so. It's a matter of dollars and cents. If you have something for the screen, the producers will buy it."

Hers is the thin strength of steel. With her willowy slimness, you expect her to sway with each breeze, until you notice the firmness of her chiseled jaw, the clearness of her gaze. There is a fine brain beneath that long bob with its auburn lights.

I asked if her own growth had affected her ideal in men.

"I can't answer that question," she said. "It might hurt some one. No, I can't."

While she mused, my own thoughts went back to Barry Norton, to those hectic two or three years when they were believed to be engaged.

## The Mending of Myrna

Charming but troublesome Barry, with his romantic flash and his gift for getting into scrapes! His constant need of understanding and encouragement, of sympathy and advice, must have drained her energies. Their idyl verged abruptly from ecstatic moments into turmoil. Finally her mother forbade her to see him again. Myrna obeyed. That decision, cutting out of her life one so brilliantly interesting, so boyishly lovable, was a wrench.

Since then her name has not been linked with any man's until the Novarro rumors, which she terms "absurd," sprang into circulation.

"Love?" She shrugged airily. "I have no time for it now. I am not ready to settle down. I long so to travel, to see how the world lives. While I love children, as yet I haven't felt a deep yearning for them. Some day, perhaps—"

No other can be bizarre as effec-

tively as Myrna, so we may have more pictures like "The Barbarian," in which she and Ramon whipped each other over the desert to an emotional fade-out. But those half-savage rôles and the slithery sirens will be mere interludes, if she has her way.

"I loved playing the young author in 'When Ladies Meet.' I curved my eyebrows, had photographs taken in sensible clothes, and begged the powers until they listened. Young women's lives to-day are so interesting. I want to do dramas about their experiences, with occasionally a light comedy."

So, having completed her part in "Penthouse," Myrna is enjoying a brief vacation. She rides, preferably alone. She reads biography and fiction. At twenty-eight, she looks back and finds that these past eight years of struggle have been well worth while.

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Tracy isn't interested in kindly chivalry. His brand of flattery is to pretend that he needs all his wits to protect himself.

"I hope I'm detaining you from something important," I offered, choking again.

"Then maybe I won't have to do it, whatever it is."

If you know what the opposite of patronizing is, you know the exact word to describe Lee Tracy. He is not making a study of the lower classes when he portrays a roustabout reporter or a crafty politician or a wily lawyer. They're the sort of guys he pals around with from choice. He is what you might call an inverted snob.

While his mind prowls around alertly digging into the factors behind the big news of the day, his body likes short distances. His perfect year in New York was the one when he was playing in a theater on Forty-fifth Street just a few steps from his favorite speakeasy and the Piccadilly

Hotel, where he lives even in these plutocratic days. Legend has it that he never went outside that brief area for months at a stretch.

He does not drink nowadays, but just let his employers ask him to make any promises about it. He is one of those blithe people who think that rules were made to be broken.

Lee Tracy's friends throw a few high lights on any picture of him. The very fact that Dick Maney, veteran theatrical press agent and one of Broadway's favorite wits, is a friend of his proclaims him a grand companion. Maney reveals him as one of those inveterate telegram and long-distance phone fiends. He gets all wrought up over the state of governmental affairs and wires Maney—usually so that the telegram comes in the middle of the night—"What do you think of the Boulder Dam project?" Or he will call up at some ghastly hour and, shut off, call again every five minutes, giving a different name each time, and always an im-

portant one so as to be sure that the call will be put through.

Once Tracy bought a movie camera and got so engrossed in it that he went around taking pictures of strangers and couldn't understand why they were so unfeeling as to object to his innocent pastime.

When James Cagney was understudy for Tracy in the New York production of "Broadway," it amused him to come to the theater late, dragging himself along as if he were just about to die from anæmia. But he never missed a performance.

So, you see, he is not handsome or gracious, considerate, or kind.

He is not chivalrous, nor sentimental, nor sleek, nor dashing.

If you conclude from all this that he is not the type for a matinée idol, he will agree with you from the bottom of his heart. And you will both be wrong. Because he is, as it happens, the current idol. And I'd be the last to raise so much as a whisper of objection.

## STRONG POINTS.

Many a star has relied on her eyes,

Others are known for their lips;

Many have figures to thank for their rise—

A couple, at least, thank their hips.

Many a hero resembles Apollo,

Some have the voice that commands;

Lee Tracy leads on and his heroines follow

Because of his eloquent hands.

BROCK MILTON.



## Jack—in Person

Continued from page 27

He has a combustible temper that, at times, is not flattering to the man. He dislikes to be recognized in public, but manages to maintain a calm exterior. Once he was called away from an exciting polo match to take a star's place in a personal-appearance act when that worthy was called away by a death message. Holt stopped cursing only long enough to go out and take his bow.

The untimely death of Ernest Torrence saddened him for days afterward. They were close friends and between them existed a bond of mutual admiration. No stranger friendship was ever formed in the film city.

Jack, the red-blooded, elemental he-man, and Ernest the profound thinker, the kindly philosopher. But Holt seeks in others those qualities which he himself does not possess and so when he makes friends they are lasting.

He has always looked with repugnance upon actors who use make-up. On the screen Jack's coarse beard is as visible as in real life.

He is thoroughly human. Consequently he has many faults. But the most that can be said for any man can be said for Jack Holt: he can click glasses with a man and bow in gallantry over a woman's hand.

## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

imitation of something. Could any but Bob portray so exactly a carefree youth of to-day? No! His clever originality marks him as decidedly outstanding.

And Mr. Romney Scott, what ignorance your May article proved! D. C. & S. S. Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

### Marion Can Pick 'Em!

IF "Peg o' My Heart" did nothing else, it offered a brief and pleasant respite from the tiring succession of sex dramas, bedroom farces, and gangster films that have come out of Hollywood too much of late. It has the same sort of appeal that makes the public go for Janet Gaynor and Mickey Mouse in a big way. But besides giving us a clean, enjoyable film, Marion Davies has brought to the notice of fans a brand new leading man, Onslow Stevens—and can she pick 'em! Thanks, Marion.

And now that Stevens is well on the way to a successful career, let's get out our best raves and burn incense to a new idol. He has everything in the way of personality and good looks, plus intelligence and a real ability to make his rôles stand out, regardless of what stiff competition he may be up against, as witness his gem of a characterization in "Once in a Lifetime."

He is a gift of the gods, indeed, with his clear enunciation, deep speaking voice, and flawless acting. And thank heavens, no abnormally large ears to keep you on the verge of hysterics in an otherwise serious picture. Here's hoping Onslow Stevens gets all the lucky breaks he needs and wins the success he really deserves. I believe he's a real find. ROSIE JUNG.

605 Thompson Place,  
San Antonio, Texas.

### Orchid Among Roses.

THREE cheers! An actress has been found! One long kept in the background by mediocre and stupid rôles has at last come to light and is displaying unknown charms and new talent.

Among a bevy of brilliant actresses, Myrna Loy stands forth like an orchid among roses. Given a chance, this lovely woman will soon be in the ranks with Crawford and Dietrich. She is cultured and refined, with a little touch of restraint in her acting that sets her apart from the rest. Her whimsical smile, her slanting

and fascinating eyes, her bearing, her glamour—everything about Miss Loy is different. She is a truly exotic star among the many who make a feeble attempt to be glamorous. She will reach the pinnacle of success, I am sure, if given the right rôles and opportunities. W. C. SCOTT.

Hyde Park, Massachusetts.

### Ripe Talent Preferred.

THIS letter is in praise of middle-aged men. If in business old men are not wanted, let us at least have more of them as actors. I do not mean sentimental old whitebeards, but the men who have become ripe and mature in their art, men such as the Barrymores, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Leslie Howard, and George Arliss, nor should Walter Huston be forgotten.

I, for one, am bored with youths whose only recommendation is a thick neck and huge chest muscles. Not only my opinion, but returns show that the public is glad to see such acting as that in "Rasputin," "Reunion in Vienna," "Grand Hotel," "The King's Vacation," and "Gabriel Over the White House." PALIN FREDERICK.

108 Park Place,  
University, Virginia.

### Powder Your Nose, Joan!

I WANT to offer Joan Crawford a bit of advice:

DEAR GIRL: What in the world makes your face so shiny? Your nose looks as if it always needs powder, really horrifyingly so, and your lips look terribly moist and shiny, which is what makes your mouth look so large, and the shine on your face rivals polished ebony. I am inclined to think that a darker make-up would be much more suitable to your complexion and would, applied sparingly, reduce the size of your mouth.

Incidentally, a little powder applied in just the right places would rid your face of that annoyingly shiny look, and consequently improve your appearance. And, Joan, why not experiment with a new, shorter hair style? Short hair, smartly arranged, is very chic indeed, and would suit you very well, I think. Some years back you wore your hair in a short arrangement and it was very becoming.

B. C. H.

Pennsylvania.

Continued on page 63

"I will add...  
**3 INCHES TO YOUR CHEST**  
**2 INCHES TO YOUR BICEPS**  
... or it won't cost you one cent!  
Signed:  
**GEORGE F. JOWETT**



YES SIR! Three inches of muscle added to your chest and at least two inches to your biceps, or it won't cost you a penny. I know what I am talking about... I wouldn't dare make this startling agreement if I wasn't sure I could do it.

I want to tell you fellows... there's something about this "strong man business" that gets you... *thrills* you! You'll get a great kick out of it... you'll fairly see your muscles grow... and in no time at all, you will be doing the one-arm press with a 150 pound weight! A muscular giant!

Those skinny fellows who are discouraged are the men I want to work with. I'll build a strong man's body for them and do it quickly. And I don't mean cream-puff muscles either... you will get real, genuine, invincible muscles that will make your men friends respect you and women admire you!

Try one of my test courses NOW... prove to yourself that you, too, can get a sixteen inch bicep!

### Send for "Moulding a Mighty Arm" A Complete Course for ONLY 25c.

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Mail your order now and I will include a FREE COPY of "NERVES OF STEEL, MUSCLES LIKE IRON." It is a priceless book to the strength fan and muscle builder. Full of pictures of marvelous bodied men who tell you decisively how you can build symmetry and strength the equal of theirs. Reach Out—Grasp This Special Offer!



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The Perfect Mascara

## The Screen in Review

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The narrative, though overlong, is vastly helped by superb acting, particularly on the part of Alice Brady and Frank Morgan, a vaudeville pair, whose son, Russell Hardie grows up and marries Madge Evans. Their son, Eddie Quillan, enters the movies and goes Hollywood in a big way until his grandparents bring him to his senses. Excellent as Mr. Quillan is as a brash, conceited youth, and Mr. Hardie and Miss Evans, first honors must go to Miss Brady and Mr. Morgan. Theirs are portraits that will endure long after the picture is forgotten.

This is really entertainment for old-timers since it deals with bygone days along Broadway, beginning with Tony Pastor's in East Fourteenth and including Weber and Fields's Music Hall in its heyday. Unfortunately, the picture chooses at this point to become spectacular and to break out with Rasch dancers, which wasn't true to Weber and Fields's intimate type of show at all. But it does very well to inject flash into a film that really doesn't need it.

### "The Man Who Dared."

Preston Foster, Zita Johann, Frank Sheridan, Irene Biller, Leon Waycoff, Joan Marsh. Director: Hamilton MacFadden.

Although this picture is not generally liked, it has merit and should be seen by all those admirers of Preston Foster who write to Picture Play, not overlooking friends of Zita Johann who do the same. For both players give exceptional performances, sympathetic, unaffected, and real. True, the story is episodic and unexciting but for quiet biography it

is well done. As you may know, it purports to trace the career of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago from the time he arrived in this country, a Bohemian immigrant, till his life was ended by an assassin's bullet. Mr. Foster plays this part, renamed *Jan Novak*, and Miss Johann is his devoted wife who remains in the background and inspires his political career.



reer. Few married couples on the screen have succeeded in making the marital relation as convincing or managed to be idealistic without becoming oversentimental.

This brief reminder of a pleasing picture must not end without a word of commendation to Frank Sheridan for an exceptional portrait of an Irish politician.

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## Maureen Laughs It Off

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"That he is too worldly for me is positively ridiculous. I like people for their real selves. I don't know anything about Johnny's 'wild' reputation. Maybe he is the bad man of the world Hollywood credits him with being, and does the many things he is accused of doing. I don't know. I do know I regard him in a very high light for what I know him to be, and I shall continue to."

This from Maureen who had just passed her twenty-second birthday! A young person as straight as a die, as disarming as happy laughter, and as intelligent as a thoroughbred.

Hollywood creates many of its own

rumors. Maureen was born and educated abroad, and holds to traditions that even a picture career will never shake.

She understands Hollywood but Hollywood will never understand her.

I have often been begged by other players: "Oh, don't publish that! What would people think of me?" Too often there is a good reason for suppression. With the O'Sullivan it is never so. When the false rumor spread its rounds that she had become wild, she remained silent.

"Why should I bother over a thing which is untrue?" she said. "People who strongly deny accusations are



invariably in the wrong. Conscience bothers them, and forces them into heated denials."

As soon as John Farrow returned, and reunion in Hollywood had been celebrated, Maureen gave Jimmy Dunn his leave. Now Jimmy is a decent chap, yet I could never see him as a suitable partner for Maureen. They think worlds apart.

"Jimmy is very sincere," said Maureen. "Beneath his seeming lightness he is very earnest. I like him a lot," she added, employing some of his reputed earnestness, "but I don't see him as often as last year."

Last year she'll never see again. But she can contemplate the experiences she got from its crowded events. She deserted her country asylum and returned to the Garden of Allah.

Now don't regard Maureen as some strange misfit, morbid and given to brooding. If she likes to be alone, she is alone in a very healthy way. She does not miss people.

"Even when my mother left me to return to Europe," she explained, "I did not feel the least bit sad. And surely I ought to have felt *something*. I love my parents very, very dearly; but I don't miss them, though a continent and an ocean divide us.

"Yes, I do love people," she went on, somewhat paradoxically. "Only I'm always afraid that if I see them very frequently, I'll get to like them too well."

I once gave her some poems of William Blake to read. Later she pointed out one of them which had aroused an inner response. "Why was I born with a different face? Why am I not like the rest of my race?" The other Blake poems were left unstudied.

Talking of books, P. G. Wodehouse dedicated his latest novel to Maureen. Wodehouse and his wife and daughter visited Hollywood last year. Being friends of Mr. Farrow, they instantly became friends of Maureen, and as instantly adored her—as every one must.

For the summer she has taken a house by the sea. Its solitude appeals to her.

And there, for the time, we leave the O'Sullivan. Alone in the world, according to her—except for indispensable Kay, indispensable swimmer with Weissmuller, and the indispensable companionship of the still more indispensable John Farrow.

It seems that their reunion is permanent.

## "Me!"

Continued from page 17

My wife and mother seem determined to take from me the vestige of glory accruing from making my own way at an early age. The latter seems desirous of giving the impression I was raised in the lap of luxury, and the former, for various reasons, is more than willing to believe it. In fact, Dixie, in an article she wrote recently, came out boldly and said that my early jobs were figments of my imagination. I regard such utterances on the part of my family as base calumny.

I was raised in a family in comfortable but moderate circumstances. Although the necessities of life were always provided, spending money was never forthcoming. Being a young fellow who liked to get around, see all the new shows and, on Saturday nights, whisk over the waxed floors of the local dance emporium with the chickadee of the moment, it became incumbent on me at an early age to rustle around each week and snag a few bucks.

I sold newspapers and magazines, mowed lawns, cut wood, picked apples, sold magazine subscriptions, worked in a law office, janitored in a man's club and pursued a variety of occupations.

In view of what I mentioned earlier in this article concerning my aversion to work, this seems incomprehensible. The only explanation I can offer for my industry is that I hated being broke worse than I hated labor.

I am forever bordering on the abyss of obesity. I have attempted many diets to overcome this dangerous inclination, but nothing helps. I weigh one hundred sixty-eight pounds and can't whack off an ounce, although I exercise religiously and energetically.

I am self-conscious to an extreme, although many people have told me I do not betray it. On the stage or over the air I seldom feel confident that I'm getting over, and, being naturally indolent, generally fail to take any steps about it.

In conclusion, I consider myself one of the luckiest of men. I have a lovely wife, a baby—lusty of lung and giving great promise of being quite a singer—a couple of good jobs lined up and a few bucks salted away against my declining years. Having done nothing to merit all these things, I can only attribute their possession to the prayers of my mother, with a little blind luck thrown in on the side.

## Clean Out Your Kidneys



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## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 58

### "Penthouse."

Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, Charles Butterworth, Nat Pendleton, Mae Clarke, C. Henry Gordon, Martha Sleeper, Phillips Holmes. Director: W. S. Van Dyke.

Just when you thought gangsters about done for on the screen, they come back again and this exhibit of them is worth while. Here the more elegant aspects of the underworld are exhibited, glittering speakeasies, modernistic apartments, smartly turned out dames. All this you have seen before, but the characters are different and so, too, are the situations while the acting is first class. It is a lively picture.



Photo by Tornello

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Warner Baxter is a criminal lawyer who saves a gangster from the electric chair and wins his undying gratitude. It really is undying because the criminal sacrifices himself for Mr. Baxter and expires with a litany of devotion on his lips. This character is most engagingly played by the hard-boiled Nat Pendleton who won a Metro-Goldwyn contract on the strength of it.

Mr. Baxter's later activities are concerned with Phillips Holmes who, accused of murdering his ex-mistress, is cleared when guilt is fastened on C. Henry Gordon. Myrna Loy, though miscast as an underworld hanger on, plays the character as gracefully and as humorously as an aristocratic heroine, so the result is far from displeasing. All told, it is the way the story is put across that makes the picture entertaining, not the material itself.

### "Too Much Harmony."

Bing Crosby, Judith Allen, Jack Oakie, Lilyan Tashman, Richard Gallagher, Harry Green, Kitty Kelly. Director: Edward Sutherland.

The enormous, positive popularity of Bing Crosby puts over his new picture in spite of its unevenness and other faults. So what matter if little

imagination has been shown by the director, or if he is said to have discarded the script written by the author and improvised his own?

True, the picture might have been a hundred per cent better—and Mr. Crosby's public deserves the best—but I have heard no bitter complaints from any one and I know, too, that critics did not risk apoplexy in shouting the praises of "College Humor," yet it was a major success. So, after all, the public does decide.

Anyway, the new film is distinctly pleasant and Mr. Crosby is even more so. He is pleasing to the eye, the ear, and to one's sense of good taste in acting. His pleasant awareness never becomes mere smartness, his sense of humor never gets beyond bounds, and his ease and spontaneity in singing never becomes eagerness to show off. In fact, Mr. Crosby's popularity is entirely justified and, it seems to me, can be challenged by no one.

He is concerned in a story of backstage musical comedy which, while not exactly gripping, is good enough. At least it doesn't include the time-worn expedient of the chorus girl who steps into the shoes of the star and bowls every one over. Indeed, Judith Allen, as the heroine, forgets the words of her song on the opening night.

Jack Oakie really has a better rôle than Mr. Crosby and, as usual, overlooks no opportunity to show it. His portrayal of a professional Southerner in a scene with Lilyan Tashman is immensely funny. Judith Allen is perfectly charming, even though her singing is clumsily "dubbed," and Miss Tashman does wonders in making striking her conventional rôle.

### "One Sunday Afternoon."

Gary Cooper, Frances Fuller, Neil Hamilton, Fay Wray, Roseoe Karns, Sam Hardy, Jane Darwell. Director: Stephen Roberts.

Unintentionally, this picture recalls the dullness of the old-fashioned strait-laced Sabbath when recreation was thought a sin and little Rollo was slapped for smiling. From this standpoint, it is well named for it's that kind of a Sunday afternoon.

Not that it is uneventful, but it is devoid of drama and suspense. More disappointing to the majority is that Gary Cooper, miscast, plays a stupid, loutish bumpkin. Either the character, or Mr. Cooper's conception of it, robs the part of sympathy or even interest. And *this* from Gary!

The frail story runs something like



this: Mr. Cooper and Neil Hamilton, small-town pals, fall out when Mr. Hamilton marries the girl Mr. Cooper thinks he loves. Mr. Hamilton, risen to prosperity, persecutes Mr. Cooper and even sends him to prison on a trumped-up charge while his wife takes in washing to support herself. Barely tolerating the little home body who stands by him in adversity, Mr. Cooper still bemoans the girl he lost. Years later, revenge offers itself when Mr. Hamilton steps into Mr. Cooper's dentist's chair, but



his murderous thoughts change to dismay and horror when he sees what time has done to Mr. Hamilton's wife, the girl of his dreams. She is an amateurish caricature of Mae West. Or so she is made to seem as played by Fay Wray. Whereupon, Mr. Cooper decides that Mr. Hamilton really was his benefactor.

An excellent performance is contributed by Mr. Hamilton in the most repellent rôle he has ever played, and Frances Fuller, from the stage, has a wistful, plaintive quality that is touching and real.

#### "Wild Boys of the Road."

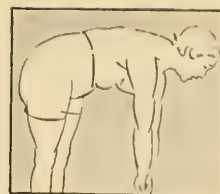
Frankie Darro, Dorothy Coonan, Edwin Phillips, Ann Hovey, Sterling Holloway, Rochelle Hudson, Robert Barrat. Director: William Wellman.

Two boys of respectable families take to the road and this picture shows their adventures. It is no romantic, rollicking narrative and would hardly encourage any undecided boy to run away from home. Instead of making the adventure a lark, it accents hunger, demoralization, and danger to life and limb, all making for an unusual picture splendidly acted by juvenile players. If it fails in complete frankness in dealing

Continued on page 63



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## This Fan's Dream Came True

Continued from page 37

Both he and Billy are excellent conversationalists, and we talked of "cabbages and kings." The last time I saw Billy, he was flying back to his dressing room in pajamas and bathrobe. He had guests for luncheon, and had forgotten his wallet. Movie folks are human, after all.

Neil introduced me to Gary Cooper and Fay Wray. Gary I found very friendly and kind. You should have heard him snicker when shown a paragraph to the effect that he is called "Sweetheart of the World" in Japan. You'd like the towering Gary in person. He is not morose. He has little to say, but he says that little well.

Miss Wray is more beautiful in person than on the screen, and most cordial. I believe my greatest Hollywood thrill came when, after only a moment's introduction, she recognized me that evening at the theater. We compared opinions of the play next day, and were in perfect agreement. Her work was finished before Neil's, but she remembered two days later to send a large portrait she had promised me.

I spoke with the eager-voiced Dick Cromwell one day, in Neil's dressing room. He is far handsomer off-screen than on.

Neil and I sat in together at the rushes one evening, and I still marvel that the completely jumbled and interrupted scenes can ever be fitted into an intelligent story. One hears the stage directions, the calls for "Quiet!" and the director's voice, later, requesting the players and cameramen to "Cut!"

Neil Hamilton has an eternal-youth complex. He is full of fun, and takes delight in trivial things.

At dinner one evening, we played "Hog"—others call it "Ghosts"—any one becoming a "hog" under the rules of the game being ineligible to take part in the conversation. Mrs. Hamilton succumbed first, and then snared me. So it went for twenty gloriously mad minutes, and even the butler snickered. No one, however, was sufficiently clever to bag Neil. He won the game.

On another occasion, he phoned Reginald Sheffield from the dinner table, the only apparent reason for the call being to ask whether Reggie could hear Neil munching a string bean. I had often heard of Neil's telephonic kidding, but seeing him in action was extremely funny. One night he invited an impressionable young friend to the house, pretending that he was entertaining the Crown Prince and Princess of Siam. Just

as he had succeeded in being convincing, we all spoiled the gag by giving way to excessive giggles.

I noted that scarcely a meal passed without the extension phone being brought to the table. When I mentioned this to Neil, he told me jokingly that it makes him feel rich and influential—something he always wished to be. If that isn't sufficient proof of his youthful nature, I do not know a better example.

He put through a call to my home in New York one evening. When I denied the necessity of this, he persisted on the grounds that he desired to speak to my mother, anyhow.

A favorite sport of Neil's, one which keeps him physically fit, is hiking. Although he prefers solitude, he had promised I should accompany him at least once. We set out one morning up a canyon in the Santa Monica mountains, he certain that I should drop by the wayside, and I equally sure of my ability to follow. Doubtless my ceaseless chattering quite ruined his hike, however.

We covered thirteen miles that day, using twenty-five miles of energy climbing the winding footpath to the top of the canyon, and coming down the firebreak. For those who have never tramped the California hills, I say no place is more fascinating, particularly in such company.

Another day was spent motoring to the mission of San Juan Capistrano, stopping at Laguna, where the "All Quiet" company went on location. Capistrano is one of the oldest California missions, where a great variety of flowers and trees grow beneath crumbling adobe walls. Here we fed the doves, wrote our names in the register, and wandered through the place.

We visited Ocean Park late one evening, going on and in everything. We rode the roller-coaster twice, and shot the chutes three times. Everywhere Neil went, the crowd was sure to follow, and business quite as sure to be good. He autographed everything from cards to the bottom of a candy box, thanking each person for his interest.

Still, it's hard to be popular. You so rarely can have a good time!

Much I saw, much I heard, much I experienced, that would take too long to tell. It suffices to say that no host and hostess could be more "like the folks from home" than Neil and Elsa Hamilton.

Neil Hamilton is going on, through a long and happy future, because he thinks of the little things that other folks forget.



## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

with the subject, at least life in freight cars and railroad yards is not romanticized.

The rôle of the ringleader is a triumph for Frankie Darro, whose brilliant performance is well worth seeing, and Edwin Phillips in the gentler rôle of the boy who loses his leg is genuinely touching and never maudlin. Another discovery is Dorothy Coonan, who gives just the right naturalness to the girl who masquerades as one of the boys. Completely unaffected, she never suggests a professional ingénue.

### "Shanghai Madness."

Spencer Tracy, Fay Wray, Ralph Morgan, Eugene Pallette, Herbert Mundin.  
Director: John Blystone.

It isn't the madness of China that we find here but the dementia of Hollywood in lavishing care and money and talent on a futile picture. Try as hard as you may, you won't find any of the characters interesting unless, of course, you are grateful to them for providing a refuge from rain. Or because they are played by favorites.

The madness in the title centers on Spencer Tracy, I suppose. As a

lieutenant in the navy he fires on communists and is dishonorably discharged from the service. He rescues an American girl in distress and is pursued by her amorous intentions. She becomes a stowaway on the dis-



reputable vessel where he has found a berth and in another tilt with the communists he regains his rank in the navy (*sic*) and wins, if it may be called that, the girl. I recall nothing of the acting, even to criticize.

## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 57

### Beauty and the Big Orbs.

UP to now I have prided myself on my complete immunity to the biased and fantastic opinions of the fans, especially those handed out to Joan Crawford of late and climaxed by Dorothy Rogers's outburst. After reading this thoughtless criticism, I can no longer remain impervious, for when it comes to Joan, it is a pleasure to defend one of the most attractive women in pictures.

Her mouth, with that firm under lip, they say is too large. It is that same mouth which gives her face its force and determination, which proves how much she has gained in character since her dancing days. Her eyes, large and luminous, they say are too big. Since when have "enormous orbs" been a hindrance to beauty? Never, only to those who haven't got them!

As to Miss Rogers's remarks anent Joan's former husband, her description of Doug, Jr., as a "sweet boy" provides the perfect retort. Doug is still just that, while Joan has grown to woman's estate, no longer the sentimental young girl that this same "sweet boy" married. Because he is the same and she is not, they could hardly be anything but incompatible; to ask that she should, would be like asking a mature woman to revert to cutting paper dolls!

Why shouldn't Joan be different? You don't expect a 1933 car to run like a 1925 model, or the latest picture to sound like the first talkie that was released. People, as well as commodities, change. Dorothy, you seem to object principally to the change

in Joan. Are you the same girl who admired the hey-hey Crawford? If you are, then I can understand your viewpoint. If you don't like Joan, don't blame her; blame yourself for being incapable of appreciating a brilliant woman.

ANNE B.  
146 East Nineteenth Street,  
New York City.

### She Appreciates an Actress.

NO one refers to Helen Hayes in these letters, every one is so taken with Mae West, Joan Crawford, et cetera. When there is truly so great an artist as Helen, I can't see how they neglect her. To me she is absolutely heavenly, and even more. When I see her, I am so fascinated that I can't move. Her actions seem just to grip me as if I couldn't get away. I never in my life was so taken by an actress.

It is true she is not beautiful. But what do looks mean with such a personality? Absolutely nothing. She is so genuine, true, and inspiring. I have heard people say she is so homely they don't know how she ever got in the movies. I can't see how any one could say a thing like that. The only thing I wish with all my heart is that I could meet her and have her for a friend. To me she is the sweetest woman I ever saw.

ESTHER KOCH.  
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### The Regal Kay Francis.

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Kay Francis is *personality*. J. L.  
London, Ontario, Canada.

### Ruth Chews Like a Lady.

BEFORE "Lily Turner" I had never cared for Ruth Chatterton in pictures, with the exception of "The Right to Love" and "Anybody's Woman." She had always seemed so affected, so conscious of her position in the film world.

But "Lily Turner"—that's another story! Though her love scenes with George Brent soar heavenward, Miss Chatterton has come down to earth. Gone that broad accent and those affectations, leaving her the fine actress she always was, with a new depth of sincerity and greatness. So I fell in love with Chatterton and admired her tremendously.

A friend of mine in Chicago saw her step off the train, and what do you think? The famous gum is not just a democratic gesture at the studio, for the lovable Ruth Chatterton was chewing it and enjoying it, unaware of the crowd. Telling me of it, my friend could not stop raving. "She is the sweetest, most wonderful actress in pictures. She is what few are, truly great!"—this in hushed tones.

RUTH WHITMAN.

407 Third Street, N. W.,  
Childress, Texas.

### Social Item.

BABE DIDRIKSON says she is tired of seeing old faces on the screen and that a new one would be a relief. Do you agree with her?

A few days ago, at the home of a friend, I met the lovely Dorothy Sebastian. Natu-

rally, I wondered why she has not been appearing on the screen of late, and she told me the reason. The producers think we grow tired of our old favorites and lose interest in them. Do we? I don't think so!

Many of you adored Dorothy on the screen and all of you would, I am sure, welcome her back. Perhaps we can assist her in resuming her rightful place on the screen by voicing our loyalty to her.

Let me know by your letters to the magazine whether you truly want her back. I think the fans are true to old favorites, but Babe may be right—let's see!

MILLIE WIST.

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Mae Clarke has been changed and improved by make-up more, perhaps, than any other player. Here she is making further experiments with Max Factor's cosmetics.

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## Information, Please

Continued from page 8

ALBERT M. K.—"Be Mine To-night" was a Gaumont-British production, released by Universal. Address any of the cast in care of that studio. Sonnie Hale played the role of *Korotky*, and Magda Schneider was *Mathilda*.

GERTRUDE.—Cary Grant is six feet one, weighs 172, and has black wavy hair and dark-brown eyes. Not married. Dennis King, who went to London upon completion of "The Devil's Brother," was born in Warwickshire, England, November 2, 1807. He is married to Edith Wright and they have two children.

HELENE PETERS.—Maurice Chevalier's latest is "The Way to Love." He was born near Paris, September 12, 1893, is five feet eleven, weighs 165, and has brown hair, blue eyes. Mitzi Green has brown hair and eyes.

ANNE O'NEIL.—Onslow Stevens entered pictures in January, 1932, after five years with the Pasadena Community Players. He is under contract to Universal. Born in Los Angeles, March 29, 1906, six feet two, weighs 175, and has dark hair and eyes.

JOHN SANTERAMO.—Charles Farrell is appearing opposite Wynne Gibson in "Aggie Appleby." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will be twenty-six December 9th. He is to make films in England. Mary Forbes played Charles Farrell's mother in "Sunny Side Up." Those rumors about Norma Shearer and Lupe Velez are not correct.

JERRY S.—Watch for Victor McLaglen in RKO's "Patrol." He was born in London, December 10, 1888, is six feet three, weighs 215, and has dark-brown hair and brown eyes.

K. G. W.—The principal players in "The Sign of the Cross" were Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, Elissa Landi, Charles Laughton, Harry Beresford, Arthur Hohl, and Tommy Conlon. This picture was adapted from the play by Wilson Barrett. Freddie March, whose right name is Frederick McIntyre Bickel, is married to Florence Eldridge, actress. He was born in Racine, Wisconsin, August 31, 1898, is six feet tall, weighs 170, and has brown hair and eyes. Miss Landi is the wife of John Lawrence, an English lawyer. Though educated in England, she was born in



Venice, Italy, on December 6, 1906, is five feet five, weighs 117, and has light-auburn hair and green-blue eyes.

B. N.—"Cavalcade" was produced in its entirety at the Fox Studio. You might write and inquire of the publicity department if scenes from the picture are available and at what price. I believe ten cents is the usual cost for each still.

TOBY.—Still seeking information about Norma Shearer, I see. She and Irving Thalberg have been married since 1927. Miss Shearer has been in pictures for about twelve years. I shall be glad to mail you a list of her films upon request.

HUGO STENNER.—Here are their ages: Helen Hayes, October 10, 1900; Herbert Marshall, May 23, 1890; Diana Wynyard, January 16, 1908; David Manners, April 30, 1905; Maurice Chevalier, September 12, 1893; Gary Cooper, May 7, 1901; Dorothy Burgess, March 4, 1907; Adrienne Ames, August 3, 1909.

MARJORIE MAY.—Greta Garbo, who was born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18, 1905, is five feet six, weighs 125, and has golden-brown hair and blue eyes.

GUILL QUINTANA.—Pola Negri recently completed the French and English version of "Fanatisme," at a Paris studio. Carol Lombard and William Powell were divorced in August. Carol weighs 112; Marlene Dietrich, 120. George Raft celebrates his birthday September 20th.

HELEN SINKLER.—Most of the stars send autographed photos upon request. You will find a list of their addresses on the last page of this issue. Monroe Owsley comes from the stage. Atlanta, Georgia, is his home town. He is five feet ten, weighs 156, and has brown hair, blue eyes.

C. L. G.—So many fans write to tell me what friendly letters they receive from the stars that I am sure you will find it is not a waste of time to correspond with them. There isn't space to list fan clubs. Send me a stamped envelope if you wish them mailed to you. Frankie Darro is just fifteen.

CORINNE ZENS.—Eddie Cantor is now in "Roman Scandals," with Gloria Stuart playing opposite. His real name is Izzy Iskowitz. In 1912 he got his start in Gus Edwards's Revue. No doubt Brentano's, publishers, 1 West 47th Street, New York, can supply the books he has had published.

VERNE OBERREUTTER.—That was Kenneth Howell as John Stevens in "The Eagle and the Hawk." *L'oss*, the German ace, is not listed in the cast. Paramount should be able to supply their photographs. Johnny Weissmuller was twenty-nine June 2nd; Bruce Cabot, said to be twenty-three April 20th; Gene Raymond, twenty-five August 13th; Buddy Rogers, twenty-nine August 13th; Lew Ayres will be twenty-four December 28th.

E. ERDMAN.—For the addresses of players, I suggest that you consult last page of this issue.

ROBERT H. STEINKE.—For a detailed account of Warner Baxter, I must request a stamped, addressed envelope.

THE QUESTION BOX.—By reading all the answers this month you will find that your questions have been covered. Oh, no, here's one. Loretta Young will be twenty-one January 6th.

A CHICAGO REDHEAD.—Kenneth MacKenna directed "Always Good-by," "The Spider," "Good Sport," "Careless Lady." The studios have stand-ins for the stars who relieve them of tedious camera focusing, lighting, et cetera.

VICKI.—John Wayne was married several months ago to Josephine Saenz, a non-professional. He was twenty-six May 26th, and Ruby Keeler twenty-four August 25th.

J. J. M.—In my answer to Adil Batliwale you will find the desired information about Jean Harlow. I must request a stamped envelope if you wish a complete list of her films and fan clubs.

ALYCE O.—The chief players in "The Phantom of Crestwood" were Ricardo Cortez, Karen Morlev, Anita Louise, Pauline Frederick, Aileen Pringle, H. B. Warner, Sam Hardy, Mary Duncan, Gavin Gordon, Tom Douglas. Richard Barthelmess was born May 9, 1897.

L. C. MARTIN.—Sylvia Sidney and Aline MacMahon use their right names. August 8, 1910, is Miss Sidney's birthdate.

HOPEFUL.—That was Helen Ware as *Pomposia* in "The Warrior's Husband." Elissa Landi's walk-out from Fox didn't last very long, as you probably know by this time.

DELLA CERINO.—It has been rumored that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will play together in one more picture. Janet has no marriage plans for the immediate future. Hollywood thinks that she really loved Farrell. She weighs about 100, and was twenty-six October 6th.

R. V. A.—The comedian in "Jungle Bride" was played by Eddie Borden. He is a free lance.

QUESTIONER.—Your concern over Elissa Landi is covered in my reply to *Hopeful*. Let's hope that *la* Landi never has further cause to leave the screen.

M. E. M.—Ruby Keeler is five feet four, and weighs 105. "Footlight Parade" is her most recent film.

Jo.—Joan Bennett's measurements are: height, five feet three; weight, 100; waist, 25 inches; bust, 34; hips, 35½; wrist, 6¼; neck, 13¼; back width, 14; sleeve length, 18; arm top, 10. Sorry, but I haven't this information on the others you listed.

ARLINE MERRILL.—See *A Fan* for your answers.

MARG DEAN.—Mrs. Clark Gable is the former Ria Langham. Gable comes from Cadiz, Ohio, where he was born February 1, 1901. Jean Harlow will be twenty-three March 3rd. You can discount any rumor of a romance between these two.

BETSY CRANE.—Fredric March married his second wife, Florence Eldridge, May 30, 1927. He was born in Racine, Wisconsin, August 31, 1898, is six feet, weighs 170, and has brown hair and eyes. William Gargan comes from Brooklyn, New York, where he was born July 17, 1905; six feet, weighs 170, red hair, blue eyes.

PHYLLIS JOAN.—Here's your reply. Do I get that orchid? John Boles is the proud father of two children. His wife is the former Marcelite Dobbs, nonprofessional. Born in Greenville, Texas, October 27, 1898, six feet one, weighs 180, and has brown hair and gray-blue eyes. See my answer to Gertrude about Cary Grant.

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# ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

## Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Walter Connolly	Tim McCoy
Donald Cook	Toshia Mori
Richard Cromwell	Jessie Ralph
Jack Holt	Dorothy Tree
Evalyn Knapp	Fay Wray

## Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Heather Angel	Howard Lally
Frank Atkinson	William Lawrence
Lew Ayres	Boots Mallory
Warner Baxter	Jose Mojica
John Boles	Herbert Mundin
Clara Bow	George O'Brien
Marion Burns	Una O'Connor
Henrietta Crosman	Gene Raymond
James Dunn	Kane Richmond
Sally Eilers	Will Rogers
Norman Foster	Buddy Rogers
Preston Foster	Raul Roulien
Henry Garat	Genevieve Tobin
Janet Gaynor	Merle Tottenham
Lilian Harvey	Spencer Tracy
Miriam Jordan	June Vladek
Victor Jory	Irene Ware

## Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Tad Alexander	Phillips Holmes
Elizabeth Allan	Walter Huston
John Barrymore	Myrna Loy
Lionel Barrymore	Una Merkel
Wallace Beery	John Miljan
Charles Butterworth	Robert Montgomery
Mary Carlisle	Frank Morgan
Virginia Cherrill	Karen Morley
Mae Clarke	Ramon Novarro
Jackie Cooper	Maureen O'Sullivan
Joan Crawford	Jean Parker
Marion Davies	May Robson
Marie Dressler	Norma Shearer
Jimmy Durante	Martha Sleeper
Madge Evans	Lewis Stone
Muriel Evans	Franchot Tone
Clark Gable	Lee Tracy
Greta Garbo	Lupe Velez
Lawrence Grant	Johnny Weissmuller
William Haines	Diana Wynyard
Jean Harlow	Robert Young
Helen Hayes	

## RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Nils Asther	Katharine Hepburn
Bill Boyd	Dorothy Jordan
Clive Brook	Francis Lederer
Bruce Cabot	Eric Linden
Bill Cagney	Anita Louise
Chic Chandler	Helen Mack
Dolores del Rio	Mary Mason
Richard Dix	Joel McCrea
Irene Dunne	Colleen Moore
Betty Furness	Gregory Ratoff
William Gargan	Bert Wheeler
Hale Hamilton	Gretchen Wilson
Ann Harding	Robert Woolsey

## Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Brian Aherne	Jack LaRue
Adrienne Ames	Charles Laughton
Lona Andre	John Davis Lodge
Richard Arlen	Carol Lombard
Mary Boland	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Herbert Marshall
Kathleen Burke	Jack Oakie
Maurice Chevalier	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Gary Cooper	Charlie Ruggles
Ricardo Cortez	Randolph Scott
Buster Crabbe	Sylvia Sydney
Marlene Dietrich	Alison Skipworth
Patricia Farley	Kent Taylor
Wynne Gibson	Helen Twelvetrees
Cary Grant	Mae West
Verna Hillie	Dorothea Wieck
Miriam Hopkins	Toby Wing
Roscoe Karns	Elizabeth Young

## United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Ronald Colman
George Bancroft	Constance Cummings
Constance Bennett	Mary Pickford
Eddie Cantor	Gloria Swanson
Charles Chaplin	Loretta Young

## Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Vince Barnett	Paul Lukas
Madge Bellamy	Elissa Landi
Tom Brown	Ken Maynard
Andy Devine	Zasu Pitts
Hugh Enfield	Onslow Stevens
Boris Karloff	Gloria Stuart
June Knight	Slim Summerville

## Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Helen Mann
Joe E. Brown	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Paul Muni
Ruth Chatterton	Theodore Newton
Bebe Daniels	Dick Powell
Bette Davis	William Powell
Claire Dodd	Edward G. Robinson
Ruth Donnelly	Barbara Rogers
Ann Dvorak	Jayne Shadduck
Patricia Ellis	Barbara Stanwyck
Glenda Farrell	Lyle Talbot
Kay Francis	Sheila Terry
Ann Hovey	Helen Vinson
Harold Huber	Renee Whitney
Alice Jans	Warren William
Allen Jenkins	Pat Wing
Ruby Keeler	

## Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.  
Ralph Bellamy, Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood.  
Joan Bennett, Helen Chandler, Sharon Lynn, Lilyan Tashman, Mary Brian, 401 Taft Building, Hollywood.  
Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Neil Hamilton, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood.





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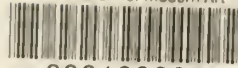








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